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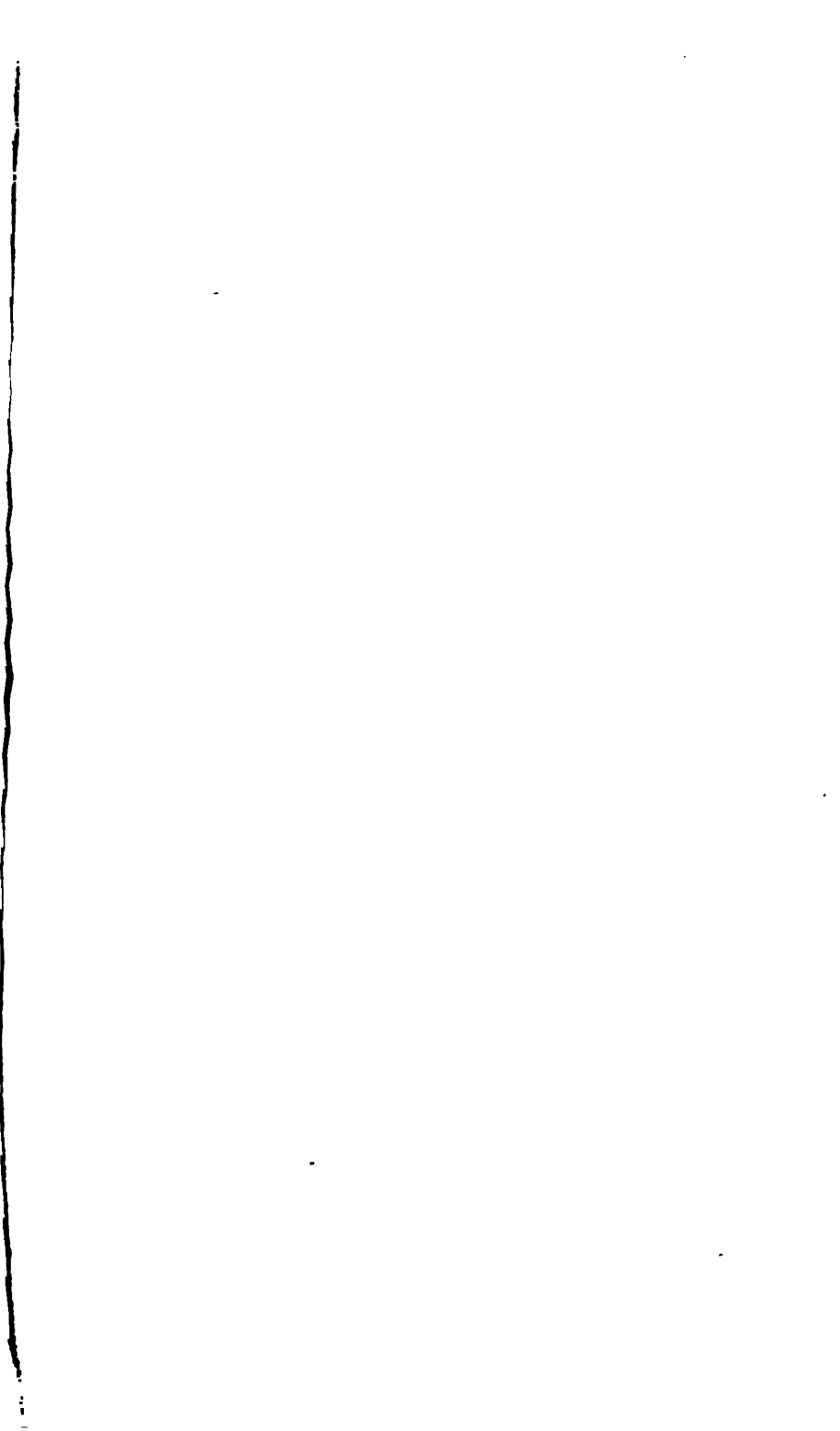
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BLACKWOOD'S
Edinburgh
MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXI.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1827.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH ;

AND

T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

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Quæ, nuper gelidâ vix enutrita sub arcto,
Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.”

MILTON TO MANTO.

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JANUARY, 1827.

VOL. XXI.

LETTER FROM A SCOTTISH FREEHOLDER,
ON THE

*Effects of the Introduction of Foreign Grain upon the Condition of the
Labouring Population.*

SIR,

THERE is no subject which at the present moment occupies so much of the public attention as the new system of Free Trade, and none certainly can be more deserving of it. The legislature has the power, by alterations in the laws which regulate trade, to alter—let it be remembered, for the better or the worse, as the alterations are, or are not, judicious—not only the situation of the country in general, but the relative situation of every individual in it.

The great majority of every nation is composed of those whose sole possession is their labour. Their benefit, therefore, should be the principal, if not the exclusive object of every alteration in the laws which regulate trade. Whenever labour receives an ample and steady reward, every class in the community must be in a thriving condition, and the real wealth of a nation ought to be looked for more in the amount of the conveniences and necessities of life enjoyed by its labouring population, than in any other circumstance. An increase in the capital, the commerce, or manufactures of a country, is not beneficial, unless it tends to maintain a high value of labour, and to secure that value from great and sudden fluctuations. With respect to the present situation of Great Britain, it is asserted that a perfect freedom of trade is the only thing wanting to improve, and maintain in an improved condition, the labouring classes, and to enable the country to arrive at a degree of wealth and prosperity hitherto unknown. Although, for some years past, much has been spoken as well as written on the sub-

ject of Free Trade, I am not aware that any one has yet accurately defined the meaning of the phrase. I confess I feel considerable difficulty in attempting to do so now. If we confine ourselves to the literal meaning of the words, they describe a state of things that never has existed, nor ever can exist, amongst civilized nations. To find a perfect example of Free Trade, it must be looked for amongst the savage tribes of Africa or America, or it may be found amongst the Laplanders lately discovered by Captain Parry. There, barter is free and unfettered, and may afford us a perfect model for imitation. Whatever designation the new system may claim, it certainly has no pretensions to be called a System of Free Trade. Its advocates may assert, that it has at least a right to be termed a System for extending a greater Freedom to Trade, by abolishing all prohibitions, and substituting protecting duties instead. Whether it has, or has not, this merit, depends entirely on the mode in which it is applied, as it must be admitted that a protecting duty, if sufficiently high, will have every effect that can possibly be derived from absolute prohibition. The New System is not, therefore, the application of a general rule, which is to affect equally all the different interests in the kingdom. Our whole system is to be new-modelled; and that each part of it shall partake, in an equal degree, in the benefits of the alteration, if benefits they prove, depends on the will of an individual, provided always, that he possesses power to regulate the effects of a total change in a system reared up and perfected by

the wisdom of ages. It may indeed be suspected, that this New System is, after all, nothing more than an old acquaintance appearing amongst us under a new name; and that Freedom of Trade may be found as powerful an agent in effecting a change of rank and property in this country in 1826, as Liberty and Equality proved to be in a neighbouring one in 1792.

These observations cannot be deemed superfluous, at a time when modern politicians seem to have adopted as their creed the preamble of our turnpike acts, and when to alter and amend appears, in the estimation of the President of the Board of Trade, to be synonymous terms. What is called the principles of Free Trade, has already been applied to some of our manufactures, though, it may be asserted, that time enough has not elapsed to enable us to judge with what effect. The application of the principle to the agriculture of the country, has long been advocated by enlightened theorists and disinterested corn-dealers; and, as his Majesty's Ministers have expressed their determination to revise the existing Corn Laws early in this session of Parliament, my present object is to inquire, in what way, and to what extent, the labouring population of the country would be benefited by the introduction of foreign corn; feeling convinced, that a measure, which is to be beneficial to the labouring, cannot be injurious to any other, classes, and that the interests of the landlord in particular, and the labouring classes, are indissoluble. With a view to this inquiry, I shall endeavour to prove the following proposition—

THAT THE AGRICULTURAL PRODUCE OF BRITAIN REQUIRES A LESS QUANTITY OF LABOUR AND CAPITAL FOR ITS PRODUCTION THAN THAT OF ANY COUNTRY IN EUROPE.

The statements of Mr Colquhoun on this subject appear to me unanswerable. In comparing the agricultural produce of France and England, he proves that the labour of one third of the population of England is sufficient, and is, in fact, all that is employed, to produce the food of the remainder, while the labour of two-thirds of the population of France is required to effect the same object. In comparing the relative quantity of labour necessary to produce a given quantity of corn in this country, and

in Germany, the report of Mr Jacob leads to a result still more favourable to Great Britain. From his statement, it appears that the labour of almost the entire population of Poland, and the North of Germany, is required to produce the food of the community. He states, that the wages of labour in Prussia are about 2s. 6d. per week, or 1s. 6d. less per week than the colliers at Birmingham, and elsewhere, will, in these times of unexampled distress, agree to accept of per day; and farther, that throughout Poland, the cultivators are also proprietors of the soil, which they cultivate by means of a peasantry, till lately bound to the soil, and who are still slaves in point of fact. That their wages consist in such a portion of the coarsest produce of the soil, as will enable them to live and propagate their species, while the remainder is the property of their landlord, which, as no market can be found for it amongst a slaving peasantry at home, he is, of course, willing to dispose of to foreign nations, at the best price he can obtain.

He states farther, that, in Prussia, small proprietors, or yeomen, if they do not often want the necessaries of life, have seldom anything beyond them. That the most industrious may be able to keep a cow, but that meat of any kind they rarely taste. This is the state, which, according to the theory of Mr Ricardo, a country far advanced in wealth and population must have nearly approached, from the necessity of cultivating poorer soils, whose produce must always diminish, when compared with the labour employed on them. Thus, as Poland appears to be the country in Europe, where the produce bears the smallest proportion to the labour employed in producing it, the cultivation of poor soils must be carried to the greatest extent. I do not, however, mean to assert, that the small comparative produce of the north of Germany, and Poland, is solely to be attributed to the poverty of their soil, though, if that soil were of double its present fertility, there can be no doubt that the produce would be much increased, and the situation of the community consequently much improved.

The statements both of Mr Colquhoun and Mr Jacob lead, therefore, equally to the same conclusions, that the agricultural produce of Britain requires a less quantity of labour and

capital for its production, than that of any country in Europe. So far, however, are the advocates for a Free Trade in Corn from admitting the truth of this proposition, that its converse is taken for granted; and on the fact, that a greater quantity of labour is required to produce corn in England than elsewhere, they rest the foundation of the strongest of their arguments. Their mode of reasoning is this:—The money price of corn is higher in England than in other countries; in such a proportion, therefore, the real price is higher in the same proportion; and the real price being higher, can alone be caused by the cultivation of poorer soils, by the necessity of expending a greater quantity of labour and capital in producing an equal quantity of corn here than elsewhere. But before deciding that the sole cause of the higher price of corn in Britain was the cultivation of poorer soils, would it not have been well to have endeavoured to ascertain whether such was the case in point of fact; to have proved, from the opinions of persons capable of judging of the quality of land, that the average of the soils under the plough in Britain, were of an inferior description to the average of the soils in tillage in those countries where corn is cheapest, and to have proved that more labour is required to produce the food of the people here than there; to have proved that taxation, direct and indirect, had no influence on the money price of corn; and farther, that the quantity of produce given in exchange for labour, on the increase or diminution of the real wages of labour, had had also no influence on that price.

After having established all these facts by incontrovertible evidence, the theory of Mr Ricardo, that the price of corn rises as the fertility of the soil in which it is grown diminishes, might have been, with some show of reason, applied to the existing state of this country. Such an appeal to facts, would certainly have had more weight than the circular mode of argument adopted, that corn is high, because poor lands are cultivated, and that poor lands are cultivated, because corn is high. In a heavily taxed country, such as England, where, from the fertility of the soil, and superior skill in agriculture, the labour of a smaller proportion of the population is required to produce

food for the community, than in the surrounding countries, the conclusion seems inevitable, that the difference of the money price of corn must be attributed mainly, if not solely, to the difference of taxation; and that the excess of price is in some degree a measure of the difference. This conclusion, I am persuaded, is a much nearer approach to truth than the favourite one of the present day, that the cause of the high price of corn in this country, is the excessive cultivation of poor lands, and the consequent necessity of employing additional labour upon them—a conclusion not only unsupported, but totally at variance with all the facts that have been collected on the subject, both by Mr Colquhoun and Mr Jacob. From all that has been said and written respecting the undefined and undefinable extent of poor land in England, that must be thrown out of cultivation, in order to furnish bread for the labouring classes, it would naturally be supposed, that the countries which were to furnish this inexhaustible supply of cheap corn were extremely rich, and that they had as yet only cultivated the finest portions of their fertile soil, from which, with little labour, their wants were amply supplied. Now what is, in point of fact, the case?—I appeal to those who have travelled over the north of Germany, whether the aspect of the country is not, generally speaking, a sandy desert; and whether anything can be more striking than the immense extent of poor land under the plough; and I refer to the Report of Mr Jacob for ample confirmation of what I have stated. He affirms, that the average return of all sorts of grain in the Prussian dominions, is about four for one.

The average produce of Britain is at least eight for one. If, therefore, it is proved, that the quality of the land in the north of Germany, and Poland, from whence, it is admitted, we are to look for the principal supply of foreign corn, is naturally much less fertile than the soil of this country,—that its average return is not one-half what it is here, while the labour employed in its production is more than double,—if, I say, these facts are proved, as I maintain they are, by the statements of Mr Colquhoun, and the Report of Mr Jacob, can it be for a moment asserted, that the cause of the higher price of corn

here, is to be attributed in the smallest degree to the cultivation of poor soils? And is it not evident, that the consequence of a Free Trade in Corn must be, to enable the produce of poorer soils on the Continent, to undersell and drive out of cultivation richer lands in England? It is somewhat singular to observe the complacency with which such an event is contemplated by modern theorists, of which the following passage affords a striking instance:—

“It has appeared in a former chapter, that when, in consequence of natural sterility, a given quantity of capital employed upon the soil, cannot raise so abundant a supply of corn as by preparing wrought goods it could purchase from the foreign grower, the happiest consequences are produced by leaving importation free. Now, the same holds good with what may be called the artificial sterility induced by taxation. When, in consequence of various imposts pressing unequally upon the land, the expenses of growing corn are so much increased, that a given quantity of capital, vested in cultivation, will not raise so abundant a produce as the same capital, if directed to some branch of industry less heavily burdened, could purchase from abroad, it is self-evident, that in such a branch of industry it receives its most beneficial occupation, and conduces most powerfully to increase wealth, and promote prosperity. It is also self-evident, that if, by taxing our land, we increase the expense of producing corn at home beyond the expense of producing it in other countries, *our prices will be higher than theirs*, and we shall be an importing rather than an exporting country. But it has already been fully shown, that a country, the circumstances of which are adverse to the exportation of produce, can escape a fluctuating supply, and unsteady price, only by granting perfect freedom in the import trade in corn.” *

If we increase, by means of taxation, the cost of growing corn at home, we must, if the trade is free, import it from abroad. But does it not appear, that if the cause of the higher price at home is taxation, the amount of that taxation which can be levied, must be diminished in proportion to the quantity of foreign corn imported, unless a duty equal to that amount is levied upon it? and as the imposition of that duty would be equivalent

to removing the cause of importation, that is to say, if the cause of importation is the difference of taxation, a duty equal to the amount of that difference must remove the cause—none could consequently be imported. As to the artificial sterility here spoken of, is it anything else than an increase in the money price of corn, from the effects of direct and indirect taxation?

Having, I trust, succeeded in establishing the truth of the proposition, that less labour and capital is required to produce an equal quantity of corn in this than in any other country in Europe, I wish now to direct the public attention to the fact,† that the agricultural produce of any country cannot be sold for any length of time, either much above or below its natural price, that is, the price necessary for the production of the whole quantity required. As this is one of the few propositions in Political Economy on which all the most celebrated writers on the subject are agreed, it is needless for me to enter upon it. Although, however, the agricultural produce of a country can never be sold for any length of time either much above or below the price necessary for its production, yet circumstances may cause a very great difference in the amount of that price in different countries. According to the theory of Mr Ricardo, the price of agricultural produce must rise when a country is forced to answer the demand for it by cultivating poorer soils, which require a greater quantity of labour to produce a given quantity of corn. Thus, when the labour of twenty men is required to produce in one country what in another country is accomplished by the labour of ten, the price of agricultural produce in the former country will be greater than in the latter, by value of the labour of ten men. Or, if the circumstances of the two countries are similar, the price of corn should be double the price in the former of what it is in the latter; but if, in the latter country, owing to the habits of the people, the demand and supply of labour, or other circumstances, the ten men should obtain the same quantity of food and necessities in exchange for their labour in the one country that the twenty do in the other, it appears to me that the

* Torrens on the Corn Trade.

† Mr Malthus, chap. iii. section 5. Mr Ricardo, chap. iv.

effect produced on the price of corn must be exactly the same in both,—the same quantity of food and necessities being consumed in producing the same quantity of corn in both.—The effect produced on the price of corn will be the same, by an increase in the real wages of labour, that is, by an increase in the quantity of food and necessities required to produce a given quantity of corn, as by an increase in the quantity of labour necessary to effect the same end.

Thus, if the labouring classes in Britain receive a greater quantity of food and necessities in exchange for their labour than in the neighbouring countries of Europe, and that they do so is a fact that cannot be disputed, the effect produced on the price of corn will be the same as if a greater quantity of labour was required for its production. Here, therefore, is a cause for the higher price of corn in this country, which it certainly is far from the interest of the labouring classes to remove. No one will venture to deny, that, if the real wages of labour in this country were reduced at once a third or a fourth, the effect on the price of corn would be almost incalculable, and that we should at once, from the impossibility of consuming our surplus produce, become an exporting country. Thus the high wages of labour during the year 1825, may be stated as one cause for the high price of agricultural produce during that year, notwithstanding an abundant harvest, and the admission of 400,000 quarters of wheat; and the low rate of wages in 1826 is certainly one cause of the lower prices of the year, though the wheat harvest has been deficient when compared with the preceding one, while the importation in both was equal, and the higher comparative prices of those sorts of grain whose importation has been free, show that no increase in their consumption can have tended to reduce the price of wheat. That the price of agricultural produce is affected by direct taxation is universally admitted. Mr Ricardo states, (page 170,) that it would raise its price by a sum equal to the tax; and as indirect taxation affects every article of food, clothing, and lodging, all the necessities, as well as luxuries of the labourer, it must, in the proportion in which labour enters

into the price of corn, raise its money price. Here, then, we have two most efficient causes for the higher money price of corn in England than in the neighbouring countries. That they are the only causes that tend to produce that higher price, I by no means assert. It is sufficient for my purpose if it is admitted, that, in two neighbouring countries of equal fertility, the operation of either of these causes may have the effect of raising very materially the price of agricultural produce above the level of the adjoining one,—that both these causes have, for a series of years, combined to raise the price of agricultural produce in this country above the level of the rest of Europe, is undeniable; and that it is owing solely to the natural fertility of the soil of these islands, powerfully aided by the constantly increasing skill and intelligence of the agriculturists, that has prevented that price from rising infinitely higher than it has done, is in my opinion equally well established. The average price of wheat for the thirty years ending in 1825, appears strongly to support this opinion. Dividing that period into a series of ten years, the average price of the last ten will be found to be 7s. 9d. less than that of the first; yet the population has increased during that period, at least 500,000, while the importation of foreign corn will be found to be much more considerable during the first ten years than the last.

The history of the last century affords proof, that encouragement to agriculture produced the same effect then as now.* The laws which regulated the corn trade from the year 1690 to the year 1750, granted a bounty of 6s. per quarter on the exportation of wheat, till the price reached 57s. 7d. The duty on importation, when the price was not higher than 64s. amounted to 19s. 3d.; till the price reached 96s. the duty was 9s. 7d. When the price was above 96s. per quarter, the duty was 6s. 5d. The effect of this encouragement to agriculture, appears to have been to reduce the price of wheat from 68s. 3d.—the average of the ten years, ending 1700—to 33s. 8d.—the average of the ten years, ending 1750; while our exportation increased during the last ten years to the yearly average of 823,467 quarters. From these facts, I think, it

* *Diuron on the Corn Laws.*

may fairly be inferred, that the average of the last six years, 57s. 3d., cannot in any way have contributed to the late distress of the country, or can have had the slightest influence in retarding its return to prosperity.

The publication cannot, I think, be too much directed to the fact, that the average price of wheat for ten years, from 1690 to 1700, ending 125 years ago, was 11s. per quarter lower than the average of the last six years. It will, I think, require some ingenuity to explain this according to the theory of the increased difficulty of producing corn on the poor soils of England; and it will be found somewhat inimical to the doctrine, that the sole cause of the late commercial distress was the high price of corn.

If the arguments I have used in the preceding pages are not altogether futile, and the facts I have stated entirely groundless, it must, I think, be admitted, that the agricultural produce of England requires a less quantity of labour and capital for its production than that of any country in Europe; and that it is sold at the price necessary for its production, in the actual state of the country. As, therefore, the higher money-price of corn in England does not arise from any greater difficulty in raising the necessary supply, if the country were similarly situated to foreign nations with regard to taxation and real wages of labour, the money-price of corn would be proportionally lower in this country, as the labour necessary for its production is less; and it therefore follows, that the introduction of foreign corn into this country, can alone be justified on the ground, that the country does not, in fact, produce a supply of food sufficient for the wants of its population; and the mode of its introduction can only be approved of, if it is such as not to interfere with the extension of cultivation, or to prevent the produce from increasing and keeping pace with the increase of population. If the agricultural produce, grown in Great Britain, is equal to the wants of the people, any importation from abroad must, in proportion to its quantity, diminish the home produce, as when imported it could not be sold, unless at a lower price, and must consequently diminish the profits of all the home-growers, and cause the ruin of many, by which means the home supply would be di-

minished, till, along with the foreign supply, the whole was reduced to an equality with the demand.

On the supposition that the cultivation of land in this country was confined to that of a degree of fertility equal to that from whence corn was imported from abroad, it would still be as difficult as ever to place a limit to the importation of corn. The causes of its higher money-price would still remain unaltered. The quantity of home produce, though diminished, might probably be raised by a proportionally less quantity of labour than before; but this disparity in the quantity of labour necessary to produce corn, experience proves has long existed in favour of this country, without causing the desired effect. That the importation of foreign corn, by causing an excess of supply when compared with the demand, would reduce the money-price of corn, is unquestionable; but in the proportion in which the higher money-price here is caused by taxation, it does not appear how this lower price, the effect of importation, could be more than temporary, or could exist longer than necessary to diminish the home produce in proportion to the corn imported. If the amount of taxation remained the same, the cost of its production, so far as it was affected by that circumstance, could not, of course, be diminished. The same observation will apply to a difference in the real wages of labour. If a labourer in England receives double the quantity of food and necessities in exchange for his labour that a labourer receives in Poland, unless the real wages of labour are reduced by the introduction of foreign corn, this cause of the higher money price of corn in England must also remain unaltered. If these two causes have any influence in maintaining the higher money-price of corn in this country, the importation of foreign corn might probably increase, but could never diminish their effect, and it must, therefore, be impossible to predict the extent to which the importation of foreign corn may be carried. Under a system of Free Trade, I shall not pretend to determine whether it would be Nos. 6, 5, or 4, that would be thrown out of cultivation, but shall leave it to Professor M'Culloch, and others who are more intimately acquainted with the limits and position of these respective num-

bers, than myself, to decide this most important question; but it appears to me, that the said Professor would be fully as usefully employed for the public interest, though probably not so much so for his own, in perambulating the Island, and pointing out to the farmers the termination of No. 5, and the commencement of No. 6, in their respective farms, as in mystifying the youth of Edinburgh, by delivering the lectures respecting numbers, whose position has as yet only been fixed in his own fertile imagination.

I wish now to consider what would be the immediate effect on the labouring population, by the introduction of a large quantity of foreign corn, and the consequent ruin of some, and the diminution of the profits of all the agriculturists. The diminution of corn, grown at home, would diminish the demand for labour. The prices would be lowered, 1st, By increasing the supply; and, 2d, By diminishing the demand. The price of corn would be lower, but how could that benefit the man who has less to purchase it with?—although the price of corn was lower, his labour might exchange for a much less quantity of it than when it was higher; and it appears to me, that corn is cheapest in that country, so far as the labourer is concerned, where labour exchanges for the greatest quantity of it; and, in this point of view, that corn is cheaper in England, than in Poland and Prussia, does not admit of a question, the average price of wheat in England for five years, from 1820 to 1824, inclusive, being 55s., and the wages of the labourer being, during the same period, 9s. per week—the average price in Prussia, for the same period, being 27s., and the average wages there being 2s. 6d. per week. Therefore 55s., the average of a quarter of wheat in England, divided by 9s. will give within a fraction of the sixth part of a quarter, for the average weekly wages of England—while 27s., the average of a quarter of wheat in Prussia, divided by 2s. 6d., will give for the average weekly wages in Prussia a trifle more than the eleventh part of a quarter. It thus appears, that the real wages of labour have been for the last five years, in England and Prussia, nearly in the proportion of six to eleven, or not very far from double in England what they were in Prussia; and it is thus distinctly proved, that,

notwithstanding the higher price of corn, the labourer receives a much larger portion of it in exchange for his labour in England than in Prussia. As far as his interest, therefore, is concerned, corn is cheaper in England—labour is the money with which he purchases corn; and in the country where that species of money will buy the greatest quantity of it, corn is unquestionably the cheapest.

It is estimated, that two-thirds of the whole quantity of food earned by the labourer is consumed in supporting himself and family, while the remaining third is spent in lodging, clothing, and luxuries. Now this third, or 3s. per week, is more than the whole wages of the Prussian labourer; and all the articles of coarse woollen and cotton, principally used as clothing by the labouring classes, ought to be cheaper in this country, which exports them, than in Prussia, where they are imported. The command of the labourer in England and Prussia over the luxuries and conveniences of life, ought to be in proportion to the power which the third of their respective money-wages has of purchasing these commodities—that is, in the proportion of 3s. to 10s.; and it ought in fact to be still greater, inasmuch as commodities ought to be cheaper in the country which exports them than in the country which imports them. Nothing, therefore, can be more evident than the fact, that the labourer in England has the means of commanding an infinitely greater share of the luxuries and conveniences of life than in any other country in Europe. If he does not do so, taxation is unquestionably the sole cause which prevents him; and to its reduction, therefore, he must look as his only remedy. A reduction in the price of corn, instead of being beneficial to him, would be directly the reverse,—even supposing that a reduction in the price of corn had no tendency to reduce the quantity of its given price in exchange for his labour,—as it would diminish the value of corn, when compared with colonial produce and manufactured commodities, it would, in that proportion, diminish his power of purchasing them.

Nothing can be more evident, than that the admission of foreign corn beyond the deficit, if a deficit exists, when compared with the demand, must diminish the home-produce, and

by that means lessen the demand for labour, unless the increase in demand for manufacturing labour fully equals the decrease in the demand for agricultural labour. If, for example, there is an importation of 1000 quarters of corn into this country, and a consequent diminution in the demand for labour equal to the quantity required to grow these 1000 quarters, unless the importation caused a demand for manufactures from abroad over and above what we could otherwise have exported, and equal to the employment of all the labour before occupied in growing these 1000 quarters, it is clear that there must be a diminution in the demand for labour, and consequently in its real wages, in the amount of the comforts, or conveniences which the labouring classes will be able to command; and if we are to be guided by the experience of the last few months, we must conclude, that no such effect is likely to be produced as the exportation of the additional quantity of manufactures in consequence of the importation of foreign corn. If a Polish nobleman exports 1000 quarters of wheat to England, will he, in consequence, import into Poland the whole value of these 1000 quarters in English cotton goods and cutlery? or would not French wines and silks, Flemish lace and cambrics, come in for their share? It is perfectly clear, that the importation of foreign corn into this country, if it did not diminish the demand, when compared with the supply of labour, could not reduce the real wages of labour; and as long as the real wages of labour are higher in this country, the value of the articles that are principally produced by labour must also be higher.

The wished-for object of reducing the wages of labour in this country to a level with the wages of the continent, is perfectly unattainable, except by inflicting the most severe suffering on the whole mass of the labouring population. The numerous petitions that are now presenting from the manufacturing districts, in favour of a measure which is avowedly to reduce wages, shows how easily the labouring classes may be deceived as to their own real interests.

Were we, however, to admit to their fullest extent, the wildest dreams of

manufacturing prosperity, which the theorists of the present day assure us will result from a perfectly Free System of Trade,—if, from the effects of this system, our manufacturing wealth should increase in so extraordinary a manner, that the soils which at present we are informed are unfit for the growth of corn, and whose cultivation is the cause of all our distress, should, nevertheless, soon become necessary to supply the tables of our luxurious mechanics with fresh milk and butter, and by that means afford a rent to the landlord, which, under their present short-sighted system, they can never hope to obtain*—Were all these results, the effects of the wonder-working system of Free Trade, to be realized, of which, as yet, I lament to say, there is little prospect; still, however, recent and dire experience proves that manufacturing speculation will occasionally so overstock the market, as to reduce the price of manufactured goods below the cost of their production; and depending for their existence, as a large portion of our population must then do, on the importation of corn from the north of Europe, is it not possible that manufacturing enterprise, aided by machinery, might produce in one year as many cotton goods as all the Polish and Russian boors could consume in ten?

What would we then have to offer in exchange for their corn, if a deficient harvest should unfortunately coincide with this overflow of manufactures? Could the government of Russia be blamed for prohibiting the export of the usual quantity of corn? At whose feet would the manufacturers then lay their petitions for relief? Not at those of our own gracious Sovereign; for this country would then possess neither the food nor the means of purchasing it; abject recourse would become necessary to the compassion of the Chan of Russia; and might he not be said to hold the reins of universal empire in his hands, when possessed of the food of the only people capable of resisting him? In the words of the late Mr Elliot, Woe would then betide England such as she never before knew, when the food of a large portion of her population was found to depend on the prosperity of her Cotton-trade. I am, Sir, &c.

A SCOTTISH FREEHOLDER.

GALLERY OF THE GERMAN PROSE CLASSICS.

BY THE ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

No. II.—LESSING.

(With Notes and a Postscript.)

SECTION VI.

THERE have been critics who made no scruple of referring the Laocoon to the period of the Emperors, *i. e.* to a Post-Virgilian age; not meaning to deny, however, that it was a work of Grecian art. This opinion they founded, no doubt, upon the resemblance between the group of the sculptor, and the description of the poet, which was too close and circumstantial to be thought pure matter of accident; and, in a question of original conception, they took it for granted that all the presumptions were on the side of the poet. Apparently, they forgot that, without supposing either to have borrowed from the other, a third case is conceivable, *viz.* that both were indebted to a common model of some older period.

Waiving this question, however, I will suppose the artist to have imitated the poet, as a convenient assumption for exhibiting, in the deviations of the imitator from his model, the characteristic differences of their several arts.

The father and his two sons are represented, by both sculptor and poet, as linked into one intricate nodus by the voluminous folds of the snakes; an idea which is indisputably very happy and picturesque. In the distribution of these folds, it will be observed, that Virgil has been careful to leave the arms at liberty, in order to allow full activity to the hands. In this the artist could not but follow him, for nothing gives more life and expression than the motion of the hands; and in a state of passion, above all, the most speaking countenance, without their aid, would become unimpressive. Arms, glued to the side by the limbs of the snakes, would have petrified the whole life and animation of the group. But beyond this single circumstance of disengaging the arms, there is no other in the poet's management of the folds, which the artist could have adopted with advantage. In the Virgilian Laocoon, the snakes are wound twice about his neck,

twice about his throat, and surmount his head with their crests. This picture fills the imagination, the noblest parts are stifled by pressure, and the venom is carried straight to the face. Nevertheless, it was no picture for the artist; the object for him was to exhibit the effects of the poison and the pain on the body; to do which, it was necessary that he should expose the person freely to view, and without allowing of any external pressure that could affect the free play of the agitated nerves or the labouring muscles. Folds as complete as those in the Virgilian picture, would have concealed the whole body; and that peculiar contraction of the abdomen, so expressive of bodily anguish, must have been invisible. Any parts that might have still remained exposed above and below the folds, or between them, necessarily bearing marks of protrusion and tumor, would have indicated, not so much the pains within, as the external pressure. The folds about the throat, by increasing greatly the volume of that part, would have had the further disadvantage of disturbing that pyramidal tendency to a point, so agreeable to the eye, under the present arrangement of the group; whilst the pointed snaky crests, towering abruptly into the air from a basis so disproportionately broad, would have harshly broken up the present symmetrical contraction of the proportions. The ancient sculptors saw at a glance, that a change of plan was in this instance prescribed by their art, and they transferred the folds from the body and throat, to the legs and the feet. So arranged, they caused no constriction or concealment that could interfere with the expression; on the contrary, they suggested the ideas of flight impeded, and of immobility; ideas which reconcile the mind to that perpetuation of a momentary state, which it belongs to this art to present.

I know not how it has happened, that the critics have failed to notice

this difference between the statue and the poem. A second difference, which all of them *have* noticed, (though not so much to praise as to excuse it,) respects the costume. Virgil's Laocoon is in his priestly attire; but in the sculptor's group, he and both of his sons appear naked. Some people have discovered a gross absurdity in this representation of a royal priest presiding naked at a sacrifice. And the answer, made very gravely by the connoisseurs, has been—that unquestionably it is a great offence against costume; but that it was unavoidable, the artist not having it in his power to give his figures a becoming attire. Heavy folds, say they, have a bad effect in sculpture: of two evils, the artist has chosen the least; and has preferred to trespass upon the very truth of the reality, rather than to violate the primal law of his art in the drapery. The objection would have been regarded by the ancient artists, as ludicrous in a degree, which would have acquitted them of any obligation to answer it. For, suppose that the texture of drapery were as much within the imitative powers of sculpture as of painting, would *that* prove that the sculptor had unnecessarily departed in this parti-

cular from his poetic model? Drapery in the poet's hands is no drapery; for it conceals nothing. Let Virgil robe his Laocoon, or unrobe him, the effect is all one; for our imagination looks through all disguises. Invest the forehead with the pontifical diadem; in the poet's hands this takes nothing from the effect; nay, it strengthens the impression of the calamity, by exhibiting the very symbol of his priestly office, which everywhere else commanded homage and veneration, steeped in the unhallowed venom of the reptile. But this subordinate effect would, in the sculptor's hands, have interfered with the main one. A diadem, or fillet, would have partially concealed the forehead; and in the forehead is seated the main expression.* As, therefore, in the circumstance of the shriek, he had sacrificed the expression to the beauty, so here the artist sacrificed the costume to the expression. Universally, indeed, costume was alighted by the ancients; for, with their art under its highest law, which is Beauty, they felt that costume of any form was irreconcilable. Necessity it was that invented clothes; and what has art to do with necessity?† But drapery also

* As regards the expression of intense bodily torment, possibly this may be admitted; certainly in any greater latitude it is untrue.

† Here is a singular specimen of logic:—Necessity invented clothes; and, therefore, art can have nothing to do with drapery. On the same principle, art would have nothing to do with architecture. What is the minor proposition by which Lessing would connect his conclusion with his major? Manifestly this—that it belongs to the very idea of a fine art, as distinguished from a mechanic art, to afford the utmost range to the *free* activities of the creative faculty; so that, for instance, it would obliterate this idea if it were to pursue any end to which the understanding could point out *necessarily* the means and shortest course. This is what the understanding does with regard to a purpose of utility in a mechanic art; the means are here given, and virtually pre-exist in the end; and are unfolded by the understanding, gradually and tentatively, as respects the individual artist, but with the severest necessity as respects the object; so that, if ever the artist may seem to have any freedom, it is only so long as he mistakes his course. Such is the ellipsis of Lessing, which, however, is of no avail to his conclusion. Necessity invented dress, and to a certain extent the same necessity continues to preside over it;—a necessity, derived from climate and circumstances, dictates a certain texture of the dress—a necessity, derived from the human form and limbs, dictates a certain arrangement and corresponding adaptation. But thus far dress is within the province of a *mechanic* art. Afterwards, and perhaps, in a very genial climate, *not* afterwards but originally, dress is cultivated as an end *per se*, both directly for its beauty, and as a means of suggesting many pleasing ideas of rank—power—youth—sex, or profession. Cultivated for this end, the study of drapery is a *fine* art; and a draped statue is a work not in one, but in two departments of art. Neither is it true, that the sense of necessity and absolute limitation is banished from the idea of a fine art. On the contrary, this sense is indispensable as a means of resisting, (and therefore realising) the sense of freedom; the freedom of a fine art is found not in the absence of restraint, but in the conflict with it. The beauty of dancing, for instance, as to

has its appropriate beauty:—Granted; but of what rank as compared with the beauty of the human form? And who, that could reach the highest effects of art, would content him-

self with the inferior? I suspect that the most perfect master of drapery, by that very accomplishment, points to his own deficiencies.

SECTION VII.

MY assumption, that the poetic Laocoon was the original creation, tends in no respect to the disparagement of the sculptor; say rather that it places

in the strongest light the wisdom which presided over his imitation. He followed another indeed, but not blindly, or so as ever to be led astray by

one part of it, lies in the conflict between the freedom of the motion and the law of equilibrium, which is constantly threatened by it; sometimes also in the intricacy of the figure, which is constantly tending to swerve from a law which it constantly obeys; and sometimes in the mutual reference of two corresponding dancers or a centripetal reference of the whole, where the *launce*, as it were, of the motion, and passion of the music, seem likely to impress a centrifugal tendency. Moreover, it is as inconsiderate in Lessing to suggest any opposition between the beauty of drapery and the beauty of the human form, as between the sun and the clouds, which may obscure, but may also reflect its lustre. They are not in opposition, but coalesce to a common effect; and the fact is, that in nature neither the grace nor the majesty of the human figure is capable of being fully drawn out *except* by drapery. In part this may be owing to the fact, that we are too little familiar with the undraped figure, to be able so readily, in that state, to judge of its proportions, its attitude, or its motion; and partly to the great power of drapery under the law of association. But in a still greater degree it is due to the original adaptation, neither accidental nor derivative, of drapery to the human figure; which is founded in some measure on its power of repeating the flowing outlines of the human figure in another and more fluent material; whence arises the pleasure, noticed by a philosophic critic as so extensively diffused, of similitude in dissimilitude. That drapery is not essential in sculpture, and that the highest effects of sculpture are in fact produced without it, is in some measure dependent on this very law, of the interfusion of the similar and the dissimilar; for, in order that any effect should be felt as the *idem in altero*, it is necessary that each should be distinctly perceived; whereas, in sculptural drapery, from the absence of shading and of colouring, the "*alterum*" is not sufficiently perceived as an "*alterum*." There is another, and a transcendent reason for the ill effects of sculptural drapery, into which the former reason merges. For why does sculpture reject colouring; and why is it that just taste has always approved of the sightless eyes in statues? Manifestly, on the general and presiding law which determines the distinctions of the statuesque from the picturesque. The characteristic aim of painting is reality and life; of sculpture, ideality and duration. Painting is sensuous and concrete; sculpture abstract and imaginative. The *existere* and the *esse* of the metaphysicians express the two modes of being which they severally embody. Hence, perhaps, it is, that Jesus Christ has been perpetually painted, and but rarely sculptured; for in this mysterious incarnation, this entrance of Deity within the shade of time and passion, we must recollect that the divine is the true nature of Christ, and the human his superinduced nature; consequently it is to his human nature, as in this case the preternatural, that our attention is called. Life, therefore, or being in time—which is here the uppermost idea, fits the conception of a Christ to painting. But if the case had been reversed, and a nature originally human were supposed to have projected itself into eternity, and in some unspeakable way to have united itself with the Deity, the divine nature would, in this synthesis of two natures, have been the preternatural or superinduced, and the human nature the ground. Such a conception would be adapted to sculpture; and some such conception is in fact embodied in the sublime head of Memnon in the British Museum, in which are united the expressions of ineffable benignity with infinite duration. But to return from this illustration, if the sense of the enduring and the essential be thus predominant in sculpture, it then becomes plain, why a thing so accidental and so frail as drapery should tend to disturb its highest effects.

him in the minutest trifle. True, he had a model; yet as this model was to be translated out of one art into another, room enough was left him for originality of thought to be manifested in his deviations from his archetype; and this originality is, in fact, such as to place him in the same rank, as to degree of merit, with the poet whom he imitated.

It appears then, that admirable as the picture is in the management of Virgil, there are traits in it, notwithstanding, incapable of being transferred to the purposes of the sculptor. The notion, therefore, that a good poetic description must also furnish a good picture in the painter's sense, and that a poet has only so far succeeded in his delineation as an artist can follow him, admits of great limitation; a limitation, by the way, which might have been presumed, even in default of any positive examples, simply from a consideration of the wider compass of poetry, and the peculiar nature of its images; for these, being less essentially sensuous than in the other arts, can co-exist without loss of their separate effects, in greater number and variety, than the objects themselves, or their natural signs can do within the narrow limits of space and time.

That poetry is the art of greatest comprehension; that effects are within its power unattainable to painting; and that a poet may often have good reasons to prefer the non-picturesque to the picturesque; these are truths which seem to have been but little contemplated: and, accordingly, upon the slightest differences detected between the ancient poets and artists, criticism has been confounded. The elder poets, for example, generally invest Bacchus with horns. Strange, then, says Spence, that horns are so rarely found on his statues. The horns of Bacchus, however, were no natural horns, like those of fawns and satyrs; they were simply a frontal ornament,

assumed or laid aside at pleasure. He could appear, therefore, unhorned; and did so, when he chose to reveal himself in his virgin beauty. Now it was precisely under that aspect that the artist wished to present him; and hence his obligation to dismiss all adjuncts that might disturb that impression. Such an adjunct were the horns attached to the diadem. Such an adjunct was the diadem itself, which concealed the beautiful forehead, and on that account is found upon the statues as rarely as the horns, although not less frequently attributed by the poets to Bacchus as its inventor. To the poet both horns and diadem were simply a source of beautiful allusions to the acts and character of the god: the artist, on the contrary, found them hindrances in his way—that interposed between the display of beauties greater than themselves. And if my notion be true—that Bacchus was surnamed *Διμωφός*, in reference to a power of manifesting himself in a beautiful or a dreadful form, nothing can be more natural than that, of two modes of figuring him, the artist should adopt that which best corresponded with the purposes of his own art.

Statius and Valerius Flaccus have both described Venus under the passion of anger, with features so shockingly disfigured by that passion, that we should be apt to take her for one of the Furies, rather than for the Goddess of Love. Now, without any view to the defence of these particular passages, I shall here make one general observation on the principle which they involve. The gods, and other supernatural creations of the artist and of the poet, are not entirely under the same law of art. To the artist they are no more than impersonated abstractions; and, that they may be understood and recognised for what they are, must always retain the same symbolic characteristics. Treated by the poet, on the contrary, they are substantial concrete persons,* who,

* "Treated by the poet, on the contrary, they are substantial concrete persons," &c.—The subject of allegory, and its proper treatment in the arts, is too extensive and too profound to be touched upon in a note. Yet one difficulty, which perplexes many readers (and in proportion as they are thoughtful readers) of allegoric fables, &c., may here be noticed, because it is met by this distinction of Lessing. In such fables, the course of the action carries the different persons into the necessity of doing and suffering many things extra-essential to their allegorical character. Thus, for example, Charity is brought by the conduct of the story into the various accident

besides their universal attributes, may bring forward, as occasion presents, other qualities and affections, that, for the moment, supersede and throw into the shade their abstract character. Venus, for example, to the sculptor, is the mere principle of the sexual love; she must, therefore, be clothed, with the retiring beauty and the gracious charms that fascinate us in beloved objects. These characteristics belong to the abstract conception; and the least deviation from this ideal would dissolve the representative image. Suppose, for instance, that her beauty were figured, not coy and retreating, but majestic—here we should have at once a Juno, no matter what were the artist's design. Give to the charms a less gracious and more commanding air, and *ipso facto* we shall have a Minerva. A wrathful Venus, therefore, to the sculptor, is a nugatory conception; for love, as love, can neither be wrathful nor vindictive. With the poet the case is otherwise; to him, also, Venus is the impersonated principle of love,—but then something beside: she is not merely the impersonated principle, but also the incarnate principle; for she is the goddess of love, that is, a living creature, with her own separate individuality super-added to her abstract character, and consequently no less capable of abhorrence than of desire.

True it is, that in complex groups, the artist enjoys the same privilege with the poet of introducing Venus or any other divinity as a real existence, and clothed with functions extra-essential to the idea which she represents. But, if extra-essential, they must at least never be contradictory to

that idea;—not to tie them down to the severe rule, which some would impose, of deviating from the strictly essential attributes no farther than to their immediate consequences. Let us take the case of Venus delivering the Vulcanian armour to her son Æneas. Here the act is of that kind, which, though extra-essential to the abstract character of a Venus, may yet bend to the sculptor's purposes; for there is nothing here to prevent him from giving to his Venus all the grace and beauty which belong to her as the Goddess of love. But take the case of the same Venus avenging her insulted authority upon the men of Lemnos, where she is exhibited descending upon a gloomy cloud in dilated proportions, with cheeks inflamed, hair dishevelled, a black robe thrown loosely about her, and a torch grasped in her hand;—this clearly is no phasis under which she could be contemplated by the artist; there being no room here for any traits by which he could suggest her universal character. But to the poet such an attitude and action are not ill adapted: since he has it in his power to place in direct juxtaposition to this attitude of fury another more appropriate to the goddess, and carrying into the very heart of the transitory passion a sense of the calm and immortal beauty which it has for a moment been permitted to disturb.

In short, the poet has an exclusive privilege of painting by negative traits, and of so blending these with the positive, as to melt two opposite forms of revelation into unity. On this side stands a Venus, in the radiance and glory of her charms, her tresses confined by golden clasps, and her azure

and situations of a traveller; Hope is represented as the object of sexual love, &c. And, in all such cases, the allegoric character is for the moment suspended in obedience to the necessities of the story. But in this there is no error. For allegoric characters, treated according to the rigour of this objection, would be volatilized into mere impersonated abstractions, which is not designed. They are meant to occupy a midway station between the absolute realities of human life, and the pure abstractions of the logical understanding. Accordingly they are represented not as mere impersonated principles, but as incarnate principles. The office and acts of a concrete being are therefore rightly attributed to them, with this restriction, however, that no function of the concrete nature is ever to obscure or to contradict the abstraction impersonated, but simply to help forward the action in and by which that abstraction is to reveal itself. There is no farther departure, therefore, in this mode of treating allegory, from the naked form of mere fleshless personification, than is essential to its poetic effect.—A commentary on Spenser's mode of treating allegory, at one time contemplated by Mr Coleridge, would unfold the law and principles which govern this mode of exhibiting abstractions as applied to all the arts.

robe floating around her: on that stands a goddess;—another, and yet the same; stripped of her cestus; armed—but with far other flames; and with more terrific shafts, and accompanied by kindred furies. These are two opposite exhibitions of one and the same power; the artist can exhibit but one of these; the poet can ex-

hibit both in direct succession. Shall the weakness of the one become a law for the strength of the other? If Painting be the sister of Poetry, let her not be an envious sister; nor let the younger deny to the elder any ornaments whatsoever, simply because they are unsuitable to herself.

SECTION VIII.

IN these comparisons of the artist and the poet, a principal regard must be directed to this question—Whether each were in equal circumstances of liberty, so as to be able to aim at the highest effects in his art, without external constraint.

Such a constraint existed to the artist not unfrequently in the national religion. A work, destined to religious uses in the public worship, could not always aim at that pure form of excellence which might have been realized under a single and undivided attention to the pleasure of the spectator. Superstition had loaded the gods with images addressed to the sense: and thus it happened that the most beautiful amongst the gods were not always worshipped under their most beautiful forms.

Another mode of constraint existed in the internal difficulties and limitations of art. The personified abstractions of the poet were sufficiently characterized by the names and the sort of actions attributed to them. But to the artist these means of explaining himself were denied. By way of interpretation to *his* personifications, he was reduced to the necessity of connecting with them certain sensuous images or emblems. These images, being understood in a sense different from their direct literal import, gave to the personifications which they accompanied the rank and title of *Allegoric* figures. A woman, for instance, with a bridle in her hand, or a woman leaning against a pillar, are in the arts allegoric personages; that is, impersonated abstractions expounded by emblems. But the corresponding creations of Poetry, viz. Temperance and Constancy, are simply impersonated abstractions, and not allegorizations. This mode of expressing moral functions by sensuous images—was a product of

the necessity which beset the artist. But why should the poet, who knows nothing of this necessity, adopt the artist's expedient for meeting it? The resources of Art, however meritorious for following the steps of poetry, are in themselves no absolute perfections. When the artist symbolizes a figure by some sensuous image, he exalts this figure to the rank of a living being: but the poet, by adopting such auxiliary exponents, degrades what was already a living being to the rank of a puppet.

There is, however, amongst the attributes by which the artist characterizes his abstractions, one class which is both more capable and more deserving of being transferred to a poetic use: I mean those exponents, which, strictly considered, are not allegoric, but simply express the instruments appropriate to the functions of the impersonated ideas considered as living agents. The bridle in the hand of Temperance, or the pillar against which Constancy is leaning, are purely allegoric, and therefore of no poetic application. On the other hand, the balance which is carried by Justice, is but imperfectly allegoric; because the right use of the balance is *literally* one function of Justice. And the lyre or flute in the hand of a Muse, the spear in the hand of Mars, or the hammer and tongs in the hand of Vulcan, are not allegoric at all, but merely instruments for producing the effects which we ascribe to those beings. Of this last class are those attributes which the ancient poets sometimes interweave with their descriptions, and which, by way of distinguishing them from such as are properly allegoric, I would propose to call the poetic attributes. The poetic attributes are to be interpreted literally; but the allegoric on principles of analogy.

SECTION IX.

WHAT strikes us in the artist, as the distinguishing point of excellence, is the execution; the invention, in his case, holding but the second place in our regard. But in the poet this is reversed; and we make light of his faculty for executing, compared with his power of original conception. Take the Laocoon for instance;—here the tortuous involution of the father and his sons into one group is an original thought; and, had Virgil derived this from the sculptor, the weightier part of his merit would have vanished. On the other hand, suppose the artist to have been indebted in this point to the poet, and, therefore, confessedly to have foregone all claim to invention, he would still have had room enough for the display of merit the most splendid, and of a kind the most appropriate to his art; to express a passion in marble being far more difficult than by the instrument of words.

With this readiness, however, to dispense with the faculty of invention in the artist, it is natural that there should have arisen on his part a corresponding indifference to that sort of pretension. Sensible that it was hopeless for him to found any part of his distinction upon originality in the conception, he was willing to adopt ideas from any quarter, no matter whether old or new—and to throw the stress of his efforts upon the execution. Accordingly, he confined himself within the compass of a few popular subjects, and applied whatever inventive power he had to the modification of the familiar, and the recombination of old materials. And this, in fact, is the meaning of the word *invention*, when attributed to painting in the professed treatises on that art; invention applied not to the entire subject, but to the individual parts, or to their connexion with each other; that sort of invention, in short, which Horace recommended to the tragic poet. Certainly the poet has a great advantage who treats a known story. Thousands of petty details, which would else be requisite to put the reader in possession of the incidents and characters, are thus dispensed with; and the more rapidly his audience are made to comprehend the situation, the more readily will the appropriate interest arise. Now, if this be advan-

tageous to the poet, *a fortiori*, it will be so to the painter. A subject, comprehensible at a glance in the purpose and meaning of its whole composition, is indispensable to the full effects of his art. For the final result depends much upon the first impression; and, if that be broken and retarded by a tedious process of question and investigation, the whole strength and liveliness of our emotions is intercepted and frost-bound.

Now, laying together both considerations,—first, that novelty of subject is the very last merit which we look for in a painting; and, secondly, that the very absence of this quality facilitates the impression which it aims at,—I think that we are under no necessity of ascribing the deficiency of invention in this art to a motive of indolent self-accommodation in the painter—to his ignorance—or to the mechanical difficulties of his art, as absorbing his whole zeal and attention; but, on the contrary, that it will appear to have a deep foundation in the principles of the art; and that what at first sight might have been thought to limit the compass and energy of its effects, is, in fact, to be applauded as a wise abstinence on the part of the artist. Undoubtedly, in one respect, he might have found a better field for his art than has, in fact, been chosen since the time of Raphael; for Homer, and not Ovid, should have been the painter's manual. But this I say on a consideration of the superior grandeur which belongs to the Homeric subjects, and with no prejudice to the principle here maintained—that absolute novelty of story and situation is so far a defect in painting, and hostile to its highest purpose.

This principle is one which did not escape Aristotle. It is recorded that he advised Protogenes to paint subjects from the life of Alexander; an advice which, unfortunately for himself, that painter did not adopt. However, the rationale of it is evident; the acts of Alexander were at that time the subject of general conversation; and it did not require the sagacity of an Aristotle to foresee that they could never become obscure; or lose their interest and meaning with posterity.

SECTION X.

In poetry, (for example in the Homeric poetry,) we find exhibited two classes of acts and agents—the visible and the invisible. This is a distinction which painting is incapable of expressing. Everything expressible in this art must be essentially within the field of the visible. Let me take an instance.—The gods are divided against each other upon the fate of Troy: and this division of interest at length comes to issue in personal combat. Now this combat, in the poet's representation of it, goes on out of sight; which circumstance of invisibility allows free latitude to the imagination, for figuring the acts and persons of the gods upon any possible scale of superhuman proportions. But painting is tied to the conditions of a visible scene, in which there will always be some parts so necessarily determined by the fixed standards of nature, as to furnish a scale for measuring the supernatural agents. This scale, when brought into immediate juxta-position with an order of proportion adjusted to so very different a standard, translates what was grand and idealized in the indefinite exhibition of poetry, into the monstrous and extravagant under the material delineations of art.

Minerva, for instance, being assaulted by Mars, steps back, and snatches up a huge stone from the ground. Now, I ask what ought to be the stature of a goddess who raises and hurls with ease a stone, simply to roll which into the station it occupies had required the force not of one man, but of several men united in some primeval age; considering also, that these early patriarchs are described by Nestor as far superior in power to the heroes of the Iliad, and those again described by Homer as having double the strength of his own generation? For the painter there arises here this manifest dilemma: either the stature of the goddess must, or it must not, be proportioned to the size of the stone. Suppose the first case, and the

whole marvellous of the act vanishes. A man, three times greater than myself, must naturally be able to throw a stone three times heavier. Suppose the other case, and we revolt from the manifest incongruity between the weight and the power,—which, being made palpable to the sense in a picture, cannot be surmounted by a cold act of reflection upon the superhuman nature of the agent, as involving superhuman strength. Whenever we see effects of unusual magnitude, on principles of proportion, we look for adequate organs in the agent.—Mars, again, when prostrated by this enormous stone, covers seven acres of ground. Now, it is impossible that the painter should represent him under these prodigious dimensions. But, if not, he ceases to be the Homeric Mars,—and is, in fact, noways distinguished from any ordinary warrior.

It was the opinion of Longinus, that, if the Homeric men are idealized into gods, the gods, on the other hand, are sometimes degraded into men.—This tendency to degradation in the poet, which in him is no more than a tendency,—painting carries into perfect developement. Size, strength, speed, which Homer always attributes in higher measure to his gods than to the most eminent of his heroes, painting must of necessity lower to the common standard of human nature: Jupiter and Agamemnon, Apollo and Achilles, Ajax and Mars, are to the painter beings of one and the same order, whom he has no means of distinguishing except by mere conventional characteristics. However, though irre-presentable by painting, these superhuman dimensions lie within the field of sculpture; and I am satisfied that the general mode of delineating the gods, which prevails in the ancient statues no less than the colossal scale of their proportions, was originally derived from Homer.

SECTION XI.

AGREABLY to this view of the case, if it is very possible that a poem should be rich in materials for the painter,

and yet not in itself picturesque, as, on the other hand, highly picturesque, and yet unproductive for the painter,—

there is an end at once to the conceit, which would measure the merits of the poet by the degree in which he adapts himself to the purposes of the artist.* The source of this error lies in a verbal ambiguity. A picture in the poet's sense is not necessarily that which can be translated into the material picture of the artist. Every trait, no matter whether visual or not, by which the poet makes his object sensuously apprehensible, and so brightens it to the consciousness that we have a livelier sense of that object than of the poet's words, may be designated a picture; inasmuch as it carries us nearer to that degree of illusion which it is the obvious and characteristic end of painting to effect. Pictures in this poetic sense, as here explained, the ancients called the *poeticus*; and it were to be wished that this name had been adopted in modern criticism. So denominated, they would not readily have bent to the restraints of material painting; whereas, with the name of *pictures*, there was at once connected an ambiguity which became a ready source of misapprehension.

Now, first of all, it is evident that the poet can carry to the necessary degree of illusion the representation of other objects than of visual ones. And here arises a distinction which at once cuts off from the painter's use a whole world of descriptive imagery, which is

open to the poet. However, I will confine myself to visual imagery, which is common to them both. Whence is it then, I ask, that even within this field there is not a little which the painter must forego as unfitted for his purposes? The reason is this:—the very signs or language by which painting accomplishes its imitations, can be connected only in space. Hence it arises that this art is obliged to abstain from all images, of which the different parts are in the successional connexion of time: on which account progressive actions, as such, are irre-presentable by painting; and it is thus restricted in its imitations either to co-existing actions, of which the parts are collateral to each other, or to material objects, which can be so treated by means of attitude and position as to suggest an action which they cannot directly express. But I will endeavour to unfold all this in connexion with its ultimate grounds.

The language of painting consists in lines and colours, which exist in space; the language of poetry in articulate sounds which exist in time. Now, if it is undeniable that between the sign and the thing signified there must be reciprocal relations, and a subjection to a common law, it follows that co-existing signs can express none but co-existing objects, or those of which the parts are in co-existence; and that successional signs can express none but

* A slight attention to this and other passages of Lessing would have exposed the hollowiness of a notion brought forward by Dr Darwin, (with respect to the essential idea of poetry. He first directly insisted on a fancy (*theory* one cannot call it), that nothing was strictly poetic, or however not poetic *non est poeticum*, except what presented a visual image. One of his own illustrations was Pope's line,

"Or Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd,"

which, according to the Doctor, was translated into poetry by reading—

"Or Kennet swift, where silver graylings play."

This notion has, in fact, in every age, been acted upon more or less consciously by writers in verse, and still governs much of the criticism which is delivered on poetry; though it was first formally propounded by Dr Darwin. Possibly even the Doctor himself would have been disabused of his conceit, if he had been recalled by this and other passages in Lessing to the fact, that so far from being eminently, or (as he would have it) exclusively the matter of poetry, the picturesque is, in many instances, incapable of a poetic treatment. Even Lessing is too palpably infected by the error which he combats; the poetic being too frequently in his meaning nothing more than that which is clothed in a form of sensuous apprehensibility. The fact is, that no mere description, however visual and picturesque, is in any instance poetic *per se*, or except in and through the passion which presides. Among our own writers of eminent genius, who have too often submitted, if not sacrificed, the passion to picturesque beauty, one of the principal is Mr Landor—especially in his *Gebir*. But this subject will be farther illustrated elsewhere.

successional objects, or those of which the parts are in succession. Co-existing objects are called bodies:—consequently bodies, with their visible properties, compose the proper objects of painting. Successional objects, or of which the parts are in succession, we call actions:—consequently actions compose the proper object of poetry.

But all bodies exist in time as well as in space. They endure; and in every moment of this successional existence they may present different phenomena, and stand variously related to the surrounding objects. Each of these shifting phases and momentary states of relation is derived from that which preceded, and furnishes the ground for another which succeeds; on which account even that single aspect of an object to which painting is restricted, may be regarded as the centre of this successive series; and thus far it is in the power even of painting to express actions, but only indirectly through the phenomenal state of bodies, and by way of suggestion from the known succession of those states. Actions, on the other hand, have no separable or independent existence,

but are the adjuncts of living beings; and, in so far as these beings are material beings, poetry may be said also to describe bodily forms, not directly, however, but only by way of suggestion, by describing the motions or successive changes and actions which imply them.

Painting, being in all its combinations subject to the law of co-existence, can apply to its use only one single instant of the action; on which account it is bound to select that one from the whole succession which is the most pregnant, and which points least ambiguously to what precedes and follows.

Poetry, again, tied to the law of succession, can avail itself of but one property in any material object; and must therefore select *that* one which presents the most sensuous impression of the object—regard being had to the particular relation under which the poet's purpose requires that it should be contemplated. From this principle is derived the critical injunction of simplicity in the choice of picturesque epithets, and of abstinence in the delineation of material objects.

SECTION XII.

IN all this dry deduction of my principles, I should place but little confidence, if I had not found them confirmed by the practice of Homer; or rather I should say, if it were not from this very practice of Homer that I had originally derived them. It is upon these principles only that the grand style of Grecian poetry, in its severest models, can be determinately explained; and upon these principles only that it would be possible to place in its right light the very opposite style of many modern poets, who maintain a foolish contest with the painter in a point where all competition with him, by the very nature of the case, is hopeless.

I observe that Homer paints nothing but progressive actions, that is to say, actions in their motions and succession of stages; fixed bodies, therefore, or individual things, he paints only phenomenally, or through their participation in these fluent actions expressed in corresponding changes. What wonder then that the painter finds little or no materials for his own art in the

direct descriptions of Homer, these being always tied to the successions of time; and that, on the other hand, he finds his chief harvest not there, where the poet has expressly designed a description, but where the mere course of the narration has conveyed into one group a number of beautiful figures, in fine attitudes, and in an interesting situation, although agreeably to my principles, they are the precise cases on which the poet will have put forth the least descriptive power, as being a composition of fixed forms brought together under the law of co-existence in space?

If in any case Homer so far deviates from his general practice as to describe a stationary individual form, he dispatches it with a single trait. A ship he will describe sometimes as the black ship, sometimes as the hollow ship, sometimes as the swift ship, or at the most as the well-rowed black ship. Further than this he will not descend into the detail of description. But, on the other hand, the ship, as a thing participating in action, under the ac-

idents of leaving harbour—pursuing its voyage—making the land, he pursues into a circumstantiality of description which the painter could not transfer to his canvass in less than five or six separate pictures.

Even where circumstances compel Homer to detain the eye longer upon some individual form, still, however, he produces no picture which the painter could follow with his pencil; by various artifices he contrives to lead the object through a succession of stages, in every one of which it puts on a different aspect; whilst the painter must wait for its final stage, in order there to exhibit, as finished and mature, what, under the hands of the poet, we saw running through its various stages of birth and growth. For instance, if Homer wishes to exhibit the car of Juno, the whole is placed before us in its parts—the wheels, the axletree, the seat, the pole, the reins, and traces, not so much formed and previously co-existing, but growing up in succession under the hands of Hebe. Upon the wheels only the poet has detained us beyond his custom to exhibit the eight iron spokes, the golden fellics, the studs of iron, and the silver nave: on all the rest he has bestowed but a single trait.

Again, when the dress of Agamemnon is to be described, the whole is brought before us article by article—but how? Another poet, with the same purpose before him, would have described each part separately, down to the minutest fringe: but Homer introduces us to the King in the act of

dressing himself: and thus without making the narrative pause for the description, in the very growth and succession of this action of dressing, we see displayed before us the dress itself in all its parts—the soft vest, the ample robe, the beautiful buskins, the sword, and finally the regal sceptre.

This very sceptre also, which is characterized simply by the epithets of paternal and imperishable,—in what way does Homer convey to us an impression of its ideal grandeur? Instead of a formal description, he gives us its history, first as in the act of growing up under the divine workmanship of Vulcan; next, as it glittered in the hands of Jupiter; then as the ensign of dignity to Mercury; the truncheon of the martial Pelops; and the pastoral staff of the pacific Atreus. Such is the artifice by which Homer contrives to keep an individual object before the eye, when his purpose requires it; and in this way, without descending to a frigid description of its several parts, he succeeds in connecting a deeper impression with it than a painter could have done by the most elaborate picture. The same skill is exhibited with regard to the sceptre of Achilles and the bow of Pandarus; in both of which cases the description moves through the stages of a narrative, and the material images under the inanimate law of co-existence, are thrown into the shifting circumstances of a succession which advances currently with the advancing verses of the poet.

SECTION XIII.

It will be objected, however, to the doctrine of the last Section, that the signs which poetry employs, (that is, words,) are not merely a successional, but also a conventional or arbitrary order of signs; and, in this latter character at least, well fitted to express the order of co-existence in space no less than the order of successions in time; and, as a most illustrious and decisive example of this from Homer himself, the shield of Achilles will be alleged; that famous shield, which Homer has described with so much punctual circumstantiality in reference to its substance, form, and embellishments, in upwards of a hundred magnificent

verses, that a modern artist would find no difficulty in executing a very full and accurate drawing from it.

To this objection my answer is—that I have already answered it. Homer describes the shield not as a thing finished and complete, but in the progress of its formation. Here again he has adopted the artifice of throwing an order of co-existence into an order of succession, and thus converted the inert description of a fixed material object into the living picture of an action. It is not the shield that we see, but the divine artist in the act and process of making it. He advances with hammer and tongs to the anvil;

forges the plates out of the rude unwrought metal; and immediately the figures, which are to decorate it, start forward in relief, each after each, under the touches of his creative hand. At last the work is finished, and we survey it with astonishment; but with the enlightened and acquiescing astonishment of an eye-witness to its formation.

Far different is the case with Virgil's shield. Either the Roman poet was in this instance insensible to the refined art of his model; or else the peculiar nature of his own embellishments might strike him as incompatible with the same evolution through the actual process of construction.—The emblazonments of *his* shield are prophetic; now prophecy, *as* prophecy,* and in the very act of delivery, demands an obscurity of language with which the definite names of persons would not harmonize. Yet, on these very names it was that to Virgil, a courtier and a patriot, the main merit of the purpose rested; and thus it became necessary that this course of sculptural prophecy should be exhibited, not as growing up beneath the hands of Vulcan, but as interpreted and looked back upon by the poet—and therefore as a work already existing and complete. Such is our excuse for Virgil's management, which however does not remedy its bad effect. The preparations are the same in both poets for the labours of Vulcan. But in Virgil, no sooner are we introduced to the god and his Cyclopien agents, than the curtain is dropped, and we are transported to quite another scene, in which Venus appears with the armour already complete. She rests them against an oak; and after the hero has sufficiently admired, handled, and tried them, the description commences in due form; yet as it is not Æneas who delivers this description, (for he is unacquainted with the interpretation of the shield,) nor Venus, but the poet speaking in his own person, it follows that the action of the poem is here obliged to stand still. In short, as no one person of the poem takes any part in this description, and as it is a matter of indifference with regard to anything which follows,

whether the ornaments of the shield had been the actual ones or any other, the shield of Æneas must be pronounced to be a pure mechanic interpolation, contrived with no other view than that of flattering the Roman pride. The shield of Achilles, on the contrary, is a spontaneous growth of the poem. A shield was at any rate to be made; and from the hands of a god even implements of use should not be turned off destitute of beauty. The shield, therefore, must have ornaments. But the point of difficulty was to exhibit these ornaments indirectly, and as if incidentally to the main purpose; and this could only be effected by the very course which Homer has adopted, of making them arise as parts of the very substance of the shield in the act of its construction. Virgil, on the contrary, must be supposed to have created the shield for the sake of its ornaments, since he thinks proper to bestow an express description upon these ornaments—not as accessory parts, necessarily involved in the forging of the shield itself—but separately and on their own account.

So much for the illustration of the argument; as to the argument itself, that the signs employed by poetry, being conventional, are as well fitted to express the order of co-existence as that of succession—undoubtedly this is true, but it is a property which belongs to language generally, and not as it is especially restricted to the purposes of poetry. The prosist is satisfied if he impresses clear and distinct ideas; but the poet is required to impress them with the strength and vivacity of realities. He must describe with the force of painting; and now let us see how far the co-existing parts of material objects are adapted to that sort of description.

How is it that we attain to a clear representation of an object in space? First of all, we regard the separate parts of it individually; next, the connexion of these parts; and, finally, the whole. These three operations our senses execute with such wonderful rapidity, that they melt into an apparent unity. Now this unity is not within the power of a poet to attain; the mind is so much retarded by the

* By "prophecy *as* prophecy," Lessing means prophecy in the meaning and from the station of the prophet, not as retrospectively contemplated by the interpreter.

separate parts of a consecutive description, that it cannot reproduce them with speed enough to connect them into a single representative impression of the whole. Hence the poetical illusion vanishes. Where the purpose does not demand this illusion, as in the case of a prose writer, who is describing merely to the understanding, pictures of objects under a law of co-existence are perfectly admissible. The didactic poet, even as such, is not excluded from this use;* for, wherever he is strictly didactic, he is in fact no

poet. Thus, for example, Virgil, in his *Georgics*, describes a cow fitted for the purpose of breeding. In doing this, he runs through the series of characteristics which distinguish such a cow, manifestly with the plain prosaic purpose of rectifying our practical judgments in this matter; as to the power of the mind to combine this series of separate notices into the unity of picture,—that was a question which with *his* purpose he was perfectly justified in neglecting.

POSTSCRIPT ON DIDACTIC POETRY.

* In the three last sentences there is a false thought unworthy of Lessing's acuteness. The vulgar conception of didactic poetry is—that the adjunct, didactic, expresses the primary function (or, in logical phrase, the *difference*) of that class of poetry; as though the business were, first of all, to teach something, and secondly, to convert this into poetry by some process of embellishment. But such a conception contains a *contradictio in adjecto*, and is in effect equivalent to demanding of a species that it shall forego, or falsify, the distinctions which belong to it, in virtue of the genus under which it ranks. As a term of convenience, *didactic* may serve to discriminate one class of poetry; but didactic it cannot be in philosophic rigour without ceasing to be poetry.—Indirectly, it is true, that a poet, in the highest departments of his art, may, and often does, communicate mere knowledge, but never as a direct purpose—unless by forgetting his proper duty. Even as an epic poet, for instance, Virgil may convey a sketch of the Mediterranean Chorography, and Milton of the Syrian Pantheism; but every reader perceives, that the first arises purely in obedience to the necessities of the narrative, and that the other is introduced as an occasion of magnificent display, and no more addressed to a didactic purpose, than the Homeric Catalogue of Ships, which gave the hint for it, was designed as a statistical document, or than the ceremonial pomps and emblazonments of a coronation, &c. are designed to teach the knowledge of heraldry. This is self-evident; but the case is exactly the same in didactic poetry—with this single difference, that the occasions for poetic display are there derived, uniformly and upon principle, from cases admitting of a didactic treatment, which, in the two instances just noticed, furnished the occasion only by accident. The object is to wrestle with the difficulties of the case, by treating a subject naturally didactic in a manner, and for a purpose, *not* didactic; this is accomplished by such a selection from circumstances otherwise merely technical, and addressed to the unexcited understanding, as may bend to the purposes of a fine Art; a branch of knowledge is thrown through that particular evolution which serves to draw forth the circumstances of beautiful form, feeling, incident, or any other interest, which in some shape, and in some degree, attach themselves to the duller exercises of mere lucrative industry. In the course of this evolution, it is true, that some of the knowledge proper to the subject is also communicated; but this is collateral to the main purpose, which is to win the beauty of art from a subject in itself unpromising or repulsive; and, therefore, the final object of the didactic poet is accomplished *not by* the didactic aspects of his poem, but directly *in spite of* them; the knowledge which emerges in such a poem, exists not for itself, but as an indirect occasion for the beauty, and also as a foil or a counter-agent for strengthening its expression; as a shadow by which the lights are brightened and realized.

Suppose a game at cards—whist, l'hombre, or quadrille—to be carried through its principal circumstances and stages, as in the Rape of the Lock and elsewhere,—nobody is so absurd as to imagine that in this case the poet had

designed to teach the game ; on the contrary, he has manifestly presupposed that knowledge in his reader, as essential to the judicious apprehension of his description. With what purpose, then, has he introduced this incident, where no necessity obliged him, and for what is it that we admire its execution ? Purely as a trial of skill in playing the game with grace and beauty. A game at cards is a mimicry of a battle, with the same interest, in a lower key, which belongs to that scene of conflict. The peculiar beauty, therefore, of such a description, lies in the judicious selection of the principal crises and situations incident to the particular game in its most general movement. To beplayed with skill and grace, it must evolve itself through the great circumstances of danger, suspense, and sudden surprise,—of fortune shifting to this side and that,—and finally, of irrevocable *peripeteia*, which contain the philosophic abstract of such scenes as to the interest which they excite. Meantime the mere instruments by which the contest is conducted, the cards themselves, by their gay colouring, and the antique *prescriptiveness* of the figures, (which in the midst of real arbitrariness has created an artificial semblance of law and necessity, such as reconciles us to the drawing upon China cups, Egyptian and Etruscan ornaments, &c.) throw an air of brilliancy upon the game, which assists the final impression.

Now, here in miniature, we have the law and *exemplar* of didactic poetry. And in any case, where the poet has understood his art, it is in this spirit that he has proceeded. Suppose, for instance, that he selects as the basis of this interest, the life, duties, and occupations of a shepherd ; and that instead of merely and professedly describing them, he chooses to exhibit them under the fiction of teaching them. Here, undoubtedly, he has a little changed the form of his poem ; but that he has made no change in the substance of his duties, nor has at all assumed the real functions of a teacher, is evident from this :—Pastoral life varies greatly in its aspect, according to the climate in which it is pursued ; but whether in its Sicilian mode, which tends to the beautiful, or in our sterner northern mode, which tends to the sublime, it is like all other varieties of human employment, of a mixed texture, and disfigured by many degrading circumstances. These it is the business of the poet to clear away, or to purify at least, by not pressing the attention on their details. But if his purpose and his duties had been really didactic, all reserve or artist-like management of this kind would have been a great defect, by mutilating the full communication of the knowledge sought. The spirit in which he proceeds, is that of selection and abstraction : he has taken his subject as a means of suggesting, of justifying, and of binding into unity, by their reference to a common ground, a great variety of interesting scenes,—situations,—incidents,—or emotions. Wheresoever the circumstances of the reality lead naturally into exhibitions on which it is pleasant to the mind to be detained, he pursues them. But, where the facts and details are of such a nature as to put forth no manifestations of beauty or of power, and, consequently, are adapted to no mode of pleasurable sympathy, it is his duty to evade by some delicate address, or resolutely to suppress them, which it would not be, if the presiding purpose were a didactic one.

What may have misled Lessing on this point, is the fact that subjects are sometimes chosen, and lawfully chosen, for didactic poems, which are not adapted to pleasurable sympathies in any mode—but in their great outline to a sympathy* of disgust. Beauty, however, exists everywhere to the eye which is capable of detecting it ; and it is our right, and duty indeed, to adapt ourselves to this ordinance of Nature, by pursuing and unveiling it even under a cloud of deformity. The *Syphilis* of Fracastorius, or Armstrong's *Art of Health*, I do not particularly allude to ; because in neither case is the subject treated with sufficient grace, or sufficient mastery over its difficulties. But suppose the example of some common household occupation, as the washing of clothes for sale ; no class of human labours are at a lower point of degra-

* The word sympathy has been so much contracted in its meaning by a conversational use, that it becomes necessary to remind the reader that this is not a false application of it.

dation, or surveyed with more disdain by the aspiring dignity of the human mind, than these domestic ones, and for two reasons; first, because they exercise none but the meanest powers; and secondly, from their origin and purpose as ministering to our lowest necessities. Yet I am persuaded that the external aspect of this employment, with no more variety than it presents in the different parts of this island, might be so treated as to unfold a series of very interesting scenes, without digressing at all from the direct circumstances of the art, (if art it can be called,) whilst the comic interest, which would invest the whole as proceeding from a poet, would at once disarm the sense of meanness in the subject, of any power to affect us unpleasantly.*

Now, Virgil, in his ideal of a cow, and the description of her meritorious points, is nearly upon as low ground as any that is here suggested. And this it is which has misled Lessing. Treating a mean subject, Virgil must (he concludes) have adapted his description to some purpose of utility: for, if his purpose had been beauty, why lavish his power upon so poor an occasion, since the course of his subject did not in this instance oblige him to any detail? —But, if this construction of the case were a just one, and that Virgil really had framed his descriptions merely as a guide to the practical judgment, this passage would certainly deserve to be transferred from its present station in the *Georgics*, to the *Grazier's Pocket-book*, as being (what Lessing in effect represents it to be) a plain *bona fide* account of a Smithfield prize cow. But, though the object here described is one which is seldom regarded in any other light than that of utility, and, on that account, is of necessity a mean one,† yet the question still remains, in what spirit, and for what purpose, Virgil has described this mean object? For meanness and deformity even, as was said before, have their modes of beauty. Now, there are four reasons which might justify Virgil in his description, and not one of them having any reference to the plain prosaic purpose which Lessing ascribes to him. He may have described the cow—

I. As a *difficult* and intractable subject, by way of a *bravura*, or passage of execution. To describe well is not easy; and, in one class of didactic poems, of which there are several, both in Latin, English, and French, viz. those which treat of the mechanic parts of the critical art, the chief stress of the merit is thrown upon the skill with which thoughts, not naturally susceptible of elegance, or of a metrical expression, are modulated into the proper key for the style and ornaments of verse. This is not a very elevated form of the poetic art, and too much like rope-dancing. But, to aim humbly, is better than to aim awry, as Virgil would have done if interpreted under Lessing's idea of didactic poetry.

II. As a *familiar* subject. Such subjects, even though positively disgusting, have a fascinating interest when reproduced by the painter or the poet: upon what principle has possibly not been sufficiently explained. Even tran-

* Mrs Barbauld has given a very pleasing sketch on this subject, in her 'Washing Day'; but she has narrowed the interest by selecting, amongst the circumstances, the picturesque ones, to the exclusion of all those which approach to the beautiful, and also by the character of the incidents, such as the cheerless reception of the visitor; for, as the truth of such an incident belongs only to the lower, and less elegant, modes of life, it is not fitted for a general sympathy.

† This, for two reasons. 1st, because, whatever is useful, and merely useful, is essentially definite; being bounded and restricted by the end to which it is adapted: it cannot transcend that end; and, therefore, can never, in the least degree, partake of the illimitable:—2d, because it is always viewed in a relation of inferiority to something beyond itself. To be useful, is to be ministerial to some end: now, the end does not exist for the sake of the means, but the means for the sake of the end. Hence, therefore, one reason why a wild animal is so much more admired than the same animal domesticated. The wild animal is useless, or viewed as such; but, on that very account, he is an end to himself; whilst the tame one is merely an instrument, or means for the ends of others. The wild turkey of America, is a respectable bird, but, the "tame villatic fowl," of the same species in England, is an object of contempt.

sient notions of objects and actions, which are too indifferent to the mind to be more than half consciously perceived, become highly interesting when detained and re-animated, and the full light of the consciousness thrown powerfully upon them, by a picturesque description. A street in London, with its usual furniture of causeway, gutter, lamp-posts, &c. is viewed with little interest: but, exhibited in a scene at Drury-Lane, according to the style of its execution, becomes very impressive. As to Lessing's objection about the difficulty of collecting the successive parts of a description into the unity of a co-existence, that difficulty does not exist to those who are familiar with the subject of the description, and at any rate is not peculiar to this case.

III. As an *ideal*: the cow is an ideal cow in her class. Now, every ideal, or *maximum perfectionis* (as the old metaphysicians called it) in natural objects, necessarily expresses the dark power of nature which is at the root of all things under one of its infinite manifestations in the most impressive way: that, which elsewhere exists by parts and fractions dispersed amongst the species and in tendency, here exists as a whole and in consummation. A Pandora, who should be furnished for all the functions of her nature in a luxury of perfection, even though it were possible that the ideal beauty should be disjoined from this ideal organization, would be regarded with the deepest interest. Such a Pandora in her species, or an approximation to one, is the cow of Virgil, and he is warranted by this consideration in describing her without the meanmess of a didactic purpose.

IV. As a *beautiful object*. In those objects which are referred wholly to a purpose of utility, as a kitchen garden for instance, utility becomes the law of their beauty. With regard to a cow in particular, which is referred to no variety of purposes, as the horse or the dog, the external structure will express more absolutely and unequivocally the degree in which the purposes of her species are accomplished; and her beauty will be a more determinate subject for the judgment than where the animal structure is referred to a multitude of separate ends incapable of co-existing. Describing in this view, however, it will be said that Virgil presupposes in his reader some knowledge of the subject; for the description will be a dead-letter to him, unless it awakens and brightens some previous notions of his own. I answer, that, with regard to all the common and familiar appearances of nature, a poet is entitled to assume some knowledge in his readers: and the fact is, that he has not assumed so much as Shakespeare in his fine description of the hounds of Theusus, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or of the horse of Arctite:* and Shakespeare, it will not be pretended, had any didactic purpose in those passages.

This is my correction of the common idea of didactic poetry; and I have thought it right to connect it with the error of so distinguished a critic as Lessing. If he is right in his construction of Virgil's purpose, that would prove only that in this instance Virgil was wrong.

* In the *Two Noble Kinsmen*: The first act has been often and justly attributed to Shakespeare; but the last act is no less indisputably his, and in his very finest style.

ACTED CHARADES.

No. VII.

SCENE THE FIRST.

A paltry lodging in a country town, RANTER studying a part.

"Yes, Altamont; to-day thy better stars
Are joined to shed their kindest influence on thee."

Deuce take the folly of these country managers! A star can't come within fifty miles of them but they must be catching at it, when all the while they have better actors in their own company. Here's this man coming to play Lothario—He play Lothario!—and I must study Horatio, forsooth! a part of nine lengths at a day's notice. I to play Horatio! the most dull, prosy, hateful part—I'm sure that I shan't know two lines of it.

"Yes, Altamont; to-day thy better stars——"
Confound all stars, say I.

"Yes, Altamont——"
There never was so vile a part!

"Yes, Altamont——"
Who's these interrupting me, when I'm so busy?

Enter LANDLADY.

Landlady. When will you be pleased to have your dinner, sir?

Rant. I don't care. Don't bore me. Any time. Not at all.

"Yes, Altamont——"

Landl. Not at all, sir! my stars!

Rant. Stars again! Don't pester me, woman. How do you think I am ever to study my part?

Landl. Lord, sir! I have got as nice a beef-steak as ever was seen—and to hear you say you won't eat it!

Rant. Get the beef-steak, then, there's a good creature; and take yourself off. Have not I told you that I've nine lengths to study?

[Exit LANDLADY.]

"Yes, Altamont; to-day thy better stars
Are joined to shed their kindest influence on thee;
Sciolto's noble hand, that raised thee first,——"

Another interruption!

Enter Maid.

Get away with you! Didn't I tell you that I'm not at home to anybody?—

"Yes, Altamont,——"

Maid. Sir, Mrs Stubbs, the washerwoman——

Rant. Don't talk to me of washerwomen——

——"to-day thy better stars,——"

What do you stand staring there for?

Maid. Won't you be pleased to look over your linen, sir?

Rant. No.——"Yes, Alta——"

Maid. Nor to send the money, sir? Two-and-a-penny.

Rant. No, I tell you.——"Sciolto's noble hand——"

Maid. Sir, Mrs Stubbs won't trust——

Rant. Hang Mrs Stubbs! and hang you!——Begone, I say.

[Flinging her the money. Exit Maid.]

I shall never study my part here whilst the world stands. I'll go into the next room, and lock myself in. That's my only chance.—(Goes out, repeating to himself)——"Yes, Altamont, to-day thy better stars——"

SCENE THE SECOND.

A Splendid Library.

MR MAYNARD *enters, speaking to a Servant.*

Not at home to any one, excepting Colonel Falkland and Mr Ellis.—This failure of Bland's great house, however deplorable in itself, at least bids fair to put an end to my troubles as a guardian. Ever since Mary Conway has been under my care, she has been besieged by as many suitors as Penelope. We shall see whether the poor destitute girl will prove as attractive as the rich heiress. Falkland is an ardent lover, Ellis a modest one; Falkland is enormously rich, Ellis comparatively poor; but whether either—

Enter COLONEL FALKLAND.

My dear Colonel, good morning!—I took the liberty of sending for you.

Col. Falk. Most proud and happy to obey your summons. I believe that I am before my time; but where the heart is, you know, Mr Maynard—How is the fair Mary Conway? I hope she caught no cold in the Park yesterday?

Mr May. None that I have heard.

Col. Falk. And that she has recovered the fatigue of Tuesday's ball?

Mr May. She does not complain.

Col. Falk. No. But there is a delicacy, a fragility in her loveliness, that mingles fear of her health with admiration of her beauty.

Mr May. She is a pretty girl, and a good girl; a very good girl, considering that, in her quality of an heiress, she has been spoilt by the adulation of every one that has approached her ever since she was born.

Col. Falk. Oh, my dear sir, you know not how often I wish that Miss Conway were not an heiress, that I might have an opportunity of proving to her and to you the sincerity and disinterestedness of my passion.

Mr May. I am glad to hear you say so.

Col. Falk. I may hope, then, for your approbation and your influence with your fair ward? You know my fortune and family?

Mr May. Both are unexceptionable.

Col. Falk. The estate which I inherited from my father is large and unencumbered; that which will devolve to me from the maternal side is still more considerable. I am the last of my race, Mr Maynard; and my mother and aunt are, as you may imagine, very desirous to see me settled. They are most anxious to be introduced to Miss Conway; my aunt, Lady Lucy, more particularly so. Mary Conway, even were she portionless, is the very creature whom they would desire as a relative; the very being to enchant them.

Mr May. I am extremely glad to hear you say so.

Enter MR ELLIS.

Mr Ellis! Pray be seated.—I sent for you both, gentlemen, as the declared lovers of my ward, Miss Conway, in order to make to you an important communication.

Mr Ellis. I am afraid that I can guess its import.

Col. Falk. Speak, Mr Maynard—pray, speak!

Mr May. Have you heard of the failure of the great firm of Bland and Co.?

Col. Falk. Yes. But what has that to do with Mary Conway?—To the point, my good sir; to the point.

Mr May. Well, then, to come at once to the point. Did you never hear, that, though not an ostensible partner, Mr Conway's large property was lodged in the firm?

Mr Ellis. I had heard such a report.

Col. Falk. Mr Conway's property in Bland's house! the house of a notorious speculator! What incredible imprudence!—All?

Mr May. The whole.

Col. Falk. What miraculous folly!—Then Miss Conway is a beggar?

Mr May. Whilst I live, Mary Conway can never want a home. But she is now a portionless orphan; and she desired that you, gentlemen, might be apprised of the change of her fortunes with all convenient speed, and assured,

that no advantage would be taken of proposals made under circumstances so different.

Mr Ellis. Oh, how needless an assurance!

Col. Falk. Miss Conway displays a judicious consideration.

Mr May. I am, however, happy to find, Colonel Falkland, that your affection is so entirely centred on the lovely young woman, apart from her riches, that you will feel nothing but pleasure in an opportunity of proving the disinterestedness of your love.

Col. Falk. Why, it must be confessed, Mr Maynard—

Mr May. Your paternal estate is so splendid as to render you quite independent of fortune in a wife.

Col. Falk. Why, ye-es. But really my estate, what with the times, and one drawback and another—Nobody knows what I pay in annuities to my father's old servants—In fact, Mr Maynard, I am not a rich man;—not by any means a rich man.

Mr May. Then your great expectations from your mother, Lady Sarah, and your aunt, Lady Lucy.

Col. Falk. Yes. But, my dear sir, you have no notion of the aversion which Lady Lucy entertains for unequal matches;—matches where all the money is on one side. They never turn out well, she says; and Lady Lucy is a sensible woman,—a very sensible woman. As far as my observation goes, I must say that I think her right.

Mr May. In short, then, Colonel Falkland, you no longer wish to marry my ward?

Col. Falk. Why really, my good sir, it is with great regret that I relinquish my pretensions; and if I thought that the lady's affections were engaged—But I am not vain enough to imagine that, with a rival of so much merit—

Mr Ellis (aside.) Contemptible coxcomb!

Col. Falk. Pray, assure Miss Conway of my earnest wishes for her happiness, and of the sincere interest that I shall always feel for her welfare.—I have the honour to wish you a good morning. [Going.]

Mr May. A moment, sir, if you please.—What say you, Mr Ellis? Have these tidings wrought an equal change in your feelings?

Mr Ellis. They have indeed wrought a change, sir, and a most pleasant change; since they have given me hope such as I never dared to feel before. God forgive me for being so glad of that which has grieved her! Tell Mary Conway, that for her dear sake I wish that I were richer, but that never shall I wish that she were rich for mine. Tell her, that if a fortune adequate to the comforts and elegancies, though not to the splendours, of life, a pleasant country house, a welcoming family, and an adoring husband, can make her happy, I lay them at her feet. Tell her—

Mr May. My dear fellow, you had far better tell her yourself. I have no doubt but she will accept your disinterested offers, and I shall heartily advise her to do so; but you must make up your mind to a little disappointment.

Mr Ellis. How? what? How can I be disappointed, so that Miss Conway consents to be mine?

Mr May. Disappointment is not quite the word. But you will have to encounter a little derangement of your generous schemes. When you take my pretty ward, you must e'en take the burden of her riches along with her.

Col. Falk. She is not ruined then?

Mr May. No, sir. Mr Conway did at one time place a considerable sum in the firm of Messrs Bland; but finding the senior partner to be, as you observed, Colonel, a notorious speculator, he prudently withdrew it.

Col. Falk. And this was a mere stratagem?

Mr May. Why really, sir, I was willing to prove the sincerity of your professions, before confiding to you such a treasure as Mary Conway, and I think that the result has fully justified the experiment. But for your comfort, I don't think she would have had you, even if you had happened to have behaved better. My young friend here had made himself a lodgement in her heart, of which his present conduct proves him to be fully worthy. I have the honour to wish you a very good morning.—Come, Ellis; Mary's in the music-room. [Exeunt.]

SCENE THE THIRD.

A fashionable Morning Room.

MR and MRS APPERLEY at breakfast.—MR APPERLEY lays down the Newspaper.

Mr App. Mrs Apperley, my dear, I want to speak to you on a subject, on which, as a mother, you have every right to be consulted; the more especially, as from your excellent sense, I have no doubt of your being entirely of my opinion. John grows a great boy.

Mrs App. Poor fellow! Yes. He'll be ten years old the fifteenth of next month. Time slips away, Mr Apperley.

Mr App. Ten years old next month! It's high time that he should be taken from Mr Lynn's. These preparatory schools are good things for little boys; but a lad of ten years old requires to be more tightly kept.

Mrs App. Just my opinion, Mr Apperley. The sooner you remove the poor boy from Mr Lynn's the better. They don't take half the care of him that they ought to do. Only yesterday when I called there, I found him playing at cricket without his hat—really without his hat!—in the middle of that wind, and so delicate as John is too!

Mr App. Delicate! Pshaw! There never was anything the matter with the child but your coddling, Mrs Apperley; and Eton will soon cure him of that.

Mrs App. Eton! Do you mean to send John to Eton?

Mr App. To be sure I do.

Mrs App. Our sweet John, our only son, our only child, to Eton?

Mr App. Certainly.

Mrs App. Never with my consent, I promise you, Mr Apperley.

Mr App. And why not, Mrs Apperley?

Mrs App. Just look at the boys, that's all. Did not the Duchess tell me herself that the poor little Marquis came home with only one skirt to his jacket, and his brother Lord Edward with scarcely a shoe to his foot? There's a pretty plight for you, Mr Apperley! Think of our John with his toes through his shoes, and half a skirt to his jacket!

Mr App. Pshaw!

Mrs App. Then such rude graceless pickles as they come back, with their manners more out at elbow than their clothes.

Mr App. Pshaw!

Mrs App. Then the dangers they run!—to be killed by a cricket-ball, or drowned in the Thames, or—

Mr App. Pshaw! Mrs Apperley. Where now, in your wisdom, would you send the boy?

Mrs App. To Dr Courtly.

Mr App. And pray who is Dr Courtly?

Mrs App. Did you never hear of Dr Courtly's establishment for young gentlemen?—never hear of Dr Courtly!—So elegant, so comfortable, taken such care of; linen clean twice a-day; hair curled every morning; almond paste to wash their hands; china dinner-service, silver forks, napkins, and finger-glasses—Just ten miles off, only fourteen pupils, and happens to have a vacancy. Pray send John to Dr Courtly, Mr Apperley.

Mr App. And so make a coxcomb of the boy before his time! Not I, truly. Leave the hair-curling and the almond-paste to the instinct of eighteen. In the meanwhile I choose that he should learn Latin and Greek; and for that purpose I shall send him to Eton.

Mrs App. Lord, Mr Apperley! what is a man the better for that nonsense? You are an Etonian yourself, and pray tell me now what good has your scholarship ever done you? What use have you made of it?

Mr App. Hem! That's a point which ladies can't understand, and had better not talk about, Mrs Apperley.

Mrs App. Have you ever, during the eleven years that we have been married, read a single page of Greek or Latin, Mr Apperley?

Mr App. Hown ! Why, really, my dear—

Mrs App. Or indeed a page of anything, except the newspapers and the Waverley Novels ?

Mr App. How can you say so, Mrs Apperley ?

Mrs App. Why, what do you read ?

Mr App. Hown ! The Quarterly—I generally look over the Quarterly ; and Pepys—I dipped into Pepys ; and Blackwood, Mrs Apperley ! Don't I read Blackwood as regularly as the month comes ? And, in short, if you could but imagine the attic nest, the classical reliab, with which a sound scholar—but this, as I said before, is what you ladies can't understand, and had better not talk about. John shall go to Eton ; that's my determination.

Mrs App. He shall go to Dr Coortly's ; that's mine. How can you be so barbarous, Mr Apperley, as to think of sending John to such a place as Eton, subject as he is to chilblains, and the winter coming on ? Now the Doctor has studied surgery, and dresses—

Mr App. Hang the Doctor, and hang John's chilblains ! The boy shall go to Eton.—That's my last word, Mrs Apperley.

Mrs App. If he does, he'll be dead in a week. But he sha'n't go to Eton—that's my resolution. And we shall see who'll have the last word, Mr Apperley—we shall see !

[*Exeunt separately.*]

ACTED CHARADES.

No. VIII.

SCENE THE FIRST.

An Apartment in an Artist's House.

SIR GEORGE LUDLOW, MR DELAVAL, a Servant.

Deval. Engaged with a lady, you say ? Be so good as to give your master my card. I shan't detain him an instant. [*Exit Servant.*]

Sir George. And pray, my good friend, are you about to sit for your portrait ? And is it to consult on costume and attitude that you have brought me hither ?

Del. With no such intention, I assure you.

Sir Geo. You are not going to sit ?

Del. No.

Sir Geo. Nor your pretty sister ?

Del. Nor my pretty sister.

Sir Geo. And yet you send for so fashionable an artist as Allingham, when engaged with a sitter, with as little remorse as you would feel in summoning me or any other idle gentleman of your acquaintance. You wealthy heirs have no notion of the value of time. Engaged with a lady too !

Del. Tush, man, tush ! Allingham's a good fellow and my friend, and expects the summons. In short, I may as well confess at once what I have been trying to muster courage to tell you the whole morning, that the lady who is now sitting to him is one in whom I am particularly interested.

Sir Geo. Particularly interested ! That means in love, I suppose. And the fair lady, is she particularly interested in you ?

Del. I fear me, no.

Sir Geo. Well, for a man of your age, figure, and fortune, that avowal has a laudable modesty. But there is no aversion to overcome, I hope ? No difficulty beyond that which a lover likes to vanquish ?

Del. I trust not. In good truth, I believe her to be still ignorant of my passion. I met her in Paris ; danced with her at two or three balls ; escorted her to two or three show-houses ; lost my heart ; followed her to England ; and have been in full chase of the divinity for the last fortnight, without being once able to catch sight of her ! Never was mortal so unlucky. As fast as I pursued her to one place, so sure was she to be flown to another. At last I heard accidentally that Allingham was painting her portrait, and arranged with him to be let in by mistake this morning whilst she was sitting.

Sir Geo. And brought me with you to share your transgression, and spare your modesty?

Del. Even so.

Sir Geo. And the fair damsel's name?

Del. Is the Lady Elizabeth Delancy.

Sir Geo. Ah! she's a sweet creature that! You could not have chosen better. But why not make proposals to the father at once, and so save yourself all farther trouble?

Del. Because I wish first to make myself acceptable to the daughter. What can Allingham be about! Ah! here's the servant.

[Enter the Servant, who gives a note to MR DELAVAL, and leaves the room.]

Sir Geo. A note! Only a note! What's the matter? You look as if some great calamity had befallen you.

Del. Disappointed again! She's gone. Allingham writes me word that she and old Mrs Delmont exchanged their times of sitting, and she—my she—the only she of the world—has been gone these two hours. Was ever mortal so unlucky!

Sir Geo. Never fret, man, you'll be more fortunate another time.

Del. I tell you, Ludlow, I never shall meet her. This is just what happened to me at Almack's, at the Opera, at the British Gallery, at a dozen parties. I no sooner go into a room at one door than she leaves it by another. There's a spell upon me. We never shall meet.

Sir Geo. Pshaw! Pshaw!

Del. There's a spell on me, I tell you! never was man so unfortunate! Too late again! [Exit.]

SCENE THE SECOND.

DELAVAL'S House.

SIR GEORGE LUDLOW, and MR DELAVAL, reading a letter.

Sir George. What can there be in that letter to excite such transports? You lovers are strange people. Yesterday a little bit of written paper plunged you into the deepest affliction; to-day, another scrap throws you into ecstasies. Is that note from Allingham?

Delaval. Yes.

Sir Geo. Another appointment of course; but how that can so entrance you—and what it is that you are pressing to your heart at that rate——

Del. Read.

Sir Geo. (reading.) "Dear Delaval—Lady Delancy and Lady Elizabeth will be with me to-morrow at twelve, for the last sitting. Come at two, and I'll contrive, if I can, to leave you with them. At all events, you will have the satisfaction of seeing your goddess and her portrait. Ever yours. W. Allingham." Well?

Del. Read on; read on.

Sir Geo. (reading.) "P.S.—Lady Delancy, thinking that I had not succeeded in catching the very peculiar hue of the hair, has sent the enclosed as a pattern." Ho! ho! one of the auburn ringlets! Now I understand.

Del. Look at it, Ludlow; is it not beautiful? Auburn indeed! the true, the only auburn! Bright and dark as the rind of the horse chestnut, but with a flickering light, that seems to turn each particular hair into a thread of gold. Look! look!

Sir Geo. I see.

Del. How completely this long wavy ringlet identifies her loveliness! If I had never seen Elizabeth, I could have sworn that she to whom this lock belonged must be beautiful; must have the rich yet delicate complexion, coloured like the flowers of the balsam; the dark grey eye; the ruby lip; the bright smile; the look of life and youth; the round yet slender figure—What are you laughing at, Ludlow?

Sir Geo. I laugh, my good friend, because I can't help it. We all know that Lady Elizabeth is a charming girl; but as to the beauty which you have been

pleased to conjure up as the necessary appendage to one shining curl—Don't be angry though, Delaval; I'll be as true and serviceable to you as a sadder friend; for I'll go with you to-morrow, and hold the Countess in chat, whilst you talk to her fair daughter. She's a nice person herself is Lady Delancy. I used to stand very well with her before she went abroad, and may be useful now.

Del. Thank ye! thank ye!

Sir Geo. And now I'll leave you, to meditate on the "loveliness of love-locks." Good by t'ye. "And beauty draws us by a single hair." Good morrow!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE THE THIRD.

An Artist's Gallery.

LADY DELANCY, LADY ELIZABETH, SIR GEORGE LUDLOW, and DELAVAL.

Lady Del. Considering it then merely as an effort of art, you like the picture, gentlemen?

Sir Geo. I, madam, think it a masterpiece. Mr Delaval complains that it is less fair than the fair original. To me it seems that the artist has accomplished all that painting can do for beauty, by seizing and immortalizing one lovely moment.

Lady Eliz. It's a pretty piece of flattery, certainly.

Del. Flattery! Flatter you!

Lady Del. Yes; the likeness is flattering, that must be confessed, and perhaps not the less precious to a fond mother for that qualification. But what pleases me most in the picture, and would please me were all partiality out of the question, is the poetical feeling that it displays and embodies. No one would ever guess that figure to be a portrait. Standing as she does in that old-fashioned terrace-garden, with her hair hanging down her neck in those simple natural ringlets, and that rich antique costume, I can scarcely myself fancy that it is meant for my Elizabeth, so much more does it resemble one of the creations of Shakspeare, or of Beaumont and Fletcher, than a young lady of the present day.—Don't you think so, Sir George? Beatrice, for instance; for there is a little air of sauciness mixed with innocent gaiety in the expression—Beatrice, just before Hero unfolds her plot?

Del. Oh happy, thrice happy the Benedict!

Lady Del. Or the pretty coquette, Anne Page—turning away from Master Slender?

Lady Eliz. No, no, mamma—not Anne Page. We have no Master Slenders now—a days. Have we, Mr Delaval?

Del. I could almost enact the part with such a lady-love, provided she would promise that there should be no Master Fenton in the play.

Sir Geo. To me, madam, the figure rather conveys the idea of Emily in the garden—Fletcher's Emily, when the very sight of her beauty from their prison-window stirred up such feud between The Two Noble Kinsmen.

Del. (*To Lady Eliz.*) No wonder that Palamon and Arcite loved the prison that blessed them with such sights.

Sir Geo. You see, too, that she has a rose in her hand, Lady Delancy, and you remember the exquisite lines by which, in that matchless scene, she describes the flower?

Lady Del. Can you repeat them?

Sir Geo. I'll try. You'll pardon my blunders.

"Of all flowers,

Methinks a rose is best.

It is the very emblem of a maid;

For, when the west wind courts her gently,

How modestly she blows, and paints the sun

With her chaste blushes; when the North comes near her,

Rude and impatient, then, like Chastity,

She locks her beauties in her bud again,

And leaves him to base briars."

Lady Del. Beautiful lines! I did not know that you were so poetical, Sir George. You must give us the pleasure of seeing you oftener in Berkeley Square.—Come, Elizabeth.—Mr Delaval, Lord Delancy will be happy to renew his Parisian acquaintance with you, if you will favour us by a call. Come, my dear.

Sir Geo. Allow me to attend your ladyship.

[*Exeunt* LADY DELANCY and SIR GEORGE.

Lady Eliz. What could put Anne Page into Mamma's head? and what could make you think of enacting Master Slender?

Del. Benedict, Fenton, Palamon, Arcite, even Master Slender,—anything to have the privilege of calling myself your servant.

Lady Eliz. But we poor damsels have no servants now-a-days.

Del. Always I am yours.

Lady Eliz. Nonsense, Mr Delaval! Mamma will be waiting for me.

Del. Always your servant and your slave.

[*Exeunt.*

COLONEL O'SHAUGHNESSY.

I WAS two-and-twenty years of age before I made up my mind as to what business I should follow for life. My father wished me to pursue his calling of a lawyer, but I hated law. My mother proposed bringing me up to the church: this I disliked also. It was then suggested, but with no better success, that I should study physic. Law was too sedentary for my disposition. I could not think of it without bringing to mind musty papers, equivocations, and endless chicanery? I had imbibed the common and absurd notion that all lawyers were rogues. I remembered the sharp, meagre, sallow figures who haunted our legal courts at Dublin, and if I saw a man unusually crafty, or expert at overreaching his neighbour, I set him straightway down as a lawyer. It was strange that I should possess such notions, for my father was one of the honestest men in existence, and one of the fattest.

The church. This was something better, but it would not do. Parsons were associated in my mind with fat paunches, and unmeaning indolence. The life of a parish priest, confined to one spot of the earth, and having no associates but country bumpkins and old maids, was intolerable. I knew several clergymen, and they were fat, pious, heavy-headed fellows. The parson of our parish, moreover, was a blockhead—at least, so I, in my wisdom, thought proper to consider him. This knocked on the head all hopes of turning my attention to the church.

Physic. I loathed the idea. Surgeons, physicians, apothecaries, men-

midwives, were my dislike. Pills, potions, and pectorals, might be very well in their way, but to me, the very thought of them was abomination. My father's patience was at an end. "Tom," said he, "you are now a man, and it is high time you should think of doing something for yourself. Suppose you follow my profession?" I begged to be excused.

"Suppose you become a parson?"

"Never. Parsons are fat, stupid, and gormandizing."

"Or a physician?"

"Worse than all." My father could contain himself no longer. His plump face, for he was very choleric, was flushed to a deep crimson. "Tom, I shall give you but two days to consider of it. You have befooled your mother and me long enough. What the devil, sir! do you mean to do nothing for yourself in this life? Before I was a year older than you, I was married, and in the receipt of two hundred a-year. If you are not prepared to give me a decisive answer by the day after to-morrow, by heavens, I will——" He did not finish the sentence; so much the worse. It was his anger which prevented him, and I knew that something serious was in the wind.

I did not sleep well that night. How could I? Things were come to a bearing. I knew my father's temper too well to think that he would wait any longer. By one means and another I had procrastinated and put off for more than a twelvemonth, and a greater delay it was impossible to expect. Next day I was unusually dull,

and so were my father and mother. I saw that I had offended them, but in what manner to recover their good graces, without doing injustice to my own inclinations, I was at a loss to conceive. Lawyer—parson—doctor, floated alternately like motes through my brain. I must be one of the three; so my worthy parents had determined. Never, in the course of my life, did I make so many wry faces: the more I considered the matter, the more intolerable did it seem.

How things might have ended, it is difficult to say, when my mother's eldest brother, Colonel O'Shaughnessy, arrived at our house. He had just reached England, from India, with his regiment, after an absence of ten years. Perhaps the whole army could not furnish such an admirable illustration of the ludicrous, both in person and manner. In stature he rose to six feet two inches, and was, without exception, the thinnest man, to be in good health, I ever saw. His legs were like spindle-shanks, and his long lank arms dangled from his shoulders, as if stuck there artificially, instead of being natural members. His nose and chin were both inordinately peaked: his mouth was large, and his cheeks hollow, and marked with strong lines. In addition to this, he squinted oddly with both eyes. His complexion was of a brownish yellow. The fore and lateral parts of his head were quite bald, but the hair, which still clung behind, was gathered into a *queue*, which descended about a foot down his back. This strange caricature of the human form was dressed in a long military coat, with a golden epaulette on each shoulder. On his head he wore a cocked hat, surmounted by a white feather a couple of feet high. His lower limbs were cased in immense Hessian boots, reaching above the knee, and tight buckskin smallclothes—while a sword, sheathed in a steel case, and hilted with silver and shagreen, dangled at his side. Such was the exterior of Colonel O'Shaughnessy.

I had always been a favourite with this military relative. I was called after him, and, during my boyhood, he showed me many marks of kindness. I remember the very day on which he left us twelve years before—I was then ten—he filled my pockets with peace, because I had beaten a

boy bigger than myself. He swore it was what he had done when of that age. To him I communicated the awkward situation in which I was placed, and begged his advice.

"So they propose," said he, "to make a parson of you, boy? No, blood and wounds, that will never do. We have got plenty of them in the army. As for a doctor, every regiment has a brace of them: there is no need for you to add to the number. A lawyer do they talk of making you?"—here my uncle squinted horribly, and grasped the handle of his sword—"I tell you, Tom, if you become a lawyer, you are no nephew of mine. Thunder and lightning, did I not once lose a hundred pounds by a rascally attorney! I tell you, Tom, there is no such commission in the service as that of a lawyer. No, boy; they are going to spoil your fine genius. You must enter the army. That is the only place for a lad of spirit." I caught, without a moment's delay, at this suggestion, and expressed my willingness to follow his advice. In truth I had always a *penchant* towards a military life, and was glad to adopt any scheme which promised to rid me of the detestable professions for which I was destined by my parents. But would they accede to my wish? I expressed my doubts to my uncle: he squinted at me a look of anger, as much as to say, "So you question my influence with your father and mother?" In a trice he was eloseted with the former, and laid the proposal before him—no more anticipating a refusal, than to be disobeyed by his own corporal on parade. He did not know the old lawyer, who point-blank objected to the scheme. I know not how my uncle looked on this occasion; I have no doubt it was very grim. High words, it is certain, ensued between them. The Colonel's notions of military discipline were too strict to enable him to digest any opposition to his wishes. I was in the next room trembling for the result, and I heard him bestow the appellations of ass—blockhead—ninny, very profusely upon my father, who retorted, by threatening him with an action at law for an assault. Thereafter the door opened, then was dashed fiercely to by some one who passed out. It was my uncle. I heard his sword rattling and his heavy Hessians trampling loudly as he descended the

stair. He betook himself straightway to my mother, with whom he had an interview of half an hour. Whether his eloquence prevailed more with her than with her husband, is unknown. Certain it is, that he left the house in high dudgeon. I saw his tall gaunt form, surmounted by his gigantic feather, pass out at the front door. His servant carried his travelling bag, boot-jack, and portmanteau behind him—and he sojourned to the nearest inn, there, as he said, to take up his quarters during the remainder of his stay in the city.

In a short time a military gentleman waited upon my father, with a challenge from the Colonel. The worthy lawyer got alarmed,—so did my mother,—so did I. I was even more than alarmed; I was irritated against my uncle, whom, notwithstanding all his well-intended kindness, I could not but deeply censure for such an outrage on my own flesh and blood. No danger, however, ensued. My father could fight any man with a law-paper, but he had a mortal aversion to powder and shot. The consequence was, that he made a humble apology to his brother-in-law—promised to let me have my own way—and begged of the Colonel to return to his house. The whole business was settled within an hour. My uncle came back to dinner, and shook hands with his relation, congratulating me at the same time upon my approaching change of life. I have reason to believe that a reconciliation would not have ensued so easily, but for the circumstance of the Colonel having upwards of eight thousand pounds in the stocks. My father knew this; and, like a true philosopher, thought it a pity that he or his wife should run any risk of losing his future prospects in the same for the sake of a quarrel. He therefore wisely pocketed the affront, and sacrificed his own feelings to a sense of personal interest.

I got a commission in my uncle's regiment. I found that he was both laughed at, and loved and respected, by his brother officers. It may be wondered how such opposite feelings could exist with regard to one man; but so it was. They all liked him for his good-nature; they laughed at him for his oddities; and esteemed him for his courage and integrity. By the men he was called the Squinting Colonel; but this was done from sheer

good-humour, and not, as is too often the case, from malice or spleen. My pay did not permit me to indulge in wine at the mess-dinners; but he placed me alongside of himself, and filled my glass from his own bottle. The only fault which he had was that of shooting with the long bow. Day after day he regaled us with stories of his exploits in India, and elsewhere. The mess-table was kept in a roar of laughter with his extravagancies. His face, always a perfect fiddle, was at these times irresistibly comic in its expression. The squint of his eyes increased—his nose and chin approached each other like nut-crackers—and his long mouth was drawn up into a grim smile of delight. He told the same story dozens of times over, and every time it was different. The humour, however, never evaporated; it was always rich and racy; and, when he had concluded any of his extraordinary recitals, the whole mess rubbed their hands, and "Excellent!—Devilish good, Colonel!" resounded from one end of the table to the other. My uncle was one of the very few bouncers whom I have ever known to be, at bottom, brave men.

It was an odd sight to see the Colonel on horseback. His horse was something like himself, tall and lean; but this attenuation was not, as his master alleged, the result of bad feeding. He was thoroughly provendered, only he did not take flesh kindly on, according to the fashion of well-fed horses in general. Be this as it may, he was of the *Rozinante* breed: and his rider, making allowance for difference of accoutrement, would have made no bad representative of the Knight of La Mancha. Wherever he was quartered he became speedily an object of attraction. Mounted on his tall, meagre charger, he rode like a military phantom—a shadow of war—and was everywhere known as the Squinting Colonel. The children would bawl it after him as he rode along; and he would throw down halfpence, for the purpose of seeing them scramble for the treasure.

Nothing in my uncle's character equalled the dexterity with which he accounted for defects. He squinted, because his eyes were struck by a *coup-de-soleil*. He was thin, because the fat of his body had evaporated from hard exercise under the burning sun of India. He lost his hair in a brain-fever,

and got his yellow-brown complexion in consequence of liver-complaint. He had always a reason for everything;—he was, in fact, a philosopher.

About a year after I joined the regiment, we were ordered to the continent. Bonaparte had broke loose from Elba, and was organizing his armies to try once more the fate of war with the congregated powers of Europe. Our voyage affords nothing worth relating. Suffice it to say, we marched to Brussels, and enjoyed for a time the luxuries and amusements of that pleasant city. My uncle had here occasion to fight a duel with a French officer, who thought fit to cast some practical jokes on the obliquity of his vision. The Frenchman insisted on fighting with the small-sword, and the Colonel gratified his desire. The result was singular enough. *Monsieur* lost an eye,—his adversary's foil having penetrated nearly an inch into that valuable organ. My uncle, with his usual philosophy, imputed the whole as a punishment from Heaven upon his presumptuous enemy, for insulting the optics of his neighbour.

This pleasant life could not last for ever. The storm was gathering around us, and we daily expected to commence "war's bloody game." However, we thought of it as little as possible, and drank the rich wines of Belgium, and sung merry catches, with as much apparent unconcern as if we had been in quarters at home. I believe there was not a mess like ours, for humour and brotherly feeling, in the whole army.

I remember the particular time when all this gay scene was changed into bustle and lamentation. My uncle had invited the officers to supper, and placed before them the firstlings of a large supply of capital Volnay and Champagne, which he had purchased from a French *marchand de vin*. Never did I behold him in better spirits. He related, with infinite humour, his exploits in India against serpents, tigers, and Pindares; and varied the tales, which he had often told before, with such consummate ingenuity, that they no longer seemed the same things. The whole mess was convulsed with laughter. His wine, which they laid in in proper style, they pronounced to be "devilish good;" but his stories were "a d—d deal better." Pity that such delightful moments should be broken

in upon—but so it was. In the midst of one of his most interesting adventures he stopped short, as if something caught his ear. He listened, and heard the distant report of firing. In a moment after, the bugles were sounded through the streets, calling to arms. "Gentlemen," said he, "we must move; the enemy is at hand.—I will finish my story at some other time." Alas! we never all met together again. Many gallant fellows, who that evening laughed at the eccentricities of their worthy Colonel, were in a few hours stretched out cold and lifeless upon the field of honour.

I shall not attempt to describe the appearance which Brussels presented on this memorable night. All was deafening noise and confusion. We were taken unawares;—the French, with their characteristic promptness of movement, had come upon us sooner than we expected, and we cursed their unmannerly intrusion from the bottom of our souls. We did not mind fighting; but to be taken away from our wine was more than could be easily endured—and we swore sundry deadly oaths to be straightway revenged upon them for their impertinence. Let no one blame my uncle for being off his guard; if he was so, so was every one else. The Duke of Wellington was quadrilling it a ball, and the Colonel was amusing his friends with wine and mirth at his own supper-table.

We were marched to Waterloo. I must candidly confess, that my sensations were far from being of a pleasant kind, and I believe those of my comrades were not much more agreeable. We knew that a doubtful battle had been fought at Quatre Bras, and were assured that the Prussians had sustained a signal defeat at Ligny. This knowledge did not contribute much to raise our spirits; and when we observed the remnants of the gallant Scotch regiments, which were almost annihilated at the former place, and the number of wounded brought in, we became convinced that we had our work cut out for us, and that the French were not to be so easily beaten as we had expected. However, no one said a word. Each moved on in dubious silence, resolved to do his best; but inwardly cursing the ill luck which brought him there, and wishing himself at Dan or Beersheba.

We were placed, as ill luck would have it, in the very front of the battle. Our regiment was known to be a good one, and the Colonel steel to the back-bone; and, in truth, we needed all our qualities, for we were drawn out opposite to a formidable artillery, backed by a strong body of foot and cuirassiers. My uncle rode up to me. "Tom, you dog, mind your colours."—"I wish you and the colours were at the devil," said I to myself—I could not help it, for I began to feel confoundedly uncomfortable. The battle, a considerable time before this, had commenced in various parts of the line: the rest was joining in it rapidly; and it now became our turn to take part, as the enemy opposite was advancing his iron front to the attack. At last his artillery, succeeded by showers of musketry, opened upon us. We returned these compliments in the same style, and doubtless with good effect. I shall never forget my feelings on the first discharge of the French guns. In every quarter of our line an opening was made, and a number of men seen to drop, some killed outright, and some desperately wounded. The gaps were instantly filled by others, who stepped forward from the rear ranks. It was the first of my battles, and I felt, in spite of all my efforts, the trepidation and anxiety of a novice. The noise, smoke, confusion, and destruction, were horrible. "Keep steady, my brave boys—fire away," was heard on all sides from the officers encouraging their men. The gallant fellows needed no encouragement: they fought like lions. Not a man thought of flinching: the same indomitable British spirit animated them all.

During the whole of this time I stood in the very heart of the fight, the *King's* colours waving over my head. The men were dropping fast around me. I heard the balls whizzing like hail past my ears. In a little longer I was so stupefied that I hardly knew what I did or where I was. At last I heard the voice of my uncle calling out, "Well done, Tom—that's a brave boy. Take care of your colours, and stand fast." His words aroused me, and I looked up, and saw him in the act of leading on his men to the charge. At this moment the ensign who bore the *regimental* colours fell dead about ten yards from my side.

The standard was raised by a sergeant, who was almost instantly killed. "Fine encouragement," thought I, "for flag-bearers; I suppose my turn will be next." I now began to reflect how much better I should have been at home, following after some pacific profession, than standing here to be pinked by any rascally Frenchman who fancied me for a shot. Honour is a very pretty thing to talk of on the peace establishment, but during war it is one of the ugliest things in the world: and so little of a soldier am I, that I would rather, any day, die like a Christian on my bed, than be killed in battle in any manner, however honourable. But this is a digression.

My uncle, as I said, was leading us on to the charge, but the smoke was so thick that I could perceive nothing but his long, gaunt physiognomy—surmounted with his cocked hat and white feather—rising above it. The lower part of his body, and the whole of *Rozinante*, were enveloped in darkness. We were guided entirely by his upper region, and followed him *en masse*. I advanced with the rest, because I knew that staying behind would serve no purpose. Don't suppose it was valour that led me on—devil a bit. It was rather the blind impulse of insensibility which rushes to danger, without knowing what it is about. I rushed forward as if the French were at my heels. I was so confused that I verily believed our men to be the enemy, and that I was endeavouring to get out of the way. We had not proceeded far when I perceived my uncle's head, cocked hat and feather, which towered above the smoke, disappear like the snuff of a candle. "The Colonel is gone," cried several voices: they were mistaken. It was only *Rozinante* that had been shot under him. He was extricated by two grenadiers, and got upon his legs in the twinkling of an eye. He did not wait to be remounted, but led the attack on foot—rushing with such immense strides towards the foe, that his men could scarcely keep pace with him. "All is over now," I thought, "the Colonel is taking to his heels, and why should not I do the same?" Still did I, in my stupefaction, suppose that the French were behind us, and that it was a duty to get out of the way as soon as possible. I therefore redoubled my speed, but I never let go the colours—being

told that the honour of the regiment consisted in their preservation. My uncle, long as his strides were, was left behind. No sooner had I passed him than he shouted out, "Well done, Tom! There is a gallant boy! You'll be promoted for this!" The soldiers who were advancing after me with fixed bayonets, set up at the same time a cry of admiration. "Hurrah for Ensign Fogarty!" resounded along the whole line. "What the deuce," said I to myself, "do the French speak English? They are mocking my flight, no doubt, but I care nothing about it, if I only get clear of their cursed clutches." So away I went, improving my speed at every step, when all at once I was brought to a pull up, by coming in front of a forest of bayonets, bristling from a dense body of infantry before me. I was close upon them ere I noticed my mistake: they were the enemy, and stood prepared to receive the shock of our soldiers who were coming up to meet them. What took place here I know not. I have merely a dim recollection of a dreadful shock between two bodies of men. I seemed to be the centre of a struggle which ensued, and was levelled to the earth by a violent blow on the temple. This is all that I saw of the battle of Waterloo.

* * * * *

There is here a blank of some weeks in my existence. I awoke as from a long sleep, and found myself stretched upon a bed, in a darkened chamber. A moment before I seemed to be in the midst of slaughter: now I lay in the quietness of a sick-bed. I was certainly ill, for I felt weak beyond measure, and could scarcely turn upon my couch. My head swam, a faint cloud floated before me, and ringings and whisperings fell upon my ears. On looking around more attentively, I perceived a beautiful female form seated beside me. I gazed on her as on a vision from heaven, and attempted to speak. She observed my endeavours, and, rising up, placed one slender finger upon my lips, in token of silence. I repeated my attempt at utterance, when she shook her head, and whispered, with a smile of the most affectionate tenderness, "*Ne perlez pas, mon cher. Vous êtes encore trop faible.*" For some time I could

do nothing but gaze at this lovely apparition. Her countenance was lighted up with the beauty not only of form but of feeling; and appearing, as she did, under such strange circumstances, she seemed to my wandering imagination more a creature of the sky than of this earthly planet.

Days passed, and I was still waited on by this ministering angel. She sat by the bedside, bathing my heated temples and administering nourishment. Nor was she the only one who performed such offices of kindness. A lady older than herself, and seemingly her mother, would frequently enter the room and lend her helping hand. I had also the consciousness of being waited on by a physician, who came to visit me often during the day. At times, also, I perceived through the thin curtains at the foot of the bed, the shadow of a tall military officer with a cocked hat, and a lofty feather which towered almost to the roof of the chamber. My senses rallied. I began to think correctly, and was at last by my gentle nurse permitted to speak. I found that both she and her mother were French, and understood no other language. Fortunately I was well versed in that tongue, by which means our intercourse was easy and agreeable. In the course of ten days I was permitted by the physician to sit up; and it was then I was told by my kind attendants, in answer to my anxious inquiries, that I had been wounded in the battle of Waterloo, and lodged in their house by a strange English officer, who also resided there, but of whom they knew nothing.

I now began to reflect whether my uncle was in the land of the living, and came to the melancholy conclusion, that he must be killed, or he would have made some inquiry after me, and doubtless found me out. Scarcely had these painful ideas crossed my mind, when, the door of the chamber happening to be opened, I heard shouts of laughter in a room apparently at some distance. "Excellent, Colonel—Devilish good—ha, ha!—Here's to your health in another bumper of your Burgundy." These words I distinctly heard among the laughter, and knew they could come only from one source; viz., from some of the members of our mess. I was right; they were not all dead; and the Colonel still survived, to amuse

them with his Hindoo adventures, and share with them his wine.

My uncle was at last admitted to see me. He complained mightily of being kept out so long by the two ladies and the medical attendant. There was not the least alteration in his appearance since I last saw him, with the exception of his cocked-hat, which was somewhat battered about the tips, and his Hessians, which were beginning to look rather the worse of the wear; his regimental coat and buckskins were nearly as good as ever. Till I introduced him as my connexion, the ladies were ignorant of his relationship or degree. He understood nothing of French, and did not think it necessary to let it be known that he was my kinsman. He was the strange officer to whom they alluded, who had caused me to be transported hither. The physician was a friend of his own, belonging to another regiment, and had been employed by him to wait upon me during my illness.

My uncle gave me a piece of information, which surprised me a good deal. I had been promoted to a Lieutenancy for my good conduct. Good conduct, indeed! It would be too much to relate all the praises which he bestowed upon me. My valour he described as beyond all belief. The act of leading on the regiment after he had been dismounted, and rushing forward with the colours in face of the enemy, he looked upon as one of the gallantest things ever done. He recollected nothing to equal it, except an exploit once performed by himself in India, when he run his sword down the throat of a boa constrictor, after his assistants, twenty in number, took to flight. I learned, moreover, that I was gazetted in the English papers. The regiment, in truth, was proud of its standard-bearer; and nothing was talked of among the men but the valour of Ensign Fogarty. It appeared farther, from his discourse, that when I approached the French line there was an immediate attempt made by *Mounseer* to dispossess me of the colours. In this they would certainly have succeeded but for the coming up of our men, between whom and them a furious struggle commenced. The French resolved to take the standard; the British were determined they should not. I was thus the centre of a conflict, and gallantly, according to

all accounts, did I demean myself in it; holding the staff like the very devil, till one of the enemy gave me a blow on the temple with the butt-end of his musket, and I lay for dead. My uncle, however, assured me, by way of consolation, that he thrust the fellow through with his sword, who committed this assault upon my person. What became of me till after the battle, nobody knew. I was given over for lost; but, on searching for my body, he found me lying, with some sparks of life, among a heap of slain. With much difficulty, he managed to have me conveyed to Brussels, and lodged in the house of a benevolent lady, who, with her daughter, were my constant attendants ever since. Such was the sum of his information, which he communicated with a gesticulation peculiar to himself. It may be added, that the greater part of the regiment had by this time gone on to Paris, but he had obtained permission from the Commander-in-Chief to stay where he was till my recovery. Never was praise less deserved, or more absurdly obtained, than mine. The very mention of it became loathsome to me; but as confessing the true state of things would serve no purpose, I kept it to myself.

I was now heartily tired of a military life, and resolved to quit the army. Indeed, I would have been obliged to do so, as my right arm was materially injured, one of the bones having been broken during the battle, but in what manner I never could learn. For this I obtained a pension, which, with my half pay, I conceived sufficient for all my wants. My uncle also resolved to sell out and retire. This he did, three months after returning to Ireland. But before bidding adieu to the Continent, an event took place which I must mention—I took a wife to myself. The reader will probably think of the beautiful creature, whose presence first greeted my return to sensation in the sick chamber; it was indeed she. I had no merit in loving her, as anybody who saw her would have done the same thing; but I of course was bound to her by a thousand ties of a more attractive nature than usual. She was both a Protestant and an anti-Bonapartist; and we were joined together in the Lutheran church of St Etienne, at Brussels, my uncle giving away the bride. I

dare say she was very fond of me; she was, at least, proud of getting so valiant a man for her husband.

Shortly after our marriage, we went, in company with the Colonel, to England, and from thence to Ireland. My uncle hesitated for some time, whether, as he was a bachelor, he would take up house himself, or live with my father in Dublin, or with me. The former was too dull and monotonous a life for him, and he soon therefore laid the idea aside. He would have liked very well to live with his sister, but unfortunately my father's ways of thinking and his were so dissimilar, that there was no prospect of their harmonizing together, the former being Whiggish in his principles, and the Colonel a staunch Tory. He, therefore, resolved to ensconce himself under my roof. I forgot to say, that, the week after our arrival, he made me a present of two thousand pounds.

It is now ten years since these events have taken place. My pretty Louise and I live very happily together, and she now speaks English as well as her native tongue. We have a couple of fine boys and a handsome girl—quite as many children as a military man has any occasion for. The Colonel lately made his will, in which he has left the whole of his property, with

the exception of some small legacies, to me and my two sons. He says I must provide for my daughter as I think proper. Among the country-people round about—for we live in the country, six miles to the north of Belfast—he is much liked. He is still the Squinting Colonel of the children, whom he sometimes amuses, by grinning in their faces, and telling frightful stories. The farmers around think him a man of prodigious valour—as he undoubtedly is—and stare wonderingly at his extraordinary exploits in India, which he still relates with unimpaired humour and veracity. He is, in fact, a favourite with everybody, and with none more than my wife and children. His mind is a perfect storehouse of military marvels, which my boys are perpetually urging him to relate. It is, indeed, delightful to see the young rogues staring, wonder-struck at the old gentleman, while he is pouring forth upon their imaginations his miraculous deeds. Sometimes we have a visit from such of our messmates as survive—and then the old affair of “Capital, Colonel—devilish good,” is sure to be renewed, as when, ten or eleven years before, we sat at the regimental table.

A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MANSIE WAUCH.

BENJIE ON THE CARPET.

“It's no in titles, nor in rank—
It's no in wealth, like Lon'on bank,
To purchase peace and rest;
It's no in making muckle *mair*—
It's no in books—it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest.”

BURNS.

It is a maist wonderfu' thing to the ee of a philosopher, to make observation hoo youth get up, notwithstanding all the dunts and tumbles of infancy—to say naething of the spainin'-brash and the teeth-cutting; and to behold the veeisible changes that the course of a few years produces. Keep us a'! it seemed but yesterday to me, when Benjie, a wee bit smout o' a wean, wi' lang linty locks and docket petticoats, toddilet but and ben, wi' a coral gumstick tied round his waist wi' a bit knittin'; and now, after

he had been at Dominie Threshim's for four year, he had learned to read Barrie's Collection aemaist as well as the maister could do for his lugs; and was up to all manner of accounts, from simple addition and the multiplication table, up to vulgar fractions, and a' the lave of them.

At the yearly examine o' the school-room by the Presbytery and Maister Wiggie, he aye sat at the head of the form, and never failed getting a clap on the head and a wheen carries. Them that are faithers will no won-

der that this made me as proud as a peacock; but when they askit his name, and fand whase son he was, then the matter seemed to cease being a business of wonder, as naeboddy could suppose that an only bairn, born to me in lawful wedlock, could be a dult. Folk's cleverness—at least I should think sae—lies in their pows; and, that allowed, Benjie's was a gey droll ane, being of the maist remarkable sort of a shape ye ever seed; but, what is mair till the purpose baith here and hereafter, he was a real gude-hearted callant, though as sharp as a hawk and as gleig as a needle. Everybody that had the smallest gumption prophesied that he would be a real clever ane; nor could we grudge that we took pains in his rearing—he having been like a sucking-turkey, or a hot-house plant, frae far away, delicate in the constitution—when we saw that the debt was likely to be paid with bank-interest, and that, by his uncommon cleverality, the callant was likely to be a credit to our family.

Mony and lang were the debates atween his fond mither and me, what trade we wad breed him up to, for the matter now became serious, Benjie being in his thirteenth year; and, tho' a wee bowed in the near leg, frae a suppleness about his knee-joint, nevertheless as active as a hatter, and fit for ony calling whatsoever under the sun. Ae thing I had determined in my ain mind, and that was, that he should never wi' my wull gang abroad. The gentry are nae doubt pheelosophers enough to bring up their bairns like sheep to the slaughter, and dispatch them as cadies to Bengal and the Cap of Gude Hope as sune as they're grown up; when, lo and behold, the first news they hear of them is in a letter, seal'd wi' black wax, telling how they deed o' the liver complaint, and were buried by six blacks twa hours after.

That was ae thing settled and seal'd, so nae mair needs be said aboot it; yet, notwithstanding of Nanse's being satisfied that the spaewife was a deceitful gypsy, perfectly untrustworthy, she wad aye hae a finger in the pie, and try to persuade me in a coaxing way. "I'm sure," she wad say, "ane in half an ee may see that our son Benjie has just the physog of an admiral. It's a great shame contradicting nature."

"Po, po," answered I, "woman, ye dinna ken what ye're saying. Do ye imagine that, if he were made a sea-admiral, we could ever live to hae ony comfort in the son of our bosom? Wad he no, think ye, be obleeged with his ship to sail the salt seas, thro' foul weather and fair; and, when he met the French, to fight, hack, and hew them down, lith and limb, with grape shot and cutlass; till, some unfortunate day or ither, after having lost a leg and an arm in the service, he is felled as dead as a door-nail, wi' a cut and thrust ower the crown, by some furious rascal that saw he was aff his guard, glowing wi' his blind ee anither way?—Ye speak havers, Nanse; what are a' the honours o' this world worth? No worth this pinch of snuff I have atween my finger and thumb—no worth a bodle, if we never saw our Benjie again, but he was aye ranging and rampaging far abroad, shedding human blood; and when we could only aye dream about him in our sleep, as ane that was wandering night and day blindfold, down the lang, dark, lampless avenue o' destruction, and destined never more to veesit Dalkeith again, except wi' a wooden stump and a brass viri, or to have his head blawn aff his shoulders, mast high, like ingan peelings, wi' some explowding earthquake of combustible gunpowther.—Ca' in the laddie, I say, and see what he wad like to be himself."

Nanse ran but the house, and straightway brought Benjie, that was playing at the bools, ben by the lug and horn. I had gotten a glass, so my speerit was up. "Stand there," I said; "Benjie, look me in the face, and tell me what trade ye wad like to be."

"Trade?" answered Benjie, "I wad like to be a gentleman."

Dog on it, it was mair than I could thole, and I saw that his mother had spoiled him; so, tho' I aye likit to gie him wholesome reproof rather than lift my hand, I broke through this rule in a couple of hurries, and gied him siccan a yerk in the cheek wi' the loof o' my hand, as made, I'm sure, his lugs ring, and sent him dozing to the door like a pirie.

"Ye see that," said I, as the laddie gaed ben the house whinging; "ye see what a kettle o' fish ye hae made o't?"

"Weel, weel," answered Nanse, a wee startled by my strong decreasive way o' managing, "ye ken best, and, I fancy, maun tak' the matter your ain way. But ye can hae pae earthly objection to making him a lawyer's advocate?"

"I wad see him hanged first," answered I. "What! do you imagine I wad set a son o' mine to be a Sherry Offisher, gangin' about rampaging through the country, taking up fies and rubbers, and suspicious characters wi' wanf looks, and waur claes; exposed to all manner of evil communication from bad company, in the way o' business; and rousing out puir creatures that canna find wherewithal to pay their lawful debts, at the Cross, by warrant o' the Sherry, wi' an auld chair in ae hand, and an eever hammer in the ither. Siccan a sight wad be the death o' me."

"What think ye then o' the preaching line?" askit Nanse.

"The preaching line!" quo' I—"Na, na, that'll never do. No that I want respect for ministers, wha are the servants of the Most High; but the truth is, that unless ye hae great friends and patronage o' the like o' the Duke down by, or the Marquis o' Loudon up by, or sic like, ye may preach yoursel as hoarse as a corbie, frae June to Januar, afore onybody will say, 'hae, puir man, there's a kirk.' And if nae kirk casts up—which is mair nor likely—what can a young probationer turn his hand till? He has leaped nae trade, so he can neither work nor want. He daurna dig nor delve, even though he were able, or he wad be hauled by the cuff o' the seek afore his betters in the General Assembly, for having the impudence to go for to be so bold as dishonour the clath; and though he may get his bitorra half a guiney whiles, for holding forth in some bit country kirk, to a wheen shepherds and their dough, when the minister himsell, staring in the fat o' gude living, and little wark, is lying ill of a bile fever, or has the gout in his muckle tae, yet he has aye the meeneries o' uncertainty to encounter, his coat grows bare in the cuffs, greasy in the neck, and brown atween the shouthers; his jaw-banes get lang and lank, his een sunk, and his head gray wi' vexation, and what the wise Solomon calls "hope deferred;" so at lang and last, friendless and penny-

less, he takes the incurable complaint o' a broken heart, and is buried out o' the gate, in some bit strange corner o' the kirk-yard."

"Stop, stop, gudeman," cried Nanse, half greeting, "that's an awfu' business; but I daurnay it's ower true. But mightna we breed him a doctor? It seems they have unco profits, and, as he's sae clever, he might come to be a graudit."

"Doctor!" answered I—"Kay, kay, let that flee stick i' the wa'; it's a' ye ken aboot it. If ye was only aware o' what doctors had to do and see, atween dwinning weans and crying wives, ye wad hae thought twice afore ye let that out. Hoo do ye think our callant has a heart within him to look at folk bluiding like sheep, or to sew up cuttit throats wi' a silver needle and silk thread, as I wad stitch a pair o' trousers; or to trepan out pieces o' cloured skulls, filling up the hole wi' an iron plate; and pull teeth, maybe the only anes left, out o' auld women's heads, and sae on, to say naething of rampaging wi' dark lanterns, and double-tweel dread-noughts, aboot gowaty kirk-yards, amang humlock and lang nettles, the hail night ower, like spunkie—shoving the dead corpses, winding-sheets and a', into cornsacks, and boiling their banes, after they have dissectit a' the red flesh aff them, into a big caudron, to get out the marrow to mak' drops of?"

"Eh, stop, stop, Mansie!" cried Nanse, hauding up her hands.

"Na," continued I, "but it's a true bill—it's as true as ye are sitting there. And do ye think that ony yearthly compensation, either gowpins o' gowd by way o' fees, or yellow chariots to ride in, wi' a black servant sticking up ahint, like a sign ower a tobacconist's door, can ever mak up for the loss of a man's having a' his feelings seared to iron, and his soul made into whinstane, yea, into the nether mill-stane, by being airt and pairt in sic dark and deeviliah abominations? Gae away wi' siccan downright nonsense. Hearken to my words, Nanse, my dear. The happiest man is he that can live quietly and soberly on the earnings o' his industry, pays his day and way, works not only to win the bread o' life for his wife and weans, but because he kens that idleness is sinful; keeps a pure heart towards God and man; and caring not for the fashion of this

world, departs from it in the houp of ganging, through the merits of his Redeemer, to a better."

"Ye are right after a'," said Nanse, gieing me a pat on the shouter; and finding wha was her maister as weel as spouse—"Ill wad it become me to gang for to gie advice to my betters. Tak' your wull o' the business, gudeman; and if ye dinna mak' him an Admiral, just mak' him what ye like."

Now is the time, thoct I to mysell, to carry my point, finding the drappie I had ta'en wi' Donald McNaughton, in settling his account for the green jacket, still working in my noddle, and gieing me a power o' words equal to Mr Blouster the Cameronian preacher,—now is the time, for I still saw the unleavened pride o' womankind wambling within her, like a serpent that has gotten a knock on the pow, and been cast down, but not destroyed; so, taking a hearty snuff out of my box, and drawing it up first ae nostril, then anither, syne dighting my finger and thumb on my breek-knees, "What think ye," said I, "of a sweep? Were it not for getting their faces blackit like savages, a sweep is no siccan a bad trade after a'; though, to be sure, ganging down lums six stories high, head foremost, and landing upon the soles o' their feet upon the hearth-stane, like a kitling, is no just sae pleasant." Ye observe, it was only to throw cauld water on the unthrifty flame o' a mother's pride that I said this, and to pull down uppishness from its heathenish temple in the heart, head foremost. So I lookit till her, to hear hoo she wad come on.

"Havers, havers," said Nanse, birsing up like a cat afore a colley. "Sweep, say ye? I wad sooner send him up wi' Lunardi to the man o' the moon; or see him banished, shackled neck and heels, to Botany Bay."

"A weel, a weel," answered I, "what notion hae ye o' the packman line? We could fill his box wi' needles and prins, and tape, and hanks o' worsted, and penny thummels, at a sma' expense; and, pittin' a stick in his hand, send him abroad intil the wide world to push his fortune."

The wife lookit dumbfounded. Howsomer—"Or breed him a rowley-poley man," continued I, "to trail about the countra frequenting fairs; and dozing thro' the streets selling penny cakes to weans, out o' a basket

slung round the neck wi' a leather strap, and parliaments, and quality, brown and white, and snaps weel peppered, and gingebread nits, and sae on. The trade is no a bad ane, if creasures wad only learn to be carefu'."

"Mansie Wauch, Mansie Wauch, hae ye gane out o' yere wuts," cried Nanse,—“are ye really serious?”

I saw what I was about, so gaed on without pretending to mind her.—“Or what say ye to a penny-pie-man? I’fegs, it’s a cozie birth, and ane that gars the cappers birl down. What’s the expense of a bit daigh, half an ounce weight, pirled round wi’ the knuckles into a case, and filled half fu’ o’ salt and water, wi’ twa three nips o’ braxy floating about in’t? Just naething ava;—and consider on a winter night, when ice-shockles are hinging frae the tiles, and stamachs relish what is warm and tasty; what a sale they can get, if they gang about jingling their little bell, and keep the genuine article! Then ye ken, in the afternoon, he can show that he has twa strings to his bow; and hae a wheen kokies, either new baked for leddies’ tea-parties, or the yesterday’s auld shopkeepers’ het up i’ the oon again,—which is a’ to ae purpose.”

“Are ye really in your seven natural senses,—or can I believe my ain een?—I could mainly imagine some warlock had thrawn glamour into them,” said Nanse, staring me broad in the face.

“Tak a good look, gudewife, for seeing’s believing,” quo’ I; and then continued, without drawing breath or bridle, at full birl—

“Or if the baking line doesna please ye, what say ye to binding him regularly to a man-cook? There he’ll see life in all its variorums. Losh keep us a’, what an insight into the secrets of roasting, brandering, frying, boiling, baking, and brewing—nicking o’ geese’s craigs—hacking the necks o’ dead chickens, and cutting out the tongues o’ leeving turkies. Then what a steaming o’ fat soup in the nostrils! and siccan a collection o’ fine smells, as wad persuade a man that he could fill his stomach thro’ his nose! Nae weather can reach such cattle: it may be a storm of snaw, twenty feet deep, or an even-down pour o’ rain, washing the very cats aff the house-taps; when a weaver is

shivering at his loom, wi' not a drap o' bluid at his finger nails, and a tailor, like myself, sae numb wi' cauld, that instead o' driving the needle thro' the claith, he brogues it thro' his ain thumb—then, feint a hair care they: but, standing beside a ranting, roaring, parrot-coal fire, in a white apron, and a gingham jacket, they pour sauce out o' ae pan into anither, to suit the taste of my lord this, and my lady that, turning, by their legerdemain, fish into fowl, and fowl into flesh; till, in the lang run, man, woman, and wean, a' chew and champ away, without kenning mair what they are eating, than ye ken the day ye'll dee, or whether the Witch o' Endor wore a demety falderal, or a manco petticoat.

"Weel," cried Nanse, half rising to gang ben the house, "I'll sit nae langer to hear ye gabbling nonsense like a magpie. Mak Benjie what ye like; but ye'll mak me greet the een out o' my head."

"Hooly and fairly," said I; "Nanse, sit still like a woman, and hear me out;" so, gieing her a pat on the shouther, she sat her ways down, and I resumed my discourse.

"Ye've heard, gudewife, frae Benjie's ain mouth, that he has made up his mind to follow out the trade o' a gentleman; wha's putten sic outrageous notions in his head, I'm sure I'll no pretend to guess at. Having never myself been aboon daily bread, and constant wark—when I could get it—I daurna presume to speak from experience; but this I can say, from having some acquaintances in the line, that of all easy lifes, commend me to that of a gentleman's gentleman. It's true he's caa'd a flunky, which does nae sound quite the thing; but what o' that? what's in a name? pugh! it dooms signify a bawbee—no, nor that pinch o' snuff: for, gif we descend to particulars, we're a' flunkies thegither, except his Majesty on the throne. —Then William Pitt is his flunky—and half o' the House o' Commons are his flunkies, doing what he bids them, right or wrang, and no dauring to disobey orders, no, for the hair in their heads—then the Yearl waits on my Lord Deuk—Sir something waits on Lord somebody—and his tenant, Mr so and so, waits on him—and Mr so and so has his butler—and the butler has his flunky—and the shoeblack

brushes the flunky's jacket—and sae on. We all hing at ane anither's tails like a rope o' ingans—so ye observe, that ony sic objection, in the sight of a pheelosopher like our Benjie, wadna weigh a straw's weight.

"Then consider, for a moment,—just consider, gudewife, what company a flunky is every day ta'en up wi', standing behind the chairs, and helping to clean plates and porter; and the manners he canna help learning, if he is in the smallest gleg in the uptak, so that, when out o' livery, it is the toss up o' a bawbee, whether ye find out the difference between the man and the master. He learns, in fact, everything. He learns French,—he learns dancing, in all its branches,—he learns hoo to gie boots the finishing polish,—he learns hoo to play at cairds, as if he had been born and bred a yearl,—he learns, from pouring the bottles, the names of every wine brewed abroad,—he learns hoo to brush a coat, so that, after sax months' tear and wear, ane without spectacles wad imagine it had only gotten the finishing stitch the Saturday night afore,—and he learns to play on the flute, and the spinit, and the piany, and the fiddle, and the bagpipes, and to sing all manner o' sangs, and to skirl, full gallop, wi' sich a pith and birr, that though he was to lose his precious eye-sight wi' the sma'-pox, or a flash o' forkit lightning, or fall down a three-story stair dead drunk, and smash his legs to siccan a degree that baith o' them requered to be cuttit aff, aboon the knees, half an hour after, sae far a' right and weel—for he could just tear aff his shouther-knot, and mak a perfect fortune—in the ae case, in being led frae door to door by a ragged laddie, wi' a string at the button-hole, playing, 'Ower the Border,' 'the Hen's March,' 'Donald M'Donald,' 'Jenny Nettles,' and sic like grand tunes, on the claronet; or, in the other case, in being drawn frae town to town, and frae door to door, on a hurdle, like a lord, harnessed to four dogs of all colours, at the rate of twa miles i' the hour, exclusive of stoppages.—What say ye, gudewife?"

Nanse gied a mournfu' look, as if she was frighted I had grown dementit, and only said, "Tak your ain way, gudeman; ye'se get your ain way for me, I fancy."

Seeing her in this Christian state o'

resignation, I determin'd at ance to bet the nail on the head, and pit an end to the haffl business as I intend- ed. "Now, Nanse," quo' I, "to come to close quarters wi' ye, tell me candidly and seriously what ye think o' a barber? Every ane maun allow it's a canny and cozie trade."

"A barber that shaves beards!" said Nanse. "Od, Mamsie, ye're surely gaun gyte. Ye're surely joking me a' the time?"

"Joking!" answered I, smoothing down my chin, which was geyan rough,—"Joking here or joking there, I shoudna think the settling of an only bairn, in an honourable way o' doing for a' the days o' his natural life, is ony joking business. Ye dinna ken what ye're saying, woman. Barbers! i'fegs to turn up your nose at barbers! did ever leaving hear sich nonsense; but, to be sure, ane can blame naeboddy if they speak to the best o' their experience. I've heard tell o' barbers, woman, about London, that raid up this street, and down that ither street, in coaches and four, jumping out to every ane that halloo'd to them, sharpening razors baith on stane and strap, at the ransom of a penny the pair; and shaving aff men's beards, whiskers and a', stoop and roop, for a three-ha'-pence. Speak o' barbers! it's all ye ken about it. Commend me to a safe employment, and a profitable. They may gie others a nick, and draw blood, but catch them hurting themsells. They are no exposed to caulds and rheumatics, frae east winds and rainy weather; for they sit, in white aprons, plaiting hair into wigs, for auld folks that hae bell-pows, or making false curls for leddies, that wad fain like to look smart in the course o' nature. And then they gang from house to house, like gentlemen, in the morning; cracking wi' Maister this, or Madam that, as they soap their chins wi' scented-soap, or put their hair up in marching order either for kirk or play-house. Then, at their leisure, when they're no thrang at hame, they can cut corns to the gentry; or gie ploughmen's heads the bicker-cut for a penny,

and the hair into the bargahi, for stuffing chairs wi'; and between us, what kens—mony a rottener ship has come to land—but that some genty Miss, fond o' plays, poems, and novels, may fancy our Benjie, when he is gieing her red hair a twist wi' the torturing irons, and rin away wi' him, amaisit whether he wull or no, in a stouhd o' unbearable love!"

Here making an end o' my discourse, and halting to draw breath, I lookit Nanse braid i' the face, as much as to say, "Contradict me if yoti daur," and; "What think ye o' that now?"—The man is no worth his lugs that allows his wife to be maister; and being by all laws, divine and human, the head o' the house, I aye made a rule o' keeping my putt gude. Tó be candid, howsomever, I must take leave to confess, that Nanse being a reasonable woman, gied me but few opportunities o' exerting my authority in this way. As in other matters, she soon cam, on reflection, to see the propriety of what I had been saying and setting forth. Besides, she had siccard a mitherly affection towards our bit callant, that sending him abroad wad hae been the death o' her.

To be sure, since thae days—which, alas, and woe's me! are no yesterday now, as my grey hair and wrunkled brow but ower visibly remind me—sich ups and downs have ta'en place in the commercial world, that the barber line has been clipped of its profits and shaved close, from patriotic competition among its members, like a' the lave. Among ither things, hair-powther, which was used frae the sweep on the lum-head to the king on the throne, is only now in fashion wi' Lords o' Session, and vale-de-shambles; and pigtails have been cut aff from the face o' the earth, root and branch. Nevertheless, as I have ta'en occasion to mak observation, the foundations of the cutting and shaving line are as sure as that o' the everlasting rocks; beards being likely to roughen, and heads to require polling, as lang as wood grows and water rins.

HOOD'S WHIMS AND ODDITIES.*

For three years past have we been pining away for the appearance of a new Cockney. There cannot be a greater mistake in legislation than to scout the employment of machinery in inflicting torture on a criminal. Torture inflicted previous to conviction, and with a view to confession, with or without any complicated machinery, is in all cases, even Cockney ones, indefensible, alike on the ground of expediency, justice, and mercy. But the torture inflicted after conviction, and without any view, either prospective or retrospective, to confession,—in all cases, especially Cockney ones, is, with or without any complicated machinery, defensible alike on the ground of expediency, justice, and mercy. The knout! What a multitude of associations are comprehended in that formidable monosyllable! To spare the pity of the Public, we pag the culprit in his agony, so that he may not groan at the expense of other people's humanity. The sight of the bare bleeding back, striped and starred like the American ensign, shocks the sensibility of the spectator, and he asks, what has been the culprit's crime? Cockneyism—aggravated by being habit and repute a Cockney—is the answer—and the benevolent querist is satisfied that the wounds should be healed by the sharpest application of searing and salt. The punishment is meted to the crime—and as reformation, which is but one of the ends of punishment, is in such a case nearly hopeless, it does not seem to the said benevolent spectator a matter of much consequence whether the knouted live or die. Better, perhaps, on the whole, both for himself and the public, that he die. There is then one Cockney fewer in the country—and it is possible that his place may be supplied by a man.

Our hearts leaped within us at the name Thomas Hood, lauded as we saw it by many whose laws is shame. Our eyes waxed red with wrath, and we laid our hand on the knout, as it depended with blood-stained thong from a peg on the rack of the Sanctum. Thomas, too, instead of Robin, seemed

to us a shocking aggravation of gull; in a person with the surname of Hood! On mutton instead of deer must Thomas Hood feed; and we swore to immolate him to the offended majesty of the shade of the glorious outlaw of merry Sherwood.

But what a bitter disappointment! Thomas Hood, so far from deserving to be knouted to death, or sent with his stripes into Siberian silence, turns out to be a most admirable fellow—a quill of the right kidney—with a warm heart—a sound head—a humour quaint and original—a disposition amiable and facetious—a boon companion, worthy to be carried by proclamation or stork—an honorary member of the Nox-Ambrosial club.

It is a sad trial to an old friend to return the knout to its peg, innocent of Cockney blood, on an occasion when delusive hope had whispered into our ear assurance of its immediate gyrations. Never was a knout in a more flourishing condition. The handle is spick-and-span new—its thong strengthened in the few places where it had been corroded with gore—and the edges (the flat is sufficiently sharp), rather thinnish through attrition, have undergone a thorough repair. Three stripes to a Hunt—four to a Hazitt!—the Cockney is not who could sustain a dozen and live.

We do not deny, therefore, that we felt, at first, strongly tempted to knout Mr Hood, in spite of his manifest manhood; but Christopher himself, who was smoking a cigar at the time in the Sanctum, called out lustily to us to lay aside our Whims and Oddities with forty original designs, and welcome, with a hearty shake of the hand, the Londoner to Edinburgh.

Such is our excessive ignorance, that to know it would itself be a very considerable stock of knowledge. Its extent, we confess, is owing partly to our natural incapacity, and partly to our local habitation, and partly perhaps, to our very name. Of our natural incapacity, it would be unfeeling and indelicate in us to say much; but of our local habitation and our name, the more that is said the better. The

* Whims and Oddities. By Thomas Hood. Lupton Reke, London, 1826.

truth is, that this Scotland of ours is a most outlandish place. You might almost as well be the Man in the Moon at once as live in Edinburgh. Devil the one thing that may be going on in the literary or beau-monde world, can you hear or see in this Metropolis, till all the rest of mankind have got sick of it, and it is as old as a thousand hills. We are too far North. How the Magazine continues to conduct itself, in the very midst of the universal ignorance of its editor and contributors, is an enigma which would have turned the tables on the Sphinx, and forced her to have recourse in despair to a solution of arsenic. Hundreds—thousands—tens of thousands of books, well worthy, as we have been assured by competent judges in the southern regions of this island, of being read through and through, have been published in London during the last solar year—the very titles of which are no more known to us than the titles of the Ashantee aristocracy. The pastry-cooks and the trunk-makers of England are happy in their generation. In Scotland, their demand is greater than the supply—for Mr M'Culloch's works alone, multiplied though they be by four, five, or ten, do not suffice, and so far from occasioning a glut, there is still, we understand, a demand for them in the Tart and Trunk markets; and the Economist has undertaken to furnish a supply of some thousand reams in the shape of a Dictionary of Political Economy, and of an edition of the works of Adam Smith. The Edinburgh Economist is worse than the landed gentlemen. He will have the monopoly of the rag-trade—and will oppose, tooth and nail, any attempt, on the part of the legislature, to admit into Scotland so much as a single ream of the commodity, even on a high protecting duty. In this his opposition to the principles and practice of Free Trade, who would believe that Mr M'Culloch is prime aider and abettor of the Monopolists? Yet such is the fact—so that he absolutely occasions to the consumers of rag the loss of a large sum annually “destroyed *en pure perte*.”

Among other works deserving perusal, there is, we have been told, one by this very self-same precise and identical Mr Thomas Hood, entitled, *The Progress of Cant*. It is, we are told

by the Globe and Traveller, “an amusing caricature, in which most of the watch-words of different sects and parties are personified with much effect and great impartiality. Occasionally there is something of hardness and stiffness in the execution; but in fertility, variety, and ingenuity of invention, it reminds one (and it is the highest praise that can be bestowed on such a work) of Hogarth.” Now, although the Globe and Traveller be a Whig print, and therefore, doubtless, full of all hatred and uncharitableness towards our dear Maga, she, sweet-tempered Tory, regards with a kind eye the Globe and Traveller, and wishes him a still wider circulation. His occasional criticisms are clever and acute—and, what is better, just—as in this case we believe they are—so pray, Mr Hood, let us have the *Progress of Cant* in our next monthly parcel.

Mr Hood has taste, feeling, and genius. That being the case, we shall henceforth hold ourselves entitled to abuse him as often as we choose. Nothing so affronting to a grown-up man as the flummery of continual panegyric. What more absurd spectacle than that of a man standing in the first or even second position, with his hands in his breeches-pockets, while one critical chum claws him on the back, and another chucks into his gaping mouth a pound of fresh, or perhaps salted butter? Yet such is a common spectacle now-a-days in the literary world. Each puny and petty authorlet is seen flying about from hedge-row to hedge-row, in weak and wavering flight, surrounded and followed by a crowd of silly editors, like a gawk by his titlings. They cram him with praise, till sometimes he absolutely is seen to puke; yet still the glutton holds up his insatiate orifice for more, till, finally, swallowing something poisonous—insect or berry—he gets very very sick indeed—is seized with a violent purging—saw ye ever such a spectre—dies, is laid out, buried, and forgotten. One of his palls writes perhaps an epitaph, which gets into Albums, where, from the vagueness of the expression pervading it, it is sometimes supposed to be a dirge on that interesting domestic, the ass, or a description of the Bonassus.

Maga has done more to curb the pride and vanity of authors, without depressing or extinguishing those very

useful principles in their nature, than all the other periodicals, from Westminster to Inverness. Poets, especially, find the greatest difficulty in knowing what to think of themselves—for one month they are represented as drinking no other liquid but hippocrène, and another as getting sorely fuddled on small-beer. They are not suffered to come to any permanent belief on the nature of their own inspiration. On the first of December, a bard, with Maga in his hand, looks into his glass, and lo! the fine figure and bright face of an Apollo. On the first of January, why the witch has transformed him into Punchinello! What manner of man he really and *bona fide* is, it is not possible for him to conclude from such very inconsistent and contradictory reflections, and he walks accordingly about the premises in much mental disquietude. Yet, in the long run, he cannot help feeling that he has found his own level, and that, after all his manifold metamorphoses, Maga has kindly suffered him to subside into his own natural dimensions, be it of poet or poetaster.

Mr Hood's preface is one of the few good prefaces we have seen during the present century. It is illustrated by a very ingenious design—his own caput in a mortar, with a pestle stuck into the skull, somewhat after the fashion of Jack Thurtell's pistol into the skull of Weare. He is beating his own brains for subject-matter; and the placid expression of his eyes shows the confidence he reposes in the result. Mr Jeffrey is seriously of opinion that people do not think through the instrumentality of physical organs, so that whatever may be the use of brains, they do not enable lady or gentleman to write an article for Maga or the Edinburgh Review. Mr Jeffrey is thus pleased to assert, that in putting together his Observations on Phrenology, his brains took no active part—an assertion which we dare say Mr Combe would admit may be true, without absolutely overturning the science. Many well-authenticated stories have been read of people performing their parts in life with considerable reputation and success, after having been trepanned, and robbed of a portion of brain, that went to enrich some College Museum. But although it be true that people have talked plausibly enough on the com-

mon topics, such as Greece, Shakspeare, the Corn Laws, Free Trade, Grimaldi, Buonaparte at St Helena, Steam, Rail-Roads, Joint-stock Companies, Lord Byron, and Blackwood, yet whenever you have pressed them up into a corner, and stuck them to the point, their almost total want of understanding has instantly been exposed, and they have not had so much as a single word to throw to a dog. Let no man, woman, or child, therefore, hope to have his, her, or its name, handed down to "posterity," without the aid of some pretty considerable quantity of brains. The phrenologists do now and then utter more nonsense than ought to fall to the share of their sect; but in taking the brain as the basis of their system, they act judiciously; nor can we conceive how any metaphysical creed can be either formed or supported but by that organ. Mr Jeffrey is one of the last men in the world from whom we should have expected an attack on the public and private character of the Brain—for to what else, pray, has he owed his rise in life? But such is, ever has been, and always will be man's ingratitude!

But here is Mr Hood's preface:

"In presenting his Whims and Oddities to the public, the author desires to say a few words, which he hopes will not swell into a Memoir.

"It happens to most persons, in occasional lively moments, to have their little chirping fancies and brain-crotchets, that skip out of the ordinary meadowland of the mind. The author has caught *his*, and clapped them up in paper and print, like grasshoppers in a cage. The judicious reader will look upon the trifling creatures accordingly, and not expect from them the flights of poetical winged horses.

"At a future time, the press may be troubled with some things of a more serious tone, and purpose,—which the author has resolved upon publishing, in despite of the advice of certain critical friends. His forte, they are pleased to say, is decidedly humorous; but a gentleman cannot always be breathing his comic vein.

"It will be seen, from the illustrations of the present work, that the Inventor is no artist;—in fact, he was never 'meant to draw'—any more than the tape-tied curtains mentioned by Mr Pope. Those who look at his designs, with Ovid's Love of Art, will therefore be

disappointed;—his sketches are as rude and artless to other sketches, as Ingram's rustic manufacture to the polished chair. The designer is quite aware of their defects: but when Raphael has bestowed seven odd legs upon four Apostles, and Fuseli has stuck in a great goggle head without an owner;—when Michael Angelo has set on a foot the wrong way, and Hogarth has painted in defiance of all the laws of nature and perspective; he does hope that his own little enormities may be forgiven—that his sketches may look interesting, like Lord Byron's *Sleeper*,—"with all their errors."

"Such as they are, the author resigns his pen-and-ink fancies to the public eye. He has more designs in the wood; and if the present sample should be relished, he will cut more, and come again, according to the proverb, with a new series."

Mr Hood's love for Miss Tree is well known; and he celebrates his fruitless passion for that delightful dryad in some pretty verses, and an ingenious wood-cut. As long as hope is alive, the heart of a man is oppressed with care; but when hope is dead and buried, then may the lover again be happy at bed and board. There cannot be a greater mistake than in talking tragically of despair. Despair is far from being a heart-wringing, hair-tearing passion. Despair sits down in an easy-chair, when such a luxury is at hand, and with swelling cushions beneath and around the sitting part, fixes on the ceiling, or it may be on the grate, a pair of eyes remarkable for nothing but a composure almost bordering on stupidity of expression. Despair sees everything in its real light, and what is so valuable as truth? Hope, it is allowed on all hands, is the greatest liar on the face of the earth; but despair is no bouncer—spins no long yarn—draws no long bow—sticks to matter-of-fact—while any little embellishments or ornaments, in which she may choose to decorate her discourse, are ever chaste and simple, and accordant with the spirit by which she herself is animated. Despair makes no great figure at the head of her own table, when the dinner-party is large and miscellaneous; for she does not excel in small talk—her laughter is often ill-timed—and she will occasionally devour the dish that happens to be before her, without

heeding her guests, who think her *outré*, or even downright ill-bred. But over a tumbler of twist, and in the shades of the cigarium, who, at a two-handed crack, is more eloquent than Despair? No long, involved, circumlocutory sentences, in which the listener gets giddy, as in a round-about at a fair. Every word, every tone, every motion, every look, every gesture tells. The most intensely-interesting night we ever passed, was with a friend in a cell in Newgate. When Mr Cotton, the ordinary, looked in, by appointment, about six o'clock, A. M., we both started, my friend and I, to find that it was only two hours to the usual time of execution. We have met with many able men since that night,—great conversationalists,—Coleridge, Macintosh, Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Odoherly, and other table-talk men of the first magnitude; but they are mere ciphers to him of that cell. Their heavy wordiness,—laborious repetitions,—their hemming, and hawing, and hammering,—heavens! what a contrast to the conciseness, the vigour, the terrible nakedness of a passion scorning every word that was not even Shakspearean. True, that that felon had well studied the elder dramatists,—for he was a friend of our friend, Charles Lambe, who published the *Specimens*,—but his talk, during the whole night before his execution, had a raciness about it all, that would have hindered the most critical of critics from accusing it of imitation of Ford or Webster.—But we return to Mr Hood's wood-cut of Miss Tree.

A woodman has been cutting away at the trunk of a Tree, when suddenly it branches out into the figure of its living namesake, in the very attitude in which she has conquered so many hearts,—when, with all her mild, meek, and modest charms, she uplifted her wreathy arms in obedience to the oft-repeated cry,—*Encore!—encore!—encore!* Away flies the biting axe, that has been inflicting such cruel wounds on the tender bark of her slight, slim, slender shins! The wood-cutter flings himself into a posture of loving admiration of the matchless Tree! and too blest would he be to slumber all night long, and on, on, on, into meridian sunshine, beneath the fragrant and flowering branches all dropping with the honey-dew!—

What the wood-cut means to be an emblem of, we cannot exactly tell; nor do the accompanying verses throw much light on the matter; but there is a charm in obscurity, especially when love is the theme; and all such compositions, to be felt fully, must on no account be clearly understood. Any reader is at liberty to put what construction he pleases on a copy of love verses, or a love wood-cut; and he who asks an explanation from a friend whom he supposes to be a better informed man than himself, of any difficulty occurring in an amatory effusion, either printed or engraved, is a ninny, and never can have experienced

the delight of worshipping a shoe-tie or a tucker. Such persons must have nothing to do with the Whims and Oddities of Mr Hood.

"Love," quoth the Ettrick Shepherd,
 "Love is like a dizziness,
 That wunna let a poor body
 Gang about his buzzinees."

And Mr Hood breathes, in different strain, the same complaint. There is much of that pleasant pathos in the following verses, that a man who has been often in love, and with various success, cannot choose but throw into any complaint, be it serious or playful, against "la belle passion."

LOVE.

O LOVE! what art thou, Love? the ace of hearts,
 Trumping earth's kings and queens, and all its suits;
 A player, masquerading many parts
 In life's odd carnival;—a boy that shoots,
 From ladies' eyes, such mortal woundy darts;
 A gardener, pulling heart's-ease up by the roots;
 The Puck of Passion—partly false—part real—
 A marriageable maiden's "beau ideal."

O Love! what art thou, Love? a wicked thing,
 Making green misses spoil their work at school;
 A melancholy man, cross-gartering?
 Grave ripe-faced wisdom made an April fool?
 A youngster, tilting at a wedding ring?
 A sinner sitting on a cuttle stool?
 A Ferdinand de Something in a hovel,
 Helping Matilda Rose to make a novel?

O Love! what art thou, Love? one that is bad
 With palpitations of the heart—like mine—
 A poor bewildered maid, making so sad
 A necklace of her garters—fell design!
 A poet, gone unreasonably mad,
 Ending his sonnets with a hempen line?
 O Love!—but whither now? forgive me, pray;
 I'm not the first that Love hath led astray.

Mr Hood has touched off a scene very cleverly, both in prose and verse—and also in wood. Nothing so easy to a vulgar mind as a description of sea-sickness. In almost every book of voyage or travel, a chapter is dedicated to vomiting—a chapter that makes the reader as sick as if he had actually had the misfortune of being in the birth below that of the writer in the cabin of a steamer. But the artist of genius, without slurring over any of the peculiar and characteristic miseries of such a place and time, appeals to the imagination rather than

the stomach. Mr Hood is such an artist—as witness the following lines:—

"Cables entangling her,
 Shipspars for mangling her,
 Ropes sure of strangling her,
 Blocks over-dangling her;
 Tiller to batter her,
 Topmast to shatter her,
 Tobacco to spatter her;
 Boreas blustering,
 Boatswain quite flustering,
 Thunder clouds mustering
 To blast her with sulphur—
 If the deep don't engulf her;

Sometimes fear's scrutiny
 Pries out a mutiny,
 Sniffs conflagration,
 Or hints at starvation :—
 All the sea-dangers,
 Buccaneer rangers,
 Pirates and Saltee-men,
 Algerine galley-men,
 Tornadoes and typhons,
 And horrible syphons,
 And submarine travels
 Thro' roaring sea-navels;
 Everything wrong enough,
 Long-boat not long enough,
 Vessel not strong enough;
 Pitch marring frippery,
 The deck very slippery,
 And the cabin—built sloping,
 The Captain a-topping,
 And the Mate a blasphemor,
 That names his Redeemer,—
 With inward uneasiness;
 The cook known, by greasiness,
 The victuals beslobber'd,
 Her bed—in a cupboard;
 Things of strange christening,
 Snatch'd in her listening,
 Blue lights and red lights
 And mention of dead-lights,
 And shrouds made a theme of,
 Things horrid to dream of,—
 And *buoys* in the water
 To fear all exhort her:
 Her friend no Leander,
 Herself no sea gander,
 And ne'er a cork jacket
 On board of the packet:
 The breeze still a-stiffening,
 The trumpet quite deafening?
 Thoughts of repentance,
 And doomsday and sentence;
 Everything sinister,
 Not a church minister—
 Pilot a blunderer,
 Coral reefs under her,
 Ready to sunder her;
 Trunks tipsy-topsy,
 The ship in a dropsy;
 Waves oversurging her,
 Syrens a-dirgeing her;
 Sharks all expecting her,
 Sword-fish dissecting her,
 Crabs with their hand-vices
 Punishing land vices;
 Sea-dogs and unicorns,
 Things with no puny horns,
 Mermen carnivorous—
 'Good Lord, deliver us!'

"RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS
 SHE WORE." Look here, Mr North—
 is that wood-cut not admirable? It
 inspires one with a sudden passion for
 circumnavigation of the world. Only
 think of whole islands full of such

lovely creatures! What a nose! The
 ring through the nostril is not larger
 than the ring to which a bull is fas-
 tened when he is "being baited."
 Cannibals have always the very whi-
 test of teeth—and her open mouth
 overflows with tempting kisses suffi-
 cient for a whole boat's crew. Civi-
 lized ears are paltry appendages to a
 head—but there is the true bang-up
 savage flap that would do credit to
 an elephant. In hours of dalliance,
 Jack might with ease introduce his
 finger and thumb into the bore of
 each dangler, adorned with fish-bone
 and shell; and, doubtless, variegated
 by wind and weather. Her virgin-
 smood is gathered tastily at the top of
 her head, and there kept fast by means
 of the thigh-bone, apparently, of a
 slaughtered enemy, presented to her
 by one of her many admirers. We
 wish there had been room for a little
 more of her figure. Yet 'tis as well
 for our peace of mind, perhaps, that
 she is curtailed of her fair proportion,
 even within the cut of a kit-kat.
 Like Penthesilea or Camilla, she wear-
 eth a quiver of arrows at her shoul-
 der; but what are they—to the ar-
 rows of those eyes—those eyes that
 are stretched in irresistible extension
 from cheek to cheek, and seem in the
 triumphant cruelty of conscious beau-
 ty, as if they would be inaccessible, in
 their tearless lustre, to the power of
 onions or strongest mustard? The
 Cockneys are eternally roaring about
 the Egyptian Cleopatra. Mr Hood
 has given the death-blow to all that
 Barry-Cornwallish impertinence by
 this picture of the Island-Queen. A
 writer like Mr Hood may do some ser-
 vice to the morality even of the rising
 generation, by his playful muse. The
 justly popular song of the unfortu-
 nate Miss Baillie, has, we verily be-
 lieve, done more good than many hun-
 dred volumes of most excellent ser-
 mons. Naughty young women are
 made too interesting in elegiac verse;
 and even prose accounts of their veils
 and feathers, and beautiful pale faces,
 and fine figures, when dragged out of
 the Serpentine, serve to increase the
 number of the frail sisterhood. Se-
 duction may, in many cases, be laugh-
 ed down by contemptuous satire. No
 young woman, it is said, has hanged
 herself in her garters since the song
 of Miss Baillie. And if similar ridi-
 cule could be thrown upon all the

modes of suicide, seduced damsels would be under the necessity of returning home and becoming honest women. We have heard pious people express great horror of Miss Baillie. But why? Was she not a forward minx, and did she not keep throwing herself perpetually in the Captain's way during the whole time that he lived in country-quarters? The Captain was absolutely badgered into his faux-pas, as was afterwards freely acknowledged by the most respectable families in Halifax. In most cases, we believe there is much coarseness, vulgarity, impudence, and something worse, on the part of the petticoat; and such sluts should be sing-songed through the streets. The interest now too often awakened by such transgressions, it would be well by any means to do away with—and a well-written song now and then, like Miss Baillie, is as harmless as any, and as effective. Better far surely than Treadmills and Bridewells, and Hospitals, Newgates, Prison-ships, and Botany Bay.

"TELL ME, MY HEART, CAN THIS BE LOVE?" A cut of Cupid! Cupid sitting on a cloud with a pair of posteriors heavy enough to leave a deep impression on a chair with a hair-bottom! His face has somewhere about the same degree of expression as a pound of butter; and he is severely fun-bellied. Three inch of fat, at least, within his sides—thighs in proportion. Yet still the spear-armed, bowed and quivered Obesity, has wings! He is indeed a genuine bumbee—But hear Mr Hood's account of the Heart-Breaker.

ON THE POPULAR CUPID.

"THE figure opposite was copied, by permission, from a lady's Valentine. To the common apprehension, it represents only a miracle of stall-feeding—a babe-Lambert—a caravan-prodigy of grossness,—but, in the romantic mythology, it is the image of the Divinity of Love.—

"In sober verity,—does such an incubus oppress the female bosom? Can such a monster of obesity be coeval with the gossamer natures of Sylph and Fairy in the juvenile faith! Is this he—the buoyant Camdeo,—that, in the mind's eye of the poetess, drifts adown the Ganges in a lotus—

'Pillow'd in a lotus flower
Gather'd in a summer hour,
Floats he o'er the mountain wave,
Which would be a tall ship's grave?—

Is this personage the disproportionate partner for whom Pastorella sigheth,—in the smallest of cots?—Does the platonic Amanda (who is all soul) refer, in her discourses on love, to this palpable being, who is all body? Or does Belinda indeed believe that such a substantial Sagittarius lies ambush'd in her perilous blue eye?

"It is in the legend, that a girl of Provence was smitten once, and died, by the marble Apollo; but did impassioned damsel ever dote, and wither, beside the pedestal of this preposterous effigy? or, rather, is not the unseemly emblem accountable for the coyness and proverbial reluctance of maidens to the approaches of Love?

"I can believe in his dwelling alone in the heart—seeing that he must occupy it to repletion;—in his constancy, because he looks sedentary, and not apt to roam. That he is given to melt—from his great pinguitude. That he burneth with a flame, for so all fat burneth—and hath languishings—like other bodies of his tonnage. That he sighs—from his size—

"I dispute not his kneeling at ladies' feet—since it is the posture of elephants,—nor his promise that the homage shall remain eternal. I doubt not of his dying,—being of a corpulent habit, and a short neck. Of his blindness—with that inflated pig's cheek.—But for his lodging in Belinda's blue eye, my whole faith is heretic—for she hath never a sty in it.

The cut called "The Spoiled Child" is very very good indeed. We have known it happen—twice—with a child, and once with a white litter of kittens. No prudent person sits down, without looking to see whether there is or is not a sleeping child on the chair. Accidents of that sort are as frequent as those with fire-arms. When the child happens to be an only child, the loss is, in many cases, irreparable.—Perhaps more sleeping children get annually into the obituary within the bills of mortality, by being sat down upon on chairs during the day, than overlaid in bed during the night. In the latter case, to be sure, it is the mothers who cause their deaths; in the former, generally, aunts. But the circumstance of auntship is a gross and grievous aggravation of the guilt.

A mother may forgive herself for over-laying her child in sleep, while she was dreaming of it at her breast,—but a mother never can forgive her own great fat hulking fellow of a sister for sitting down on a son and heir of hers, or even a daughter, broad-awake, in any sense of the word,—and, at the very time that she was murdering unchristened Tommy, reading through her spectacles an account of the agonies of two parents on having their child carried off by gypsies into the New Forest—a mere joke to what is going on below. But hear Mr Hood.

THE SPOILED CHILD.

“My Aunt Shakerly was of an enormous bulk. I have not done justice to her hugeness in my sketch, for my timid pencil declined to hazard a sweep at her real dimensions.—There is a vastness in the outline, of even moderate proportions, ’till the mass is rounded off by shadows, that makes the hand hesitate, and apt to stint the figure of its proper breadth: how, then, should I have ventured to trace—like mapping in a Continent—the surpassing boundaries of my Aunt Shakerly!

“What a visage was hers!—the cheeks, a pair of hemispheres:—her neck literally swallowed up by a supplementary chin.—Her arm cased in a tight sleeve, was as the bolster, her body like the feather bed, of Ware. The waist, which, in other trunks, is an isthmus, was in hers only the middle zone, of a continuous tract of flesh;—her ankles overlapped her shoes.

“With such a figure, it may be supposed that her habits were sedentary.—When she did walk, the Tower Quay, for the sake of the fresh river breeze, was her favourite resort. But never, in all her water-side promenades, was she hailed by the uplifted finger of the Waterman. With looks purposely averted, he declined, tacitly, such a Fairlopian Fair.—The Hackney-coach driver, whilst she halted over against him, mustering up all her scanty puffings for an exclamation, drove off to the nether pavement, and pleaded a prior call. The chairman, in answer to her signals—had just broken his poles.—Thus, her goings were cramped within a narrow circle: many thoroughfares, besides, being strange to her and inaccessible, such as Thames Street, through the narrow pavements;—others, like the Hill of Holborn,—from their

impracticable steepness.—How she was finally to master a more serious ascension, (the sensible encumbrance of the flesh clinging to her even in her spiritual aspirations,) was a matter of her serious despondency—a picture of Jacob’s Ladder, by Sir F. Bourgeois, confirming her that the celestial staircase was without a landing.

“For a person of her elephantine proportions, my Aunt was of a kindly nature—for I confess a prejudice against such Giantesses. She was cheerful, and eminently charitable to the poor,—although she did not condescend to a personal visitation of their very limited abodes. If she had a fault, it was in her conduct towards children—not spoiling them by often repeated indulgences, and untimely severities, the common practice of bad mothers;—it was by a shorter course that the latent and hereditary virtues of the infant Shakerly were blasted in the bud.

“Oh, my tender cousin * *! (for thou wert yet unbaptized.) Oh! would thou hadst been,—my little babe-cousin,—of a savage mother born!—For then, having thee comfortably swaddled, upon a backboard, with a hole in it, she would have hung thee up, out of harm’s way, above the mantel shelf, or behind the kitchen door—whereas, thy parent was no savage, and so, having her hands full of other matters, she laid thee down, helpless, upon the parlour chair!

“In the meantime, the ‘Herald’ came.—Next to an easy seat, my Aunt dearly loved a police newspaper;—when she had once plunged into its columns, the most vital question obtained from her only a random answer;—the world and the roasting jack stood equally still,—So, without a second thought, she dropped herself on the nursing chair. One little smothered cry—my cousin’s last breath—found its way into the upper air,—but the still small voice of the reporter engrossed the maternal ear.

“My Aunt never skimmed a newspaper, according to some people’s practice. She was as solid a reader, as a sitter, and did not get up, therefore, till she had gone through the ‘Herald’ from end to end. When she did rise,—which was suddenly,—the earth quaked—the windows rattled—the ewers splashed over—the crockery fell from the shelf—and the cats and rats ran out together, as they are said to do, from a falling house.

“‘Heyday!’ said my uncle, above stairs, as he staggered from the concussion—and, with the usual curiosity, he

referred to his pocket-book for the royal birthday. But the almanack not accounting for the explosion, he ran down the stairs, at the heels of the housemaid—and there lay my Aunt, stretched on the parlour floor, in a fit. At the very first glimpse, he explained the matter to his own satisfaction, in three words—

“Ah—the apoplexy!”

“Now the housemaid had done her part to secure him against this error, by holding up the dead child; but as she turned the body *edge-ways*, he did not perceive it. When he did see it—but I must draw a curtain over the parental agony—

“About an hour after the catastrophe, an inquisitive she-neighbour called in, and asked if we should not have the coroner to sit on the body;—but my uncle replied, ‘There was no need.’—‘But in cases, Mr Shakerly, where the death is not natural—’ ‘My dear Madam,’ interrupted my uncle,—‘it was a natural death enough.’”

We do not know that we can characterise the following trifle more justly, or panegyrisé it more highly, than by saying that it reads like an article in this Magazine. It has much of that *bon-homme*,—that quaintness,—and that sly humour, where more is meant than meets the ear,—that belong to our lucubrations when we are in our more placid moods—when the hot-water is hot, the cauler oysters cauler—and when the cigar does our bidding at a breath. It reminds us pleasantly of Addison, Goldsmith, Elia, and North,—and yet is original and Thomas Hoodish.

FANCIES ON A TEA-CUP.

“I love to pore upon old china—and to speculate, from the images, on Cathay. I can fancy that the Chinese manners betray themselves, like the drunkard’s, in their cups.—

“How quaintly pranked and patterned is their vessel!—exquisitely outlandish, yet not barbarian.—How daintily transparent!—It should be no vulgar earth, that produces that superlative ware, nor does it so seem in the enamelled landscape.

“There, are beautiful birds; there—rich flowers and gorgeous butterflies, and a delicate clime, if we may credit the porcelain. There be also horrible monsters, dragons, with us obsolete, and reckoned fabulous; the main breed,

doubtless, having followed Fohi (our Noah) in his wanderings thither from the Mount Ararat.—But how does that impeach the loveliness of Cathay?—There are such creatures even in Fairy-land.

“I long often to loiter in those romantic Paradises—studded with pretty temples—holiday pleasure-grounds—the true Tea-Gardens. I like those meandering waters, and the abounding little islands.

“And here is a Chinese nurse-maid,—Ho-Fi, chiding a fretful little Peking child. The urchin hath just such another toy, at the end of a string, as might be purchased at our own Mr Dunnett’s. It argues an advanced state of civilization, where the children have many playthings; and the Chinese infants, witness their flying fishes and whirligigs, sold by the stray natives about our streets, are far gone in such juvenile luxuries.

“But here is a better token.—The Chinese are a polite people; for they do not make household, much less husbandry, drudges of their wives. You may read the women’s fortune in their tea-cups. In nine cases out of ten, the female is busy only in the lady-like toils of the toilette. Lo! here, how sedulously the blooming Hy-son is pencilling the mortal arches, and curving the cross-bows of her eye-brows. A musical instrument, her secondary engagement, is at her almost-invisible feet. Are such little extremities likely to be tasked with laborious offices—Marry, in kicking, they must be ludicrously impotent,—but then she hath a formidable growth of nails.

“By her side, the obsequious Hum is pouring his soft flatteries into her ear. When she walketh abroad, (here it is on another sample) he shadeth her at two miles off with his umbrella. It is like an allegory of love triumphing over space. The lady is walking upon one of those frequent pretty islets, on a plain as if of porcelain, without any herbage, only a solitary flower springs up, seemingly by enchantment, at her fairy-like foot. The watery space between the lovers is aptly left as a blank, excepting her adorable shadow, which is tending towards her slave.

“How reverentially is yon urchin presenting his flowers to the Grey-beard! So honourably is age considered in China! There would be some sense, there, in birth-day celebrations.

“Here, in another compartment, is a solitary scholar, apparently studying the elaborate didactics of Con-Fuse-Ye.

“The Chinese have, verily, the ad-

vantage of tis upon earthen-ware ! They trace themselves as lovers, contemplatists, philosophers :—whereas, to judge from our jugs and mugs, we are nothing but sheepish piping shepherds and fox-hunters."

It will never be known till the last day, whether my Lord Byron or Mister Thomas Campbell was the first to select as a subject of poesie, the Last Man. It is most melancholy, even to a disposition naturally cheerful, to think on the huge mass of unmixed nonsense under which the said poor ill-used Last Man has been buried. Mr Hood, alive to the ludicrous, has viewed the Last Man in his proper light ; and had the verses been published two years ago, they surely would have saved Mrs Shelley from the perpetration of her stupid cruelties. Let that lady, or Mr Campbell, set fire to a sheet of paper, and observe the way in which sparks go out—

There goes the squire, a most illustrious spark,
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk ;

but no one poor unhappy devil of a spark continues scintillating for hours by himself among the ashes, as if he would never go out—but require three volumes of Memoirs to elucidate his character—under the title of the Last Spark. The idea is most pitiful, and unimaginative—and you might as well prove pathetic at a gooseberry bush, over the fate of the last small black hairy grosset. There is no such thing as the Last Man, or the Last Grosset, or the Last Dew Drop, or the Last Rose of Summer, or the Last Kick to a Cockney, or the Last Pot of Porter, or the Last Long Sermon,—but the class of objects to which they one and all do severally belong, goes off after quite another fashion,—men, grossets, dew-drops, sparks, roses, kicks, and sermons, all perish, not by a consecutive series of deaths, but by simultaneous extinction. You might as well write a book about the feelings of the hindmost horse in the St Leger—for he is the Last Horse—as about the feelings of the hindmost man in that other St Leger, on which so many have started, and in which they come past the judge's stand so close, that a winding-sheet might cover them all.

Mr Hood's Last Man is, in our opi-

mon, worth fifty of Byron's "darkness," (a mere daub), a hundred and fifty of Campbell's Last Man, and five hundred of Mrs Shelley's abortion.—The wood-cut is inimitable—quite Cruickshankish. The Last Man is a sort of absurd, sailor-like, insolent ruffian, sitting with arms a-kimbo, cross-legged, and smoking his pipe on the cross-tree of a gallows. There stands the ladder, never more to be touched by human foot. There depends the halter that shall hang no more. The crows, and the ravens, and the pies, scent the Last Man, and encircle him with a ring of wings, eyes, beaks, and talons,—but he is up to the sublimity of his state and station, and puffing away from the grim corner of his mouth, seems to say gruffly, "Don't care the toss of a tinkler's curse for you ail." By the way, what a heavenly calm would fall upon the soul of the Last Man, if we were assured that he had, during the twenty concluding years of his career, been over head and ears in debt ! Not a baron-bailiff on the face of the uninhabited globe ! His shoulder now free for ever from touch profane ! No occasion now to take the benefit of the Insolvent Act ! No such words now, as "within the Rules." The curse fled for ever—of seeking for bail ! Oh ! the celestial comfort of knowing that there is no man to whom he owes a shilling—that widows and orphans are whining and whimpering against him no more—and that the persecuting race of tradesmen, jewellers, wine-merchants, breeches-makers, and above all, tailors, unrelenting and inimitable in their fractionals even as very men, are "grated down to dusty nothing."—Oh, here comes Mr Hood's "Last Man."

THE LAST MAN.

'TWAS in the year one thousand and one,
A pleasant morning of May,
I sat on the gallows-tree, all alone,
A-chaunting a merry lay,—
To think how the pest had spared my life,
To sing with the larks that day !

When up the heath came a jolly knave,
Like a scarecrow all in rags :
It made me crow to see his old duds
All abroad in the wind like flags ;—
So up he came to the timber's foot
And pitch'd down his greasy bagu—

Good Lord! how blithe the old beggar
was!

At pulling out his scraps,—

The very sight of his broken orts

Made a work in his wrinkled chaps:

"Come down," says he, "you Newgate-
bird,

And have a taste of my snaps!"—

Then down the rope, like a tar from the
mast,

I slid, and by him stood:

But I wish'd myself on the gallows again

When I smelt that beggar's food,—

A foul beef-bone and a mouldy crust;—

"Oh!" quoth he, "the heavens are
good!"

Then after this grace he cast him down:

Says I, "You'll get sweeter air

A pace or two off, on the windward
side!"—

For the felons' bones lay there—

But he only laugh'd at the empty skulls,
And offer'd them part of his fare.

"I never harm'd them, and they won't
harm me:

Let the proud and the rich be cravens!"

I did not like that strange beggar man,

He looked so up at the heavens—

Anon he shook out his empty old poke;—

"There's the crumbs," saith he, "for the
ravens!"

It made me angry to see his face,

It had such a jesting look;

But while I made up my mind to speak,

A small case-bottle he took:

Quoth he, "Though I gather the green
water-cress,

My drink is not of the brook!"

Full manners-like he tender'd the dram;

Oh! it came of a dainty cask!

But, whenever it came to his turn to pull,

"Your leave, good sir, I must ask;

But I always wipe the brim with my
sleeve,

When a hangman sups at my flask!"

And then he laugh'd so loudly and long,

The churl was quite out of breath;

I thought the very Old One was come

To mock me before my death,

And wish'd I had buried the dead men's
bones

That were lying about the heath!

But the beggar gave me a jolly clap—

"Come, let us pledge each other,

For all the wide world is dead beside,

And we are brother and brother—

I've a yearning for thee in my heart,

As if we had come of one mother.

"I've a yearning for thee in my heart
That almost makes me weep,
For as I passed from town to town
The folks were all stone asleep,—
But when I saw thee sitting aloft,
It made me both laugh and leap!"

Now a curse (I thought) ^{he} on his love,
And a curse upon his mirth,—
An it were not for that beggar man
I'd be the king of the earth,—
But I promised myself an hour should come
To make him rue his birth!—

So down we sat and boused again
Till the sun was in mid-sky,
When just as the gentle west-wind came,
We hearken'd a dismal cry:
"Up, up, on the tree," quoth the beggar
man,
"Till those horrible dogs go by!"

And lo! from the forest's far-off skirts,
They came all yelling for gore,
A hundred hounds pursuing at once,
And a panting hart before,
Till he sunk adown at the gallows' foot,
And there his haunches they tore!

His haunches they tore, without a horn
To tell when the chase was done:
And there was not a single scarlet coat
To flaunt it in the sun!—
I turn'd, and look'd at the beggar man,
And his tears dropt one by one!

And with curses sore he chid at the
hounds,
Till the last dropt out of sight,
Anon saith he, "Let's down again,
And ramble for our delight;
For the world's all free, and we may choose
A right cozy barn for to-night!"

With that he set up his staff on end,
And it fell with the point due West;
So we fared that way to a city great,
Where the folks had died of the pest—
It was fine to enter in house and hall,
Wherever it liked me best!—

For the porters all were stiff and cold,
And could not lift their heads;
And when we came where their masters
lay,

The rats leapt out of the beds:
The grandest palaces in the land
Were as free as workhouse sheds.

But the beggar man made a mumping
face,
And knocked at every gate:
It made me curse to hear how he whi-
ned,
So our fellowship turn'd to hate,

And I bade him walk the world by him-
self,
For I scorn'd so humble a mate!

So he turned right and I turned left,
As if we had never met;
And I chose a fair stone house for myself,
For the city was all to let:
And for three brave holidays drank my
fill
Of the choicest that I could get.

And because my jerkin was coarse and
worn,
I got me a properer vest:
It was purple velvet, stitch'd o'er with
gold,
And a shining star at the breast,—
'Twas enough to fetch old Joan from her
grave
To see me so properly drest!—

But Joan was dead and under the mould,
And every buxom lass;
In vain I watch'd, at the window pane,
For a Christian soul to pass;—
But sheep and kine wander'd up the
street,
And browsed on the new-come grass.—

When lo! I spied the old beggar man,
And lustily he did sing!—
His rags were lapp'd in a scarlet cloak,
And a crown he had like a King;
So he stept up right before my gate
And danced me a saucy fling!

Heaven mend us all!—but, within my
mind,
I had kill'd him then and there;
To see him lording so braggart-like
That was born to his beggar's fare,
And how he had stolen the royal crown
His betters were meant to wear.

But God forbid that a thief should die
Without his share of the laws!
So I nimbly whipt my tackle out,
And soon tied up his claws,—
I was judge myself, and jury, and all,
And solemnly tried the cause.

But the beggar man would not plead, but
cried
Like a babe without its corals,
For he knew how hard it is apt to go
When the law and a thief have quarrels;
There was not a Christian soul alive
To speak a word for his morals.

Oh, how gaily I doff'd my costly gear,
And put on my work-day clothes;—
I was tired of such a long Sunday life,

And never was one of the sloths;
But the beggar man grumbled a weary
deal,
And made many crooked mouths.

So I haul'd him off to the gallows' foot,
And blinded him in his bags;
'Twas a weary job to heave him up,
For a doom'd man always lags;
But by ten of the clock he was off his legs,
In the wind, and airing his rags!

So there he hung, and there I stood
The LAST MAN left alive,
To have my own will of all the earth:
Quoth I, now I shall thrive!
But when was ever honey made
With one bee in a hive?

My conscience began to gnaw my heart
Before the day was done,
For other men's lives had all gone out,
Like candles in the sun!—
But it seem'd as if I had broke, at last,
A thousand necks in one!

So I went and cut his body down
To bury it decentlie:—
God send there were any good soul alive
To do the like by me!
But the wild dogs came with terrible
speed,
And bay'd me up the tree.

My sight was like a drunkard's sight,
And my head began to swim,
To see their jaws all white with foam,
Like the ravenous ocean brim:—
But when the wild dogs trotted away,
Their jaws were bloody and grim!

Their jaws were bloody and grim! good
Lord!
But the beggar man, where was he?—
There was nought of him but some rib-
bons of rags
Below the gallows' tree!—
I know the Devil, when I am dead,
Will send his hounds for me!—

I've buried my babies one by one,
And dug the deep hole for Joan,
And cover'd the faces of kith and kin,
And felt the old churchyard stone
Go cold to my heart, full many a time,
But I never felt so lone!

For the lion and Adam were company,
And the tiger him beguil'd;
But the simple kine are foes to my life,
And the household brutes are wild.
If the veriest cur would lick my hand,
I could love it like a child!

And the beggar man's ghost haunts my
dreams,
At night to make me madder,—
And my wretched conscience, within my
breast,
Is like a stinging adder;—
I sigh when I pass the gallows' foot,
And look at the rope and ladder!

Oh, hanging looks sweet,—but, alas! in
vain,

My desperate fancy begs,—
I must turn my cup of sorrows quite up,
And drink it to the dregs,—
For there is not another man alive
In the world, to pull my legs!

A genuine poem, so far from being degraded in our imagination by a successful parody, rises up more beautiful beside its caricatured Eidolon. What the worse has the "Elegy in a Country Church-yard" been of the many thousand parodies that its unparalleled popularity has provoked? Not a whit. On the contrary, it triumphs over them all; either sending them into utter oblivion, or embalming them, by means of some portion of its own immortal spirit transfused into the otherwise perishable materials. But a counterfeit poem cannot endure the test of parody, and falls to pieces at once. Its hollowness is exposed—its glitter is seen not to be gold—and the parodist appearing a much cleverer artist than his original, his original is dished for life. Mr Campbell is a poet of a very high order, but his *Last Man* is a poem of a very low order; and Mr Hood's *Last Man* beats him all to sticks at his own weapons. Mr Hood's *Last Man* is not a parody, it is true, of Mr Campbell's *Last Man*; but the whole conception of such a person as a *Last Man* is with great power burlesqued, and that is the same thing in our present argument. Had there been anything really sublime, or striking, or terrible, in

the idea of a *Last Man*, Mr Hood's poem would have left it unimpaired in our imaginations; but the very idea being in itself absurd, and contrary to the very nature and constitution of things, not even to be dreamt on a supper of pork-chops, Mr Hood's poem has exposed its absurdity: and the *Last Man* of Mr Campbell drifting along in a ship to shores where all are dumb, is just as grotesque a Christian, as Mr Hood's *Last Man*, perched and puffing on the gallows-tree, with a pound of pigtail in each pocket of his trowsers, and a half-chewed quid in the envelope of his jacket-sleeve, and a club of hair, tufted like a stot's tail, hanging down to his huries.

What is the use of a review that gives you, here and there, a bit of extract cut out, without skill or selection, from the body of a poem? When we do quote, which is but seldom, we quote largely; just as when we do quaff, which is not so seldom, we quaff largely; for nothing is so unsatisfactory as a mere taste—nothing so consolatory as a flowing bumper. You cannot do an author a greater disservice than to show him up in separate stanzas. An extremely good-looking man, when you see him upon the whole, and as large as he is in life, has not perhaps any one very remarkable point about him—a poor calf to his leg, no great shakes on a foot, a breast of inadequate breadth perhaps, loins too narrow, and knees far from being unexceptionable. Yet the *tout-ensemble* is a man of prepossessing exterior nevertheless, and a man that, by pure captivation, subsequently marries an heiress. We wish it were in our power to present bodily to our readers, the "Irish Schoolmaster,"—for he is a rare pedagogue,—and just such a Romeo as would have carried off that Juliet, Shenstone's Schoolmistress. He would have made her heart go pit-a-pat.—Behold him!

"No chair he hath, the awful Pedagogue,
Such as would magisterial hams imbed,
But sitteth lowly on a beechen log,
Secure in high authority and dread:
Large, as a dome for Learning, seems his head,
And, like Apollo's, all beset with rays,
Because his locks are so unkempt and red,
And stand abroad in many several way:—
No laurel crown he wears, howbeit his cap is baize.

"And, underneath, a pair of shaggy brows
O'erhang as many eyes of gizzard hue,
That inward gibbet of a fowl, which shows
A mongrel tint, that is ne brown ne blue;

His nose,—it is a coral to the view,
Well nourish'd with Pierian Potheen,—
For much he loves his native mountain dew ;—
But to depict the dye would lack, I ween,
A bottle-red, in terms, as well as bottle-green.

“ As for his coat, 'tis such a jerkin short
As Spenser had, ere he composed his Tales ;
But underneath he had no vest, nor aught,
So that the wind his hairy breast assails ;
Below, he wears the nether garb of males,
Of crimson plush, but non-plush'd at the knee ;—
Thence further down the native red prevails,
Of his own native fleecy hosiery :—
Two sandals, without soles, complete his cap-à-pie.

“ Nathless, for dignity, he now doth lap
His function in a magisterial gown,
That shows more countries in it than a map,—
Blue tinct, and red, and green, and russet brown,
Besides some blots, standing for country-town ;
And eke some rents, for streams and rivers wide ;
But, sometimes, bashful when he looks adown,
He turns the garment to the other side,
Hopeful that so the holes may never be espied !”

He is a tremendous disciplinarian, before whom Dr Busby shrinks into a shadow. Mr Hood foredooms him, on account of his cruelties, to a certain place where there are no holidays—and nothing for a pedagogue to flog at, seeing that it is bottomless. Yet doth this good-natured bard relent in the very next stanza, and acknowledge, that as a tree should be tried by its fruits, there is not one in all the orchard superior to the birch.

“ Yet would the Muse not chide the wholesome use
Of needful discipline, in due degree.
Devoid of sway, what wrongs will time produce,
Whene'er the twig untrain'd grows up a tree !
This shall a Carder, that a Whiteboy be,
Ferocious leaders of atrocious bands,
And Learning's help be used for infamie,
By lawless clerks, that, with their bloody hands,
In murder'd English write Rock's murderous commands,

“ But, ah ! what shrilly cry doth now alarm
The sooty fowls that doted upon the beam,
All sudden fluttering from the brandish'd arm,
And cackling chorus with the human scream !
Meanwhile, the scourge plies that unkindly seam
In Phelim's brogues, which bares his naked skin,
Like traitor gap in warlike fort, I deem,
That falsely lets the fierce besieger in,
Nor seeks the Pedagogue by other course to win.

“ No parent dear he hath to heed his cries ;—
Alas ! his parent dear is far aloof,
And deep in Seven-Dial cellar lies,
Kill'd by kind cudgel-play, or gin of proof,
Or climbeth, catwise, on some London roof,
Singing, perchance, a lay of Erin's Isle,
Or, whilst he labours, weaves a fancy-woof,
Dreaming he sees his home,—his Phelim smile ;—
Ah me ! that luckless imp, who weepeth all the while !

" Ah ; who can paint that hard and heavy time,
When first the scholar lists in Learning's train,
And mounts her rugged steep, enforced to climb,
Like sooty imp, by sharp posterior pain
From bloody twig, and eke that Indian cane,
Wherein, alas ! no sugar'd juices dwell ;
For this, the while one stripling's sluices drain,
Another weepeth over chilblains fell,
Always upon the heel, yet never to be well !

" Anon a third, for his delicious root,
Late ravish'd from his tooth by elder chit,
So soon is human violence afoot,
So hardly is the harmless biter bit !
Meanwhile, the tyrant, with untimely wit
And mouthing face, derides the small one's moan,
Who, all lamenting for his loss, doth sit.
Alack,—mischance comes seldomtimes alone,
But aye the worried dog must rue more cures than one.

" For lo ! the Pedagogue, with sudden drub,
Smites his scald-head, that is already sore,—
Superfluous wound,—such is Misfortune's rub !
Who straight makes answer with redoubled roar,
And sheds salt tears twice faster than before,
That still, with backward fist, he strives to dry ;
Washing, with brackish moisture, o'er and o'er,
His muddy cheek, that grows more foul thereby,
Till all his rainy face looks grim as rainy sky."

The Irish Schoolmaster is a scholar, as the following stanzas show.

" Now all is hush'd, and, with a look profound,
The Dominie lays ope the learned page ;
(So be it called) although he doth expound
Without a book, both Greek and Latin sage ;
Now telleth he of Rome's rude infant age,
How Romulus was bred in savage wood
By wet-nurse wolf, devoid of wolfish rage ;
And laid foundation-stone of walls of mud,
But water'd it, alas ! with warm fraternal blood.

" Anon, he turns to that Homeric war,
How Troy was sieged like Londonderry town ;
And stout Achilles, at his jaunting-car,
Dragg'd mighty Hector with a bloody crown :
And eke the bard, that sung of their renown,
In garb of Greece, most beggar-like and torn,
He paints, with colly, wand'ring up and down,
Because, at once, in seven cities born ;
And so, of parish rights, was, all his days, forlorn."

In old Mythology, too, he instructs his pupils, and then, as recommended in evidence before the committee on the affairs of Ireland, explains the Malthusian doctrine of population.

" From such quaint themes he turns, at last, aside,
To new philosophies, that still are green,
And shows what rail-roads have been track'd, to guide
The wheels of great political machine ;
If English corn should grow abroad, I ween,
And gold be made of gold, or paper sheet ;
How many pigs be born, to each spalpeen ;
And, ah ! how man shall thrive beyond his meat,
With twenty souls alive, to one square sod of peat !"

We cannot but give, continuous, the concluding stanzas of this very clever poem.

" Now by the creeping shadows of the noon,
The hour is come to lay aside their lore ;
The cheerful pedagogue perceives it soon,
And cries, ' Begone ! ' unto the imps,—and four
Snatch their two hats and struggle for the door,
Like ardent spirits vented from a cask,
All blythe and boisterous,—but leave two more,
With Reading made Uneasy for a task,
To weep, whilst all their mates in merry sunshine bask,

" Like sportive elfins, on the verdant sod,
With tender moss so sleekly overgrown,
That doth not hurt, but kiss the sole unshod,
So soothingly kind is Erin to her own !
And one, at Hare and Hound, plays all alone,—
For Phelim's gone to tend his step-dame's cow ;
Ah ! Phelim's step-dame is a canker'd crone !
Whilst other twain play at an Irish row,
And, with shillelah small, break one another's brow !

" But careful Dominie, with ceaseless thrift,
Now changeth ferula for rural hoe ;
But, first of all, with tender hand doth shift
His college gown, because of solar glow,
And hangs it on a bush, to scare the crow ;
Meanwhile, he plants in earth the dappled bean,
Or trains the young potatoes all a-row,
Or plucks the fragrant leek for pottage green,
With that crisp curly herb, call'd Kale in Aberdeen.

" And so he wisely spends the fruitful hours,
Link'd each to each by labour, like a bee ;
Or rules in Learning's hall, or trims her bow'rs ;—
Would there were many more such wights as he,
To sway each capital academie
Of Cam and Isis, for, alack ! at each
There dwells, I wot, some dronish Dominie,
That does no garden work, nor yet doth teach,
But wears a floury head, and talks in flow'ry speech !"

The three last lines are the only bad ones in the poem—and they are as bad as can be—falsely conceived and poorly expressed. Mr Hood will have the goodness to delete them and supply their place, next edition, with others about the Irish Schoolmaster himself, and leave the Cam and the Isis to flow on undisturbed. Nothing more common than to hear amiable and ingenious men like Mr Hood, sneering at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Such sneers are very silly—and make the sneerer look like an absolute ninny. It was probably no fault of Mr Hood's that he did not receive a University education. But he would have been none the worse—indeed much the better of one ; and since his lot forbade, he should regret, rather than exult, that he has no Alma Mater.

Let us now look over the volume

again, with the sole view and express purpose of finding faults, like other critics. Where the deuce is that poor, mean, miserable wood-cut gone, that we heard a contributor abusing the other day in the middle shop ? Where the weak and watery lines about a grey mare's tail ? Confound us, if we can find either the one or the other. Well, then, what is the use of any farther botheration ?

Mr Thomas Hood, we wish you a happy New-Year, and many returns of the season. Write serious verses as well as jocular—for you write them very sweetly, very simply, very naturally, indeed ; but beware of a slight inclination towards —. You know what we mean. Remember the last letter in the alphabet. Gruff old General Izzard is yet alive—so with that kind caution—Fare thee well, Thomas Hood—Fare thee well.

WHAT WILL BECOME OF POOR IRELAND?

Que deviendra Paris? was the subject of a pamphlet which excited much interest in France about forty-five years since. It was written by Mercier, but soon lost its popularity in the eventful scenes that not long after took place. I forget, now, to what ultimate fortune, he destined the great city; but I remember well, that his foresight included some of those revolutionary tragedies, which some of the actors, though of course unknown to him, must ever have contemplated. This reflection affords no great encouragement to similar undertakings in the line of prediction. Events, great or little, are in the hands of superior direction; and unimproved man only shows the blind presumption of ignorance in an endeavour to anticipate them. Probable consequences are all that we can safely pretend to point out; and hence the office of human wisdom is, to make choice of such measures as are most likely to lead to private happiness and national prosperity.

Though far from entertaining the presumptuous design of assuming the prophetic character, and endeavouring to solve a question which certainly must now offer itself to every reflecting mind—*Que deviendra Ireland?*—yet it may not be either unamusing or uninteresting, to contemplate the anticipations which probably occur to many of the parties interested in its future state. The present state of things seems to indicate the approach of some considerable change,—some important, and, I had almost said, revolutionary convulsion. In civilized countries, wealth and intellect are the great political directors, and the wisdom and influence of the few, overrule and govern the many. In Ireland, long famous for Bulls—and this is not among the least absurd of that kind—an opposite system is endeavoured to be established. Wealth, intellect, education, and knowledge, are as a feather in the political scale of her Milesian patriots, who look to nothing but arithmetic, and calculate the power, worth, and excellence of a state, by the number of two-legged brutes it produces. When we include in their estimate of millions the enormous mass of human beings who are more degraded by

the absurdities of a servile superstition, than even by their sloth, ignorance, and barbarity, what a precious fund is here for choosing senators, filling civil offices, and contributing, by their intellectual endowments, to the honour and glory of the Isle of Saints! What a pity it is that pigs cannot speak—verily they would make noble Irish forty-shilling freeholders! I have certainly seen many of the swinish multitude dragged into an election court, who knew just as much of what they were about, as the grunting inmates of the smoky cabin. Such are the electors whose wisdom is to improve the national councils,—whose suffrages are to decide the fate of Irish elections,—and whose freedom of action, and unbiassed purity of judgment, have been extolled above all Greek, above all Roman fame!! The last, indeed, excites no wonder; congeniality of worth is the natural object of laudation, and as the praised, so are the praisers. A forty-shilling election in Ireland is a thing *sui generis*, and may be the subject of some future communication.

To return to our subject—What, in the opinion of the various speculating parties, is to be, or at least ought to be, the fate of Ireland? Foreigners probably think that there are but two parties to the question,—the Protestants and the Roman Catholics,—but they are much mistaken. To one well acquainted with Irish matters, there appears to be five, all entertaining different views, though not all in present disagreement with each other. I reckon two Protestant parties, and three Roman Catholic; and what seems most remarkable is, that the three latter, though now least divided, and apparently quite consentient, are nevertheless at bottom, and with respect to ultimate objects, the most discordant of any. The object of one of these Protestant parties is the most unmixed and simple of all,—being no other than the preservation of the present constitution in church and state;—and, truly, considering how well it has worked since its establishment in 1688, their attachment to a form of government, so powerfully recommended by practical results, seems

neither very strange, nor, though some of our rulers think otherwise, very reprehensible. The predictive fears of this party are, that to innovate is to injure,—that it is better some should be excluded from power, than the whole fabric endangered,—and that the best security for national happiness, is to be found in an inviolable adherence to those principles by which that happiness has been achieved.

The second Protestant party are willing to admit that the present system has worked well; but they nevertheless think, that it may be improved. Now, as every work of man is confessedly imperfect, nobody in his senses will deny that even the British Constitution may be capable of improvement; as a general position, it is quite incontrovertible. But when one considers that the great cause of improvement in 1688 consisted in excluding from political power, in a Protestant state, the members of a Church avowedly, irrevocably, and rootedly hostile to every description of Protestantism, it should seem that the removal of the foundation was rather an odd way of strengthening and improving the political fabric erected upon it. There is indeed one mode of invalidating the force of this objection to the proposed improvement, and that is the removal of that avowed and inveterate hostility—the return of that Church to those evangelical principles on which the several Apostolic Churches first set out—the renunciation of her claims to universal dominion, spiritual as well as temporal—and her taking a seat among the Christian assemblies of the earth as an equal, not as a Mistress. Let this be done, and all objections to political union vanish; true Christian charity, so eloquently delineated by St Paul, resumes its place, and the divine petition, “Thy kingdom come,” becomes an appropriate prayer in the mouth of all Christians; for how it *can* come, when one Church not only obstinately rejects communion with, but absolutely reprobates and anathematises every other professor of Christianity, I cannot possibly conceive.—Let this be done, and religious harmony will not only succeed to religious discord, but the Church of Rome will recover much of that ground which she has lost, and regain by love what she vainly endeavours to maintain by artifice, by delusion, by ignorance, and

by terror. That this time of general concord *will* come, we have satisfactory assurance; and one thing we may pronounce with perfect certainty, that it will, not come by the return of dissenters to the Church of Rome, or that those who have happily emancipated themselves from her thralldom, will, for the sake of uniformity, ever come back to her chains. Nor is it requisite to the attainment of a “consummation so devoutly to be wished,” that agreement of opinion should be perfectly unanimous, for that the nature of human intellect shows to be impossible; it will be sufficient that all agree in essentials; that all treat each other with mutual charity and forbearance, and that the sole contention among the disciples of Christ be, which shall best obey their Divine Master. Let the Church of Rome look well to this, for nothing but the exclusion of knowledge, that is to say, nothing but a miracle beyond her power to work, even were all the kings of the earth on her side, will be able to restore that barbarous domination which all *the signs of the times* have not yet convinced her that it is impossible to regain.

It is but charitable to believe, that those Protestant politicians who think to invigorate the British Constitution by an infusion of Roman Catholic strength, have acted upon the supposition that the Romish Church is reformed—that she no longer maintains her idle pretensions to supreme domination—that her superstitious practices are abated, and her intolerant spirit liberalised—and that, though the Church nominally keeps up her titles, and follows her old forms, yet that the lay members of her community, at least, utterly disclaim her influence in political matters—that they adhere to her, not from bigotted attachment, but from early prepossession—that they look upon all Christians as brothers, differing more in name than in essence—and that, in wishing to become partakers of power in a Protestant empire, they have no other object in view than the promotion of its interests, the consolidation of its strength, and the insurance of its stability. There was certainly a time when some wise men so thought, and some who are called wise, continue, it seems, to think so still. For this continuance I can see but one ground,—viz. that not one word of all that

has been spoken and written, and which still continues to be spoken and written, by that legally convened body of Irish senators, known by the name of the Catholic Association, and their Episcopal and priestly coadjutors, is worthy of credit ; for if it be, if they are to be believed, Protestantism is the object of their most virulent hatred—it is an excrescence that must be amputated—it is in Ireland at least a usurpation, an intrusion upon the rights of the people, and a corruption of Christianity, which, for the benefit of mankind, ought if possible to be extirpated, and the glorious reign of Popery restored in all its pomp and plenitude, even as it now beautifies the free and happy governments of Italy, Portugal, Spain, &c. The main and primary objects of these associated and self-constituent legislators are, to rescind the Union with Great Britain—to strip the Protestant Church of Ireland of all its honours and emoluments—to overturn the University founded by Queen Elizabeth—to abolish all present corporate rights and charters, and to get entire possession of the power of returning members to Parliament. With what hope the Protestant abettors of these legislators can look for the improvement of the British Constitution in such projects, may perhaps be known to themselves ; as far as I can see into probable consequences, the prospect is not very promising.

But upon what colourable hypothesis, it will be asked, can I resolve one firmly united and consentient body, as the Roman Catholics of Ireland now are, into three distinct and differing parties ? The answer is at hand—Three distinct bodies they are already, and, though not dissentient, containing within themselves the elements of future discord. There is first, for we must give the Church precedence, the clerical squadron, once satisfied with commanding consciences, enjoining penances, and absolving sinners, now promoted to the regimental office of drilling freeholders, swaying elections, and heading mobs. There is next the “noble army” of those who call themselves martyrs to the cause of true religion, private worth, and public virtue—but who, unlike the martyrs of old time, place their title to the name, not in patience and suffering, but in denunciation and defiance—the sapient

constituents of that body known by the name of the New Catholic Association. There is, thirdly, that numerous body, formidable at present only in the speeches of the aforesaid Association, who estimate their power by heads, no matter whether full or empty, the Romanum Vulgus of Ireland. These three parties now make common cause together, because combined against one common enemy, Protestantism, which the priests hate as the heretical usurper of their rights ; which the leaders of the Association hate, because they wish to have the reins of Hibernian government in their own hands ; and which the people are enjoined to hate, as inimical to Milesian glory, and subversive of their ancient laws and customs. Now, it is pretty evident, that all these may agree in a general principle of hostility, and yet propose different objects to themselves, in the event of success ; and this is what I shall now endeavour to elucidate.

A person must be very ignorant indeed of the history of Christendom, and the genius of the Romish Church, who does not know that the authority and aggrandisement of that Church are, and have been, from the very infancy of its power, the main, exclusive, and unremitted objects of her numerous clergy. For this purpose, abbeys, monasteries, and convents were erected and endowed, clerical celibacy enjoined, and every stratagem resorted to that might raise the spiritual over the civil power. I need not say with what success this policy was pursued during the ages of barbarism and ignorance, and until the dawn of light and learning had effected a partial emancipation from the chains of an intolerant bigotry. Among the artifices of Papal ambition, clerical celibacy was one of the most successful. The priest, divested of the endearments of domestic life, has no country, or if he has any, be his abode where it may, his country is Italy—there, the “God of his Idolatry” reigns ; the Church is his sovereign and his patrimony, and to her he looks without respect to persons or places. He has no children (by blows excepted), to whom he may transmit property, or for whom he feels an interest in the civil prosperity of a state. Such a country as Italy, such a land as Spain, miserable as both are in respect of moral habits, civil rights, and enlightened minds (I speak of the people

at large), is his Eden, his earthly Paradise. There he feeds upon the fat of the land, he thrives, he luxuriates; he swills the intoxicating draughts of flattery, eminence, power, and almost adoration, and, if fame be not a liar, of voluptuous indulgences also. What, then, judging from all we have read, from all we have heard, and from all we have known, must be the objects of the clergy of that persuasion (I speak of them as a body) in this blessed island? Is it to extend, to enforce, to strengthen the freedom of conscience, the latitude of inquiry, or the rights of civil and religious liberty? Is it to throw open the volume of divine instruction, and invite all mouths to drink of the waters of life? No certainly—for the imperative mandate of ecclesiastical infallibility enjoins and insists upon the very reverse. Papal Bulls, as absurd as any of their Irish namesakes, are still bellowing from the Vatican, for the suppression of heresy, still calling for the blind submission of the faithful, still denouncing the diffusion of knowledge, still forbidding the presumptuous application of common sense to things religious, and still received with becoming acquiescence and humility by the pious prelates of his Holiness's Irish Church. Now, as it is easy to see, from the high tone these clerical leaders have lately assumed, that they really do look to the regeneration of Ireland, from knowing in what that regeneration does *not* consist, we may pretty satisfactorily learn in what it does—namely, the full restoration of Papal rights, the abolition of heresy, and the reduction of Ireland within the pale of the holy Roman Catholic Church. I will admit this deduction not to be fairly drawn, if any instance can be given of that Church's tolerating, voluntarily, the profession of any creed but her own. She has indeed been obliged to suffer heretics to breathe the same air with her, and to live in the same country; but it was, as is honestly expressed in one of the notes of the Rheims Bible, which Archbishop Troy first published, and afterwards denied some dozen years since, because she could not help it. The note to which I allude is curious, and worth transcribing; it is on the 29th verse of the 13th chapter of St Matthew,—“Nay; lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root out the wheat also.”—

“The good must tolerate the evil, when it is so strong that it cannot be redressed without danger and disturbance of the whole church, and commit the matter to God's judgment in the latter day; OTHERWISE, when ill men, be they *heretics* (as all Protestants avowedly are), or *other malefactors*, may be punished or suppressed without hazard and disturbance of the good, they may and OUGHT by public authority, either spiritual or temporal, to be chastised or EXECUTED!!!” I will not insult the understanding of your readers by any comment on this miserable perversion of the gracious Saviour's words, or the vile and impious attempt to make his merciful forbearance a ground for persecution and intolerance; it is sufficient to say, that this precious production, abounding in similar notes, was given to the Irish public, in numbers, under the sanction, as the title-page professed, of Dr Troy, R. C. Archbishop of Dublin, and most of the Prelates and Clergy, with an earnest invitation to all the poor who could read, to lay by some of their little earnings to purchase so inestimable a treasure, containing all things necessary to salvation, and obligatory on the consciences of all faithful believers. Finding it unpalatable to the Catholic Association, or, as it was then called, the Catholic Board, Dr Troy thought proper to disavow his patronage of the work; but the editor, in a spirited address to the public, maintained the authenticity of the title-page, and to this address no answer was given. But did Dr Troy, or any other Irish prelate or priest whatsoever, disavow the offensive contents of the book? NOT A SINGLE MAN! They could not—for it contained nothing which was not perfectly compatible with the principles and the practice of Holy Mother Church—not a sentiment which they are not obliged to maintain—not a discipline which is not at this day rigidly enforced, when that Church has the power and the means of enforcing it. Are we not then fully authorised to say, that the regeneration of Ireland, in *prospectu Ecclesiæ Romanæ*, contemplates the re-establishment of the ancient Church, the re-edification of monasteries, the resumption of tithes and abbeylands, the abolition of all worship but her own, the suppression of heretics, and the punishment, or, to use the phrase—

dogy of an orthodox publication, the execution of such religious malefactors. But, as the good, *i. e.* the Roman Catholic, must tolerate the evil, *i. e.* the heretic Protestant, when the latter is too strong to be safely put down, the means of accomplishing the aforesaid regeneration are first to be secured. This is the grand point, and, to a mind of enlarged views, must, in the present state of things, offer very formidable difficulties. But great projects are not easily discouraged. Men whose thoughts are sanguinely bent upon the attainment of an end, are apt to see nothing but what makes for that end, and to close their eyes to everything that makes against it. Now to those Papal Hierarchs, who look only to one side of the question, what can possibly be more delightfully flattering than their present prospect? They are extolled to the skies as patrons of pure Christian piety, not only by the acclamations of all Popedom, but by the numerous voices of Protestant Liberals. The advancement of their high characters, and the support of their rightful claims, are among the primary objects of the great Popish confederacy of Ireland—No longer confined to diocesan or parochial cures, they take their places at the council-board, and direct as well as sanction the measures of the senatorial assembly.

They have the sapience and strength of the nation clearly, and almost exclusively, at their side; the former in the new Catholic Association, the latter in their seven millions of farmers, labourers, shopkeepers, paupers, beggars, and forty-shilling freeholders. *Tulius et tantis dubiis quid desperandum?* The ball already is nearly at their foot. Even with the disadvantage of political power in Protestant hands, they have successfully asserted their rights, and turned the scale of popular election. What will they not be able to accomplish, when that power, under the able ministry of the New Catholic Association, shall be torn from its present usurpers, and transferred to their own friends, disciples, and dependants? Not even the felicity of an Inquisitorial tribunal, so congenial to an Isle of Saints, and so long and happily established in a Peninsula Sanctorum, seems beyond the pale of their pious hopes and holy wishes. Their humble followers are not altogether unacquainted with it now, and

their respectable adherents will surely never enter a caveat against such a Christian instrument for converting infidels, and such an approved consummation of orthodox polity. Besides, say the regenerating prelates, in the possible event of opposition from such of them as may have imbibed foolish and uncanonical notions of civil or religious liberty, we have the remedy in our own hands. It is upon us, and upon the people, they depend, for the accomplishment of their own designs; they have availed themselves of our acknowledged, universal, and paramount influence over the native population; and should they attempt to become our rivals in the management of that influence, they may rest assured, that such an encroachment will not be suffered to pass with impunity—The power of conscience is confessedly in our hands; they have themselves taught us how to apply it to temporal purposes; they have lent the sanction of their assent to the righteousness of that application, dressed it in the richest vestments of their panegyric wardrobe, and the value of the acquisition shall not be thrown away. *Salus Ecclesie Suprema Lex.*

If it be objected that such views are too extravagant, even for a Romish priesthood, in the present state of light and learning in these islands, let me remind the objector of an observation already made, that the splendour of hope, while it exhibits favourable circumstances in vivid and prominent colours, renders the mental eye insensible to the dangers and difficulties that lurk behind. The persons entertaining these views are supported by the educated portion of the Roman Catholics from ambitious motives, and by the uneducated from habitual submission. They behold in those supporters a preponderating majority of noise and numbers, and finding themselves looked up to by both as spiritual magicians, who, to borrow a phrase from Hume,—“having got one world to fix their engine on, (the heavenly,) can move the other at their pleasure, is it wonderful that they should be blind to obstacles, and clear-sighted only to the prospect of success?” This is an age of project, of promise, and of speculation, and, as we have lately seen in the sister country, fraught with a spirit of enter-

prise, which no difficulties can dismay, no improbabilities discourage. Why not Joint-Stock Companies in religion as well as in commerce? These priestly stock-jobbers differ a little from others in the nature of their capital, of which money makes a very inconsiderable part. They have large funds at their disposal. To say nothing of what they can supply themselves, of vociferation and audacity, they have an inexhaustible fund in the New Catholic Association, and can draw *ad libitum* on the blind and blundering barbarism of plebeian ignorance. What, then, is to be feared from light, from luxury, from decency, and from decorum? Enemies these are, it is true, but they are enemies against whom they have for ages so successfully fought, that it would be pusillanimity in the extreme, under present auspices, to doubt, much less despair, of final victory. Did not Great Britain herself restore the restorer of the Inquisition in Spain? Did she not restore the pious Bourbons to France, who never go to a water-closet without a pair of confessors at their elbows? Has she not peremptorily put down the Orangemen in Ireland, because they were obnoxious to the Roman Catholics; and does she not tolerate the revival of the Catholic Association, the open and uncompromising adversary of the Protestant faith? However, all these things may be accounted for by the cool and the contemplative,—to the dashing turbulence of the hot and intemperate zealot they must appear as incentives and encouragements. Gradually advancing from diffidence and respect to clamour, passion, fury, and defiance, unrepressed by legislative interference, and without interruption saying and doing whatsoever seemeth meet to them, in what other light are they likely to view the existing posture of affairs? Ireland appears already at their feet. Great Britain's rulers show no disposition to take a part unfriendly to their wishes, *ergo*, the conclusion is evident. Instead, therefore, of being surprised at the manifestoes, menaces, and anathemas of Dr Doyle,—I beg his Lordship's pardon,—of the right Reverend by divine appointment the Lord Bishop of Kildare, I should not feel the least degree of astonishment if his Lordship were to go a little farther, and tack the conversion of Great Britain to that of Ireland as a matter of

necessary consequence. I should no wonder if he were to give broad hint of his expectation to sit in the House of Lords, under the canopy of a Cardinal's hat, and with the commission of Legate from his Holiness the Pope.

From the modest forebodings of the holy Roman Convocation in Ireland, let us turn to the picture of approaching ascendancy and future pre-eminence which seems now presented to the inflamed imagination of the great Lay leaders of that communion. In laying this before the reader there is no need of having recourse to the aids of fancy, or the labours of conjecture: their own speeches, their own writings, and their own actions, supply in ample profusion all that can be wanted for our present purpose. It will, I know, be objected by some, that these do not afford a sure basis to proceed upon, because their speeches, writings, and actions, are all contradictory and inconsistent. Sometimes they say what they do not mean, sometimes they mean what they do not say, and oft-times they have no meaning at all. Their words certainly do assure us, that our Union with Great Britain is a pernicious and abominable enactment, which must be repealed; that the Church establishment of this part of the empire is a nuisance, and must be abolished; that of the dissentient religious opinions in this country, that only ought to be venerated and upheld which is professed by the largest number of the poor, the ignorant, and the uncivilized, provided always that the said opinion professes subjection to the See of Rome, and hostility to the established religion of these imperial realms; and that to promote all these loyal and constitutional ends, it is their duty, as well as their inclination, to vilify and traduce every person, however exalted in rank, or illustrious in character, who presumes to think differently. This, I say, their words, repeated over and over again, do certainly assure us. But when we consider the support given to these declarants in and out of Parliament, when we consider the superiority and respectability of their friends, ministerial and anti-ministerial, surely there remains no rational mode of accounting for that support, save only this, that they are considered as saying one thing and meaning another, or rather, that they mean the very reverse of

what their words import. It is true, there are among these supporters certain persons who act upon a different principle; a few who are hostile to creeds and religious establishments of every kind, and others whom no settled order of things can please, whose antipathy is directed to all existing institutions, and whose only delight is to overturn. All these, no doubt, look upon them to be in downright earnest, and like them the better for it. But is it credible that they could enjoy the countenance and support of Mr Robinson, Mr Canning, and a considerable number of congenial minds in the House of Commons, to say nothing of their noble friends, lay and episcopal, in the House of Lords, if these panegyrists and protectors believed for a moment that they were such in their hearts as they purport to be in their speeches? Surely it is altogether incredible.

What then is a plain man to do—amidst such perplexing contrarieties, how is he to decide? If I am to take their meaning from their words, and to understand them according to the letter of their expressions, I must of necessity believe their object to be the overthrow of the present Government of Ireland in Church and State, and the establishment of their own in its place; and consequently, as a friend to that Government, I feel myself bound to resist their claims *totis viribus*. If, as their parliamentary advocates allege, they are to be interpreted, like dreams, by contraries, all those who adopt this mode of interpretation, have indeed the strongest grounds for reckoning upon their disinterested loyalty, their ardent desire to preserve the Protestant Constitution of Great Britain, their utter detestation of Papal bigotry, their truly evangelical benevolence, and their anxious desire to dispel the spiritual darkness which now pervades the general mind of their uneducated countrymen; because, as far as we can collect from their public documents, these things are the very reverse of what they publicly give out. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites*. The cause is not in the Chancery of Old Time, who, like other Chancellors, is not always in a hurry to decide great questions, though he rarely fails to dive into all secrets, and to make the truth appear in the end.

In the meanwhile, as curiosity is so

fond of prying into future mysteries, we shall venture upon some surmises of what may be the speculations of the old Catholic Board, *alias* the mock Parliament of Ireland, *alias* the New Catholic Association. And here I must observe, that they differ extremely from their brethren and help-mates constituting that *Holy Alliance* of which I have above spoken. These are a compact, undivided body, with but one object in view, the elevation of their order, and, under the sanctified pretext of governing spirituals, contemplating a real power of ruling temporals. To this point their eyes are steadily directed, and whatever occasional deviations they seem to make, it is only with a view of concealing the depth of the real intention. Hence Dr Doyle before a Parliamentary Committee, and Dr Doyle at the head of his diocese, are as opposite characters as Garrick in *Scrub*, and Garrick in *Macbeth*: or what may be more appropriate still, Cromwell at the head of an army, and Cromwell at a conventicle. Now, with respect to the great men who compose the Ultra Catholic Association, and who profess to direct the councils, and utter the sentiments of seven millions of their countrymen, the case is far different. They do, indeed, appear to have one object in view, which they call emancipation; very properly, in my opinion, denominated unqualified, because it wants the qualifications which can render it an advisable or admissible concession. But then they join in a common cry; they do so like a large pack of hounds pursuing something, of which only two or three couples have any distinct notion, all the rest hurrying on for the mere gratification of joining in the general clamour. Of the great two-legged pack there are so many yelpers, who have no definite or specific idea of the object pursued, and who, in reality, possess every advantage of citizenship which persons in their situation of life can possibly expect to enjoy, that in a consideration of this kind I must regard them as *hors de combat*. There is a mighty pleasure in complaining, and in the indulgence of that is the extent of their ambition. Every man is a complainer, and, what seems odd in a creature called rational, they often complain most who have least cause. He who has a thousand a-year complains that he has not two. The deal-

er who makes pounds complains that he does not make hundreds, and the maker of hundreds that they are not thousands. We complain of almost every want save that which is most urgent, and which, unlike most other wants, it is in our power to relieve,—and that is the work of Christian principle, and humble resignation to the will of God. The removal of this want is not likely to receive much aid from the New Catholic Association. Humility has no place in the catalogue of their virtues.

It may be expected, from a former part of this paper, that I shall present my readers with a glowing picture of the magnificent scenes presented to the imagination of the leaders of this Association, in the event of their emancipating Ireland from the trammels of Great Britain. How it shall come under the dominion of another Brian Bionorme, claiming and receiving the willing homage of a hundred princes, each the independent ruler of his own territory; how the halls of Tara again shall resound with the voice of revelry, and the music of the harp; how a thousand minstrels shall arise, who, under the tutelage of Tommy Moore, shall revivify that soul of harmony, which, as that incomparable bard tells us, is now doing penance within the ruins of the aforesaid Palace of Princes; how, to the utter discomfiture of Protestant heresy, new abbeyes and monasteries shall raise their lofty heads, and consigning to the shelf that book too sacred for poor mortals' hands, substitute the more convenient doctrines devised by the pious wisdom of Mother Church; how the complicated form of British jurisprudence shall be exchanged for the compendious processes of Breton justice, and every chief become the legislator of his own tribe—How—but I must curtail my rhapsody, not because there are none to whose “aching sight such visions of glory” may not sometimes appear, but because there are none who have either spirit or talent enough to contemplate a revolutionary project. No, sir, our would-be Heroes of Independence deal too much in noise, in words, in scolding, and in vapouring. These are not the sort of persons for laying deep schemes, overthrowing kingdoms, and erecting new dynasties. It is all squib, all wild-fire, all flash in the pan. *Vis concilii*

aspers mole ruit sud. We have had this thundering legion now for many years, and what progress have they made in the essential object of their avowed pursuit? On the contrary they seem farther from it than they did seven years since. We have heard or read their speeches,—we have seen their writings,—we have marked their proceedings. Have they improved in talent, in prudence, in sagacity, in eloquence, or in wisdom, from the first day of their aggregation? No—the self-same blusterers bluster still—the self-same mouths rant it still—the self-same working breeds the self-same froth, and the self-same Punch conducts the self-same puppet show. Not a ray of new talent has arisen to throw some flashes of splendour upon their misty atmosphere: it is *qualis ab incepto*—“all a wish and all a ladle.” The boldness of the language, and the novelty of the proceeding, rendered it much more interesting, as well as more formidable at the outset. The farce has continued so long without change of manager or of actors, that the audience have lost their relish for the piece; and though the upper gallery continues full, they play to an empty pit, and empty boxes.

In truth, I believe, the ambition of many meets its entire gratification in notoriety, and the important place they seem to themselves to fill in the public eye, by the frequent appearance of names in newspapers, which otherwise would never have been heard of beyond the limits of their own town, parish, or district. Little as this may seem to be, it carries with it no small portion of flattering self-importance, and imaginary elevation of character. To sit “attentive to their own applause,” when honourably distinguished as members of committees, proposers of resolutions, makers of speeches, and chairmen of meetings, is no trivial gratification to that overweening vanity which constitutes so large an ingredient in the corrupt compound of human qualities. It has been shrewdly suspected that some of the most prominent of the party would have been sadly mortified by a concession to their early demands, lest it might perchance break the stilts on which they ape the giant, and reduce them to the humiliating level of common size. For this

reason it is believed by many, that they have been much more assiduous in creating obstacles than in removing them, in offending than in conciliating, and in widening the breach than in closing it. Hence, when Protestant liberality seemed disposed to compliance, it was scouted as insufficient, and pretensions were advanced, with which it was well known that a British Senate could not comply. For what, it was said, would O'Connell be, deprived of his present opportunity of heading mobs, levying contributions, exciting tumults, haranguing assemblies, and gratifying the malignant itch of clamour, calumny, and vituperation? Nothing more than what nature and education fitted him for—a vulgar and blustering Barrister. What would become of Shiel's eloquence, so fertile in abuse, so barren in argument? Why, he might now and then indulge his rhetoric in actions for crim. con. or cases of libels—*voilà tout!* Now, what are they in their own estimation, and that of the fools who follow them?—for the truly respectable part of the Roman Catholics seem to have withdrawn from the Pandemonium of sedition. Why, they are the doughty champions of seven millions of the Pope's faithful subjects in Ireland; and, moreover, they are the Bobadils of the New Catholic Association!

“To reign is worth ambition, tho' in Hell.”

Hence, gentle reader, I feel, on mature reflection, indisposed to attempt diving into the prophetic views of such characters; for truly I can conceive nothing more flattering to empty minds, than what they enjoy already. To give them political elevation, or civil promotion, accompanied by quietness, would be to take away, not to confer happiness—to raise them to the rank of Senators in the British Parliament, would be taking them from the head of one legislative body, to put them at the foot of another—to introduce them into an assembly where irregularity would be called to order, where absurdity would be ridiculed, where prolixity would be coughed down, where ignorance would be exposed, and where arrogance would be repressed, would be doing them the most sad and irreparable injury.

No—no—better keep up the strife of tongues at home—better be the fools and the oracles of six millions of ignoramuses, than the scorn and derision of six score persons of information and understanding.

As little can I venture to consider them as predicting the restoration of those happy ages, when Hibernia

“Shower'd on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.”

This might be the subject of a dream, but could not be seriously contemplated in the waking reveries of Heroes, who know no war, but the war of words. Not a glimpse can we discover, through the course of so many hot, though bloodless, campaigns, of any spirit like that of even a Jack Cade, much less a Cromwell or a Buonaparte. Were ambition even to take such a speculative flight, where is the hope of accomplishment? Modern warfare, to be carried on with success, requires such things as fleets and armies, to the formation of either of which the rental of the New Association treasury is miserably inadequate. That there are good soldiers, and good sailors too, among the millions they reckon upon, is very certain; but they are unluckily engaged on the other side, and not very likely to leave good quarters, good pay, and the service of the most rich and powerful of nations, to become the forlorn hope of a fruitless project, or to knock their heads against an immovable bulwark. Were the Irish, Protestants and all, to rise to a man, what could they effect—I will not say against the navy of Great Britain, but against half a dozen frigates, and as many sloops of war? Trade they could have none; and all their seaport towns and cities would be burned in the course of a few months. They would be compelled to surrender at discretion, without even the trouble of landing an army on her shores. Circumstances, it is true, may be imagined, which would make a great alteration in the nature of the case; such as a war with France and Spain, anxious to succour their Papal fellow-subjects in Ireland, and possessing naval strength to enable them so to do. Yet, when we reflect upon that past experience, which is the safest guide of future, and that when

both were able and willing, their efforts were nevertheless weak and fruitless, I cannot discern the slightest shadow of encouragement derivable from their present state. If Ferdinand comes to their aid, it must be at the head of his friars, and with an Inquisitor-General for his commander-in-chief, for army he has not—and being equally destitute of a fleet, I do not see how he could transport his holy legions, except by borrowing our Lady of Loretto's chapel for another airy excursion. Charles the Tenth has, I apprehend, enough to do at home.

I am aware that conjunctures of this nature are sometimes contemplated by the leading heroes of the New Association; that every rumour of distant wars excites a hope that Britain may be involved in the quarrel, and that nothing conveys more delight to their patriotic imaginations, than the prospect of her distress and degradation, from calamities and dangers external or internal. Generous sentiments and pious wishes of this kind do occasionally break forth; they spring from the *Amor Patriæ*, are cherished by the infallible spirit of Papal Christianity, taught by its benevolent pastors, and suffer no abatement from that weakness which fools call gratitude, for having rescued so many thousands of their humble countrymen from misery and starvation. If the papers tell us true, the Magnus Apollo of the Association (whether so called from the refulgent grace and beauties of his person, the luminous qualities of his mind, or the happy ambiguity of his oracular effusions, I cannot tell) has been frequently heard to growl with tigerlike satisfaction over the recent distress of the Sister Island. I don't know what credit his political friends may give him in this particular point; but among his political opponents there is not a single man who entertains the smallest doubt of his sincerity.

We come now to the third party—whose hopes of change, and views in the event of it, I had proposed to consider—that many-headed monster the Hibernicum Vulgus. This party, it may be thought, cannot properly be said to have a will of its own, impelled only by present feeling, and varying with the changeful circumstances of the day. Of mobs, no doubt, this

is pretty nearly the case, but I apprehend not so of a whole people, who always possess some distinct peculiarity of national character. This, indeed, does not seem to be the opinion of the two parties who have already passed under review. Each of these thinks, and has some apparent cause for thinking, that *they* are the sole drivers of the two-legged herd,—that whatever *they* enforce, the people will obey, wherever *they* march, the people will follow. The spiritual leader thinks himself sure of implicit submission from every dutiful son of the Church; and the political director is equally confident of obtaining the support of the people to every project, which has a tendency to restore what he calls the Independence of Ireland. Both may find themselves mistaken. I am old enough to remember, when the French people appeared to be so enthusiastically attached to the crown and the altar, that it was deemed impossible to shake their allegiance, or dissolve the bonds of hereditary affection. Yet, we all know, not only with what *sang froid* they witnessed the overthrow of both, but with what exulting mockery they spurned the one, and with what unfeeling fury they beheld the destruction of the other. Civil tyranny, supported by the irresistible power of the sword, and spiritual by the ignorant bigotry of the people, are, while that power and that bigotry remain, the strongest of all governments. But, let the means of domination be once weakened, let the chain that binds the connexion between ruler and slave be once broken, and the forced submission to oppressive sway quickly changes into enmity, insult, and defiance; the depressed take their turn to reign, and the quondam slave becomes the most unrelenting master. Can any man, pretending to enlarged information, and enlightened understanding, shut his eyes to that glaring truth, which every day's observation throws in his way, that knowledge is advancing with wide and rapid steps? that its progress has wonderfully accelerated within the last fifty years? that it must of necessity, not only continue that acceleration, but add to, and increase it? that it has lately visited, and is now spreading into distant regions, and populous empires, into which for thousands of years not a ray of light had shone, and that it is be-

gining to illuminate the farthest parts of the earth? that this knowledge embraces the two greatest rights of civilized men, spiritual liberty, and civil liberty, a right to be protected by equitable laws, under a well constituted form of representative government, and a right to adopt the religion of his choice, a right to seek instruction wherever instruction is to be found, a right of full inquiry into the nature, grounds, and authority, of that instruction, a right of exercising his own judgement in all matters relating to the interests of an immortal soul, and a right—the necessary consequence of his being a responsible agent—of holding himself accountable, for that exercise of his judgement, to God alone?—There are no hordes of northern or other barbarians now to break down upon civilized nations, to extinguish the lamp of knowledge, and to give to an artful and ambitious priesthood, a second opportunity of trampling upon crowns and sceptres, and establishing a universal despotism over mind and body. No—the reverse is in progress; the civilized is seeking the barbarian in the remotest corners of human habitation, and the light of the Gospel is now gratuitously diffusing itself over all the ends of the earth. The day is not probably far off, if, indeed, it is not already come, when some who were within a few years little advanced above the beasts that perish, will cry shame upon many of those nations, who have called themselves Christians during the lapse of ages. And why? simply because the religion which they have been taught, is the religion of Rome, not the religion of the Gospel—the religion of the Inquisitor, not the religion of the Apostle—the religion of the Pope, not the religion of Christ. Of the book in which his divine religion is taught, they know just as much as they do of the Koran. But shall this reproach for ever rest upon Europe? Shall ignorant bigotry continue to be the characteristic of so many people, around whom the light of truth and knowledge is rapidly spreading its radiance? Shall nations, deriving from the great Creator every blessing which climate and constitution can bestow, be for ever doomed to wear the chains of superstition, and remain strangers to the happiness of both civil and religious liberty? No—the thing is utterly im-

possible—the signs of the times, to which that domineering Church presumptuously assuming attributes and privileges belonging to God alone, is so perversely blind, too clearly demonstrate that the mighty change approaches, the liberation of the human race from servitude of mind, and from servitude of body, and that, delayed as this time may be, by interest and artifice on the one hand, and by weakness and prejudice on the other, yet COME IT WILL. Can any two countries in the world be more contrastedly different than Great Britain under the ancient domination of the Roman See, and Great Britain since the establishment of the reformed religion? Had the change of her faith nothing to do with the prodigious improvement of her condition? Let the question be answered by her Catholic neighbours, one of which, in a revolutionary transport, deemed the abolition of the Popish religion necessary to the establishment of religious freedom. I am far from being an advocate for the frenzy of that revolution, but I do not hesitate to say, that such a revolution would never have taken place, had France at a former period followed the example of England, thrown off the yoke of the Italian Pontiff, and set up a liberal and independent Christian Church, a measure which would soon have been followed by a liberal form of government. Without looking farther than our own island, what was the constitution, creed, and doctrines of the Romish Church, in the days of St Dunstan, St Becket, and many other saints of like character? Do the records of heathenism furnish more absurdities, follies, impostures, and oppressions? None certainly, at least among the more civilized portions of heathenism. Well, what that church was then, we have her own authority for saying she is at this very day, for she professes to be infallible, indefeasible, and immutable!! She calls repetitions of prayers, in a tongue unknown to the speaker, prayers with devotion; and measures the efficacy of the prayer by the rules of arithmetic,—she calls a bellyful of one food a holy fast, and of another, a mortal sin,—she calls the same act a sin in one body, and a sacrament in another,—she plays tricks to delude the vulgar, and calls them miracles worked by the finger of God,—she has invent-

ed a secondary hell, for the purposes of an earthly traffick,—she forbids works of honest industry on days dedicated to saints, but gives full scope to idleness, drunkenness, and profligacy,—she prohibits scriptural knowledge, because she thrives by scriptural ignorance,—she makes God a cipher in his own kingdom, and takes the power of life and death into her own hands—and, to finish the climax of presumptuous absurdity, she not only pretends to exercise all his functions, but moreover to make him first, and eat him afterwards!!!

Is it possible, Sir, that these things can continue to hold their ground in the face of reason, knowledge, and understanding, and in the light of the nineteenth century? Are our Hibernian priests intoxicated with the favours lately shown them—so besotted as to think such a system can last, or that the rays of information, which surround their benighted flocks, can be for ever withheld from their eyes? Are their lay champions so blinded by a vain ambition, as to suppose that with such troops they shall be able to extinguish the lamp of truth; and overthrow the steady and enlightened Protestantism of this Island, were it even undefended by the policy of Great Britain? If they are, I can assure them that they reckon without their host? Paddy is not quite so simple as they think him—I know the people well, and have known them for many a long year; and I know that were the landlords of Ireland to do their duty, to live more among them, to encourage their industry by kindness, and reward it with reasonable rents, to lay on them no burdens but what they could easily bear; to feel an interest in their welfare,—to promote their instruction, and to be more in the habit of personal mixture and communication—Were they, I say, to do this, I have full reason to know, that neither priest nor demagogue would be able to alienate the affections of the tenant from his natural friend and protector the landlord. I do also know, that to be transferred from Protestant to Catholic landlords, is among the things which they are so far from wishing, that, as I have myself heard from more than one of them, it is what they most ardently deprecate; the latter, with some exceptions, being far more severe more exacting,

and more imperious, than the former. There are indeed, among the idlers and paupers of the country, always enough to raise a mob, and follow any riotous leader; but I speak of the great agricultural body of the people; and those who know the country well, know that I speak truth.

The late rebellion, as I may call it, of the forty-shilling freeholders, may seem to militate against my doctrine; but when we consider the artifices resorted to—the anathemas, or, in plain English, the horrible curses of the priests on the one hand, and the inflammatory harangues and delusive promises of the demagogues on the other, and, after all, the difficulty with which it was accomplished, we need not wonder at what took place. This would not long endure—but the true way of preventing such disgraceful scenes, is to take away a privilege always most shamefully abused,—put the franchise into proper hands;—no man should vote for a knight of the shire having less than a £20 freehold;—half of our yeomen are mere paupers, with as little property as brains,—the miserable victims of political ambition, in every view, exercising a privilege of which they know not the true meaning or value, and dragged from their quiet homes and proper occupations, to a scene of discord, clamour, confusion, and perjury.

The ambitious views of my poor countrymen reach but a short way, and are easily developed. They are within the range of a short reflecting telescope. No ideas of grandeur mix with their prospective hopes. The unemployed pauper looks no farther than for work and wages sufficient to maintain himself and family. This, however scanty, he would prefer to find at home; but seeing that the increasing number of his fellow-labourers renders that a vain hope, he now anxiously solicits that relief which emigration offers, and from which thirty or forty years since he would have shrunk with horror. It must be afforded to him. The land is overstocked, and there are no present nor possible means of other support.

The farmer,—and he belongs to a class which, though in too many cases reproachable for slovenliness, negligence, and want of skill, contains a very large number of extremely frugal, quiet, and industrious people,—knows

perfectly well, that whatever changes take place, his station in life will be unshaken. He will be a farmer still; he is fit for no other place, nor do his wishes or desires require a better. What is his ambition? To have a farm suited to his means of cultivation—to be under an easy rent—subject to light charges of every kind—a good market for his spare produce—and with the means of living in what he considers comfort—the ability of saving some money to portion off his daughters, and settle his grown-up sons in a business like his own. When this can be even moderately accomplished, it is no easy matter indeed to goad the farmer into acts of insurgency, or projects of rebellion. They are, of all persons, most content with their lot; to which also their constant employment, and their simple and secluded habits of life, very materially contribute. Times must be bad indeed, distress severe, and oppression bitter, when such persons are seen in the councils of insurrection, and the ranks of the rebellious. Hence I do with confidence assert what has been stated above, that as long as the government affords paternal protection; and, what is an indispensable requisite, as long as landlords fulfil their bounden duty to a valuable class of inhabitants on whom their own prosperity so mainly depends, little danger to the State need be apprehended from that numerous and useful body—the farmers of Ireland.

But I must not rob my rustic countrymen of their heroic fame; for even among them are to be found heroes of no small estimation in their own eyes, and, without any question, the most disinterested of all those who pretend to the glorious title. Some fight to recover old or gain new territories; some to be distinguished by honours and rewards; and many, for the simple objects of pay and subsistence; our Hibernian heroes alone for the mere pleasure of fighting. The nature and character of this valour is altogether peculiar to the country where it is found, and not certainly to be paralleled in any other region of the globe, Christian or heathen, civilized or savage. It is a strange sort of warfare which engages friends, neighbours, exercises

of the same craft, and professors of the same creed, to hack, maim, and murder each other, in defiance of laws human and divine, for no other purpose than to ascertain, whether there be more men able to carry arms among the Bryans than among the Sullivans, the Denovans, or the Collinses; for if the question of numerical superiority had never been mooted, no thought of contention would ever have suggested itself to their minds. There is not a man of them, who, being asked his opinion of such inhuman broils in cold blood, will hesitate to say, that they are very absurd and very wrong,—yet not a man of them will refuse the call when invited to the field; when, but for the interference of the civil and sometimes the military power, blood would be wantonly shed at every public meeting. It is no doubt a remnant of the old feudal state, when clan met clan in bloody contention, under the command of their respective chiefs. The wonder is, that the rivalry should remain when the grounds of it have been removed, and that the hostile movements should continue among the members after the heads had departed.* It affords, among a thousand other proofs, a sample of the benefits they have derived from religious instruction under the auspices of the Church of Rome; and how happily her priests, after a thousand years of instruction, have succeeded in humanizing, civilizing, and Christianizing their Irish flocks. After an apprenticeship of such length, and to so little purpose, surely I cannot be wrong in saying, that there is one trade they have yet to learn, and which will never be learned under the old masters—the trade of a Christian.

I have, Sir, I fear, trespassed too long on your columns, having run my observations to a greater length than I intended. So much attention, however, is now necessarily turned to this country, that if they shall be found to contribute in any material degree to the elucidation of its present state, condition, prosperity, and character, no apology need be offered.

I remain, &c.

SENEX.

Cork, 13th Nov. 1826.

* I was myself spectator of a very fierce battle between two rival parties of at least fifty on a side; which battle took place on a Sunday, immediately after coming out of chapel, in a town of the county of Cork. It was with difficulty quelled by the peace-officers. The parties went to prayers, as they call it, with cudgels under their coats. Pray, to whom were their prayers addressed? or what edification did they receive from their priest? Mars ought to have a place in the Irish calendar.

LETTER ON RICARDO'S THEORY OF RENT.

SIR,

YOUR readers, I apprehend, are, like the rest of the reading world, nearly tired of Political Economy; but if, in the following pages, I present you nothing new, commit them to the flames, or, what is a worse ordeal, to the burning quill of a sharp critic.

I was once a student under Adam Smith's system; and in those days, the application to this science was as assiduously followed out by my fellow-students, as any full-grown gentleman can now boast of doing.

I have occasionally met these students of the Ricardo school; but I do not discover in them intellects a whit more acute, or reasoning powers of greater capacity, than were possessed by my fellow-students. But I am told, that we, of the old school, know *now* nothing of the subject; that the discoveries of Ricardo on *Rent* have changed the whole system; and that, in consequence, Political Economy has become the most certain of all sciences. I have attempted to reason with these grown-up scholars of this new school on this very subject; but I have found a violence in their argument, and an assumption in their premises, which have not conveyed to my mind the most favourable impression of the soundness of their doctrines. I have been told, that my resistance to their fundamental principles on Rent, betrays in me a want, a deficiency, in intellect,—a flatness, perhaps, they mean, in the argumentative bump of some one of the departments, or provinces, into which the brain, or its representative, the skull, has been, of late, divided.

As to the certainty of *this* science, I shall be delighted to have pointed out to me any one science, of the whole circle, in which there is *any* certainty, unless that science be founded on *numbers* or *measurement*.

In writing on any subject, there is nothing like explaining what we understand the nature and essence of that subject to be. I have some notion that I shall be held by the followers of the new school, to be the veriest dunce that ever undertook to write upon Political Economy, when I define my meaning of the subject.—But we of the old school are not easily damped. We studied too ardently, and made,

in our own opinion, such progress in this *certain* science, that we shall not readily yield to the *new light*. I define the Political Economy of a nation to consist in the *practice*, in its *institutions*, of what may best contribute to the happiness and comfort of the people at home, and to the security and continuance of those blessings against efforts from abroad.

Nor more favourably will my opinions be held in the estimation of the new school, when I declare that the institutions and regulations by which the above may be attained, depend upon the manners, customs, habits, and genius of the people; soil, situation, nay, the very latitude and longitude of the country.—And now, sir, let us attack the fundamental doctrine of this new school.

Rent, Mr Ricardo tells us, never can take place till land of the first quality is completely occupied, and land of the second quality comes into demand. The rent, then, consists of the difference in produce of the two qualities of land. Again, land of the second quality cannot admit of a rent till it is completely occupied also, and land of the third quality is, in like manner, brought into cultivation by the demand,—the difference between the two, as in the first case, constituting rent. From this theory, for it is pure theory, without a single fact to support it, very important deductions are made: And the more I have considered the theory, the more I am convinced, that *this* theory was invented in order to found upon it those deductions.

When such a theory is so assumed, the question is, what foundation has it in fact. I venture to say, then, that it is *not true in any instance*, that land of the first quality is necessarily occupied before land of the second quality can afford a rent.—No country ever was, or ever can be, in such a situation. Land of the first, and second, and third quality, *depend for their cultivation*, in every country, both of the old and new world, *upon local situation and climate*. Near a demand, and with access to that demand, by roads or by navigation, land of the second and third quality will be cultivated in preference to land of the first quality, that is remote from de-

mand, or inaccessible to demand, or in a climature that mars occasionally the fertility of the soil. Of land of the first-rate quality, beyond the reach of demand, or inaccessible to a demand, there are thousands of acres uncultivated in North America. In that country, as in every other, the banks of the navigable rivers, without reference to the quality of the soil, were the first cultivated. Those lands alone in the vicinity of the American towns bear a rent, whether of the first, second, or third quality. * * *

But further, *lands of the first quality never can come first into cultivation.* It requires a *very advanced progress* in Agriculture to be able to cultivate them. It is the thin, dry, every-day ploughable land that is first cultivated. The rich lands require draining, and an attention to the wet or dry condition of the soil, before they can be brought to produce abundant crops; and the plough and the horses must be of a superior kind to what are used in the first stages of rural culture. We, at this day, see the ancient vestiges of the plough, high up on the dry sides of our hills, where now-a-days no person thinks of turning up the soil. In those ancient times, the *holm, haugh, or flat rich lands, were not cultivated.* The rich soils of the Carse of Gowrie were, to the extent of one-third, not in cultivation ninety years ago; yet the dry lands of Perthshire had long before been completely occupied. The vale of the Garonne, the richest land in France, only came into full cultivation after the formation of the great canal, and the beautiful roads of Languedoc: yet the records of Estates in Burgundy prove that the whole of the dry limestone soils of that district were occupied in corn and vines three hundred years ago. It was within our own recollection, that two-thirds of the fen lands of Lincolnshire (certainly the most fertile soil in England) were not in cultivation. The rich plains of Lombardy were brought into their present state only after the completion of the "*Naviglio grande*," in 1270, which conveys the waters of the Tesino to Milan, a distance of thirty miles; but long before that period, land of the second and third quality on light dry surfaces was in extensive tillage. It is more strange that Ricardo should

have been so ignorant of rural affairs, as to form a theory on the supposition that *it was practicable, in the first stages of Agriculture, to cultivate rich soils.* But his views were clearly limited to a vague notion of North-American culture, of which we have all read so much, but of which few have a correct idea; for he writes of our rich soils wearing out, and never considers that inferior soils, in an improved state of agriculture, are always approaching to a higher scale of fertility.

Universally, it is the demand for the produce of the soil, and cheapness and facility to supply that demand, which create rent, or a remuneration given to the owner, for the use of the ground, by him who thinks he can turn a profit out of the land by the employment of his capital, his industry, skill, and labour. All your volumes of definitions of the nature of Rent are idle discussions, that have embarrassed the plainest and most common-sense subject. They have led only to false theories, and from such theories we need not be surprised that the most absurd, however ingenious, deductions have been the result.

They remind me of a grave *leading* article in the Scotsman newspaper some months ago, in which is discussed, in sober seriousness, the question of a wine-merchant demanding a higher price for wine kept by him beyond the usual time of the trade. The writer of the article hesitates to pronounce what constitutes the additional price which Master Boniface's wine-merchant exacts for his old wine.

Mr Ricardo and his followers have never yet declared whether money obtained for the use of the pasture-land is *Rent*. The new school preserve a most profound silence on this point, although it constitutes the riches of a great portion of the most fertile soils in Europe: The province of Holland, the plains of Holstein, Lombardy, Romney Marsh in England, extensive tracts in Hungary, in Switzerland, in Bohemia;—in short, there is no part of Europe that does not contain a large portion of pasture-ground of as great fertility as are the arable grounds which yield what we call *Rent*. Suppose I have a large island entirely in pasture, rich in meadows for cattle, with dry upland feeding for horses,

and high down pasture for sheep: Suppose my tenants send annually for sale, cattle, sheep, and horses, to Kent, or to any other county, and purchase in return, wheat, barley, hops, and clothing; bringing back also some money in their pockets, part of which they pay to me for the use of my land: Come forward, now, ye deep-thinking scholars of the new school, and pronounce, Is this money paid to me as Rent, or is it not? We of the old school call it simply rent; nay, more, we say, that if there be a demand for sheep, my high down pasture *may* command a rent at 3s. per acre, before I can let my rich meadows for L.3 per acre, although my rich meadow may have been in grass as many centuries as the meadows of the province of Holland. In this province, nineteen-twentieth parts have been in grass for ages, while, at the same time, the poor soils of Guelderland have, time out of mind, been tortured by the plough. Are we, by the Ricardo theory, to put the rich meadows of Holland out of the pale of rent; and admit, that the miserable sands of Guelderland yield a rent, because land of the first, and second, and third quality, (or any lower number in the scale of fertility,) have been previously completely occupied?

Now to the grand corollary on this precious theory, which every newspaper repeats from shreds and remnants collected from reviews on Political Economy.

When the demand for land of the second or third quality allows a rent for land of the first quality, the cultivator of the inferior soil must receive a greater remunerating price for his produce, than did the cultivator of the superior soil before the poor soil was cultivated: Or when land of an inferior quality is cultivated, the deficient produce, compared to that of superior land, demands a higher price to remunerate its cultivator. He cultivates because there is a demand for corn, and if he were not remunerated he would cease to cultivate. Hence corn from the whole superior soil must rise in price to the remunerating price of the inferior.

In other words, the cultivation of poor soil taxes the whole community with an additional price for corn produced from all the good, all the middling, and all the inferior soils, be-

cause the cultivation of the last must be indemnified; and as there cannot be two prices, the whole cultivators must partake of this increased price, nor can there be two rates of profits or remunerating prices.

I have placed this stronghold of the new school in every light in which the scholars exhibit it, and I trust your readers thoroughly understand this curious proposition. Nothing appears more strange to me, than that many of my ardent acute friends, who have enlisted under the banners of the new school, do not perceive that the whole theory hinges on *false* premises. It is a mere assumption, a sheer begging the question, that the demand for corn is constant; and it is only on the supposition of a *constant demand above the supply*, that any shadow of such an argument can be grounded.

In consequence of the encouragement given to cultivation by the Corn Laws, we have, *in spite of a rapid increase of our population*, been able to supply ourselves with corn without the aid of foreign importations; and the result was, that the price of wheat has twice within these few years been *below what any of the corn-importing school dare avow they wish corn to be in this country*. Yet during that time poor soils were in full cultivation; and whether with or without a remunerating price, their produce, when brought to market, as every sensible person would conclude, was obliged to submit to the market price; that is, that price which depends upon the proportion of supply to the demand. All other speculations on price are nonsense. If there be an axiom in Political Economy which approximates to certainty, it is this. Whatever is the produce of human industry, be it corn, or cattle, or manufactures, or the very rude stones dug out of the earth; everything brought to market, in defiance of the cost of production, will be regulated in price by the ratio of the demand to the supply. That corn should form an exception, is certainly the boldest, yet the most ingenious imposition that has been made in our day on the common sense of mankind.

Their proposition amounts to this result in figures: Suppose the produce of Great Britain was last year (1826) twelve millions of quarters of wheat, raised from land of the first quality:

and that the inferior soils produced half a million of quarters of wheat: Suppose this inferior land required the price of wheat to be five shillings per quarter above the price which would indemnify land of the first quality, that the cultivators of the inferior land might be remunerated; then, by the Ricardo theory, the whole wheat of the country would rise in price five shillings per quarter, because half a million of quarters (one twenty-fourth part of the whole, a large allowance from poor soils,) costs that additional price! That is, the nation pays three millions extra to the cultivators of fine soils, because an additional expense of £125,000 is incurred by the cultivators of poor soils. Now, let us suppose that the demand continues for this quantity of wheat, and this year, 1827, the cultivation of the same quantity of poor soil continues; but, by the blessing of Providence, the produce from the first quality of soil rises to thirteen and a half millions of quarters of wheat, and the poor soils yield 600,000 quarters, at only four shillings additional expense above the superior soils, (on account of the increased productiveness by reason of the fine season)—With this increased quantity of one-thirteenth on the whole produce (nearly equal, it is said, to our highest importation quantity,) suppose that the supply is rather above the demand: Come forward, ye expounders of the new doctrine, and tell us in plain intelligible terms, Will the cultivators of the poor soils, in the year 1827-28, raise the price of the whole fourteen millions of quarters four shillings per quarter, because they raised 600,000 quarters from poor soils at this additional expense? When the market is full, week after week, will their small quantity bear a sway so as to command the price over the whole produce of the country?

If the doctrine of remuneration for raising corn on poor soils be true to the proportion of one twenty-fifth part of the whole produce of Great Britain, it must, in like manner, be true, when the produce of poor soils bears the smallest proportion to that of rich soils; as one to a hundred, or one to a thousand.

A Theory on which a science of certainty is founded, must be true to the greatest or to the smallest proportions. It can have no limits, else that Theory is false; but if we refer this question,

as well as most others in Political Economy, to the well-known principles of supply and demand, everything becomes clear, plain, and simple, and true to the uttermost extreme to which we may push the application of those principles.

Suppose once more, that the late scarcity of water were to continue, and to increase to a very great extent, and that water were in demand at one penny per gallon; water, we must allow, is more necessary than corn, because we can live on roast beef and mutton, but we cannot bake our wheat without water: Suppose several huge joint-stock water-drawing companies started up, dug immense pits, erected steam-engines, and contrived to draw water at a pretty tight joint-stock-like cost; but to remunerate them, it required that their water should sell for one penny farthing per gallon—are we to conclude, upon the Ricardo theory of corn prices, that all the water of the country must rise a farthing per gallon, because our water-drawers of the joint-stock race must be remunerated for drawing out of their wells one millionth part of the whole water drank by the community?

The favourite result of these speculations of the new school, on Rent and on the Corn Laws, is to put down the cultivation of bad land; to open our ports to foreign corn; to send our dismissed poor-soil cultivators to the 99 degrees heated manufacturing mills; to reimburse, out of the increased manufactures, the growers of corn abroad for what we purchase from them; to encourage the foreigner's industry, and his means of purchasing our manufactures; and finally, to increase our wealth and comforts, by encouraging a reciprocity of industry between the two nations directly, or indirectly, through the medium of a third nation.

The Chinese hinted repeatedly to Lord M^cCartney their extreme contempt for foreign commerce: "That beggarly foreign trade, of what value is it to the mighty empire of the great Kien-Long?"—"Well!" I dare claim, "what is your beggarly export of manufactures, compared to the home-consumption?" I shall give you a simple ground of comparison.

Take the population of Great Britain alone at twelve millions—Examine a British family—a man, his

wife, and three children, the common computation of a family—Value the worth of British manufactures, with which they are clothed—Examine in any country in Europe, any number of families, and take an average of the value of British manufactures, as clothing, in their possession—we shall not find a twelfth part of our manufactures on a foreign family compared to one at home. Now, the result is, that in clothing alone, our people consume annually more than do 144 millions of foreigners, without taking into account the household manufactures used by the British families. I leave after this the telescopic economists to amuse themselves in spying out valuable customers for Manchester and Glasgow among the miserable serfs of Poland.

But we have too many manufacturers of fancy goods already, compared to the rest of the community; and such a population is the most dangerous for security of persons or property. In every period of six or seven years, a check at the point of *extreme employment*, suddenly shakes credit, public and private, to the foundation. Thousands of unemployed workmen are thrown upon the world in want and in despair, and the State has to contend against the most hazardous of all

public evils—a great population in want of food.

But we must owe all these evils to the Corn Laws!! Have the Corn Laws kept down the cotton weaver's wages to seven or eight shillings a-week for some years past?

Did the Corn Laws import into Glasgow some thousands of linen weavers from the North of Ireland, and convert them into cotton weavers? Why have the linen weavers of Dunfermline, of Kirkcaldy, and of the towns in Forfarshire, never suffered distress? Did the Corn Laws export cargo after cargo of Manchester and Glasgow cotton goods to South America, and double and triple their powerful machinery in consequence—to South America, I say, from whence the value of the packing-cases has never yet been received in return?

We of the old school imagine we can solve these questions distinctly—but we dread coming before the tribunal of the new school, lest we might be interrogated on that puzzling question, and display our ignorance as to what constitutes the advanced price which Mr Magnum demands for a hogshead of (what, alas! we cannot afford to taste) his prime 1815!!!

X. X.

Our Correspondent has here done all that ingenuity can do against truth; for *that*, he must allow us to say, rests impreguably with the new school, "*Si Pergama dextra*," &c.

The sum of his opposition to the new doctrine of Rent, (which doctrine, though adopted and applied to most important consequences by Mr Ricardo, is not originally his, or claimed by him, but is Sir Edward West's,) lies in two arguments:

1st, That the several qualities of soil were not brought into cultivation agreeably to the order assumed by Mr R., viz. the best soil first, the second best next, and so on. Possibly this is true; but it makes no iota of difference in the doctrine; let the order of developement have been what it may, the difference is no less real between one soil and another, and the *difference* is all that is essential to the new doctrine of Rent. Let the order of cultivation assumed by Mr R. have been even absolutely inverted, and every consequence will still arise just as before.

2d, He puts a case, the substance of which may be briefly stated thus:—Edinburgh wants ten millions quarts of water, which can be furnished at one penny each. Afterwards Edinburgh wants one thousand quarts more, which cannot be furnished at less than one penny farthing. Now, is *that* any reason, says he, why the ten million men should renounce their advantage, and raise their price by a farthing in order to countenance the thousand men? This is

his question. But he forgets one little thing. Before any one would think of producing the last thousand quarts, the ten millions must have been found insufficient for the demand; that insufficiency would express itself by a rise in the market price of the ten millions. This rise would act as a summons to the production of the last thousand quarts, and would take place not *after*, (as our correspondent supposes the Ricardian to say,) but *before* the production of that last thousand. That this increased price would be sustained after the supply was equalized with the demand, is evident, because the penny men could not return to their old price, and undersell the penny-farthing men, without driving them out of the market; since a penny-farthing, by the supposition, is the least sum that will pay profits and wages on the thousand quarts. But the penny-farthing men cannot be driven out of the market, because the whole product by the very terms of the case is no more than sufficient for the demand; and if for a moment they should be driven out of the market, the increase of price consequent on insufficient supply would immediately recall them. In this state of things, the landlords of that land, or of those wells which produce the ten million quarts, finding that the producers have an advantage over the thousand quart men, step in and demand the whole difference between them, viz. a farthing—and so commences Rent. For those who raise water at a penny-farthing have the ordinary rate of profits; and therefore those who can raise it at a penny, have more than the ordinary rate by a farthing. This rent becomes confirmed by contracts; and after *that* all attempts to undersell become impossible, except by sacrificing some part of the ordinary rate of profit.

Such is our answer to his case of the water. His other case of the wheat is precisely the same in so much of it as relates to the question at issue. But he has here employed the *sophisma per plures interrogationes*, having complicated the true question regarding the natural price with another and irrelevant one about the market price. A Smithian, however, he must recollect, is as little entitled to confound these two modes of price as a Ricardian. We shall answer him by distinguishing his two questions. *First*, will the price (*i. e.* the natural price) of the whole fourteen million quarters rise by the additional four shillings required to produce the last six hundred thousand quarters? Answer—Undoubtedly it will. And this is the question we have already answered in the case of the water. *Secondly*, Because by the supposition there is an excess of supply beyond the demand, will the price (*i. e.* the market price) fall in consequence of that excess? Answer—Undoubtedly; it will fall say five, ten, fifteen, or any number of shillings answerable to that excess; but it will always fall by four shillings less than it would have fallen but for the last six hundred thousand quarters.

Our excellent correspondent will find it vain to kick against these irresistible doctrines. But he must allow us to add, that the old theory of Rent is not (as he supposes) *opposed* to the new theory, but simply different from it. Adam Smith did not *deny* anything essential to the new views; he merely *overlooked* something, viz. the fact of the different rates of fertility in the soil. Neither did he uniformly overlook this; some things which he says imply that he had a glimpse of it; and with regard to mines, he was pretty sensible of this scale of differences, and of its consequences.—C. N.

WINTER.

IN SIX SONNETS.

No. I.—DAYBREAK.

SLOW clear away the misty shades of morn,
 As sings the Redbreast on the window-sill;
 Fade the last stars; the air is stern and still;
 And lo! bright frost-work on the leafless thorn!—
 Why, Day-god, why so late? the tardy heaven
 Brightens; and, screaming downwards to the shore
 Of the waste sea, the dim-seen gulls pass o'er,
 A scatter'd crowd, by natural impulse driven
 Home to their element. All yesternight
 From spongy ragged clouds pour'd down the rain,
 And, in the wind gusts, on the window pane
 Battled aloud:—but now the sky grows bright.
 Winter! since thou must govern us again,
 Oh, take not in fierce tyrannies delight.

No. II.—SNOW-STORM.

How gloom the clouds! quite stifled is the ray,
 Which from the conquer'd sun would vainly shoot
 Through the blank storm; and though the winds be mute,
 Lo! down the whitening deluge finds its way,—
 Look up!—a thousand thousand fairy notes
 Come dancing downwards, onwards, sideways whirl'd
 Like flecks of down, or apple-blossoms curl'd
 By nipping winds. See how in ether floats
 The light-wing'd mass,—then, mantling o'er the field,
 Changes at once the landscape, chokes the rill,
 Hoarises with white the lately verdant hill,
 And silvers earth. All to thine influence yield,
 Stern conqueror of blithe Autumn; yearly still
 Of thee, the dread avatar is reveal'd.

No. III.—CLEAR FROST.

'Tis noon, the heaven is clear without a cloud;
 And, on the masses of untrodden snow,
 The inefficient sunbeams glance and glow:
 Still is the mountain swathed in its white shroud:
 But look along the lake!—hark to the hum
 Of mingling crowds!—in graceful curves how swings
 The air-poised skater—Mercury without wings!—
 Rings the wide ice, a murmur never dumb;
 While over all, in fits harmonious, come
 The dulcet tones which Music landward flings.—
 There moves the ermined fair, with timid toe,
 Half-pain'd, half-pleased: yes! all is joy and mirth,
 As if, though Frost could subjugate mean earth,
 He had no chains to bind the spirit's flow.

No. IV.—MOONLIGHT.

BEHOLD the mountain peaks how sharply lined
 Against the cloudless orient!—while, serene,
 The silver Moon, majestic as a queen,
 Walks mid thin stars, whose lustre has declined.—
 There is no breath of wind abroad. The trees
 Sleep in their stilly leaflessness; while, lost
 In the pale, sparkling labyrinths of frost,
 The wide world seems to slumber, and to freeze.—
 'Tis like enchanted fairyland!—A chill
 Steals o'er the heart, as, gazing thus on night,
 Life from our lower world seems pass'd away;
 And, in the witchery of the faint moonlight,
 Silence comes down to hold perpetual away;—
 So breathless is the scene—so hush'd—so still!

No. V.—VICISSITUDE.

OH! sweetly beautiful it is to mark
 The virgin, vernal Snow-drop! lifting up—
 Meek as a nun—the whiteness of its cup—
 From earth's dead bosom, desolate ah! dark.—
 Glorious is Summer! with its rich array
 Of blossom'd greenery, perfume-glowing bowers,
 Blue skies, and balmy airs, and fruits, and flowers,
 Bright sunshine, singing birds, and endless day!—
 Nor glorious less brown Autumn's witchery;
 As by her aureate trees Pomona sits,
 And Ceres, as she wanders, hears by fits
 The reapers' chant, beneath the mellowing sky;—
 But thy blasts, Winter, hymn a moral lay,
 And, mocking Earth, bid Man's thoughts point on high.

No. VI.—CONCLUSIONS.

ALL things around us preach of Death; yet Mirth
 Swells the vain heart, darts from the careless eye,
 As if we were created ne'er to die,
 And had our everlasting home on earth!—
 All things around us preach of Death; the leaves
 Drop from the forests—perish the bright flow'rs—
 Shortens the day's shorn sunlight, hours on hours—
 And o'er bleak, sterile fields the wild wind grieves.—
 Yes! all things preach of Death;—we are born to die;—
 We are but waves along Life's ocean driven;
 Time is to us a brief probation, given
 To fit us for a dread eternity.—
 Hear ye, that watch with Faith's unsleeping eye,—
 Earth is our pilgrimage, our home is Heaven!

A

SELWYN IN SEARCH OF A DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER I.

EDWARD SELWYN TO THE REV. JOSEPH TREVOR.

Paris, June 18—

For the first time, my dear Trevor, since I set out on my inauspicious journey, I have found a moment's leisure to address you a few lines; rather to satisfy your friendly anxiety, than to communicate observations, which the distracted state of my mind, and the rapidity of my motions, alike preclude me from making.

Aware as I was, on leaving London, that my unhappy daughter, and the partner of her flight, (her husband I can scarce yet bring myself to call him,) must ere this have reached Paris, I had, of course, no object but to arrive, if possible, in that city before they might have left it. You, who know me so well, can imagine how differently, under other circumstances, I should have viewed a journey, the object of many a fond speculation, which exquisite felicity at home alone prevented my realizing.

Dejected and harassed as I was, by fruitless researches and sleepless nights, I could not, after an absence of nearly thirty years, tread without emotion the soil of that France, every page of whose history is more or less interwoven with ours, and whose crimes or exploits have for so many years wearied the trump of Fame. Of the numberless historical associations which dimly float around the decayed ramparts of Calais, my mind could only dwell with congenial bitterness on the strong expression of Mary, when, inconsolable for its loss, she was heard to exclaim, "that its name, on her death, would be found written on her heart!" I feel, that on mine, something "sharper than a serpent's tooth" has indelibly inscribed that of Constance!

The monotonous scenery of the north of France, is ill calculated to rouse from painful reveries; once only did I feel strong emotion, when the first sight of the blooming orchards of Normandy brought Herefordshire full on my mind: but with the flush of blossoms ended the resemblance. There wanted, to complete the picture,

my paternal mansion, with its venerable oaks, and the neat smiling cottages of our happy England. I found something more congenial to my present mood in the deserted chateaux, few and far between, and in that absence of human beings to animate the landscape, complained of by the more social traveller. St Denis, with its rifled tombs and royal victims, lay before me; the gloomy towers of Vincennes rose in view, in whose blood-stained fosse obscurely sleeps the last action of a princely line. I felt like the philosophic Roman amid the ruins of Grecian greatness; my private griefs sunk into insignificance before the weight of miseries which France has borne, and in her turn inflicted.

It is easy thus to moralize, but nature triumphs; and on entering Paris, it had for me no spot so attractive as the Bureau de Police, from whence I am just returned with information, which the lateness of the hour prevents my following up till to-morrow. The search may be protracted and fruitless; I will leave its result for another letter, and dispatch this to fulfil your friendly injunctions. I need not enjoin *you* to forward instantly any letter bearing a foreign post-mark. My child *must* write to her father, and possibly I may receive from *you* the first intelligence of one so guilty, yet so dear. Yours ever,

EDWARD SELWYN.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Paris.

I told you, Trevor, in my last, that my inquiries at the Bureau de Police had furnished me with what I fondly believed a clew to discover the fugitive, whom I then dreaded, while I longed to see; now that the prospect has, for the present, vanished, the latter sentiment alone predominates, and I lament as a fresh disappointment, what, at the moment, I could almost have hailed as a relief.

Furnished with a description answering to that of my poor misguided

child, I called at the house to which it directed me, and with a beating heart, and trembling limbs, found myself introduced into the presence of—a *stranger*! So fully had I been prepared for the assumption of a fictitious name, that I had scarcely allowed myself to admit the possibility of Madame de la Rive (corresponding in age, stature, complexion, and period of arrival, with her I sought) proving another than my Constance. Judge then of my feelings on the annihilation of hopes so sanguine!

The young woman, on whom I had thus intruded, received me politely, and readily admitted the incoherent excuses I was able to offer for my mistake. She inspired me with interest by her deep dejection, and from what I have since learned of her situation, I have reason to think her yet more unfortunate, as well as criminal, than my inexperienced child. She was once the happy wife of an indulgent husband, but, by following the fortunes of a profligate seducer, she has stamped with misery all the future years of a life hardly yet in its prime. Her father is not unknown to me, and when I compare his lot with mine, I feel that I may yet cherish hopes to which he must be a stranger, and I bless Providence for the lesson of resignation!

Pierre, (a trusty Swiss, procured for me by S— in London,) to whom I have, of course, been obliged, in general terms, to communicate, that I am in search of individuals whom I am most anxious to discover, has suggested the obvious course of frequenting those places of universal resort most favourable for accidental encounters. The task is an irksome one; but, stimulated by hope, and too much agitated to find rest practicable, I suffer myself to be led wherever a concourse of idlers permits me to prosecute my researches, at least unobserved. With a perseverance equal to that of the veteran loungers of the place, have I sat hours in the garden of the Tuilleries, my eyes apparently fixed on the gay groups that flitted before me, without, in fact, taking any further cognizance of them, than sufficed to ascertain whom they did *not* contain. I wander up and down the endless Gallery of the Louvre, at times beguiled by the masterpieces which yet decorate its

walls, into a momentary forgetfulness of my anxieties; but, how quickly do I turn even from the sea-pieces of my favourite Vernet, or the living landscapes of Claude, to follow with eager scrutiny every light youthful figure that glides along the gallery!

I strolled one evening into the Theatre Français—it happened to be Iphigenie; and the character of the stoical father appeared to me so absurdly unnatural, that, but for my sympathy with the maternal grief of Clytemnestra, I could not have sat it out.

Nothing, since I came to France, has so effectually, for the moment, relieved the “sickness of hope deferred,” as my excursion to Versailles, whose desolate chambers teem with historical associations, with the glories of the *Siècle de Louis Quatorze*, and the misfortunes of his ill-fated progeny. The Memoirs of the former brilliant period have been the favourite amusement of my leisure hours; and fancy easily re-peopled the lone galleries of Versailles, with the Turennes and Condés, who filled its page with triumphs, with the Boileaus, the Racines, and the Fenelons, of its Augustan age; and even with those less important personages, whose adventures have descended to us in the matchless gossiping of that memoir-writing period, the Lauzuns, the Bussis, the La Valières, and that delightful Seigné, whose wit and tenderness would alike have been lost to posterity, had she not idolized—a daughter!

It was impossible to see the Council Chamber, and not to conjure up Madame de Maintenon and her tambour frame, occupying the corner; or to gaze on the faded splendour of the Chapel, (where a solitary lamp chanced to burn in honour of a saint,) without imagining it lighted up in an equally unostentatious manner, for the stolen ceremony which placed that extraordinary woman on the list of Queens. The anti-chamber, where sovereigns eagerly awaited an audience of the *Grand Monarque*, and the Salle de Spectacle, where the *aimable Vainqueur* so often led up the ball, are alike solitary and deserted; indeed, the latter matchless private Theatre is now only a receptacle for lumber, and sadly *tapisé* with portraits of many a Bourbon, to whom the necessities of

the times still deny frames and gilding.

All at Versailles harmonizes with these antique recollections; the execrably formal style of the gardens, the cruelly clipped, yet venerable orange trees, flourishing alone unchanged amid the wreck of centuries; the groups of allegorical statuary, particularly the celebrated one of the Monarch as Apollo, surrounded by his female favourites, all speak of the olden time, and one would regret their disappearance.

From the gorgeous vestiges of the *Siècle de Louis Quatorze*, the transition is strange to the sorrows of Marie Antoinette. Who could see unmoved her chamber, bearing more evidently than any other the traces of popular fury; the balcony where she heroically appeared before a ferocious rabble bent on her destruction; the narrow passage through which she escaped on the night of her intended assassination, only, alas! to prolong for further suffering a miserable existence? It was impossible to hear these scenes described on the spot by an ancient Swiss, an eye-witness of those horrors, without shuddering. But nowhere is the memory of that unfortunate Princess more entwined with every feature of the scene, than at the *Petit Trianon*, that charming retreat, where alone, in all the vast domain of Versailles, Nature has been allowed free scope, and where the unconscious family of Louis Seize beguiled the ennui of greatness, by imitating, in the fictitious hamlet in the gardens, the humbler conditions of human life. The Queen's beautiful marble-lined dairy yet remains, and the hameau, and all parts of the garden, seem almost miraculously to have escaped devastation; but they have a melancholy and forlorn aspect, which accords well with the ideas they inspire, and the daughter of Marie Antoinette frequently spends a few hours there alone,—with what complicated feelings none but royal sufferers can know.

I returned from Versailles in a frame of mind less irritable, to resume my now almost hopeless task. I shall await one more post from England, and if it again disappoints me, I shall proceed south, concluding that the desire of revisiting his native country has hurried the destroyer of my peace to his beloved Italy.—Italy! with what

delight did I once contemplate a pilgrimage to that classic country, as a meet completion of the education of that child, whose very talents have proved her bane! Music, my former passion, is now a source of exquisite pain, and its combination with the Italian language rendered my only visit to the opera so irksome, that nothing would tempt me to go again.

This crowded metropolis is now to me a dreary solitude, which I would gladly exchange for that of my post-chaise. To-morrow I set out, if—alas! I need hardly cherish the hope.

Yours ever,

E. S.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Lyons, July 18—

THE date of this, my dear Trevor, will no doubt surprise you, and you will sympathise with me in being thus long detained on a journey, the very expedition of which defeated its end, by occasioning a feverish illness, from which I am gradually recovering. To pursue my journey, is as yet impossible; but I cannot compel my mind to partake my body's inactivity, and I will give it employment by replying, though at the expense of some pain, to the postscript of your last received at Paris, in which you delicately remind me, that your absence from Herefordshire has left you unacquainted with the rise and progress of that unhappy attachment, of which you only returned in time to deplore the disastrous conclusion.

In retracing these painful details, I shall have to claim your indulgence for palpable indiscretions, and your sympathy for parental weakness. Were I to relate to you the history of my whole life, it would alike exhibit a compound of contradictions, of hasty resolutions, and tardy repentance.

By a father, left like myself, sole parent of an only daughter, the establishment in our neighbourhood of a depot for prisoners of war ought naturally to have been viewed with dissatisfaction and distrust; and indeed these prudential considerations induced me long to do violence to my feelings, by abstaining from hospitalities towards a set of brave men, the ennui of whose captivity I might otherwise have been tempted to alleviate. After meeting them, however, occasionally

in the neighbourhood, I found reason to applaud the line of conduct I had pursued, (for setting aside the idea of a mutual attachment, which I confess never occurred to my imagination,) truth obliges all who know them to confess, that few French officers are, in manners or principles, such as a parent of ordinary prudence would wish to introduce into his family.

A young Italian, however, recently enrolled under the French standard, formed a striking exception to the petulance, the brutality, or the coxcombry of his French companions, and powerfully interested me by his expressive countenance, his deep dejection, and the exquisite skill and taste which (though with evident reluctance, conquered only by his desire to oblige) he occasionally displayed in the bewitching music of his country. Till I met Ludovisi, I entertained the popular error, that Italian music, calculated for the exhibition of mere science and execution, (and indeed too often in England perverted to that sole object,) was little fitted to affect the heart, and to express its every emotion, from the effusions of an irresistible gaiety, to the accents of the most contagious melancholy. But when, after dissolving a breathless auditory into tears by one of those simple national airs, the melancholy cadences of which too well recalled his absent country, he suddenly chased these emotions and his own by the playful strains of a *beccarolle*, I first owned the power of a music which has no rival in the world; and, perhaps, naturally enough conceived the wish of imparting to the exquisite voice of my Constance, somewhat of this magical influence.

With this view I studied the character of the young Italian, and found in his conversation abundant proofs of a liberal education, and an amiable disposition. His family, he rather incidentally than ostentatiously mentioned, was among the noblest in Verona, but reduced by a series of misfortunes, and particularly by the opposition of his father to the French usurpation, to comparative indigence. On the death of Signor Ludovisi, and after all efforts to preserve Italy from the French yoke had failed, the young man, to contribute to the comfort and support of his surviving parent, had been induced, reluctantly, to accept a commission in an Italian

corps destined to co-operate in a distant expedition, by joining which he hoped to reap glory, and escape the sight of his country's humiliations. Political opinions, as well as the gentleness of his manners and refinement of his pursuits, tended to estrange him from the society of his companions in captivity, and the recent loss of his mother, by increasing his despondence, increased my sympathy for a grief so natural and unaffected. The early lessons of this lamented parent had, I was happy to perceive, proved as yet a complete antidote against the infidelity of his companions, while the good sense of an enlightened mind escaped the opposite weakness of superstition.

Foreseeing (as I thought) from all these observations, little danger to the mind or morals of my child, from an occasional intercourse, which promised many advantages towards the completion of her education in those points most difficult to be supplied at a distance from London, I ventured to give Ludovisi first a particular, and then a general invitation, his delicacy and reserve in availing himself of which, confirmed my favourable opinion.—Music and Italian literature were of course the chief topics in these preliminary visits, and I perceived with parental pride, that my daughter's proficiency in both astonished, as well as interested Ludovisi, and paved the way for a request as delicately made as it was gratefully acquiesced in, that he would devote to their perfection a little of that redundant leisure of which he feelingly complained.

Although little entitled to claim the praise of penetration or sagacity, I nevertheless think I should have been struck with anything like those sudden prepossessions which young people, thus thrown together, have sometimes conceived for each other: but no such symptoms were visible. Difference of country, of religion, and of fortune, made Ludovisi at first consider his young pupil merely as the daughter of one, who, by rousing him from solitude and dejection, had a claim upon his gratitude; while Constance passed from the shyness, with which her retired education made her regard every stranger, insensibly to a degree of innocent confidence and familiarity, which the unassuming manners of her preceptor were particularly calculated to inspire. Lulled into

security by this apparent indifference, and delighted with the progress Constance hourly made under one, who handled the pencil with the ease, if not the correctness of a master,—who spoke French and Italian with equal fluency,—and whose lessons and example soon enriched her powerful and flexible voice with those charms of taste and feeling so seldom acquired out of Italy,—I gave myself up to visions of parental pride and exultation.

Months rolled on in a species of pleasing dream, from which all seemed spontaneously to awake, when the return of peace, and consequent restitution of prisoners, rendered a separation apparently inevitable. The feelings which I myself experienced in looking forward to Ludovisi's departure, (for which, to do him justice, he immediately prepared,) were sufficiently painful to have taught me to appreciate those of Constance, the suppression of which was, I have now no doubt, the cause of a dangerous and lingering illness, during which the sympathy of Ludovisi was my only consolation. Though this event retarded his return to the Continent, (now rendered no longer compulsory, by the immediate reduction of the supernumerary corps to which he had belonged,) yet a suspicion of the true cause of my daughter's illness, as well as the light it had thrown on the state of his own heart, taught this naturally honourable young man to withdraw gradually from a society which he had not yet strength of mind wholly to relinquish. His visits became short and constrained, and his health, which the climate of England had before affected, seemed also to decline. These circumstances, and the hints of officious neighbours, at length roused me from my infatuation, and, like all those who have great reason to be angry with themselves, I preferred discharging the weight of my indignation on the comparatively innocent accomplices of my folly, with a violence foreign to my nature, and totally at variance with all my previous unlimited indulgence. I reproached my daughter and Ludovisi with abusing my facility to destroy my peace, and concealing an attachment, which, till I thus imprudently defied its strength, had never been, on either side, embodied in language.

There are instances in the lives of all men, especially those who, like myself, are the slaves of impulse, in which they seem to step out of themselves, to act a foreign character, and, in so doing, communicate to all with whom they come in contact, a portion of their own inconsistency. Knowing me as you do, it would scarce surprise you to have heard, that, melted by the distress of two young and ingenuous lovers, and conscious of my own culpable negligence, I had yielded an immediate consent to a union, repugnant to my opinions and destructive of my dearest hopes. This, at least, would have been consistent and characteristic folly. The obvious course pointed out by reason, was, by paternal remonstrances, and an appeal to those sentiments of honour which as yet Ludovisi had never forfeited, to wean both parties from an attachment, hitherto unavowed, and the ineligibility of which it would have been easy to demonstrate. But by an inexplicable fatality, I threatened when I should have persuaded, and irritated instead of conciliating. My injudicious attack drew from Ludovisi an indignant avowal of a passion, which under other circumstances he had determined to bury in eternal silence; and my daughter, whom one soothing expression would probably have melted into tearful acquiescence, derived from my harshness a determination, of which neither she nor myself believed her to be capable. She confessed to me, (what she then for the first time confessed to herself,) that daily and hourly intercourse with an amiable and accomplished young man had insensibly ripened into a solid and unalterable attachment, and seriously, though tremblingly asked, whether I was prepared to sacrifice to prejudices of country and fortune that happiness, which I had ever fondly assured her it was the object of my life to promote. Here again Constance, in exchanging the tenderness of supplication for a tone of deliberate firmness, which I construed into undutifulness, equally mistook her interests; and my answer was calculated to extinguish every hope of my concurrence to a union, of which I bitterly enumerated the disadvantages.

Silenced but not convinced, awed but not softened, Constance was roused from the state of mute dejection

into which my severity had plunged her, by the recital of the injurious treatment I had lavished on her lover, and which he bore with a dignified mildness on which I now reflect with shame. After a few days passed in a state of mutual constraint and estrangement, contrasting but too forcibly with our former unreserved confidence, we were surprised by a visit from my sister, who, as if possessed with the same evil genius, already sworn to destroy our peace, completed by her indiscreet asperity the triumph of passion over duty in the mind of my misguided daughter. From the hourly sarcasms of her aunt, from a paternal severity she had never before for a moment experienced, from the already rejected, and now more than ever distasteful assiduities of her cousin, is it much to be wondered that a child of seventeen, deprived by seclusion even of the scanty experience of her years, should escape, to shelter herself in a lover's arms, from a storm which her knowledge of my temper must have taught her to look upon as temporary? Ludovisi yet lingered in the neighbourhood, and conceiving himself emancipated by my injustice from those restraints which the laws of hospitality and gratitude had formerly imposed, soon prevailed on Constance to take the fatal step, and trust to time and paternal tenderness for a reconciliation.

In so doing, I find myself compelled to allow that no sordid or interested motive actuated one, whom, had I thought otherwise, it would have been hard, indeed, to forgive. With premature reason, and uncommon steadiness, Ludovisi unites somewhat of the characteristic *insouciance* of his country, which permitted him as little to calculate the advantages, as to appreciate the evils, of the step he had in view. Feeling that equality in birth (chiefly indispensable in Italian marriages) placed him on a level with his beloved, he only rejoiced to hear that a small legacy, which my daughter could immediately claim, joined to a remittance he had received of the trifling reversion accruing to him from the death of his mother, would place them above immediate want, and allow him, in the event of my remaining inexorable, to gratify his national pride by showing his bride that be-

loved Italy, which, as a residence, he was for her sake willing to renounce.

These particulars I learned from a letter which Constance wrote to a young female friend, the sole companion of her childhood, whom, with commendable discretion, she had forbore to implicate in her disobedience. For me, she left a few lines expressive of the warmest filial affection, deploring the fatal necessity of choosing between a temporary sacrifice of my favour, and the eternal surrender of the happiness of her future life; and entreating that forgiveness which a secret presentiment seemed to say would be granted and received with equal transport. She concluded by a fervent hope, that by an immediate answer, addressed to the care of a mutual friend, I would tranquillize her mind, and obviate, by opening my arms to the most affectionate of children, the necessity of her following the fortunes of her husband to his native country.

So little had I been prepared for this decisive step, that all other emotions were at first lost in painful surprise. This would, in all probability, had I been left alone, soon have given place to those relents of parental tenderness, on which my hitherto idolized child had perhaps rather too obviously relied; but that circumstance, carefully commented on by my indignant sister, conspired with her own stern suggestions to make me ashamed of an immediate compliance with my poor child's request. With a stoicism, on which I now look back with wonder, I suffered some time to elapse without dispatching those conciliatory words, which would have saved me much subsequent suffering. My daughter (as I learned from my correspondent in London) flew, immediately on her return from Scotland, to seek those consolatory tidings which it was not then in his power to afford, and his description of the agonies into which she was thrown by the disappointment of hopes so sanguine, inflicted pangs yet more severe upon her father. It was, however, some consolation to learn, that the affectionate letter which I wrote, as soon as Nature gained the ascendancy, must have reached her, as it was taken away in her name from the banker's, though she was too much agitated again to call in person—Yet its tenor was such, as to make it mat-

ter of surprise, as well as regret, that she should, after its receipt, have persevered in flying from a parent, whose arms were thus but too readily opened to receive her!—I lingered on a few anxious days in London, and then, as you know, followed to Paris, where I fondly hope, should I not succeed in tracing them, at least to receive, forwarded from home, such a dutiful and consolatory answer as my letter was calculated to call forth. In it, I had inclosed a letter of credit, both on my banker in town and on the most respectable foreign houses, (though the latter, I flattered myself, would be superfluous,) so that I felt easy on the score of her pecuniary comforts—I had hoped, on arriving in Paris, that this might have afforded some clew to their motions, but I found from Lafitte that

no application had been made to him for money, by the thoughtless and disinterested enemy of my peace. The sum indeed, insignificant as it was, with which they started, could not yet be exhausted.—Italy, I know, must be their ultimate object, and thither, of course, I now bend my steps, with slender hopes from aught but time and reflection, which must, sooner or later, bring my repentant child to my feet.

At Geneva, where I must pass a day or two among the surviving relations of my poor Louise, I shall have melancholy recollections in abundance. Would to God they might be gladdened by tidings of all she has left to attach me to life!

Yours ever,

E. SELWYN.

CHAPTER II.

EDWARD SELWYN TO THE REVEREND JOSEPH TREVOR.

Geneva, July 18—

How shall I communicate to you, my dear friend, the various emotions which swelled my bosom on re-entering Geneva, connected as is every feature of its lake and mountains with the gloomiest and happiest periods of my existence, with (what seems, indeed, an inversion of the order of nature) the sorrows of my youth, and the happiness of my maturer life!

There are, in every man's history, passages, which he would fain obliterate even from his own memory, and which, viewed even through the vista of years, fill his bosom with remorse, and crimson his cheek in solitude—Follies, though their remembrance may excite wholesome repentance, it can seldom be profitable to relate; but my youth was darkened with errors far more singular and inexcusable than those which fashion sanctions and ordinary youth indulges. On this spot, and this alone, where every dash of the midnight wave recalls the strange history, do I for the first time feel prompted to impart to you events, which, while they exhibit in a stronger light the weakness and inconsistency of your friend's character, may give him a deeper claim on that compassion which his recent griefs demand.

You are already aware that I was educated at Geneva, and at a period

when the hollow sarcasms of Voltaire, and the eloquent sophistry of Rousseau, exposed at this their shrine the principles of youth to an ordeal which few, alas! had steadiness entirely to resist. The cold derision of the apostle of infidelity made little impression on my mind, but the impassioned eloquence of the champion of suicide and equality too often made the "worse appear the better reason." I read and worshipped, until I had created an ideal world.

In the midst of these dangerous reveries, I became of age, and was summoned to England to take possession of my estate. Inexperienced as I was, I soon discovered that my guardian, a wily man of law, who had availed himself of my father's declining years to abuse his confidence, had enriched himself at my expense, to an extent which made acquiescence impossible. To the law I triumphantly resorted, with all the confidence the justice of my claims could inspire; but my trustee had, by his professional knowledge, entrenched himself behind technical barriers, impervious to the attacks of truth and reason; I lost my cause, and the laws of my country became, in my eyes, contrivances to sanction crime and defy punishment.

I had an only sister, whom I recollected but as a lovely child, and whom

my fancy had invested with the perfections of a Julie. Judge with what renewed indignation I viewed the trammels of an artificial civilization, when I learned that strong measures had been adopted by the aunt to whose care she was consigned, to prevent her forming a connexion unsuitable in the eyes of a prejudiced aristocracy!

I heard with exultation that she had escaped to unite her destiny with that of her lover, and flew as soon as the decision of my law-suit left me at liberty, to the retreat where I expected to find the happiness of the golden age! A few weeks had sufficed to awaken my poor Bella from her dream of passion, and to rob her hero of those qualities with which romance and opposition had alone invested him. I had hastened to sanction with my presence their stolen vows, and came only in time to arrange the conditions of a separation which the peace of my poor deluded sister rendered indispensable. Disappointed in the amount of her fortune, the native brutality of his character soon took place of ill-feigned tenderness; to free her from persecution, I purchased a commission for the unworthy object of her childish partiality, and retired with her to Herefordshire, to enjoy in my paternal mansion that seclusion which her wounded feelings made desirable.

Here we remained for some time; but, disgusted with the bluntness of our rustic neighbours, and their rude efforts to console and amuse us, I flew for variety to the dissipation of London, leaving my sister under the care of her now reconciled aunt, to enjoy the only alleviation her sorrows admitted in the prospect of becoming a mother.

Like all those who resort to dissipation, neither from the irresistible force of passion, nor the insensible control of habit, but experimentally, to "minister to a mind diseased," I plunged headlong into the vortex; drinking and playing, not because either gave me the slightest pleasure, but because I had heard them extolled as specifics against pain.

In my case, however, the remedy proved worse than the disease; and I awoke from a six-months' revel with shattered nerves, a drained purse, and a settled despondency of mind, which even now I shudder to look back upon. Suicides, from disappointed

passion, are (whatever may be said to the contrary) more common in other countries than in England; but I fear that in the number of those proceeding from mere weariness of life, our foggy atmosphere must ever retain its "bad eminence." I paid my debts, settled my estate on my sister and her unborn babe, and at the age of three-and-twenty, left England with a fixed purpose (I shudder while I write it) to put an end to my existence on the spot where self-destruction had first been consecrated as a virtue!

I travelled to Geneva with more than English rapidity, by the way of Flanders and Alsace; determined that neither the fascinations of Paris, nor the beauties of the Rhine, should divert me from my gloomy purpose. The French Revolution had for some time been going on, and like all the young, and many of the oldest and wisest of that period, I had hailed it as a renovation of the human race. Its horrors were, however, beginning to belie these fond anticipations, and tales of blood and misery from every quarter, added social calamity to private dejection. Geneva was too well leavened with democratical principles and speculative infidelity, not to follow the example; and political convulsions, (like the waves of her own lake,) the more formidable from the narrow sphere within which they raged, desolated that flourishing and industrious commonwealth. I arrived just in time to witness the sad fruits of anarchy, in the exile and ruin of many I had loved and honoured; and to see coldness, distrust, and poverty, usurp the place of cordiality and joy, under the lately hospitable roofs of Geneva. But I was at this period too selfish for sympathy, and I availed myself of the public distress, to shun all my former acquaintance, and fortify my resolution to quit a world so fertile in misery. To a mind in this peculiar and irritable state, the slightest incident will sometimes prove the single drop which the cup can no longer bear without overflowing. A favourite French servant, who had attended me from the time I first came abroad, with every demonstration of affectionate fidelity, availed himself of the relaxation lately introduced into the code of morality, and of the vicinity to the frontiers of his own ungoverned country, to decamp with the

few valuables I possessed, which, by the by, in reward for his faithful services, I had taken care to secure to him after my death. Inconsiderable as was my loss, this fresh proof of human depravity put the consummation to the disgust of life which I had so long cherished, and depositing with my banker a letter addressed to my sister, containing what I was pleased to call my motives for this fatal step, I left the city on the following evening, previous to the hour of shutting the gates, and wandered in a frame of mind which I yet tremble to recall, towards an adjoining suburb, formed of detached villas, whose gardens extend to the lake.

One of these had been the summer residence of a family of wealthy merchants, whose hospitalities I had frequently shared; and, knowing it to be at present unoccupied, in consequence of the death of the proprietor, I felt a strange satisfaction in selecting as the scene of my premature catastrophe, a spot which I had only beheld enlivened with innocent festivity. In a summer-house in the garden, overhanging the lake, I had partaken, not three years before, of a collation with a joyous group—where were they? The venerable patriarch of the circle was no more; exempt from the infirmities of age, he had sunk under the miseries of his country, recommending to his son (who, with the rashness of youth, had eagerly embraced the popular opinions) that moderation, alas! at this period known only by name. The young man (as I had casually learned) having plunged headlong in the excesses of party, had, by the perfidy of a partner, lost the whole of his father's patiently accumulated wealth; he had fled no one knew whither; and the widow and an only daughter, doubly bereaved, had the pressure of domestic misfortune added to the bitterness of public calamity. Wisdom and virtue had failed to exempt from suffering the hoary head of the elder Préville. Generosity and patriotism had caused the ruin of Auguste; not even the consciousness of worth and innocence could dry the tears of Louise and her mother. What then had I to expect in a world thus filled with evils, which I had neither experience to avert, merit to disarm, nor fortitude to bear? Lost in these gloomy reflec-

tions, I paced along the narrow foot-path which skirted the line of gardens, half tempted to anticipate my fate, by plunging into the unruffled moonlight waters, before I should reach a projecting tree, by the aid of whose branches I proposed gaining access to the garden I had assigned for the denouement of the tragedy.

I had seized a pendent branch of the well known weeping willow, which overhung a spot in the garden sacred to the memory of departed worth, and just as by its assistance I succeeded in swinging myself over the top of the wall, an unexpected rustling among the shrubs startled me, a fierce voice demanded the reason of my intrusion, and I felt myself in the iron grasp of an assailant of superior strength.

Self-preservation (however superfluous it might seem in one bent on self-destruction) instinctively prompted a vigorous resistance to my unknown antagonist; but when on his repeating his challenge, and dragging me from the dark spot of our first encounter into the full moonlight, I recognised in him the young and unfortunate heir of the premises I was about to profane with suicide, I glowed with false shame at the idea of the less honourable designs of which I was naturally suspected.

My dress and appearance dissipated these suspicions, although the sombre agitation under which Préville laboured prevented the recognition from being at first mutual. We had not met since my return from England, and much had occurred to obliterate the recollection of youthful pastimes.

By degrees, however, the idea of our former intercourse flashed on the mind of the young man, and relaxing his grasp, he exclaimed, "Happy Englishman, are you come to the scenes of former hospitality to insult the misfortunes of a ruined family, and disturb the last farewell of its wretched descendant to the haunts of happier days? Ten minutes later, and the quiet bosom of his native waters would for ever have closed over his errors and his griefs."

I hastily disclaimed all purpose of intrusion, where I had myself sought and expected privacy, and my own diseased frame of mind yielding to the potent influence of real and pardonable anguish, I felt a strange anxiety to reconcile Auguste to an ex-

istence, which, a few moments before, I deemed it heroism to relinquish.

Scarce conscious of my presence, or of my vague attempt at consolation, he gloomily continued, "My own misfortunes and those of my country, however grievous, methinks I could endure; but I shrink from witnessing the silent sorrow that consumes the pale cheek of my mother, and withers the youthful bloom of Louise. Can I see beings lately surrounded with opulence and luxury, reduced by my own folly and the perfidy of mankind, to labour for a precarious subsistence? beings, too, whose innocence and resignation would wring a heart of stone? I can neither relieve nor endure their misfortunes, but I can at least rid them of the odious presence of their author!"

Infatuated as I myself was, and urged to self-destruction by motives still more futile and inconclusive, the madness of another yet struck me forcibly. It was easy to expose the absurdity of consoling afflicted relatives by adding to their distress an irreparable calamity, and the cowardice of escaping from the sight of their privations by withdrawing the only support which could ever alleviate or remove them.

"Were my case a similar one," added I, (with the usual sophistry which separates our own situations from all others,) "were there a single virtuous human being dependent on me for support and happiness, I would yet consent to resume the burden of existence. But though I am not called on, as you are, by imperious duty, to make this sacrifice, it teaches me to preserve to the community a life more useful. I will live another day, that I may secure to you the means of engaging again in the laudable pursuit of that affluence, which your amiable family so richly deserve and so honourably employed."

The lofty mind of Auguste, which under other circumstances would have recoiled from the idea of pecuniary obligations to a stranger, was reconciled to the proposal by the hope of inducing me, by the mild influence of his mother and sister, and the spectacle of their restored happiness, to forego all thoughts of resigning an existence, which, to them at least, would henceforth be so precious, and on these conditions alone would he consent to avail

himself of any offer to advance the sum requisite to restore the credit of his long established firm.

As the reflection of his own pallid and emaciated countenance in a glass, will often inflict upon a patient a shock more salutary and impressive than the most solemn warnings of his physician, even so did the appalling image of our own intended crime, as reflected in the conduct of a fellow-creature, startle us both on the brink of the abyss, and put to flight for ever the illusions of passion and sophistry. On the spot so lately designed to terminate the existence and usefulness of two misguided youths, did we bless Providence for our almost miraculous rencontre, and swear to live henceforth to our duties, and to each other.

Fain would we have immediately renewed these vows at the feet of Madame de Préville, and gladdened her maternal heart with renovated hopes; but the moon was yet high in the heavens, and several hours must elapse before we could procure admittance at the rigidly-guarded gates of the town. Incapable of repose, we employed the interval in walking some miles along those enchanting banks, to which moonlight lends, if possible, a softer charm. Our hearts were alike too full for total silence, or connected discourse; but they softened within us, as we poured into each other's bosom disjointed effusions of past anguish, present gratitude, and future hopes. Our return from the brink of the grave, the mild influence of the scene, the small still voice of piety lulling to rest the waves of passion, disposed us to charity with all mankind. Auguste forgave his political persecutors and his faithless partner; and I ceased to think that one earth could not contain me and my perjured guardian. The transitions of sentiment and feeling, the revolution of character experienced by both in the course of that eventful night, might have furnished sensations for a long life.

The concourse of market-boats, which lent animation to the lake, and the sounds of rustic labour which enlivened the banks, convinced us that ingress to the city was now practicable; and our haggard countenances and disordered appearance rendered us naturally desirous to make our entrée as early as possible, to elude ob-

servation. We hurried quickly through the lofty arcades which line the streets, where already the busy hum of men was heard, and where the innumerable tenants of the small shops and booths were patiently arranging their various commodities to the best advantage. My heart smote me for the first time at the sight of so much humble and cheerful industry, of which no place in the world exhibits more appearance than Geneva.

Other emotions succeeded, as, scarcely able to keep pace with the breathless haste of my companion, I followed his footsteps into an obscure street, and, ascending an interminable dark stair-case, we found ourselves at the door of an apartment sufficiently indicative of poverty. "Here," said he, (speaking low and rapidly, a slight tinge of his former bitterness of expression passing over his features,) "here live the widow and daughter of Louis de Préville!" He grew pale, and, supporting himself against the wall, appeared so manifestly overcome by the approaching interview, that I then, for the first time, adverted to its possible effect on the unprepared individuals within.

Representing to Auguste that the health and feelings of his mother and sister required a previous preparation unattainable at that early hour, which precluded the admission of a stranger, I dragged him, reluctant but passive, down the gloomy staircase. It was now my turn to lead the way to my own lodgings, where my absence had excited considerable uneasiness; which, however, it was not difficult to dispel by simply stating, that having prolonged my ramble of the preceding evening, I had outstaid the hour of locking the gates, a restraint at all times impatiently submitted to by Englishmen.

My companion was soon recognised by my landlady, (the widow of a bookseller,) whose simple expressions of delight on seeing again this "enfant prodigue," (as she truly called him,) afforded a faint anticipation of the probable transports of his mother, whom we could with difficulty restrain our hostess from immediately and abruptly apprising of his welfare and return.

In the course of an attempt at breakfast, which each exerted himself in vain to recommend to the other, it

occurred to us, that the acquaintance of my landlady with Madame de Préville, and her accompanying me in my preliminary visit, would save much awkward explanation, and pave the way at once for my good tidings. After a hasty toilette, therefore, which the incidents of the night rendered abundantly necessary, I put myself under the guidance of the intelligent but loquacious hostess, exhorting her during our whole walk to confine herself strictly to my introduction as one, who, having partaken formerly of the family's hospitality, was too happy to have it in his power to repay it by intelligence of its lost prodigal.

All this Madame Benoit promised, protesting against my rapidity of motion, (which in her case was chiefly confined to the tongue,) and indemnifying herself during our occasional halts, by the volubility of that member, for the repose which her limbs required. She was inexhaustible in praises of Madame de Préville and her daughter, to which I listened with an attention no other subject could have commanded. "Quelles femmes!" exclaimed my conductress, "ou plutôt quelles Anges! accustomed from their cradle to every luxury, looked up to as the first ornaments of society, and now subsisting in a garret on the labour of hands used only to confer, not receive unbounded liberalities. Et puis," continued she, with fresh animation, at her next halt, "et puis Mademoiselle Louise, it is she who breaks her mother's heart; so young and once so blooming, so fond of the country, and passing her whole time among the flowers which she resembled, and now cooped up like a faded lily in a confined apartment where the sun scarce shines, till it is plain to see she will soon go to her poor father, whose idol she was. God be thanked, he at least was taken from the evil to come."

Stopping once more as we entered the gloomy court of the house, she laid her hand upon my arm, and asked me, with deep interest, whether Auguste had succeeded in obtaining any means of subsistence during his absence from Geneva; for "sans cela," added she mournfully, "what signifies their meeting, except indeed that they may all die in each other's arms!"

I rejoiced her warm heart by assurances that Auguste had prospects of entering again advantageously into

trade, which sent her old limbs with unwonted activity up the steep staircase. Once more I found myself before the abode of suffering virtue, with reverential feelings, enhanced by the artless effusions of this humble friend.

The door was opened by a little girl, who, recognising Madame de Benoit, ushered us unhesitatingly into a plain but neatly arranged room, whose alcove containing a bed, concealed by a faded silk curtain, indicated it to be the sole apartment of two beings, lately possessed of a splendid house in the town, the Elysian villa already mentioned, and a fine chateau some miles from Geneva.

Had the faded arm-chair from which Madame de Préville rose to receive us, been the throne of the universe, she was fitted to have lent it dignity! Never in my life did I behold a more noble figure; the majesty of which, tempered by sorrow, commanded tenfold respect. Though unprepared to see a stranger, she saluted me with well-bred ease, while her reception of Madame Benoit's obsequious inquiries after her health, had perhaps a slight tinge of more ceremony and stateliness than would have attended it in more prosperous times. The good woman, awed out of her volubility, by the united presence of birth and misfortune, could scarce find words to announce my name and errand. She had only stammered out the first, when the sound, vibrating on the ear and heart of Madame de Préville, called up on her eloquent countenance a thousand painful recollections. A glance at the apartment and its furniture spoke volumes, while she graciously uttered, "Monsieur, I recollect, was always le bienvenu à la Rosière."

The mention of the villa at such a moment, and the idea of what I had, under Providence, been thus the means of preventing, deprived me in my turn of utterance, and afforded opportunity for my companion to proceed to the more important part of her mission—"Monsieur," she said, "had always cherished a grateful recollection of past hospitality, which he was now, he hoped, enabled to testify, by bringing good tidings of le cher Auguste."—"Auguste!" echoed the inimitable voice of maternal affection; and, at the sound, the door of an adjoining closet hastily opened, and there issued

forth a young creature, so tall, so slender, and so fragile, that old Benoit's simile of the faded lily, seemed but too applicable. Anxiety for her brother conquered timidity, and slightly curtsying to me, she clasped the withered hands of her old acquaintance, eagerly exclaiming, "What of Auguste?"—"Only," replied the matron, surprised out of all her discretion, "that he is well and happy, or at least will be so, for Monsieur there says he is to be again a good negotiant, and to make up to you for all that he and others have made you suffer."

"And where is he now, my dearest Benoit?" said Louise, kneeling in breathless anxiety before the old woman, while the mother attempted in vain to add some acknowledgements towards me, to those pious ejaculations which had first ascended to the source of all good—"Where the prodigal son *should* be," answered a voice choked with emotion, as Auguste, who had been a listener for the last few minutes, burst into the room, and threw himself at his mother's feet.—Who but an inspired historian could paint such a scene? and that chiefly by leaving much to the imagination. I must imitate their expressive silence, and hasten to the period when speech returned, when tears found time to flow, and when, becoming conscious of the presence of strangers, the happy trio found a thought to bestow on the harbingers of their felicity. The good Benoit, loaded with thanks and blessings from Louise, half of which the fair child's eyes timidly transferred to me, rose to depart, and I was preparing to accompany her, when Auguste forcibly detaining me, waited only for her absence to entreat his mother to embrace the guardian angel of her son! Shocked to receive a title so unmerited, and to find that it involved the discovery of circumstances, which, for the peace of Madame de Préville, I had hoped for ever to conceal from her, I endeavoured in vain to silence the impetuous Auguste; but he was too much excited to be capable of discretion, and exclaiming, "Confession is the returning prodigal's first duty!" he knelt again before his venerable parent, and hiding his face on her knees; inarticulately informed her that but for the man who stood before her, she would that morning have been the inconsolable mother of a suicide! A con-

vulsive shudder passed across the serene features of Madame de Préville, while a shriek from Louise gave me some faint idea of what might then have been the horrors of the scene, had thoughtless frenzy added irreparable anguish to a portion already sufficiently bitter.

"God is merciful!" sighed out Madame de Préville, when the first shock was past, "and has instruments of mercy always in his hand—You, Monsieur, were doubtless sent by Heaven"—"Stop Madame," exclaimed I, "the deliverance was mutual, and I, not only the unconscious but guilty instrument of your son's preservation, owe also to him my rescue from a similar abyss. Let us hope to expiate towards Heaven and you our mutual guilt, by united efforts to promote your happiness!"

Louise, who, on her brother's passionate declaration that to me he owed his life, had bathed my hand with tears of gratitude, let it drop when she heard that I also had meditated self-destruction; but her tears flowed faster, and compassion soon predominated over horror. I left at length this amiable family to the indulgence of their private feelings, eager to find occupation for mine in arranging the pecuniary transactions, which were to restore them to present competence and probable future affluence.

My first step was, to remove from the banker's hands, to whom it was consigned to be forwarded, the letter I had written to my sister, announcing my fatal resolution; the contemptible sophistry of which made me now eager for its suppression. But my folly, though abjured, was destined to be exposed, for regular communication, by post through France, being at present interrupted, and those through Germany circuitous and tedious, my banker had, early that very morning, availed himself of a courier from Italy going express by the nearest open route to England, and piqued himself not a little on having thus secured the safe and expeditious conveyance of a letter, which would exhibit me to my only relatives as an unprincipled madman, and might possibly have a very serious effect on the delicate situation of my sister: So inattentive are those labouring under a crisis of selfishness to the feelings of others, that this had not before occurred to me, and it now occasioned

the more regret, as a contradiction of the intelligence under my own hand might probably not reach England for weeks after the proverbially swift messenger of evil. From these consequences of my rashness I endeavoured to escape, by directing the current of my ideas into a pleasanter channel; and I arranged with the banker, to whom my credit and resources were well known, such an immediate advance of cash as would enable the house of Préville to resume, under that old firm, commercial speculations rendered at present extremely lucrative by the precarious and distressed state of trade in the adjoining country, of which Swiss capitalists were enabled to take advantage.

My next care was to remove Madame de Préville and her daughter into a more suitable habitation; and none appeared to combine economy and eligibility so completely as La Rosière, which, remaining unsold on the hands of the creditors, was easily resumed at a season when the disturbed state of the continent had nearly banished foreigners, and greatly reduced the value of those elegant retreats, once tenanted at any price by our migrating countrymen.

Painful as the first sensations on revisiting La Rosière must be, I had full confidence in the rational fortitude of Madame de Préville; and the idea of restoring Louise to her beloved flowers was too delightful to be relinquished. As for myself and Auguste, I considered the salutary horror and self-abasement with which the scene must long inspire us, in the light of a voluntary penance for the crime we had meditated; and long it was ere we could behold without emotion the placid waves which bathed the parapet of the beautiful garden of La Rosière.

Trevor! I gazed on them to day, and the whole forgotten dream of my youth flashed on my mind with a vivid distinctness, which has given birth to this detailed confession, and shaken my frame during the recital, with all the successive agitations of horror and remorse, compassion and love. To you, Trevor, who knew, though but for a few sad moments of decaying existence, my lost Louise, and whose consoling friendship, under Providence, enabled me to survive her, I need not apologise for soothing my wounded spirit by the fond recollections of our youthful affection, of a passion, not

violent and impetuous as my character then fitted me to conceive, but gentle, yet irresistible, like its object, and partaking of that innocence and purity, which formed the chief charm of her angelic character.

The day when (after a pretty severe illness, the consequence of mental agitation,) I was first able to visit Madame de Préville at the eventful villa, is yet present to my memory, with all its throng of "sweet and bitter fancies."

In the cheerful drawing-room, surrounded by her wonted elegant accommodations, sat the venerable matron; a shade, perhaps, of greater negligence and freedom pervading her dress and manners, than when I first beheld her in the abode of indigence. Her noble soul, no longer struggling with the degrading evils of poverty, now abandoned itself to a melancholy at once tender and elevated; and when I involuntarily glanced at the opposite fauteuil, occupied, when I had last joined their happy family group, by her excellent husband, a tear, which glistened on her cheek, showed the unison of our feelings. But, hastily wiping it away, she drew me to the casement, round which the vine and honeysuckle intermixed their fruit and fragrance, and pointing to Louise, busily employed in restraining their luxuriance, exclaimed, "There is yet on earth an Eden, and an Eve unconscious of the ills of life! For that child's happiness and renovated bloom, accept a mother's blessing." Her voice caught the ear of Louise, who, turning hastily towards us, with a blush of surprise, electrified me by the change which a few short days of freedom and enjoyment had effected on her faded countenance. Her regular features were now enlivened by the returning roses of youth, and her slender form seemed already less fragile, and her step more elastic. She welcomed me with ingenuous frankness, shook her head at my remaining appearance of indisposition, and, on a whisper from her mother, vanished into the house, from whence Auguste soon joined us. We stood together under a spreading walnut-tree, whose branches overhung the water; the sun was setting in gorgeous brilliancy behind the purple Jura, and its last roseate tints were reflected from the unveiled summit of Mont Blanc. All around breathed sublimity and repose; and our long-agitated

spirits partook of the soothing influence of the scene. Madame de Préville took an arm of each, and drawing us insensibly towards the other end of the garden, we found ourselves at no great distance from the fatal summer-house. Our involuntary efforts to recede did not escape our maternal conductress, who, almost playfully exclaiming, "*Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte*," insisted on our advancing.—An expression of solemn earnestness instantly succeeded her transitory smile, as she added, "My children, (for as such I must almost equally consider you,) it is not by flying from the memorials of our sorrows or our errors that we can hope to soften the one, or correct the other. I have motives almost as strong as yours, for shunning this scene of departed joys and recent horrors; but Heaven has mingled so much of sweetness in the retrospect of both, that we will henceforth dedicate it wholly to pious gratitude!" As she spoke, we passed close to the large weeping willow, sacred, as I before mentioned, to the memory of her husband and lost children. To the tablet, which, in this land of feeling and romance, so frequently records the actions of the dead, was now added a simple tribute of gratitude for the preservation of the survivors. "Here, at least," said she, "I can never murmur against a Providence which has left me so rich in blessings;" and as she finished, her eye emphatically rested on her fair daughter, who stood to welcome us on the threshold of the summer-house, which her hands had tastefully decorated with flowers, and where, as she invited us to partake of the fruits she had gathered, she seemed to realize the very Eve of our inimitable poet.

I felt at that moment that my happiness, and perhaps my return to virtue and respectability, depended on a close connexion with this amiable family, and I whispered to Madame de Préville, "Happy Adam! on whom such a gift was bestowed by the beneficent Author of all good!" The mother, faintly smiling, imposed silence, by laying her finger on her lips; and on the same seats where Auguste and I had beheld the day dawn upon our renovated hopes, did we behold its last rays gild a "sober certainty of waking bliss," which we had not dared to anticipate!

Auguste had agreeable information

to communicate. That day had been signalized by a bloodless revolution, equally honourable and salutary to the commonwealth: an oblivion of party differences had been ratified, by the recall of many respectable citizens, and among others, of a former associate of the elder Prévile, whose name and experience would add stability to a concern, in which he had gladly consented to reimbarc his considerable capital.

Louise, who had enlivened the previous conversation with a thousand amiable sallies, disappeared on its taking a political and even moral turn;—thus forcibly pressing on my recollection another coincidence with her prototype in Milton. The effect was irresistible, and on the spot where had almost miraculously commenced my more intimate connexion with the family of Prévile, I, with all the eloquence of sincerity, entreated Madame de Prévile to sanction my endeavours to render it indissoluble, by gaining the affections of Louise. "Give me credit," exclaimed the agitated mother, "for a sacrifice to gratitude, perhaps not the least difficult I have been called upon to make! From the first, I foresaw this attachment, and though not blind to its probable consequences, in depriving me of my darling child, I durst not defraud my benefactor of the only recompense adequate to his benefits. Take her, Selwyn! with the blessing of a parent, who only asks in return, your steadfastness in virtue, and, for her own weak sake, a delay of a few months, to prepare for an inevitable separation." I had only time to kiss her hand with rapture, and solemnly to promise, that, for a year at least, I would not think of returning to England, when Louise came running towards us with unconscious eagerness, exclaiming, "*Nous sommes tous frères maintenant*," and at the same instant (bailed, as it may well be supposed, as a happy omen by our highly-wrought minds) a rocket, gliding along the blue concave of heaven, gave the signal for a discharge of artillery, and display of fireworks, the conclusion of a fraternal repast, partaken of at the *Hotel de Ville*, by the lately reconciled citizens whose enthusiastic vows of brotherhood had been heard by Louise, as the gay galley from whence their *Vivas* proceeded, passed slowly along the other end of the garden.

Auguste, seizing the arm of his mother, rushed forward to unite with heart-felt sympathy in the hallowed close of a festivity, of which his recent misfortunes had made him decline the previous part; and while demonstrations of joy and respect from the barge hailed the venerable mother and her son, I detained Louise in the summer-house, and tremblingly inquired, whether I alone, on this day of hope and rejoicing, was doomed to pine in sad exclusion from the newly-cemented alliance! "*Nous sommes tous frères maintenant*," repeated I; "and my only ambition, since I knew you and your mother, has been to become the brother of Auguste." "*O ma mère!*" was the touching reply; and volumes could not have more delicately blended a tacit admission of my suit, with a filial sense of its consequences to her parent. It was not a time to extort more. I drew her arm within mine, and hurried her to the scene of general rejoicing, which harmonized so admirably with my private happiness; and never did the noisy demonstrations with which the good Genevese accompany every similar occurrence, appear to me so harmless and appropriate. The effect of the really good fireworks, as they occasionally disclosed the majestic forms of the more distant mountains, was greatly heightened. The reverberation of the artillery around the mighty amphitheatre, lent almost supernatural dignity to the mimic thunder. All at length subsided into silence, and guided only by the now again triumphant stars of heaven, I returned to Geneva, whose sentinels, on this festive occasion, dispensed with somewhat of their wonted rigour.

I hasten over a period fertile in happiness, but barren of incident. For nearly two years did I linger on the lovely banks of the Leman, unable to tear Louise and myself from the arms of our common parent, and unwilling to expose my wife to the inconveniences and possible perils of a journey to England through countries in a state of hostility. In the meantime, my affairs at home imperiously required my presence; my estates, which, since the malversation of my guardian, I had disdained to look into, were mismanaged by an agent, more honest, perhaps, but less intelligent; and my sister, who, by my permission, resided at my paternal mansion, received there the visits of a husband, of whom I had the

worst opinion, and whose interference was loudly complained of by my tenants.

On the shock occasioned by my unfortunate letter, Bella had, as might have been anticipated, somewhat prematurely given birth to a son, and the cause of her agitation having reached her unprincipled husband by some secret channel, the hopes of succession held out to her by my intended suicide, brought him in a transport of feigned penitence to his wife's feet. A person of stronger mind might, under such circumstances, have opened her arms to the father of her child; and, before my subsequent letter arrived to put his sincerity to the test, he had again been summoned to his regiment. Finding, although disappointed in his kindness to his widow, and our immediate ambition, convinced at least in the reconciliation; and led also, perhaps, by natural affection for his boy, he renewed his visits when his professional duties permitted, and gradually acquired over his weak partner an influence, which I hoped in some degree to counteract. His child was as yet my only heir, and to suffer him to grow up under such a father, was most undesirable.

Madame de Préville was the first, with her usual fortitude, to propose the separation, and to urge its necessity with her wonted sagacity and penetration. Louise, uniting with the deepest filial attachment a sanguine character, and an ardent desire to see the happy England of which I had so often boasted, was by degrees reconciled to an absence we all regarded as purely temporary; inclination as well as duty inducing me to promise a speedy return. After witnessing the union of the now prosperous Auguste with the daughter of his wealthy partner, and thus in some degree filling up the blank in the maternal heart of Madame de Préville, we tore ourselves, by a strong effort, from the beloved Lemian, idolised by all who have ever inhabited its banks, and availing ourselves of a partial intermission of hostile operations, descended the Rhine in safety, under the character of Swiss travellers, which my long residence in the country easily enabled me to support.

The bustle and immensity of London had on the mind of Louise, accustomed only to the primitive simplicity, and almost rural tranquillity

of Swiss capitals, an overwhelming effect? and comparing its sensations with those excited by some of the stupendous powers of machinery with which I astonished her during our journey through the manufacturing districts, she gladly hailed the quiet and beauty of my Herefordshire retreat. The glimpse of Wales which I afforded her in passing, recalled to her, as diminished in a *camera obscura*, the majestic features of her beloved country, and the association of ideas was as yet pleasingly painful—hope deferred had not yet brought on the sickness of the heart.

We found, at first, delightful employment; I in contributing to the essential comfort and prosperity of my tenants, Louise in dispensing the minor blessings of affluence with her own peculiar grace. I had settled my sister in a comfortable dwelling near ourselves, and though the dissimilarity of their character, and a mean jealousy on the part of the former, precluded that cordial friendship which Louise was desirous to cultivate, the little boy became the object of her fond affection, and formed a bond of union between us, which not even our invincible dislike to his father could loosen. The death of this unworthy relative on a foreign station redoubled our interest in her child, though the birth of a daughter to Auguste, and the joy expressed on the occasion by Madame de Préville, once more drew from Louise the emphatic expression of "*O ma mère*," and a silent wish, no doubt, to see a daughter of her own encircled in the arms of that beloved parent.

Never did I even guess how much the privation had been felt, till I witnessed the transports with which Louise presented me with a daughter. The raptures of the absent Madame de Préville, though equally heartfelt, were more chastised with the sober colouring of years; and when, in conformity to our request, she gave her name and blessing to my Constance, she invoked for her a life less chequered with vicissitudes, and an equally tranquil old age.

My daughter grew lovely and healthy as a mother could wish, and engrossed for some time every thought of Louise; but when the perilous period of early infancy was past, and such a journey could be contemplated without injury to the child, her wishes naturally enough reverted to her beloved Switzerland, and to that mother whose

declining health had lately become a subject of anxiety.

Unfortunately, the hourly growing power of France now presented obstacles nearly insurmountable to the entrance of persons from England into Switzerland. That once free and happy land was itself harassed with external invasion and domestic dissensions; and it was hermetically sealed by a cordon of hostile armies from communication with this proscribed country. I cheered the drooping spirits of Louise with hopes of greater facilities from the dissolution of a system, of which all eagerly anticipated the downfall; but with this forced exclusion from her country, which every newspaper represented as a scene of oppression and bloodshed, while our private intelligence became gradually more scanty and unsatisfactory, commenced that irresistible and fatal malady, which, though chiefly ascribed to the sons and daughters of mountain liberty, withers perhaps many an English heart under the burning suns of India, and visits even the rude African in the far isles of the west. Without any fixed complaint, Louise drooped under the insidious influence of exile and anxiety. Though from me she carefully concealed her sufferings, they were but too visible in her faded form and unequal cheerfulness. I led her for amusement and variety to all the favourite haunts of our countrymen,—she repaid my attention with smiles of gratified affection, but in her eyes our richest plains had ever been insipid; our mountains and lakes were full of memory's delicious poison, and the sea was only to her a barrier which divided her from her mother.

The death of that idolised parent, the tidings of which reached her abruptly some months after the event, through a circuitous and casual channel, accelerated the ravages which anxiety had been silently committing, and even I no longer cherished hope. Let me do justice to the memory of my angel wife. Everything that reason and religion could suggest, she opposed to the lurking malady; and an affecting instance of self-denial will show, that, in fortitude of soul, though not in strength of nerves, she resembled her mother.

On that eventful morning, which first introduced me to their humble abode, Louise had been laudably engaged in painting for sale one of those

beautiful views of Mont Blanc and the surrounding scenery, which form a usual ornament of the musical snuff-boxes manufactured at Geneva; with delight had I hung over her as she finished it at the window of the summer-house of La Rosière, and with still greater transport had I received it as her first gift after our marriage. The box on which it was mounted, was a peculiarly melodious one, and played the *Rans des Vaches* with an expression little reconcilable with ideas of mechanism. Even I, at the distance of years, have ever felt the associations connected with similar boxes, too powerful for endurance; and my feelings were never, I think, more painfully excited, than when, on my first arrival here yesterday, a poor artist found his way to my apartment, and let loose on my unprepared ear, sounds to which every fibre of my frame vibrates in agony. Yes, Trevor! complicated agony,—for they formed the solace of the last moments of the wife who is no more, and the favourite infant amusement of the daughter who has deserted me!

But I wander.—This magical box, in the early stage of her disorder, my amiable Louise requested me to lock up, that it might not foster recollections dangerous to her peace; and it was only when all hope was at an end, and when every pious and relative duty had been discharged, with a firmness, contrasting strongly with her bodily exhaustion, that she said, with an angelic smile,—“Let me find, my Edmund, in the sights and sounds of my earthly paradise, a foretaste of that where we shall one day meet.”

With a trembling hand did I place upon her pillow the well-known box: she raised herself to touch the spring, (never since profaned by mortal hand,) her glazed eye rested a moment on the glowing scenery,—her ear drank in the sounds of her country's melody,—and softly whispering, “*O ma mère!*” she joined that idolised parent, where separations are unknown,

To you, whom Heaven, at this period of cruel bereavement, seemed to have sent as a consoling angel to my relief, do I owe the resignation with which my once rebellious spirit bent submissive under the stroke; your soothing friendship, and the smiles of my child, first enabled my days to glide on in placid tranquillity, which her fond attachment and growing

charms had at length taught to assume the garb of happiness. Had not your unfortunate journey to the north removed you at a critical period from your weaker friend, probably your prudence might have averted evils, which it would at least have alleviated, and which strangely divide my torn heart, with those elder griefs, whose scars this eventful spot has caused to bleed afresh. Trevor! I have this day embraced Auguste, generous and feeling in prosperity, as when I first knew him the victim of misfortune. I have endured, with less of bitterness than I could have conceived possible, the sight of his gentle wife and flourishing children; my swimming eyes have seen beneath the willow of La Rosière, the names of a mother and her child added to the records of departed worth.

The worthy inmates of La Rosière have wept with me over my past and present sorrows. The latter they endeavour to represent as temporary, and confidently anticipate their happy termination. On the recital of my misfortune, and my conjectures as to the probable course of the fugitives, an exclamation escaped Madame de Préville, which she at first seemed desirous of recalling; but, being pressed to explain herself, and considering that I should thus at least have the comfortable assurance of being in the right track, she cautiously informed me, that from my description she was almost certain of having had an unconscious interview with her unhappy niece.

About a fortnight before, a beautiful young lady, evidently English, though expressing herself in French with uncommon purity, had stopped at the gate of the villa, and requested to know if it was to be let; a supposition favoured by its being shut up, the family not having as yet removed to it for the summer. Madame de Préville and her children happened, however, to be in the garden, superintending some improvements, and thither the old woman, who kept the house, ushered the lady, not conceiving herself warranted in giving a decided negative. The unexpected sight of the proprietor's family seemed to embarrass and distress the intruder far beyond what the occasion warranted; and their kind efforts to dispel it, seemed only to increase her agitation, which became so violent, that

Madame de Préville, insisting on her reposing a moment in the summer-house, flew to procure some cordial. The children, who remained with the strange lady, were terrified by her increasing emotion, and afterwards related that she had embraced them with floods of tears, particularly one whom she had heard the others address by the name of LOUISE. The return of Madame de Préville, and the drops which she forced her to swallow, inspired her involuntary guest with sufficient firmness to apologise for her intrusion, and to attribute her indisposition to the recent loss of a beloved friend. Madame de Préville, deeply interested by her youth and dejection, and struck, as were all the elder children, by that strong resemblance to her grandmother, which Constance inherits with her name, endeavoured to detain her, but in vain. She threw herself hastily into the carriage, and drove towards the town, amid the conjectures and good wishes of the group she had left behind.

Deep were now our regrets that false shame had deterred the fugitive from throwing herself on the affection of such relatives, under whose protecting roof we might in that case now have seen the termination of our mutual sufferings. *Mutual*, indeed, they seemed to be from this description; yet though it wrung my heart to hear of my child's distress, it would have been more bitter to suppose her unfeeling.

Inquiries were instantly made at the various hotels, in hopes she might still linger in Geneva; but a pair, answering the description, had set off from the Balances, a week before, for Berne, and, it was believed, with the intention of making some excursions in the north of Switzerland, previous to their going into Italy, for which country the landlord had seen their passports.

Préville has written to correspondents at Berne and Vivay, (which latter town lies directly in the route to Italy,) to obtain intelligence of all travellers of similar age and appearance, and I shall await here the result of these, and another post from England. I send this enormous packet by a private hand; read it with your wonted indulgence. Yours ever, with sincere affection,

E. S.

Noctes Ambrosianae.

No. XXX.

ΣΤΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
 ΗΛΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΑΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

Σ.

PHOC. ap. Ath.

[This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
 An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
 Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
 "NOT TO LET THE JUG FACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ;
 "BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."
 An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
 And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]

C. N. ap. Ambr.

SCENE—AMBROSE'S Hotel, Picardy Place, Paper Parlour.

NORTH AND THE SHEPHERD.

SHEPHERD.

What a fire ! That mixtur o' English and Scotch coal makes a winter night glorious. Staun' yont, Mr North, sir, till wi' this twa-haunded poker I smash the centre lump, as Mordecai Mullion has smashed the *os frontis* o' M'Culloch.

NORTH.

James, you cannot imagine what a noble figure you reflect in the mirror ; I should like vastly to have your portrait taken in that very attitude.

SHEPHERD.

Mercy on us ! there's a tongue o' flame loup't out upon the carpet. Whare's the shooll ? Nae shooll—nae shooll ! Let's up wi't in my twa loofs. Whew, whew, whew ! That's gude for frost-bitten fingers. There the Turkey's no a whit singed. Do you fin' the smell o' burnin', sir ?

NORTH.

Look at your right hand, my dear Shepherd !

SHEPHERD.

It's a' lowin'. Whew—whew—whew !—That comes o' haein' hairy hauns. Belyve the blisters 'll be risin' like foam-bells ; but de'il may care. Oh, sir ! but I'm real happy to see you out again ; and to think that we're to hae a twa-haunded crack, without Tickler or ony o' the rest kennin' that we're at Awmrose's. Gie's your haun' again, my dear sir. Noo, what shall we hae ?

NORTH.

A single jug, James, of Glenlivet—not very strong, if you please ; for—

SHEPHERD.

A single jug o' Glenleevit—no very strang ! My dear sir, hae you lost your judgment ? You ken my recate for toddy, and you never saw't fail yet. In wi' a' the sugar, and a' the whusky, whatever they chance to be, intil the jug about half fu' o' water—just say three minutes to get aff the boil—and then the King's health in a bumper.

NORTH.

You can twist the old man, like a silk-thread, round your finger, James. But remember, I'm on a regimen.

SHEPHERD.

Sae am I—five shaves o' toasted butter and bread—two eggs—a pound o' kipper sea-trout or sawmon, be it mair or less—and three o' the big cups o' tea to breakfast ;—ae platefu' o' corned-beef, and potatoes and greens—the leg and the wing o' a howtowdy—wi' some tongue or ham—a cut o' ploom-puddin', and cheese and bread, to dinner—and ony wee trifle afore bed-time—

That's the regimen, sir, that I'm on the noo, as far as regards the victualling department; and I canna but say, that, moderate as it is, I thrive on't decently aneuch, and haena fun' mysel' stouter or stranger, either in mind or body, sin' the King's visit to Scotland. I hae made nae change on my lickor sin' the Queen's Wake, and the time you first dined wi' me in Ann Street—only I hae gien up porter, which is swallin' drink, and lays on naething but fat and foxiness.

NORTH.

I forget if you are a great dreamer, James?

SHEPHERD.

Sleepin' or waukin'?

NORTH.

Sleeping—and on a heavy supper.

SHEPHERD.

Oh! sir, I not only pity but despise the coof, that aff wi' his claes, on wi' his nightcap, into the sheets, doun wi' his head on the bowster, and then afore anither man could hae weel taken aff his breeks, snorin' awa' wi' a great open mouth, without a single dream ever travellin' through his fancy! What wud be the harm o' pittin' him to death?

NORTH.

What! murder a man for not dreaming, James?

SHEPHERD.

Na—but for no dreaming, and for snorin' at the same time. What for blaw a trumpet through the hail house at the dead o' nicht, just to tell that you've lost your soul and your senses, and become a breathin' clod? What a blow it maun be to a man, to marry a snorin' woman! Think o' her during the hail hinny-moon, resting her head, with a long gurgling snorting snore, on her husband's bosom!

NORTH.

Snoring runs in families; and, like other hereditary complaints, occasionally leaps over one generation, and descends on the next. But my son, I have no doubt, will snore like a trooper.

SHEPHERD.

Your son? Try the toddy, sir. Your son?!

NORTH.

The jug is a most excellent one, James. Edinburgh is supplied with very fine water.

SHEPHERD.

Gie me the real Glenlivet—such as Awmrose aye has in the house—and I weel believe that I could mak drinkable toddy out o' sea-water. The human mind never tires o' Glenlivet, ony mair than o' cauler air. If a body could just find out the exack proper proportion o' quantity that ought to be drank every day, and keep to that, I verily trow that he micht leeve for ever, without dying at a', and that doctors and kirkyards would go out of fashion.

NORTH.

Have you had any snow yet, James, in the Forest?

SHEPHERD.

Only some skirrin' sleets—no aneuch to track a hare. But, safe us a', what a storm was you, thus early in the season too, in the Highlands! I wush I had been in Tamantowl that nicht. No a wilder region for a snow-storm on a' the yearth. Let the wun' come frae what airt it likes, right doon Glen-Aven, or up frae Grantown, or across frae the woods o' Abernethy, or far aff frae the forests at the Head o' Dee, you wad think that it was the Deevil himself howlin' wi' a' his legions. A black thunder-storm's no half sae fearsome to me as a white snaw ane. There's an ocular grandeur in it, wi' the opening heavens sending forth the flashes o' lichtnin', that bring out the burnished woods frae the distance close upon you where you staun', a' the time the hills rattling like stanes on the roof o' a house, and the rain either descending in a universal deluge, or here and there pouring down in *straths*, till the thunder can scarcely quell the roar o' a thousand cataracts.

NORTH.

Poussin—Poussin—Poussin!

SHEPHERD.

The heart quakes, but the imagination even in its awe is elevated. You still have a hold on the external world, and a lurid beauty mixes with the magnificence till there is an austere joy in terror.

NORTH.

Burke—Burke—Burke—Edmund Burke!

SHEPHERD.

But in a night snaw-storm the ragin' world o' elements is at war with life. Within twenty yards o' a human dwelling, you may be remote from succour as at the Pole. The drift is the drift of death. Your eyes are extinguished in your head—your ears frozen—your tongue dumb. Mountains and glens are all alike—so is the middle air eddying with flakes and the glimmerin' heavens. An army would be stopt on its march—and what then is the tread o' ae puir solitary wretch, man or woman, struggling on by theirsell, or sittin' down, ower despairing even to pray, and fast congealin', in a sort o' dwam o' delicious stupefaction, into a lump o' icy and rustling snaw! Wae's me, wae's me! for that auld woman and her wee grand-daughter, the bonniest lamb, folk said, in a' the Highlands, that left Tamantowl that night, after the merry Strathspeys were over, and were never seen again till after the snaw, lying no five hunder yards out o' the town, the bairn wrapt round and round in the crone's plaid as weel as in her ain, but for a' that, dead as a flower-stalk that has been forgotten to be taken into the house at nicht, and in the mornin' brittle as glass in its beauty, although, till you come to touch it, it would seem to be alive!

NORTH.

With what very different feelings one would read an account of the death of a brace of Bagmen in the snow! How is that to be explained, James?

SHEPHERD.

You see the imagination pictures the twa Bagmen as Cockneys. As the snaw was getting dour at them, and giein' them sair flaffs and dads on their faces, spittin' in their vera een, ruggin' their noses, and blawin' upon their blubbery lips, till they blistered, the Cockneys wad be waxing half feared and half angry, and dammin' the "Heelans," as the cursedest kintra that ever was kittled. But wait awee, my gentlemen, and you'll keep a louner sugh or you get half way from Dalnacardoch to Dalwhinnie.

NORTH.

A wild district, for ever whirring, even in mist snow, with the gorcock's wing.

SHEPHERD.

Whisht—haud your tongue, till I finish the account o' the death of the twa Bagmen in the snaw. Ane o' their horses—for the creturs are no ill mounted—alidders awa' down a bank, and gets jammed into a snaw-stall, where there's no room for turnin'. The other horse grows obstinate wi' the sharp stour in his face, and proposes retreating to Dalnacardoch, tail foremost; but no being sae weel up to the walkin' or the trottin' backwards, as that English chiel Townsend, the pedestrian, he cloits doun first on his hurdies, and then on his tae side, the girths burst, and the saddle hangs only by a tack to the crupper.

NORTH.

Do you know, James, that though you are manifestly drawing a picture intended to be ludicrous, it is to me extremely pathetic?

SHEPHERD.

The twa Cockneys are now forced to act as dismounted cavalry through the rest of the campaign, and sit down and cry—pretty babes o' the wood—in eachither's arms! John Frost decks their noses and their ears with icicles—and each vulgar physiognomy partakes of the pathetic character of a turnip, making an appeal to the feelings on Hallow-een.—Dinna sneeze that way when ane's speakin', sir!

NORTH.

You ought rather to have cried, "God bless you."

SHEPHERD.

A' this while neither the snaw nor the wund has been idle—and balth

Cockneys are sitting up to the middle, poor creatures, no that vera could, for driftin' snaw sune begins to fin' warm and comfortable, but, wae's me! unco, unco sleepy—and not a word do they speak! and now the snaw is up to their vera chins; and the bit bonny, braw, stiff, fause shirt-collars, that they were me proud o' stickin' at their chafts, are as hard as ir'n, for they've gotten a sair Scotch starchin',—and the fierce North cares naething for their towsy hair a smellin' wi' Kalydor and Macassar, no it indeed, but twurls it a' into ravelled hanks, till the frozen mops bear nae earthly resemblance to the ordinary heads o' Cockneys—and hoo indeed should they, lying in sic an unnatural and out-o'-the-way place for them, as the moors atween Dalnacardoch and Dalwhinnie?

NORTH.

O James—say not they perished!

SHEPHERD.

Yes, sir, they perished; under such circumstances, it would have been too much to expect of the vital spark that it should not have fled. It did so—and a pair of more interesting Bagmen never slept the sleep of death. Gi'e me the lend o' your handkerchief, sir, for I agree wi' you that the picture's vera pathetic.

NORTH.

Did you read, James, in one of Maga's Leading Articles, called "Glance over Selby's Ornithology," an account of the Red Tarn Raven Club, devouring the corpse of a Quaker on the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn?

SHEPHERD.

Ay,—what about it? I could hae dune't as weel mysel.

NORTH.

Do you know, James, that it gave great offence?

SHEPHERD.

I hae nae doubt that the birds o' prey, that keep gorging themselves for weeks after a great battle, gie great offence to thousands o' the wounded,—picking out their een, and itherwise hurting their feelings. Here a bluidy straight beak tweakin' a general officer by the nose, and there a no less bluidy crooked one tearing aff the ee-broos o' a drummer, and happin' aff to eat them on the hollow round o' his ain drum,—on which never will tattoo be beaten ony mair, for a musket ball has gone through the parchment, and the "stormy music," as Cammel ca's it, is hushed for ever. What need a description o' the dreadful field, when it has been crappit and fallowed year after year, gie offence to ony rational reader? Surely no; and, therefore, why shudder at a joke about the death of a Quaker?—Tuts, tuts, it's a' nonsense.

NORTH.

Drinking, dancing, swearing, and quarrelling, going on all the time in Tamantoul, James, for a fair there is a wild rendezvous, as we both know, summer or winter; and thither flock the wildest spirits of the wildest clans, old soldiers, poachers, outlaws, bankrupt tradesmen from small towns, and bankrupt farmers from large farms, horse-coupers, cattle-dealers, sticket ministers, schoolmasters without scholars, land-measurers, supervisors and excisemen, tinkers, trampers, sportsmen, stray poets, contributors to Magazines—perhaps an editor—people of no profession, and men literally without a name, except it be recorded in the Hue and Cry, all imprisoned in a snow-storm, James! What matter if the whole body of them were dug out dead in the morning from the drift, a hundred feet high?

SHEPHERD.

Ma faith, North, you've ta'en the word out o' my mouth; but hooly, hooly—let's get back frae Tamantoul to Embro. Anything gude in leeterture, sir, syne Lammas Fair?

NORTH.

Why, my dear James, I live so entirely out of the world now, that you could not apply, for information of that kind, to a person less likely to afford it. I live on the Past.

SHEPHERD.

Rather spare diet, sir, and apt to get musty. I prefer the Present—na, even the vera Future itsel'—to the Past. But the Three a' mixed thegither, like

rumbletethumps, makes a gran' head-dish at dinner, or sooper either ; and I never eat it onywhere in sic perfection as at Mr Awmrose's.

NORTH.

Have you heard, James, that we are absolutely going to have some war again ? A furious Army of Refugees have invaded Portugal, and threaten to overthrow the Constitution.

SHEPHERD.

I fear the plook o' war 'll no come to a head. There's a want o' maitter. Leave the Portugals to fecht the collyshangy out by theirsels, and there may be some cracked crowns. But twa three regiments o' our red coats 'll put out the fire o' civil war afore it's weel kindled—whilk'll be a great pity. Is na there something rather ridiculous like in the soun' o' an Army o' Refugees ? It's only next best to an Army of Runaways.

NORTH.

Britain, James, and France—what think you of a war between them, James ?

SHEPHERD.

For Godsake, dinna let us begin wi' politics, for under them I aye fin' my nature stuified within me—as if I were tawkin' no frae my ain thochts, but out o' a newspaper. A' I say is, that the times are wersh without bloodshed.

NORTH.

Did you read Canning's speech ?

SHEPHERD.

Na,—but I'm gaun up to London in Feberwar, to hear him in the House o' Commons. Think ye, that the best discourse “by Cameron thundered, or by Renwick poured,” of old, to a congregation of Covenanters, in a sky-roofed kirk o' cliffs in the wilderness, would have done to be read in Awmrose's here, wi' twa caundles on the table, and twa on the brace-piece helpin' the fire to illuminate a board o' oysters, or ashet o' rizzard haddies, or a trencher o' toasted cheese ? Nae doubt the discourse wad hae been a gude discourse onywhere—but where the hands uplifted to heaven, the hair of the preacher streaming in the wind, his eyes penetrating the clouds, the awful sound o' one voice, and one voice only, heard in the hush o' the desert ? Where the fixed faces o' the congregation, intent as if but one soul animated the whole mass, a' armed even on the Sabbath-day, and forgettin', when harkenin' to the tidings o' salvation, the soun' o' the hoofs o' bluidy Clavere's dragoons ? Just aae in their ain way wi' Cannin's orations. You maun see the man himsell—and they say he has a' the outward powers and graces o' a great speaker ; and as for his inwards, there can be nae doubt that his brain has a harl o' strong bricht thochts like fire-flaughts enlichtenin', or, as needs be, witherin' and consumin' a' opposition, like chaff, or stubble, or heather a-bleeze on the hills.

NORTH.

You will also have an opportunity, James, of hearing Hume.

SHEPHERD.

O man ! but he maun be an impident cretur that Hume, to lowae his tinkler jaw in the Hoose, afore three hunder British and Eerish gentlemen, wi' the sum of fifty-four pounds seven shillings and eightpence three farthings one doit in his breeches pocket, diddled in interest frae the funns o' the Greek Pawtriots, fechtin' in their poverty for the freedom o' their native land.

NORTH.

He offered to refer the affair to arbitration, you know, James,

SHEPHERD.

And what for didna he fix on three arbitrawtors ? Does he think folk are to come forward o' their ain accord ? He seems to think it a great feather in his cap that he didna commit even-down cheaters and thievery on the Greeks. Grant that, which is mair than doubtful, haana he proved himsel a greedy, greedy fallow, and fonder far to hear the clink o' his ain cash than the shouts o' liberty frae that ance glorious country, whare genius and valour were native to the soil, and whare yet they are not dead but sleepin', and may—ay, will arise frae the bluidy dust, and tear out the Turkish crescent from the sky, ance mair free to the silver feet of their ain Diana !

NORTH.

He is a poor creature, in mind, and heart alike—and wears the interest of his scrip in his very face, in the hardness and hue of brass. How else durst he have risen from his breech after Canning—and like a turkey-cock, that is a bubbly-jock, James, have given vent to his vile gobble, ere the House had ceased to hear the cry, and view the flight, of the Eagle?

SHEPHERD.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God!"

NORTH.

The man's mind has so long busied itself with pounds, shillings, pence, halfpence, farthings, and doits, James, that it has utterly lost all perception of the higher interests to which they may be made subservient—and for which alone they can have any value in a nation's eyes.

SHEPHERD.

I wud hate to dine wi' him at a tavern—for he wud aye be for threapin' down the bill; and oh! but he wud be shabby—shabby to the waiter. He wud never gie ony waiter—even if she was a lassie—mair than tippence—and sibblins ane o' the bawbees o' an obsolete sort, that wadna gang now-a-days—what they ca' an Eerish rap, or ane issued lang syne by some cotton spinner in Manchester. We'll hear o' nae mair public denners to sic a meeser.

NORTH.

There is no saying, James. Whom will not party spirit in these days set up as an idol, basely bow down, and crawling worahip it? Mr Brougham gave the scrub a hard hit on the kidneys, and it must have made him wince.

SHEPHERD.

Hoo was that?

NORTH.

Mr Brougham, in allusion to Hume's speech, declared himself incapable of "listening to the arithmetic of the *Honourable Member* for Aberdeen. There were circumstances," he said, "in which countries—as well as individuals—might be placed, in which to *compute cost* was impossible, frivolous, disgraceful alike to the country and to the *individual*!"

SHEPHERD.

Weel dune, Hairy. That was capital.

NORTH.

But before Hume had recovered from that well-delivered hit, Mr Brougham put in a facer that broke the brass like an egg-shell. "To those upon whom such topics (national faith and national honour, James,) are thrown away, however, and to whom the *expense* which any of their preparations might cost, was so considerable an object, and to how much it might mount up by the loss of the interest (loud laughter) upon it, and of interest upon that interest, (loud laughter) he could put it to all such reasoners," &c.

SHEPHERD.

Weel done, Hairy,—weel done, Hairy. You're an ambitious chiel' yoursell, and wad do muckle to gain the object of your ambition; but you never were avaricious—you have a sowl aboon that,—and I could forgie ye a' your sins for that noble disdain of the meanest member o' the legislative body. He can never haud up the head o' him after that. Weel dune, Hairy. Mr North, let's drink Mr Bruman's health in a cauker.

NORTH.

Here he goes.—Heavens, James, is that a brilliant among the hair of your little finger?

SHEPHERD.

O' the first water. But you've seen't afore a thousand and a thousand times. I got it frae his Grace the late Duke o' Buccleuch.

NORTH.

Are you not afraid of losing it, my dear Shepherd?

SHEPHERD.

Faith, there's nae fear o' that; for it has indented itsell intill my finger sae deep, that naeboddy can steal't frae me unless they saw or file't aff. It is indeed "a gem of purest ray serene;" and mony a mirk nicht hae I seen my way hame by its wee, clear star o' lustre. The fairies ken't when they see't aff twinkling through the mist, and the Shepherd hears the soun' o' their

wings wavering round his head sae near, that he often thinks he could grasp ane o' the creturs by her grass-green cymar. But the air-woven garment is impalpable to the touch; and, wi' sweet shrill laughter, the Aerials fade, chiming away outower the hills down by the towers o' Newark to holy Melrose, and the auld Abbey o' Dryburgh.

NORTH:

Oh, why, my dearest James, why is thy mountain-lyre mute?

SHEPHERD.

You're a bonny fellow to ask that question: you that's aye abusing poetry, and wunna leave ony ane o' a' the Nine Muses the likeness o' a dowg!

NORTH.

The sea o' song hath its ebbs and flows; and now, methinks, there is a wide shore o' sand.

SHEPHERD.

Alang which you see, noo and then, a straggling poetaster picking up a few shells—mere buckies!

NORTH.

Sinking in treacherous quick-sands,—or swallowed up when the flow o' tide returns from the ocean.

SHEPHERD.

I hae nae wush either to be drowned, or picked up by some critical cobbler a' drookin' wat, wi' sand in my hair, and sea-weed and barnacles stickin' to my hurdies, like the keel o' a veshel wi' Sir Humphrey Davy's preservers against the dry-rot. Better to remain inland,—a silly shepherd, piping to his flock.

NORTH.

I was glad to see some fine lines o' yours, James, in Mr Watts' Souvenir.

SHEPHERD.

Oh, sir, but yon's a bonny byuck! What for did na ye notice the Prent o' Martin's Alexander and Diogenes? That Martin, to my fancy, 's the greatest painter o' them a', and has a maist magnificent imagination. I'm nae great classical scholar; but aiblins I ken as muckle about Alexander the Great, his character and his conquests, as mony bred in a College. What a glorious gloom and glitter o' battlements hanging ower the crested head o' the Macedonian monarch, marching afore his bodyguard, while a' the laigh distance is a forest o' spears and lances! And then Diogenes, like a tinkler at the door o' his bit blanket-tent, geeing a lesson, which he was weel able to do, to the son o' Jupiter Ammon. The Tent's far better than a tub—for historical truth cauna be said to be wranged, when it is sacrificed to the principles o' a lofty art. A fountain playing close at hand in the shade—and the builder's and the sculptor's skill beautifying every quiet place with pensive images! My copy, wi' Mr Watts' respectful compliments, in large paper, wi' proof impressions; and I wadna sell't for five guineas, even although I had coft it mysel for twal shillings.

NORTH:

Jozey Hume would not scruple to sell, at a profit, a presentation-copy o' a work o' Sir Walter's.

SHEPHERD.

Hoot, you sumph!—Beg pardon, sir,—Hoo do you think that a presentation-copy frae Sir Walter could ever get into such slippery hauns? But, gin ane could suppose sic a supposition, nae doubt Joe wadna be lang o' sellin't; for ye ken he doesna like to see interest on siller losing itself, and it's very expensive keeping byucks lying idle, even although they dinna eat muckle in their shelfs. I wadna sell a presentation-copy o' the warst o' Sir Walter's warks, if it were to keep me and mine frae starvation.—When's his Napoleon to be out?

NORTH.

In a month or two, I hear. It is a noble performance.

SHEPHERD.

You dinna say that you've seen't?

NORTH.

Hem !—Mum, James. His other works are Tales ; but this is a History, and a History worthy both the Men.

SHEPHERD.

I canna doubt it. He's up to anything.—Oh, sir, but it's sickening to hear the anticipatory criticism o' the Whiglings on the Life of Napoleon. Wull Sir Walter, they ask, do justice to his character—wull he not show his politics ? What for no ?—Whan did he ever deny glory to a great man ? Never.

NORTH.

Mere malice. Why, James, the Whigs used formerly to say, and even now they hint as much, that Wellington is not a great General. Neither is Scott a great Author.

SHEPHERD.

I can thole a hantle o' nonsense—for I like to speak nonsense mysel'—but heartless, malignant, envious nonsense, I never could thole ; and were ony ass to point his ears with a bray at Sir Walter, in my sight or hearing, I would just get up, even if it was at a board o' oysters, when O'Doherty was clearin' a' before him, and kick the donkey down stairs.

NORTH.

Have you seen Allan Cunningham's Paul Jones ?

SHEPHERD.

No me. It 'll no be verra gude.

NORTH.

What, James ! Don't you think Allan a man of genius ?

SHEPHERD.

Yes, sir, I do think him a man of genius. But may na a man of genius write a byuck that's no verra gude ? Read ye ever a romance ca'd the Three Perils o' Man ?

NORTH.

Bravo, my dear Shepherd. Paul Jones, James, is an amusing, an interesting Tale, and will, on the whole, raise Allan's reputation. It is full of talent.

SHEPHERD.

Let's hear its chief merits first, and then its chief defects. They'll be geyan equally balanced, I jalouse.

NORTH.

Even so. There are many bold and striking incidents and situations ; many picturesque and poetical descriptions ; many reflections that prove Allan to be a man of an original, vigorous, and sagacious mind.

SHEPHERD.

I dinna doubt it. Say away.

NORTH.

The character of Paul Jones is, I think, well conceived.

SHEPHERD.

But is't weel executed ? That's everything.

NORTH.

No, James, that's not everything. Much may be forgiven in imperfect execution to good conception. In bringing out his *idea* of Paul Jones, Allan has not always been successful. The delineation wants light and shade ; there is frequent daubing—great—or rather gross exaggeration, and continual effort after effect, that sometimes totally defeats its purpose. On the whole, the interest we take in the Pirate is but languid. But the worst fault of the book is that it smells not of the ocean. There are waves—waves—waves—but never a sea,—battle on battle, but as of ships in a painted panorama, where we feel all is the mockery of imitation—and almost grudge our half-crown at each new ineffectual broadside and crash of music from a band borrowed from a caravan of wild beasts.

SHEPHERD.

If I had said all that, you would have set it down to jealousy o' Kinnigham's genius.

NORTH.

It is evident that Allan never made a cruise in a frigate or line-of-battle ship. He dares not venture on nautical terms—and the land-lubber is in

every line. Paul Jones's face is perpetually painted with blood and gunpowder, and his person spattered with brains. The description of the battle between the Shannon and the Chesapeake, in James's Naval History, is worth, ten thousand times over, all the descriptions in Allan's three volumes. Sadly inferior, indeed, is he to Mr Cooper, the truly naval author of the Pilot, who writes like a Hero.

SHEPHERD.

As a tale of the sea, then, Paul Jones is a failure?

NORTH.

A most decided one. Still a bright genius like Allan's will show itself through darkest ignorance—and there are occasional flashes of war poetry in Paul Jones. But he manœuvres a Ship as if she were on wheels, and on dry land. All the glory of the power of sail and helm is gone—and the reader longs for an old number of the Naval Chronicle, for a Gazette letter from the Admiralty, from Lord Exmouth, or Lord Cochrane, or Sir Richard Strachan, or Keates, or Mylne, or Seymour, or Brisbane. But as I shall probably review Allan's book, you will see my opinion of its beauties and its deformities at great length in an early number. The article shall be a good one, depend on't—perhaps a leading one, for it is delightful to have to do with a man of genius; and our readers will rise from its perusal with a far higher opinion of Allan's powers, than from any base and paid-for panegyric in any unprincipled Edinburgh radical newspaper, where the fear or the hope of a few advertisements withheld or bestowed, will prompt a panegyric fulsome as the smell of rankest ewes or nanny-goats, that, to the nostrils of a proud Peasant, like Allan Cunningham, must be sufficient, James, to make his stomach “just perfectly scunner.” By the way, I cannot say, James, that I feel that disgust towards literary ladies that you used to express so strongly by that excellent word *scunner*. To my aged eyes a neat ankle is set off attractively by a alight shade of cerulean—and—

SHEPHERD.

A nate ankil! Saw ye ever in a' your born days a nate ankil in a blue stockin'? A' the leddies o' my acquaintance that write byucks hae gotten a touch o' the elephanteasis in their legs. If they grow thicker and thicker a' the way up, safe us, but they maun—

NORTH.

Stop, James. Some of our most justly popular female authors are very handsome women.

SHEPHERD.

I'll just thank ye to name twa or three o' the handsomest—and I'll bet you what you like that I'll produce a lassie frae Yarrow or Ettrick, in worsted huggers, that just kens her letters and nae mair, that'll measure sma'er roun' the ankils than your picked madam in the blue stockings, although she may hae written volumm upon volumm baith in prose and metre, and aiblins dedicated them, with a “Sire” in great big capitals, to his Majesty the King.

NORTH.

Stuff, James, stuff. Of all the huge, hulky, bulky, red, distempered ankles, that ever petrified my astonished gaze, the most hideous have I seen wading the tributary streams of the Tweed. In humble life, no such thing exists as a neat ankle.

SHEPHERD.

Puir chiel, I pity you.

NORTH.

The term, *Literary Ladies*, (who, by the by, are charming *Literary Souvenirs*,) is uniformly used by the dregs of both sexes—and only by the dregs. For my own part, I never yet felt or understood the full beauty of any pathetic passage in a poem, till I had heard it read, or recited, or breathed of by lady's lips—or wept or smiled over by lady's eyes—God bless them! They are celestial critics—and I could often kiss the sweet creatures, so silvery sweet the music of their tongues! Believe it not, James—believe it not, James, that their ankles are ever one hair's-breadth in circumference more than he could wish them to be, when kneeling lover makes obeisance to their feet.

SHEPHERD.

Weel, weel, then—I daursay I'm wrang. I'm wullin' to believe, in spite o' the evidences of my senses, that the leddy I saw the day comin' intil a circulation leebary to ax for the Secrets o' Sensibility, in four volumes, had ankles nae thicker than my wrist-bane, although at the time I could hae teen my bible oath that they were about the thickness of my cawve.

NORTH.

Besides, James, it is altogether a mistake to think that thinness is necessarily neatness in an ankle. An ankle ought not on any account to be either thick or thin, but of a moderate roundness; any approach to the boney—or what you would call the “skranky,” is death to my devoirs. Many elderly-young ladies are partial to short petticoats, on the score of their thin, boney, skranky ankles, which they stick out upon the public like sheep's trotters. Commend me, James, to a slim rotundity which long-fingered Jack could span—and scarcely span. Such an ankle, in the words of Burns, betrays fair proportion. The skranky ankle bespeaks skranky neck and bosom, James, and—

SHEPHERD.

There's nae endurin' them—I alloo that lassies should aye be something sonsie.

NORTH.

So with waists. Women are not waspe.

SHEPHERD.

I'm no just quite sae sure about that, sir; but I agree wi' you in dialikin' the wasp-waist. You wunner what they do wi' their vittals. They canna be healthy—and you'll generally observe, that sic like hae gey yellow faces, as if something were wrang wi' their stomach. There should be moderation in a' things. A waist's for puttin' your arm round, and no for spannin' wi' your hands—except it be some fairy o' a cretur that's no made to be married, but just to wonder at, and aiblins admire, as you wud a bonny she-dwarf at a show. There should aye be some teer and weer about a lassie that's meant for domestic life.

NORTH.

With regard to dress, I am willing to allow considerable latitude. The bosom is the blessed seat of innocence as well as love.

SHEPHERD.

That it is, Mr North; and nae man that feels and thinks as a man need pretend to be angry wi' a glimse—na, wi' mair than a glimse—o' a sicht that soothes the thoughts and feelings into a delightful cawm, and brings into his heart a silent bennison on the Virgin, whose wakin' and sleepin' dreams are a' as pure as the snaw-drift o' her heaving breast! It's nane but your sanctimonious sinners that gloom as they glower on such a heaven.

NORTH.

I often wish that there was not such uniformity in fashion. How much better if every maiden and every matron would dress according to her own peculiar taste and genius—each guiding herself, at the same time, by some understood Standard, from which there was to be no wide deviation. Thus we should have “variety in uniformity,” “similitude in dissimilitude,” which, according to Lord Shaftesbury and Mr Wordsworth, and a thousand others, is one of the prime principles of beauty.

SHEPHERD.

That's a capital remark. Tak' for example, floonces. What's mair ridiculous than sax tier o' floonces on the tail o' the gown o' a bit fat, dumpy cretur, wi' unco short legs, and stickin' out gey and sair, baith before and behin', beside a tall, straught, elegant lassie, wha bears along her floonces as gloriously as the rising morning trails her clouds through among the dews on the mountain-taps!

NORTH.

Poetry in every word.

SHEPHERD.

Without sic paraphernalia, Dumpy might hae been quite a Divinity. But the floonces gar you forget your gude manners, till you can scarce help lauhing.

NORTH.

Oh, James, what a charm in appropriateness!

SHEPHERD.

It's the same thing wi' men. Some look best in ticht pantaloons—some in lowse troosers—some in knee-breeks—and some in kilts. Instead o' that, when tichts are the fashion, a' maun pit on tichts—and what a figure does yon body mak' o' himsell in tichts, wi' legs and thees a' o' ae thickness, frae cute to cleft, excepp at the knees, which stick out on the insides wi' knots like neeps, the verra licht o' vulgarity in a drawing-room o' leddies.

NORTH.

O, for the restoration of the Roman Toga!

SHEPHERD.

Then should the Shepherd appear in the character of a Roman Consul.

NORTH.

Hail, Cincinnatus—Cincinnatus, hail!

SHEPHERD.

I thoct he had been a ploughman—no a shepherd.

NORTH.

Pray, James, do you think the pastoral preceded the agricultural state?

SHEPHERD.

The horticultural preceded them baith—and that's the reason why I became a member o' the Horticultural Society, though it costs me twa guineas a-year. Now, there could be nae delvin' without spades, and nae drillin' without howes, and nae dibblin' without dibbles—sae you see the agricultural state, as you ca't, naturally succeeded to the horticultural. Further, waurna gardens made o' yirth? and what signifies it, in the pheelosophy o' the maitter, when the saft garden was changed for the hard glebe, as was the case, waes me—when the flaming sword drove our first parents—puir creturs—out the gates of Paradise! Therefore, strickly speakin', the first state o' man was agricultural.

NORTH.

John Millar, in his Distinctions of Ranks, thought otherwise.

SHEPHERD.

And wha's John Millar? Was he a brother o' Joe's? But to proceed wi' an answer to your question. The pastoral state grew out o' the agricultural, for when corn was raised, what was to become o' the straw? Cattle were collected and tamed, and fattened and ate. Further, think you that men wad hae been sic even-down idiots as to have lived on cattle, without potawtoes and bread? Or on potawtoes and bread without cattle? They were nae sic sumpha. Therefore, Cain was a ploughman—and Abel was a shepherd—just as Adam had been a gardener. And think you Eve and her daughters were long contented with fig-leaves—no they indeed. Thus manufactures arose. As new families were begotten, villages and towns arose, and hence trade and commerce. So that horticulture was the original state—and thus the agricultural and the pastoral and the manufacturing and the commercial state arose contemporaneously, or nearly sae, a' round and about the bonnie borders o' Paradise—for the borders were bonnie, and weel watered wi' many large rivers, although the fiery sword o' the Angel o' the Lord often smote the soil wi' drought as with a curse—and—

NORTH:

But you have forgot the fishing and the hunting states.

SHEPHERD.

I've dune nae sic thing—Come out to Altrive, and you will see them baith in a' their pristine glory. But never tell me that a nation o' fishers ever turned into a nation o' hunters, or veece versa. Indeed I hae my doubts gin ever there was sic a thing as a nation o' fishers—except ye ca' twa or three hunder shiverin' forlorn wretches on the shores o' Terra del Fuego, or ony ither sic like dreary and disconsolate shore, a nation—which would be a great abuse o' language. How the devil the human race ever got there, is no for me to say, nor you neither. But I gang no to John Millar, but to Moses, for my pheelosophy o' man and man's dispersion; and even supposing, for the sake o' theory and hypothesis, that the abeelities o' the twa writers were about upon

a par, Moses, ye'll allow, had a great advantage, in leevin' some thousands o' years nearer the time o' the creation than John Millar. See I shall continue to prefer his account to any ither speculation sin' the invention o' prentin'.

NORTH.

James, you are a good shot.

SHEPHERD.

I seldom miss a hay-stack, or a barn-door, standing, at twenty yards; but war they to tak wings to themselves and flee away, I should be shy o' takin' on any big bet that I should bring them down—especially wi' a single barrel.

NORTH.

That thick brown Octavo, lying by itself, immediately beyond the rizzered haddies, is one of the best and most business-like Books on shooting that we sportsmen have; it is a Fifth Edition of my friend Colonel Hawker.

SHEPHERD.

Commend me to an auld Sodger for shootin'. Let me put on my specks—a sentence in a book's quite aneuch to judge a' the lave by—and I see the Colonel's a clever fallow. Plates, too, Mr North: you maun just gie me a present o' this copy—and it will aye be ready for perusal when you come out to Altrive.

NORTH.

Take it, James.

SHEPHERD.

Name o' your pigeon-killers for me, waitin' in cool blood till the bonnie burdies, that should ne'er be shot at a', except when they're on the corn-stocks, flee out o' a trap wi' a flutter and a whirr, and then prouder men are they nor the Duke o' Wellington, when they knock down, wi' pinions ower purple, the bright birds o' Venus, tumbling, as if hawk-struck, within boun's, or carrying aneath the down o' their bonnie bosoms some cruel drape, that, ere night-fall, will gar them moan out their lives amang the cover o' suburban groves.

NORTH.

So you have no pity, James, for any other birds but the birds of Venus?

SHEPHERD.

I canna say that I hae muckle pity for mony o' the ither—mair especially wild-dyucks and whaups. It's a trial that Job would never hae come through, without swearin'—after wading half the day through marsh and fen, sometimes up to the houghs, and sometimes to the oxters, to see a dizzen or a score o' wild-dyucks a' risin' thegither, about a quarter o' a mile aff, wi' their out-stretched bills and droopin' doups, maist unmercifully ill-made, as ane might mistake it, for fleeing, and then makin' a circle half a mile ayont the reach o' slug, gradually fa'in' intil a mathematical figure in Euclid's Elements, and vanishin', wi' the speed o' eagles, in the weather gleam, as if they were aff for ever to Norway, or to the North Pole. Dang their web-footed soles—

NORTH.

James—James, remember where you are, and with whom—time, place, and person. No maledictions to-night on any part o' the creation, feathered or unfeathered. During Christmas holidays, I would rather err on the side of undue humanity. What are whaups?

SHEPHERD.

That's a gude ane! Ma faith, you proved that you kent weel aneuch what were whaups that day at Yarrow-Ford, when you devoored twa, stoop and roop, to the astonishment o' the Tailor, wha begood to fear that you would niest eat his guse for a second coorse. The English ca' whaups curl-loos—the maist nonsensical name for a whaup ever I heard—but the English hae little or nae imagination.

NORTH.

My memory is not so good as it used to be, James—but I remember it now—"Most prime picking is the whaup."

SHEPHERD.

In wunter they're aff to the sea—but a' simmer and hairst they haunt

the wide, heathy, or rushy and boggy moors. Ye may discover the whaup's lang nose half a mile aff, as the gleg-ee'd creatur keeps a watch ower the wilderness, wi' baith sight and smell.

NORTH.

Did you shoot the whaups alluded to above, James—or the Tailor himself?

SHEPHERD.

Him—no me. But mony and aft's the time that I hae lain for hours ahint some auld turf-dyke, that aiblins had ance enclosed a bit bonny kail-yard belonging to a housie noo soopt frae the face of the yerth,—every noo and than keekin' ower the grassy rampart to see gif the whaups, thinkin themselves alane, were takin' their walk in the solitude; and gif nane were there, layin' mysel doon a' my length on my grufe and elbow, and reading an auncient ballant, or maybe tryin' to croon a bit sang o' my ain, inspired by the loun and lonesome spat,—for O, sir! hae na ye aften felt that the farther we are in body frae human dwellings, the nearer are we to their ingles in sowl?

NORTH.

Often, James—often. In a crowd I am apt to be sullen or ferocious. In solitude I am the most benevolent of men. To understand my character, you must see me alone—converse with me—meditate on what I then say—and behold my character in all its original brightness.

SHEPHERD.

The dearest thocht and feelings o' auld lang syne come crowd—crowding back again into the heart whenever there's an hour o' perfect silence, just like so many swallows comin' a-wing frae God knows whare, when winter is ower and gane, to the self-same range o' auld clay biggins, aneath the thatch o' house, or the alate o' ha'—unforgetfu' they o' the place where they were born, and first hunted the insect-people through shadow or sunshine!

NORTH.

What a pity, James, that you were not in Edinburgh in time to see my friend Audubon's Exhibition!

SHEPHERD.

An Exhibition o' what?

NORTH.

Of birds painted to the life. Almost the whole American Ornithology, true to nature, as if the creatures were in their native haunts in the forests, or on the sea-shores. Not stiff and staring like stuffed specimens—but in every imaginable characteristic attitude, perched, wading, or a-wing,—not a feather, smooth or ruffled, out of its place,—every song, chirp, chatter, or cry, made audible by the power of genius.

SHEPHERD.

Whare got he sae weel acquaint wi' a' the tribes—for do they not herd in swamps and woods whare man's foot intrudes not—and the wilderness is guarded by the Rattlesnake, fearsome Watchman, wi' nae ither bouets than his ain fiery eyne?

NORTH.

For upwards of twenty years the enthusiastic Audubon lived in the remotest woods, journeying to and fro on foot thousands of miles—or sailing on great rivers, “great as any seas,” with his unerring rifle, slaughtering only to embalm his prey by an art of his own, in form and hue unchanged, unchangeable—and now, for the sum of one shilling, may anybody that chooses it, behold the images of almost all the splendid and gorgeous birds of that Continent.

SHEPHERD.

Whare's the Exhibition now?

NORTH.

At Glasgow, I believe—where I have no doubt it will attract thousands of delighted spectators. I must get the friend who gave “A Glance over Selby's Ornithology,” to tell the world at large more of Audubon. He is the greatest artist in his own walk that ever lived, and cannot fail to reap the reward of his genius and perseverance and adventurous zeal in his own beautiful branch of

natural history, both in fame and fortune. The man himself—whom I have had the pleasure of frequently meeting—is just what you would expect from his works,—full of fine enthusiasm and intelligence—most interesting in looks and manners—a perfect gentleman—and esteemed by all who know him for the simplicity and frankness of his nature. I wish you had seen him, James; you would have taken to each other very kindly, for you, James, are yourself a naturalist, although sometimes, it must be confessed, you deal a little in the miraculous, when biographically inclined about sheep, dogs, eagles, and salmon.

SHEPHERD.

The ways o' the creatures o' the inferior creation, as we chuse to ca' birds and beasts, are a' miraculous thegither—nor would they be less so if we understood better than we do their several instincts. Natural History is just anither name for Natural Theology—and the sang o' the laverock, and the plumage o' the goldfinch—do they not alike remind us o' God?

NORTH.

I never knew a Naturalist who was not a good man. Buffon was a strange devil, but not a bad fellow on the whole—with all his vanity, and sensualism. Cuvier is a most amiable character, and we need not go far from Edinburgh to find the best of men, and of Naturalists, united in one whom it is needless to name.

SHEPHERD.

That's a truth.—What thin folio's yon sprawling on the side-table?

NORTH.

Scenery, costume, and architecture, chiefly on the western side of India, by Captain Robert Melville Grindlay—a beautiful and a splendid work.—Just look at the frontispiece, James.

SHEPHERD.

Eh, man! but she's a bonny Frontispiece, indeed! An Indian maiden, Orientally arrayed in a flowing garment, veil, shawl, plaid, gown, and trowser-look-in' petticoats, all gracefully confused into one indistinguishable drapery, from dark-haired forehead down to ringed ankles and ama' naked feet! These pure, smooth, glossy arms o' hers—hoo saftly and hoo sweetly wud they enfauld a lover stealing into them at gloamin', below the shadow o' these lofty Palm-Trees!

NORTH.

Turn over, James, and admire the shaking Minarets at Ahmedabad. It is the great Mosque erected by Sultan Ahmed early in the 15th century. His remains, with those of his family, are deposited within in a splendid Mausoleum. The tombs are still covered, Captain Grindlay tells us, with rich tissues of silk and gold, surrounded with lamps continually burning, and guarded by Mahommedans of the religious orders, aided by innumerable devotees of the fair sex. It is, like all the other mosques and religious buildings of stone in the city and environs of Ahmedabad, ornamented with the most elaborate sculpture, and evidently copied from the remains of Hindoo architecture of very remote antiquity.

SHEPHERD.

It is a splendid structure; and can naeboddy tell why the Minarets shake? But I canna get the image o' that Indian maiden out o' the ee o' my mind—let me look at her again. Oh! the bonny brown cretur, but she wad mak a pleasant companion in the way o' Wife!

NORTH.

There, James, is an Ancient Temple at Malmud, on the Peninsula of Guzerat, which was the scene of the chief exploits, and finally of the death of Krishna, the Indian Apollo, and still contains architectural remains of the highest antiquity, and of extraordinary richness and beauty.

SHEPHERD.

Od, it's sae lang syne you were in India, I wonner hoo ye can remember so distinctly a' the architecture, and——

NORTH.

Captain Grindlay's admirable Representations bring back a thousand dreams
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* O

to my mind. Beautiful Peninsula of Guzerat! True indeed it is, my dear Grindlay, that every hill is consecrated by some mythological event, and every stream has its poetical Name and classical Fiction.

SHEPHERD.

There's no sic a Buildin's that in a' Embro'. The Register Office, forsooth !
NORTH.

Like the ancients, James, you see they adorn the Approach to their Cities, with monumental buildings, from the splendid pillared dome of the chieftain, to the simple slab of the vassal on which is sculptured the figure, on a horse or camel, or on foot, according to the circumstances under which the deceased met his fate. Intermingled with these warlike memorials, on the more affecting records of devotion, are the widows who have immolated themselves on the funeral piles of their lords, distinguished by a sculptured funeral Urn, ornamented with bracelets and amulets ; and the number of this latter description proves the great and extensive prevalence of a practice, which all the humane efforts of the British Court have hitherto failed to suppress.

SHEPHERD.

Is na that a lassie in the foreground ?

NORTH.

Yes, James, that Mass of Masonry in the foreground is a Well, to which the female is descending by a flight of steps. These subterraneous reservoirs present, throughout Guzerat, some of the most splendid specimens of architecture, combining utility with unbounded richness of sculpture, and containing, in many instances, chambers and galleries for retreat during the oppressive heat of mid-day.

SHEPHERD.

Confound me, ye auld cunning warlock, gin ye ha'e na been reedin' a' this time ower my shouter frae Captain Grindlay's ain letter press, and passin' t' aff as your ain description !

NORTH.

Why, James, your imagination has been so occupied by that Oriental damsel, that you never observed me putting on my specs. I have been assuredly quoting the Captain, who writes as well as he draws. Pen, pencil, or sword, come alike to the hand of an accomplished British officer.

SHEPHERD.

There maun be thousands o' leebraries in Britain, private and public, that ought to hae sic a wark.

NORTH.

It must succeed.—But take care, James, that you don't soil it ;—it shall have an article to itself soon. There, lay it down gently.

SHEPHERD.

Whether had Mr Jeffrey or Mr Combe the best in that tussle about Phrenology, think ye, sir ?

NORTH.

Mr Jeffrey.—What a difference between the Men !—Now and then Mr Jeffrey laid himself open to knock-down blows ; but Mr Combe, although he could not but see the opening and the unguarded part, knew not how to avail himself of the advantage given by his skilful, but occasionally unwary opponent. With open hand he sprawled on to the attack, administered punishment, and finally got knocked out of the ring, among acclamations justly raised to his conqueror.

SHEPHERD.

What you say's just perfectly surprising ; for the Phrenologers tell me that Combe did not leave Jeffrey a leg to stand on ; and that the Science, as they ca't, noo stands like a Pyramid o' Egypt, wi' a broad base, and an apex pointing to the sky. I'm thinking ye'll be rather prejudiced,—a wee bigoted or sae,—and no a fit judge atween the twa combatants. Combe's a clever chiel—let me tell you that, sir.

NORTH.

And a very arrogant one too, else had he not flung back in Mr Jeffrey's face the compliment that gentleman rather unnecessarily paid to his talents.

Jeffrey was jokin'!

SHEPHERD.

NORTH.

Very like, James,—very like. I am a bit of a bigot, I confess. Most—in-deed all men, are so in one respect or another; but if Phrenology be a Fact in Nature, as Mr Combe and his adherents say,—why,—“Facts are chields that wunna ding;” and, with the exception of the high authorities cited by Mr Combe, all the way up to the Philosophical Editor of the Chirurgical Journal, down to the worthy Dundee mechanic, who procured from the generosity of its author a copy of Combe's Phrenology at the trade price, through the instrumentality of the guard of the Champion coach, mankind will look very foolish on the establishment of the Fact, and nobody will be able to hold up their heads but the Members of the various Phrenological Societies. Won't that be exceedingly hard, James?

SHEPHERD.

Rather see—but I'm determined to haud up my head, whether Phrenology's true or false. I ken a gude heap o' Phrenologers, but maist o' them's geyan stupid and wrang-headed,—no them a', but the greater feck o' them,—and I wud na just wish duncees to be discoverers.

NORTH.

The Phrenologers occupy a most distinguished rank as men of letters in Europe, James. I confess that to be “a Fact in Nature.” Independently of their own science, they have produced many celebrated works on life, manners, morals, politics, and history.

SHEPHERD.

What's their names?

NORTH.

Hark! the Calabrian harpers. Ring the bell, James, and we shall have them up stairs for half an hour.

SHEPHERD (*rings*).

Awmrose—Awmrose—bring my fiddle. I'll accompany the Calawbrians wi' voice and thairm.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

A Work is about to appear, in two Volumes, to be entitled, *Sketches of Persian Life and Manners*. From the Journal of a Traveller in the East.

Mr D'Israeli is engaged in preparing for Publication a *History of the Private Life of Charles I.*

Dr Nathan Drake has announced a work under the Title of *Mornings in Spring*; or, *Retrospections, Biographical, Critical, and Historical.*

The Reverend F. A. Cox is about to publish an *Inquiry into the Expediency of Introducing a Theological Faculty into the System of the University of London.*

A small Volume is in the press, to be entitled, *A Christian Relic of the 17th Century*, contained in some Papers on Religious Subjects by Mrs Ann Terry; to which is prefixed a brief Memoir. By the Rev. Leigh Richmond.

Mr Smith of the British Museum, is engaged in writing the *Life of Nollekins*, the celebrated Sculptor.

The Rev. T. R. Malthus is about to publish *Definitions in Political Economy*, preceded by an *Inquiry into the Rules which ought to guide Political Economists in the Definition and Application of their Terms*. With Remarks on the Deviations from those Rules in Practice.

The Rev. Dr Wilson is about to publish a Selection from the Works of Bishop Hopkins, in one volume.

A Sequel to the *Novel of Truth* is announced.

The Publisher of Capt. Batty's *Views on the Rhine, Hanover, &c.* has in a state of great forwardness a Series of *Views in England and Wales*, engraven in line, from Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R.A.

The *Posthumous Works of the late John Gough, Esq.* Comprising Letters and Essays on Natural History, &c. &c.

The *Coming of the Messiah in Glory and Majesty*. Translated from the Spanish of Lacunza.

A Voyage towards the South Pole; containing an Examination of the Antarctic Sea, to the Seventy-fourth Degree of Latitude; and a Visit to Terra Del Fuego; with a particular account of the Inhabitants. By James Weddell, Master in the Royal Navy. Second Edition, to

which will be added, *Observations on the Probability of reaching the South Pole*, 8vo. with numerous Maps, Plates, &c.

Recollections of Ceylon, including Descriptions of the Pearl Fisheries, and Elephant Hunt; with a Journal of a Tour round the Island. By an Officer.

The Life and Adventures of Giovanni Finati, native of Italy. 2 vols. post 8vo.

Mr Isaac Taylor is about to publish a *Guide to the Study of History.*

Personal Narrative of Adventures in the Peninsula during the late War. By an Officer in the late Staff Corps Regiment of Cavalry. 8vo.

The Second Part of Captain Batty's Hanoverian and Saxon Scenery, is just ready for publication.

The Natchez; an Indian Tale. By the Viscount de Chateaubriand, Author of "*Atala*," &c. Editions in French and English in small octavo.

A Fourth Edition of Mr Hope's *Anastasis; or, Memoirs of a Modern Greek*, is in the press.

The History of the Glorious Return of the Vaudois to their Valleys, in 1689. By Henri Arnaud, their Pastor and Colonel. Translated from the Original of H. Arnaud, by Hugh Dyke Acland, Esq. Embellished with original Sketches of that singular Country, beautifully engraved by Finden. 8vo.

The Author of "*Consistency*," "*Persistence*," &c. has a Tale in the press, to be entitled, *The System; a Tale of the West Indies*.

The Fourth Part of the Reverend J. G. Fuller's *Child's Scripture Examiner* is just ready.

The Author of "*Gilbert Earle*" has three volumes of Tales in the press, to be entitled, "*Tales of Passion*."

Vestigia; or, Observations on the more Interesting and Debatable Points in the History and Antiquities of England, illustrative of Events, Institutions, Manners, and Literature, from the Earliest Ages to the Accession of the House of Tudor. By Stephen Reynolds Clarke.

A Second Edition of Mr Johnson's *Sketches of Indian Field Sports* is preparing for the press, with considerable Additions, containing a description of Hunting the Wild Boar, as followed by Europeans and native Indians.

The History of the Church of Eng-

land, from the Reformation to the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. By J. B. S. Carwithen, B. D. 4 vols. 8vo.

The Author of "the Astrologer of the Nineteenth Century," has just ready "The Prophetic Messenger," with a most singular and ominous Hieroglyphic for 1827, on a large Copperplate, coloured; it is to contain all the entertaining

and interesting parts, peculiar to The Prophetic Almanack, the publication of which is discontinued.

The Rev. Henry Thompson, M. A. of St John's College Cambridge, and Assistant Minister of St George's, Camberwell, is preparing for publication, a Volume of Practical Sermons on the Life and Character of David, King of Israel.

EDINBURGH.

The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte, Emperor of the French. By the Author of Waverley. 7 vols. post 8vo.

The Wolfe of Badenoch, a Historical Romance of the Fourteenth Century. By the Author of Lothandhu. 3 vols. 12mo.

Edinburgh Annual Register for 1825. 8vo.

Outlines of Ancient Geography, for the Use of the Edinburgh Academy. 12mo.

Memoirs of Muhammed Baber, Emperor of Hindostan. Written by himself, and translated, partly by the late John Leyden, M.D. and partly by William Erskine, Esq. 4to.

Mr Aikman has for some time been engaged in writing a Supplement to his new translation of Buchanan's History

of Scotland, with Continuation, which will bring that work down to the present day. He would have had it now ready for publication, but owing to the uncommon number of subscribers precluding the idea of its being speedily reprinted, he intends, in justice to them, to comprise in his Supplemental volumes a number of important additions and corrections to the first four, which his own industry, and the kindness of literary friends, have enabled him to make to the work during the course of publication. This will occasion a short delay, but he hopes soon to be able to announce it as in the press.

The Supplement will be printed and published in Edinburgh under the author's own immediate inspection.

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Wheat, 58s. 6d.—Barley, 37s. 8d.—Oats, 30s. 11d.—Rye, 41s. 5d.—Beans, 55s. 0d.—Pease, 55s. 2d.

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London, Corn Exchange, Dec. 4.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat, red, old	44	to 62	White pease	50	to 54
Red, new	42	to 47	Ditto, boilers	—	to —
Fine ditto	48	to 52	Small Beans, new	53	to 56
Superfine ditto	54	to 60	Ditto, old	55	to 62
White,	44	to 48	Tick ditto, new	48	to 52
Fine ditto	50	to 58	Ditto, old	48	to 55
Superfine ditto	60	to 65	Feed oats	28	to 31
Rye	24	to 30	Fine ditto	32	to 33
Barley,	25	to 36	Poland ditto	29	to 32
Fine ditto	37	to 38	Fine ditto	33	to 38
Superfine ditto	39	to 40	Potato ditto	32	to 35
Malt	55	to 60	Fine ditto	37	to 40
Fine	62	to 66	Scotch	41	to 42
Hog Pease	48	to 50	Flour, per sack	50	to 53
Maple	51	to 53	Ditto, seconds	42	to 46
Maple, fine	—	to —	Bran,	11	to 12

Seeds, &c.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Tares, per bah.	7	to 13	Rye Grass,	25	to 40
Must. White,	12	to 14	Ribgrass,	24	to 36
— Brown, new	16	to 22	Clover, red cwt.	65	to 75
Turnips, bah.	36	to 42	— White	52	to 65
— Red & green	44	to 46	Foreign red	50	to 66
— White,	36	to 42	— White	46	to 50
Caraway, cwt.	35	to 39	Coriander	28	to 30
Canary, per qr.	90	to 110	Trefoil	28	to 36
Cinque Poin	42	to 44	Lintseed feed,	36	to 45
Rape Seed, per last,	£24,	to £26.			

Liverpool, Dec. 9.

	s.	d.		s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat, per 70 lb.			Amer. p. 196 lb.				
Eng.	9	0	9	Sweet, U.S.	0	0	0
Old . . .	9	0	9	Do. in bond	—	—	—
Scotch . .	8	6	9	3	Sour bond	24	to 25
Irish . . .	8	9	9	0	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.		
Bonded . .	5	0	5	10	English	41	0 to 43 0
Barley, per 60 lbs.					Scotch . .	41	to 43 0
Eng. . . .	6	3	6	6	Irish . . .	39	0 to 42 0
Scotch . .	6	0	6	5	Bran, p. 24 lb.	3	to 1 6
Irish . . .	5	10	6	2			
Foreign . .	5	9	6	0			
Oats, per 45 lb.					Butter, Beef, &c.		
Eng. . . .	4	7	4	10	Butter, p.cwt. s. d. s. d.		
Irish . . .	4	7	4	9	Belfast,	91	0 to 0 0
Scotch . .	4	7	4	10	Newry . .	84	0 to 0 0
For. in bond	—	to —			Waterford	80	0 to 0 0
Do. dut. fr.	—	to —			Cork, p.cwt.	88	0 to 0 0
Rye, per qr.	53	0	56	0	3d dry	80	0 to 0 0
Malt per b.	56	0	70	0	Beef, p. cwt.		
— Middling	48	0	60	0	— Mess	85	0 to 98 0
Beans, per q.					— p. barrel	70	0 to 77 6
English . .	54	0	58	0	Pork, p. bl.		
Irish . . .	50	0	54	0	— Mess . .	50	0 to 65 0
Rapeseed L. 17	0	to L. 18	0		— half do.	0	0 to 0 0
Pease, grey	48	0	50	0	Bacon, p. cwt.		
— White . .	52	0	62	0	Short mids.	40	0 to 42 6
Flour, English,					0 Sides . .	36	0 to 40 0
p. 240 lb. fine	45	0	49	6	Hams, dry, . .	—	to — 0
Irish, 2ds	47	0	48	0	6 Green . . .	—	to — 0
					0 Lard, rd. p.c.	50	0 to 54 0

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 2d to 20th November, 1826.

	2d.	10th.	17th.	24th.
Bank stock,	202½	202½	204	202½
3 per cent. reduced,	80½ 81	81½	82½	82½
3 per cent. consols,	81½ 7½	81½ 2½	83½	83½
3½ per cent. consols,	87	88½	89½	89½
New 4 per cent. cons.	97½ 7-8	96½ 7½	97½ 3½	97½ 7
India bonds,	36 37p.	38p.	41 42p.	39 37p.
— stock,	247	—	—	249½ 9
Long Annuities,	19½ 3-16	19 5-16½	19 9-16	19 5-16
Exchequer bills,	19 21p.	20 21 22p.	22 23p.	20 18 19p.
Exchequer bills, sm.	19 21p.	20 21 22p.	22 23p.	19 18 20p.
Consols for acc.	81 5-8 7-8	82½ 4½	83½ 4	83½ 4½
French 5 per cents.	99f. 85c.	99f. 86c.	99f. 75c.	100f.

Course of Exchange. Dec. 8th.—Amsterdam, 12 : 4, Ditto, at sight, 12 : 1. Rotterdam, 12 : 5. Antwerp, 12 : 5. Hamburg, 37 : 4. Altona, 37 : 5. Paris, 3d. sight, 25 : 60. Ditto, 26 : 85. Bourdeaux, 25 : 85. Frankfort on the Main, 154. Petersburg, per rbla. 9 : 3. Berlin, 0 : 0. Vienna, *Eg. Fl.* 10 : 15. Trieste, 10 : 15. Madrid, 34½. Cadiz, 34½. Buenos Ayres, 43½. Bilbao, 34½. Barcelona, 32½. Seville, 32½. Gibraltar, 45. Leghorn, 47½. Genoa, 48½. Venice, 48. Malta, 0. Naples, 34. Palermo, p. oz. 115. Lisbon, 48½. Oporto, 48½. Rio Janeiro, 43½. Bahia, 44½. Dublin, per cent. 1½. Cork, 0.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 6d. per oz. New Doubleloons, £3 : 13 : 3. New Dollars, 4s. 9½d. Silver in bars, stand. 0s. 0d.

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	LEITH.			GLASGOW.			LIVERPOOL.			LONDON.		
SUGAR, Musc.	56	to	60	54	6	57	6	54	57	56	to	60
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	56		60	54		57		54		56		60
Mid. good, and fine mid.	74		76	—		—		68	72	69		74
Fine and very fine, .	114		118	108		12		—	—	108		110
Refined Doub. Leaves, .	—		—	—		1—		—	—	85		86
Powder ditto, .	90		108	—		—		—	—	91		—
Single ditto, .	84		90	85		92		—	—	80		84
Small Lump, .	84		88	81		85		—	—	88		102
Large ditto, .	70		84	64		80		—	—	—		—
Crushed Lump, .	26		28 6	25		26 5		—	—	25 6		—
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	48		50	50		52		—	—	40		49
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.	54		56	53		56		48	55	50		60
Ord. good, and fine ord.	58		58	65		85		70	85	68		94
Mid. good, and fine mid.	54		56	54		56		25	45	—		—
Dutch, Friage and very ord.	60		68	60		67		—	—	—		—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	85		90	68		85		—	—	—		—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	—		—	—		—		48	50	—		—
St Domingo, .	0	11d	—	—		—		9½	10	—		—
Pimento (in Bond, .)	—		—	—		—		—	—	—		—
SPIRITS, Rum, Jam. 160 P	3s	0d	3s	6d	2s	11d	3s	1d	2s	3d	2s	3d
Blended, .	3	6	3	9	—	—	—	—	—	—	3	6
Gin, .	2	8	2	9	—	—	—	—	—	—	2	2
Whisky, Grain, .	5	6	5	9	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES, Claret, p. 138 gal.	—		—	—		—		—	—	—	—	—
Portugal 1st Growth, hhd	35		46	—		—		—	—	—	—	—
Spanish, White, pipe,	36		48	—		—		—	—	—	—	—
Tenerife, butt,	22		24	—		—		—	—	—	—	—
Malaga, pipe,	25		60	—		—		—	—	—	—	—
LOGWOOD, . ton,	25	10	6	0	5	5	5	10	25	15	6	5
Honduras, Jam. .	5	10	5	15	5	10	5	15	6	0	6	10
Campechy, .	6	0	6	10	6	0	6	10	7	12	7	15
FUSTIC, Jamaica .	5	10	6	0	6	0	6	10	6	0	7	10
Cuba, .	9	0	10	0	8	0	8	10	8	15	9	10
INDIGO, Caracas fine, lb.	10s		12s	0	—	—	—	—	—	—	10s	0d
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1	8	2	4	—	—	1	4	1	6½	—	—
Ditto Oak, .	3	6	4	0	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Chattahoochee (dnt. paid),	3	0	2	7	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany, .	1	4	1	10	0	8	0	10	1	1	1	4
St Domingo, ditto, .	2	4	2	9	1	4	1	10	1	9	2	1
TAR, American, brl.	25	0	—	—	18	19	16	0	18	0	—	—
Archangel, .	18		—	—	20	—	—	—	—	—	16	6
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	8		—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	7	0
TALLOW, Rus. Vol. Cand.	45		—	—	40	6	41	—	39	40	37	0
Home melted, .	48		—	—	—	—	—	—	45	44	33	—
HEMP, Polish Rhine, ton,	41		42	—	—	—	—	—	41	42	44 0	44 0
Petersburgh, Clean, .	—		—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	40 0	41 0
FLAX, .	42		—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	44 5	—
Espe Thies & Drup. Bak.	—		—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Dutch, .	—		—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	35	45
Irish, .	—		—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel, .	—		—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
BRISTLES, .	—		—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	—		—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	15	14
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, .	26		—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	41	8
Montreal, ditto, .	29		—	—	26	—	29	26	6	22	1	10
Port, .	26		—	—	25	—	28	26	6	26	1	6
OIL, Whale, . tun,	L.28		—	—	L.27	—	28	28	—	30	—	—
Cod, .	—		—	—	25	—	—	—	—	—	23	10
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	7½		7½	7	7½	—	—	—	—	—	0	6½
Midling, .	5		5½	5	5½	—	—	—	—	—	0	3½
Inferior, .	4		4½	4	4½	—	—	—	—	—	0	2½
COTTONS, Bowled Georg.	—		—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Sea Island, .	—		—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Stained, .	—		—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Midling, .	—		—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Dover and Berbles	—		—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
West India, .	—		—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Petersburgh, .	—		—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Muscat, .	—		—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, after-noon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
ov. 1	M.34	29.356	M.43	NW.	Fair, but dull.	Nov. 16	M.28½	29.552	M.36	Cble.
	A. 41	.514	A. 43				A. 39	.666	A. 39	even. fog.
2	M.36	.767	M.43	N.	Morn. frost.	17	M.33½	.784	M.38	Cble.
	A. 40	.989	A. 43		dayfair, dull.		A. 38	.994	A. 40	Frost, with fog.
3	M.37	.865	M.43	NW.	Sunsh. foren.	18	M.32	.999	M.39	Cble.
	A. 41	.980	A. 43		fog aftern.		A. 38	.999	A. 39	Heavy fog, and frosty.
4	M.34	.892	M.43	N	Dull, but fair.	19	M.34	30.151	M.40	NW.
	A. 41	.860	A. 46				A. 39	.281	A. 41	Morn. frost, day dull.
5	M.34	.799	M.45	S	Ditto.	20	M.34½	.305	M.40	Cble.
	A. 44	.6	A. 46				A. 38	.305	A. 39	Morn. frost, day sunsh.
6	M.30	.593	M.48	N.	Cold, shwrs. hail foren.	21	M.31	.210	M.45	W.
	A. 35	.631	A. 38				A. 39	.139	A. 42	Morn. frost, day fresh.
7	M.28½	.682	M.39	N.	Frost morn.	22	M.36	.125	M.42	W.
	A. 36	.868	A. 39		day fair		A. 42	29.902	A. 45	Day mild, with sunsh.
8	M.29½	.834	M.37	NW.	Frost morn.	23	M.34	.816	M.44	W.
	A. 33	.890	A. 38		day dull.		A. 40	.375	A. 45	Ditto.
9	M.32	.950	M.39	NW.	Foren. mild.	24	M.33	28.886	M.42	W.
	A. 36	.746	A. 39		aftern. cold.		A. 35	.504	A. 38	Rain morn, dull day.
10	M.10½	.680	M.50	SW.	Frost morn.	25	M.28	.556	M.36	N.
	A. 41	.456	M.50		rain night.		A. 33	.731	A. 34	Night snow, day frost.
11	M.37½	.186	M.50	SW.	Foren. dull.	26	M.35	.950	M.35	N.
	A. 50	28.999	A. 47		aftern. rain.		A. 33	29.201	A. 32	Sharp frost.
12	M.31	.998	M.45	SW.	Dull, rain afternoon.	27	M.35	.396	M.32	Cble.
	A. 42	.998	A. 47				A. 27	.299	A. 36	Morn. frost, day dull.
13	M.33	.876	M.41	SW.	Heavy rain afternoon.	28	M.26	.256	M.31	W.
	A. 36	.734	A. 40				A. 35	28.901	A. 36	Fresh, but cold.
14	M.29	.912	M.38	NW.	Frost morn.	29	M.27	.789	M.41	S.
	A. 33	29.109	A. 38		day sunsh.		A. 40	.789	A. 41	Foren. fresh, rain aftern.
15	M.30½	.368	M.40	NW.	Ditto.	30	M.33	.986	M.42	W.
	A. 36	.406	A. 38				A. 40	.257	A. 42	Sleet most of day.

Average of rain, . . .772.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

November.

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|---|
| 1 | Life Gds. Cor. and Sub-Lt. Heneage, Lt. by purch. vice Law, prom. 7 Oct. 1838 | 7 F. | Gent. Cadet, R. H. Cuthbert, from R. Mil. Coll. Lt. by purch. vice Westanra, prom. 2 Nov. 1836 |
| | T. M. Biddulph, Cor. and Sub-Lt. by purch. vice Peyton, prom. do. | 14 | Maj. St. J. R. Eustace, from h. p. 19 Dr. Maj. vice Marshall, prom. 14 do. |
| | C. B. Codrington, Cor. and Sub-Lt. by purch. vice Heneage do. | 18 | Capt. Moore, from 98 F. Capt. vice Weld, prom. 7 do. |
| 2 | Hon. G. W. Coventry, Cor. and Sub-Lt. by purch. vice Ougley, 1 F. Gds. 4 do. | 19 | Ens. Clarke, Lt. by purch. vice Yeoman, prom. 31 Oct. |
| 3 | Dr. Gds. E. W. Dickenson, Cor. by purch. vice Wilson, prom. 2 Nov. | | Surg. Bavery, from 1 W. L. R. Susp. vice W. J. B. Parker, who ret. on h. p. 26 do. |
| 4 | Cor. Hon. W. Vaughan, Lt. by purch. vice Owen, prom. 14 do. | | Lt. Wynne, Ens. by purch. vice Williamson, prom. 2 Nov. |
| 6 | H. Haythurst, France, Cor. by purch. Jerningham, prom. 2 do. | 21 | T. Leahy, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Stewart, 4 F. 26 Oct. |
| 10 | Dr. Serj. Maj. Preston, Adj. with rank of Cor. vice Kaye, prom. 31 Aug. | 22 | Lt. Potenger, Adj. vice Edwards, who res. the Adj. only 2 Nov. |
| 16 | G. S. Deverill, Cor. by purch. vice Bonham, whose appointment has not taken place 2 Nov. | 25 | Capt. Robertson, Maj. by purch. vice Denham, prom. 14 do. |
| 17 | Capt. Fisk, from h. p. Paym. vice Harman, placed upon h. p. 19 Oct. | 32 | Lt. Hill, from 87 F. Capt. by purch. do. Lt. Moore, from h. p. 96 F. Paym. vice Eagar, who ret. on h. p. as Lt. 19 Oct. |
| | F. Gds. Lt. and Capt. Prendergast, Capt. and Lt. Col. by purch. vice Barnett, ret. 26 do. | 34 | Capt. Brisbane, from 81 F. Capt. vice Frankland, who ret. on h. p. rec. diff. do. |
| | Ens. and Lt. Turner, Lt. and Capt. by purch. do. | | Gascoyne, from h. p. Capt. vice Nicolls, prom. 7 do. |
| | B. B. M'Mahon, Ens. and Lt. do. | | Ens. Broderick, Lt. by purch. vice Fokett, prom. do. |
| | Ens. and Lt. Bowdan, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Elrington, prom. 14 Nov. | 37 | B. J. Knight, Ens. by purch. vice Burke, ret. 26 Oct. |
| 5 F. | Gent. Cadet, Elrington, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. and Lt. do. | 38 | Ens. Gambier, from 21 F. Lt. by purch. vice Campbell, prom. do. |
| | J. H. Isaac, Ens. by purch. vice Beare, 46 F. 2 do. | | Capt. Sutherland, from h. p. Capt. vice Grant, prom. 7 Nov. |
| 6 | Lt. Nash, from h. p. 105 F. Lt. vice Walsh, R. Afr. Col. Corps 26 Oct. | | |

39 Lt. Dolphin, from h. p. 74 F. Lt. Douglas, h. p. 19 Oct.
 40 Lt. Dakynple, Capt. by purch. vice Stewart, ret. 26 do.
 Ena. Stopford, Lt. by purch. 2 Nov.
 F. White, Ena. do.
 42 Ena. Dunmure, Lt. by purch. vice Macdonald, prom. 7 do.
 E. B. Grant, Ena. by purch. 14 do.
 43 Ena. Hen. W. S. Clements, Lt. by purch. vice Danham, prom. 31 Oct.
 H. Tufson, Ena. by purch. vice Clements, prom. 2 Nov.
 44 2d Lt. Stewart, from 21 F. Lt. by purch. vice Fraser, ret. 26 Oct.
 46 Ena. Beare, from 3 F. Lt. by purch. vice Vario, whose prom. by purch. has been cancelled do.
 45 Ena. Peck, Lt. by purch. vice Cumberland, prom. 14 Nov.
 46 Serj. Maj. Copey, Qu. Mast. vice Mul-lingham, ret. h. p. 19 Oct.
 48 Lt. Jones, Capt. by purch. vice Harding, prom. 14 Nov.
 49 W. J. Ironmonger, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Chambers, 14 F. do.
 Maj. Shce, from h. p. Maj. vice Rump-ler, prom. 26 Oct.
 51 Asist. Surg. M'Dermott, M.D. from 35 F. Asist. Surg. vice White, 25 F. 2 Nov.
 52 Ena. Guard, Lt. by purch. vice Bou-varie, prom. 31 Oct.
 Blaney, from 79 F. Ena. vice Guard, prom. 7 Nov.
 53 J. P. Hickman, Ena. by purch. vice Kingston, prom. 19 Oct.
 As. Surg. Russell, from 77 F. As. Surg. vice Riech, 10 Dr. do.
 Lt. Jordan, Capt. by purch. vice Camp-bell, prom. 7 Nov.
 Ena. Barrrell, Lt. by purch. do.
 A. C. Pole, Ena. do.
 54 Gent. Cadet, S. Greaves, from R. Mill. Coll. Ena. by purch. vice Bell, prom. do.
 Qua. Mast. Serj. Carr, Qua. Mast. vice Crymble, ret. upon full pay 2 do.
 55 Hon. R. Boyle, Ena. by purch. vice Walwyn 14 do.
 71 C. A. Sheppard, Ena. by purch. vice Craik, prom. do.
 76 Capt. Burdett, from h. p. Capt. rep. diff. to h. p. Fund, vice Gaff, prom. 31 Oct.
 ——— Martin, from h. p. Capt. vice Burdett, prom. 7 Nov.
 77 Hosp. Asist. Byrne, Asist. Surg. vice Russell, 63 F. 19 Oct.
 78 J. Shields, Ena. vice Young 2 Nov.
 79 Capt. Maule, from h. p. Capt. vice Campbell, prom. 31 Oct.
 80 F. B. Knox, Ena. by purch. vice Toole, prom. 19 do.
 81 Capt. Estridge, from h. p. Capt. pay diff. vice Brisbane, 34 F. do.
 83 Ena. Ainslie, Lt. by purch. vice An-struther, prom. 7 Nov.
 J. G. Pole, Ena. by purch. vice Ainslie, prom. 14 do.
 Hosp. Asist. Ayre, Asist. Surg. vice M'Dermott, 61 F. 2 do.
 85 Qua. Mast. Serj. Collins, Qua. Mast. vice Ross 26 do.
 86 Ena. Mayne, Lt. by purch. vice Os-borne, prom. 31 do.
 97 Capt. Cave, from h. p. 10 Dr. Capt. vice Twigg, whose appointment has not taken place 26 do.
 98 Capt. Clinton, from h. p. Capt. vice Moore, 18 F. 7 Nov.
 Ride Bri. Lt. Warren, Capt. by purch. vice Felix, prom. 31 Oct.
 2d Lt. Shirley, 1st Lt. do.
 M. Newton, 2d Lt. do.
 1 W. L. R. As. Surg. Finnie, from 1 F. Surg. vice Savery, 19 F. 26 do.
 F. B. Russell, Ena. Russell, Royal Afr. Col. Corps 2 Nov.
 2 Capt. Tail, from h. p. Capt. vice Han-ley, whose appointment has not taken place 19 Oct.

Ena. Codd, Lt. by purch. vice Gummer app. Adj. 24 Oct.
 R. A. Co. C. Lt. Jackson, Capt. vice Glass, dead 3 Nov.
 Ena. Hardy, Lt. vice W. P. Godwin, dead do.
 ——— Nott, Lt. vice Wyse, dead 4 do.
 ——— Miller, Lt. vice Cooke, dead 5 do.
 ——— Russell, from 1 W. L. R. Lt. vice Jackson 6 do.
 H. Righton, Ena. vice Stapleton, dead 1 do.
 Vol. W. E. Stanley, Ena. vice M'Do-nell, dead 2 do.
 ——— W. W. Percival, Ena. vice Hardy 3 do.
 ——— J. Isaac, Ena. vice Nott 4 do.
 ——— T. Green, Ena. vice Miller 5 do.
 Hosp. As. Meade, As. Surg. vice Cahill, dead 1 do.
 ——— Sibbald, As. Surg. vice Ryan, dead 2 do.

Local Rank on the Continent of Europe only.

T. G. Fitz-Gerald, Esq. late Brev. Lt. Col. and Maj. in 72 F. to be Lt. Col. 19 Oct. 1836
 A. Meade, Esq. late Brev. Lt. Col. and Maj. in 91 F. do. 26 do.
 C. W. Crookshanks, Esq. late Brev. Lt. Col. and Maj. on h. p. of 35 F. do. 26 do.
 Hon. J. Walpole, late Lt. Col. and Capt. in Coldst. F. Gds. do. do.
 D. Mackay, Esq. late Lt. Col. in 67 F. do. do.
 J. L. Higgins, Esq. late Brev. Lt. Col. and Maj. in 6 Dr. Gds. do. 2 Nov.
 W. Hawes, Esq. late Maj. of 1 Dr. Gds. to be Major 19 Oct.
 C. Caldwell, Esq. late Maj. of 2 R. Vet. Batt. do.
 H. Light, Esq. late Brev. Maj. and Capt. R. Art. do. 26 do.
 E. Barwick, Esq. late Maj. 57 F. do. do.

Garrison.

Lt. J. Colcroft, of 38 F. Gar. Qua. Mast. in the island of Malta 27 Oct. 1836

Ordnance Department.

Royal Art. Maj. Walsh, Lt. Col. vice Sinclair, ret. 14 Nov. 1836
 Brev. Maj. Oliver, Maj. d
 2d Capt. Walker, Capt. do
 ——— Phillip, from h. 2d Capt. do.

Hospital Staff.

To be Hospital Assistant to the Forces.

D. Lister, vice Ewing, 2 W. L. R. 28 Oct. 1836
 T. Hume, vice Williams, 19 F. do.
 A. G. Home M.D. vice Beaven, 86 F. do.
 T. Burgess, vice Stewart, dead 19 do.
 A. Thom, vice Chapman, 13 F. 2 Nov.
 M. A. Lowry, vice Battersby, 14 F. do.
 A. H. Cowen, vice Wood, 20 F. do.
 W. Hall, vice W. Stewart, 6 F. do.

Unattached.

To be Lieut. Colonels of Infantry by Purchase.
 Maj. Denham, from 25 F. 14 Nov. 1836
 ——— Marshall, from 14 F. do.
 Lt. and Capt. Errington, from 3 F. Gds. do.
 To be Majors of Infantry by Purchase.
 Capt. Felix, from Ride Br. 31 Oct. 1836
 ——— Nicolla, from 34 F. 7 Nov.
 ——— Burdett, from 76 F. do.
 ——— Campbell, from 63 F. do.
 ——— Harding, from 58 F. 14 do.
 ——— Nepean, from 4 Dr. do.
 ——— Snodgrass, from 91 F. do.
 To be Captains of Infantry by Purchase.
 Lieut. Bouverie, from 62 F. 31 Oct. 1836
 ——— Osborne, from 86 F. do.
 ——— Denham, from 43 F. do.
 ——— Yeoman, from 19 F. do.
 ——— Macdonald, from 42 F. 7 Nov.
 ——— Fookett, from 34 F. do.
 ——— Anstruther, from 23 F. do.
 ——— Cumberland, from 55 F. 11 do.

Lieut. Ouda, from 2 Dr. G. 31 Oct. 1826
Curteis, from 6 F. do.
Richards, from 6 Dr. G. do.
To be Lieutenants of Infantry by purchase.
Ema. Bell, from 64 F. 31 Oct. 1826
Craik, from 71 F. 7 Nov.
Cor. Elton, from 4 Dr. do.
Ema. Campbell, from 51 F. 14 do.
Walwyn, from 66 F. do.

Exchanges.

Major Bampton, from 76 F. rec. diff. with Major Lane, h. p.
 Capt. Patbergill, from 69 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Broadhead, h. p.
 B. Greaves, from 60 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Berkely, 97 F. h. p.
 Allen, from 64 F. rec. diff. with Captain Boates, h. p.
 Richardson, from 82 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Pounson, 1 W. I. R.
 Mackie, from 88 F. rec. diff. with Captain Hen. A. F. Southwell, h. p. 6 Dr. G.
 Harrison, from 8 Dr. rec. diff. with Captain Hankey, 10 F.
 Vaughan, from 9 Dr. rec. diff. with Captain Ramsden, 62 F.
 Lieut. Moore, from 32 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Gardiner, h. p. 96 F.
 Copson, from 5 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Saumarez, h. p.
 Grant, from 16 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Hyde, h. p.
 Moleworth, from 64 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Bell, h. p.
 Wootton, from 17 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Short, 44 F.
 Ensign Fuller, from 68 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Woodhouse, h. p.
 Demay, from 78 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Dawson, h. p.

Resignations and Retirements.

Colonel.
 Meares, Royal Mar.
Lieutenant Colonels.
 Bernet, 3 F. G.
 Minto, h. p. R. Mar. Art.
 Sinclair, R. Art.
Majors.
 Fellowes, late 1 R. Vet. Bn.
 Crookshanks, (Lt. Col.) h. p. 35 F.
 Gordon, h. p. R. Art.
 De Siehart, h. p. 1 Dr. King's Germ. Leg.
 Ellis, h. p. Unattached.
 Coak, (Lt. Col.) h. p. 21 F.
 Errington, Ret. List 4 R. V. B.
Captains.
 Hunter, h. p. 68 F.
 Dewar, h. p. Malta Regt.
 Heyland, h. p. 14 F.
 D'Ivernois, h. p. de Meuron's Reg.
 Stewart, 40 F.
 Hesse, h. p. Cav. Staff Corps.
 Swabey, h. p. R. Art.
 Beddingfield, ret. full pay R. Art.
 Dobbin, h. p. Portug. Off.
 Croften, h. p. 82 F.
Lieutenants.
 Brown, h. p. 29 F.
 Fraser, 44 F.
 Hughes, h. p. 70 F.
 Leach, h. p. 7 F.
 Monck, h. p. 73 F.
 Greig, h. p. 81 F.

Ensign.
 Burke, 37 F.
Quarter-Master.
 Blunk, Sussex Militia.

Unattached.

The under-mentioned Officers, having *Brevet rank superior to their Regimental Commissions*, have accepted Promotion upon half-pay, according to the General Order of 25th April 1826.

To be Majors of Infantry.
 Br. Maj. Gaff, from 76 F. 31 Oct. 1826.
 Campbell, from 79 F. do.
 Crokat, from 30 F. 7 Nov.
 Weld, from 18 F. do.

Deaths.

Lieut. General.
 Kyd, East India Co. Serv. London 25 Nov. 1826
Major General.
 G. Johnston, from 83 F. 19 Dec. 1825
Colonels.
 T. Brownrigg, late of 5 F. 23 May 1826
 Bagwill, Tipperary Cork 4 Nov.
Lieutenant Colonel.
 Wauchope, h. p. Watteville's R. Major.
 Tho. Farlough, 63 F. Windsor 13 Nov.
 Grant, h. p. 21 F.
Captains.
 Gregg, Roy. Afr. Col. Corps, at Sierra Leone 29 July
 Schaeffler, h. p. late 1 Lt. Inf. Bn. Germ. Leg. *Lieutenants.*
 R.W.W. Young, 53 F. previously of 78 F. Boyle, Ireland 15 Oct.
 Sweedland, 67 F. on board the East Ind. Co. ship Research, in Indian Seas 31 Mar.
 O'Neill, 89 F. Camp, Mushlawgyoph, East Indies 28 Dec. 1825
 Macleod, East Indies do.
 Redman, 2 W. I. R. Bahamas 27 Aug. 1826
 Morgan, do. Sierra Leone 30 July
 Grey, do. Nassau, New Providence 24 Aug.
 Godwin, R. Afric. Col. Corps, Sierra Leone 23 July
 Cooke, do. Sierra Leone 24 July
 Wyse, do. Isle de Loos 1 Aug.
 M'Eachran, h. p. 1 Gar. Bn. Dublin 20 Oct.
 Brooke, h. p. 2 Dr. G. 16 Aug.
 Smith, h. p. York Rang.
 Nott, h. p. 80 F. 7 May
 J. Brown, late Inval. Camden Town 27 Oct.
 Carter, h. p. Roy. Wag. Train, Newington, Kent 23 do.
 Copley, h. p. 36 F. Dublin 23 do.
 M'Alpin, late 10 Roy. Vet. Bn. Youghall 17 do.
 Roberts, h. p. 83 F.
 Beardsley, h. p. 14 F.
 Mahon, h. p. 88 F.
 LITTLE, h. p. 18 F.
 Maxwell, h. p. 30 F.
 Cosby, h. p. 73 F.
2d Lieutenants, Cornets, and Ensigns.
 Cory, 6 Dr. G.
 Savage, 13 F. on passage to India
 Conran, (Adj.) 2 W. I. R. Nassau, New Providence Aug. 26
 Macdonell, Royal Afr. Col. Corps, at sea 6 June
 Stapleton, do. Sierra Leone 25 July
 Ruxton, h. p. 85 F.
 Str F. Henniker, Bz. h. p. 15 Dr.
 Munro, h. p. 75 F.
 Lawson, h. p. 15 F.
 Ferris, h. p. York Lt. Inf. Vol.
 Metenlfe, h. p. 106 F.
 Tunsley, late 8 R. V. B. 10 Oct.
 Picker, late 3 R. V. B. Colchester 27 June
 Clarke, late 12 do. 17 Aug.
 Cruice, h. p. 25 F. 3 Sept.
 Barry, Kerry Mill.
Paymasters.
 Fraser, 2 W. I. R. Nassau, New Providence 20 Aug.
 Nott, R. Afr. Col. Corps, Sierra Leone 5 do.
Quarter-Masters.
 Waters, 31 F. Dunaport, East Indies 5 May
 Gethins, h. p. First Fen. Cav. 7 Nov.
 Plant, h. p. Lancashire Fen. Cav.
Surgeons.
 Coull, on the Staff at Coventry 2 Nov.
 Mearns, h. p. Staff
 Wood, h. p. 74 F.
 Ross, h. p. 1 F.
Asst. Surgeons.
 Ryan, R. Afr. Col. Cor. Isle de Loos 9 Aug.
 Shepperd, 31 F. Bhaughutpore, River Ganges
 M'Curdy, 47 F. Strabane, Ireland 18 April
 Hospital Asst. 12 Nov.
 Boog, Sierra Leone 28 June
Chaplains.
 Remington, h. p. 104 F.
 Jones, h. p. 126 F.
Dep. Asst. Com. Gen.
 Parr, Demerara 12 Sept.
 De la Condamine, h. p. Guernsey 5 Oct.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 22d of October and the 22d of November, 1886.

- Anderson, A. Union Street, Hanover Square, tailor.
- Ashet, C. Nag's Head Court, Gracechurch Street, tavern-keeper.
- Atton, J. Copthall-court, scrivener.
- Atton, W. Mark-lane, ship and insurance broker.
- Allen, J. Oxford, chiselman.
- Avelling, J. Great Charlotte Street, Fitzroy-square, grocer.
- Arliston, C. and R. Smith, Belvedere-road, Lambeth, soap-manufacturers.
- Allison, E. and T. Leeds, mercers.
- Allen, B. Great Queen Street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, coach-plater.
- Barnes, M. and J. St Paul's Church-yard, upholsterers.
- Bland, J. S. Charlotte Street, Rathbone-place, haberdasher.
- Bennison, Clara, late of Tottenham-Court, New-road, dealer.
- Bland, C. Greek Street, Soho, music-seller.
- Bago, A. Shrewsbury, linen-manufacturer.
- Bocr, J. Warminster, Wilts, money-scrivener.
- Bonfield, E. Wisbech, draper.
- Burnett, F. Strand, chemist.
- Barber, J. Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, linen-drawer.
- Bakard, T. Dock-head, Bermondsey, grocer.
- Berry, J. Chesham, Buckingham, ironmonger.
- Benn, W. Jun. Upper George Street, Portman Square.
- Bridgeford, J. Manchester, victualler.
- Burgess, T. and T. Hill, Great Windmill Street, booksellers.
- Bramby, W. and M. Court, Sowerby, York, and Rochdale, Lancashire, curriers.
- Baum, J. Hackney Wick, victualler.
- Buckland, T. Billiter Street, ship-insurance-broker.
- Benham, T. Hogston, Bucks, butcher.
- Baskett, C. T. Poole, wine-merchant.
- Bonfield, W. Gutter-lane, warehouseman.
- Bromley, J. Stafford, shoe-manufacturer.
- Burrell, G. Wakefield, cloth-merchant.
- Boardman, R. Bolton-le-Moors, money-scrivener.
- Bradley, J. Leeds, linen-drawer.
- Bunn, E. and W. Allen, Worcester, fax-dressers.
- Beare, J. Westminster, general merchant.
- Brown, J. and J. A. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, house-carpenters.
- Crawford, H. Liverpool, merchant.
- Carpenter, W. Leadenhall Street, woollen-drawer.
- Cardinal, J. Leicester, currier.
- Clouter, R. Bedminster, Somerset, currier.
- Clarke, C. W. Holborn, druggist.
- Challinor, J. Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire, grocer.
- Chesbury, R. Cheap-side, tailor.
- Chippindall, L. J. Hultine-terrace, Conduit-fields, Fentonville, picture-dealer.
- Cutmore, J. Exmouth Street, Commercial-road, licensed victualler.
- Cox, I. Trowbridge, Wilts, victualler.
- Clarkson, J. Windmill Street, Finsbury Square, merchant.
- Cox, J. A. Oxford Street, woollen-drawer.
- Cox, R. Nottingham, warehouseman.
- Cole, T. Exeter, builder.
- Cocks, J. Norwich, tailor.
- Clarence, R. Clare, Suffolk, chemist.
- Coates, W. sen. and W. jun. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, wine-merchants.
- Chap, S. M. Peterborough, Northampton, ironmonger.
- Crosdill, G. Holy Cross, Westgate, Canterbury, milkster.
- Creswell, T. Cross-lane, fish-factor.
- Crofts, G. Wycombe-marsh, Buckingham, paper-maker.
- Cross, T. Southampton Street, Covent-Garden, coach-master.
- Cooke, J. Northumberland Place, Commercial-road, ironmonger.
- Crosley, T. Aldermanbury, trimming-manufacturers.
- Davies, J. late of Hereford, innkeeper.
- Duffield, J. E. Goswell Street, warehouseman.
- Dutton, J. A. Fenchurch Street, insurance-broker.
- Deinton, W. T. Piccadilly, ironmonger.
- Daniel, C. Thresh, Yorkshire, carrier.
- Dempsey, J. and J. Reis, Wall Street, Well-close Square, sugar-refiners.
- Dyson, J. Dry Clough, York, merchant.
- Davis, J. and T. Ritson, Manchester, machine-makers.
- Drewett, N. Emsworth, Southampton, victualler.
- Durant, J. Maidstone, tailor.
- De Pass, D. King's Lynn, Norfolk, draper.
- Drake, L. Havell Street, Camberwell, merchant.
- Dentith, J. Liverpool, silversmith.
- Dawes, R. Abingdon, carpet-manufacturers.
- Elston, J. Middlesex Place, Hackney-road, calico-printer.
- Ellis, C. Heanor, Derbyshire, cabinet-maker.
- Evans, J. Marchmont Street, linen-drawer.
- Edwards, J. Halifax, York, dealer.
- Eveleigh, J. Manchester, merchant.
- Ford, J. Paddington, wheelwright.
- Fildes, J. Lamb's-Conduit Street, upholsterer.
- Fisher, W. sen. Cheltenham, carpenter.
- Ferguson, J. Newark, mercer.
- Flower, T. Melkham, Wilts, timber-dealer.
- Ford, R. Sutton, Surrey, dealer.
- Fisher, G. T. Half-moon Street, Hanover Square, coal-merchant.
- Glenny, G. Lancaster Place, merchant.
- George, J. London-wall, coach-builder.
- Garret, C. and C. Smith, Bishopsgate-street-with-in, woollen-draper.
- Gilmore, C. Union Street, Southwark, builder.
- Green, J. Wellclose Square, linen-drawer.
- Gardner, H. Paradise Street, Rotherhithe, cabinet-maker.
- Gwinell, R. Cheltenham, plumber.
- Gritton, J. T. Tipton, Stafford, iron-master.
- Griffiths, T. Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire, banker.
- Gwatkin, W. Chesham, carpenter.
- Holsell, H. Ormskirk, Lancashire, innkeeper.
- Haviland, W. H. Gloucester, wine-merchant.
- Hardecastle, W. Covent-Garden, bookseller.
- Hilton, W. Limon-grove, corn-dealer.
- Hacker, F. Canterbury, brick-maker.
- Hunter, J. H. Lambeth-road, dealer.
- Haviland, R. Cheltenham, distiller.
- Hutchison, W. St Philip and Jacob, Gloucester, grocer.
- Hargreaves, G. Liverpool, broker.
- Hopkins, W. jun. Northampton, builder.
- Hickling, S. Birmingham, hatter.
- Hill, L. Fleet Street, jeweller.
- Homer, T. and R. Dudley, Worcester, iron-mongers.
- Herbert, E. Leamington Priory, Warwick, linen-drawer.
- Horsfall, T. Halifax, dry-salter.
- Hall, J. Shrewsbury, and J. Haycock, Liverpool, merchants.
- Horn, C. E. Judd Street, music-seller.
- Hulley, W. Chowbent, Lancashire, roller-maker.
- Hendy, J. Blackeney, Gloucester, shopkeeper.
- Hollinworth, E. Stayley, Cheshire, woollen-manufacturers.
- Hawes, G. and J. B. Moore, Bridge-house-place, Southwark, hardwareman.
- Inman, K. J. Bridge-house-place, Newington, Surrey, ironmonger.
- Jackson, J. Rosemary-lane, coal-merchant.
- Johnson, J. Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, cabinet-maker.
- Jacob, J. Deptford, coal and timber merchant.
- Johnson, W. F. Bridgewater Street, Somers-town, provision-dealer.
- Jacobs, M. Charles Street, Soho, glass-merchant.
- Knight, J. and B. Great Horton, York, cotton-spinner.
- King, W. Shepton-Montague, Somerset, dealer.
- Kershaw, R. Dukinfield, Chester, timber-merchant.
- Kenworthy, J. and J. B. Ironmonger-lane, warehouseman.
- Kile, S. St Clement, Oxfordshire, bookseller.
- Kelly, P. Finsbury Square, bookseller.
- Kerridge, G. Beccles, Suffolk, grocer.
- Lowe, J. and G. Austin, Manchester, oil-merchants.
- Long, J. and B. Burn, Foubert's Place, Regent Street, fishmongers.

Levy, S. High Street, Whitechapel, silversmith.
 Leahy, W. and J. M. Davey, Great Guildford Street, Surry, engineers.
 Lynch, C. Crooked-billet, Wych Street, ale-house-keeper.
 Lay, J. Cheltenham Place, Lambeth, stationer.
 Lamb, J. and J. Liverpool, saddlers.
 Lamb, W. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer.
 Lawrence, R. and W. A. Brown, Whitecross Street, ale-brewers.
 Ledger, E. and T. F. Wakefield, woollaplers.
 Maud, W. and R. Andover, brewers.
 Medforth, R. Nafferton, York, horse-dealer.
 Morris, S. Cheltenham, builder.
 Milhinch, W. Bolton, Lancashire, grocer.
 Marklove, E. Berkeley, Gloucester, millman.
 Moody, J. Free-school Street, Horslydown, tin-plate-worker.
 Marshall, B. Nottingham, stonemason.
 Metcalfe, W. Bristol, tailor.
 Macdonald, C. Liverpool, surgeon.
 Meyer, J. Grace's-alley, Wellclose Square, umbrella-manufacturer.
 Murray, J. and S. Brisbane, Manchester, joiners.
 Marks, J. Bristol, tailor.
 Macpherson, D. Chandos Street, Covent-Garden, victualler.
 Mitchell, T. Leicester, woollapler.
 Mann, C. Nine Elms, Battersea, victualler.
 Mitchell, E. and J. High Street, Southwark, woollen-draper.
 Matthews, J. Bristol, collar-maker.
 Mackenzie, J. and J. Murhie, Oxford, tea-dealers.
 M'Burnie, J. R. Coleman-street-buildings, merchant.
 Numm, T. London, merchant.
 Noah, G. Pall-mall, tailor.
 Neale, P. Norwich, coachmaker.
 Nicholson, J. Rochdale, bookseller.
 Nicholson, H. Chiswell Street, bill-broker.
 Nathanson, J. and M. W. Drudinger, Mansell Street, toy-merchant.
 Okey, J. Cambridge, cattle-salesman.
 Oldershaw, H. Bulwell, Nottingham, miller.
 Oram, H. Sutton, Surry, lime-burner.
 Pitt, J. Edwin-Ralph, Hereford, corn-dealer.
 Piper, W. Hammersmith, barge-builder.
 Peace, G. Denby-Dale, York, grocer.
 Price, W. and C. Baldwin's-gardens, Gray's-inn-lane, glass-manufacturers.
 Pennington, W. Crosthwaite, Westmoreland, paper-maker.
 Parkinson, W. Greek Street, Soho, carver.
 Pullen, R. A. jun. Leeds, stuff-manufacturer.
 Pope, A. Stockwell, Surry, victualler.
 Pitt, H. Cuckfield, Sussex, victualler.
 Richards, C. Cheltenham, dealer and chapman.
 Reed, G. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, victualler.
 Roberts, T. Manchester, draper.
 Ray, S. King's Place, Blackman Street, Southwark, builder.
 Rickerby, J. Great Salkeld, Cumberland, lime-burner.
 Rawlins, S. and M. Smith, Henley, Stafford, tobaccoists.
 Ramsden, J. Golcar, York, woollen-cloth manufacturer.
 Raphael, M. London-street, Fenchurch Street, merchant.
 Ragg, R. Liverpool, lace-manufacturer.
 Savill, J. Woodford, Essex, grocer.
 Somerfield, J. Walsall, Staffordshire, awl-blade-maker.

Skelton, E. B. and M. M. and E. and T. H. Southampton, booksellers.
 Smith, R. South Street, Grosvenor Square, oil-man.
 Spurden, C. Friday Street, Cheapside, dealer.
 Slor, W. New-road, Somers-town, bookseller.
 Simpson, R. Manchester, corn-dealer.
 Stevens, J. Mumford-court, Milk Street, Cheapside, warehouseman.
 Slade, I. Greenwich, builder.
 Sillis J. and J. Three-crane and Hambro'-wharf, Upper Thames Street, merchants.
 Shelly, W. Newcastle, Stafford, tanner.
 Scott, W. Lower Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, victualler.
 Syma, R. Witheridge, Devon, shopkeeper.
 Smith, W. Bristol, provision-merchant.
 Schlesinger, M. S. Upper Stamford Street, Waterloo-road, merchant.
 Shakell, E. Southampton, cabinet-maker.
 Shaw, W. and J. L. Alexander, Clifton Street, Finsbury-square, merchants.
 Strutton, W. Commercial-road, Lambeth, timber-merchant.
 Stones, C. Manchester, cotton-spinner.
 Smith, C. J. Great Preston, York, dealer.
 Shelly, T. Lewis, coachmaker.
 Strachan, R. Lime Street, Insurance-broker.
 Smith, H. Bristol, scrivener.
 Shaw, S. Newcastle-under-Line, Stafford, maltster.
 Shepherd, G. J. Pantry, and W. Massey, Bransley, York, linen-manufacturers.
 Taylor, J. Wharf, Paddington, excavator.
 Thomas, J. Birmingham, cheese-factor.
 Traher, W. Bridge-house Place, Brough, general-merchant.
 Toghill, W. Chalford, Gloucester, clothier.
 Tucker, T. and T. Geary, John's-mews, Bedford-row, coach-painters.
 Taylor, and J. Golcar, Huddersfield, clothier.
 Trevett, R. Finsbury-place-south, bootmaker.
 Thomson, I. Bilston, Stafford, japanner.
 Wickham, M. Liverpool, joiner.
 Willmott, R. E. Copthall-buildings, Throgmorton-street, money-scrivener.
 Wicksteed, G. Broad-street, St James's, cabinet-maker.
 Woodward, D. B. Cheapside, bookseller.
 Waters, W. and T. C. Bristol, ironmongers.
 Wray, J. Wood-street, Cheapside, silk and bombazine-manufacturer.
 Williams, R. Liverpool, merchant.
 Watson, R. B. Leeds, merchant.
 Wroote, R. Great Tichfield-street, linen-draper.
 Wortham, J. and F. Oxford-street, linen-draper.
 Wright, R. Hollinwood, Oldham, hat-manufacturer.
 Wallis, S. Chew-Smoke, Somerset, dealer.
 Walter, J. Bristol, stationer.
 Whinfield, J. W. and H. Gateshead, Durham, ale and porter-merchants.
 White, J. Newport-market, vintner.
 Weaver, R. Plymouth, linen-draper.
 Wood, J. Lombard-street, scrivener.
 Wood, J. Mary-la-bonne-street, victualler.
 Wood, J. Wooldale, Kirkburton, York, merchant.
 Wood, W. Salford, Lancashire, innkeeper.
 Wood, J. and W. Hollingworth, Chester, cotton-spinners.
 Wright, R. Howland-street, apothecary.
 Young, S. Nottingham, lace-machine-maker.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 30th November, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Arthur, David, calico-printer, Glasgow.
 Barclay, John, merchant and tobacco-pipe-manufacturer.
 Beattie, Thomas, builder in Edinburgh.
 Gibb, Andrew, warehouseman, Glasgow.
 Gullan, David and George, upholsterers and cabinet-makers, Musselburgh.
 Hannah, James, horse-dealer in Glasgow.
 Landale and Tod, ironmongers in Edinburgh.
 McGowan, Hugh, merchant in Paisley.

M'Kenzie, Daniel, builder, Glasgow.
 M'Kimming and Liddell, brushmakers, Glasgow.
 M'Leilan, Samuel, merchant, Castle-Douglas.
 Morrison, David, cabinet-maker and upholsterer, Greenaiside, Edinburgh.
 Paton, Wm. merchant in Paisley.
 W. and J. Patrick, manufacturers and merchants in Glasgow.
 Scott and Hamilton, merchants, Glasgow.
 Storrar, David, saddler, Kirkcaldy.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

April 27. At Cawnpore, the Lady of Francis Sewright, Esq. his Majesty's 58th Regiment, of a son.

14. At Luma, Mrs Hunter, of a son.

Oct. 12. At Pasque, Lady Ramsay, of a son.

— At Dalkeith, Mrs Steel, of a daughter.

12. At No. 8, Great King Street, Mrs Lumsden, of a daughter.

24. At Tinnis, the Lady of Robert Ballantyne, Esq. of a daughter.

Nov. 1. On the 1st inst. Mrs Dr Pitcairn, of a daughter.

3. At Loch Vale, near Dumfries, the Lady of Eaglesfield Smith, Esq. of a son.

4. At Strathairry Cottage, the Lady of Major Briggs, of a son.

9. At Ruchill, the Lady of William R. Robinson, of Clernston, Esq. of a daughter.

13. At Melville Street, Mrs J. A. Duff, of a son.

14. At 26, Gayfield Square, Mrs Dr Ross, of a daughter.

— At Roehampton, Lady Gifford, of a son.

— At Kensington, the Lady of W. S. Morson, M.D. of a daughter.

15. At Brompton Brae, Mrs Wm. Haig, of a son, which only survived a few minutes.

16. At Castle Street, Mrs Alexander Robertson, of a daughter.

17. At Bath, the Lady of Robert Buchanan, Esq. younger of Drumpellier, of a son.

19. At 13, Albany Street, Mrs Begbie, of a son.

30. At Dingwall, the Lady of Captain Mylne, of the 11th Regiment of Light Dragoons, of a son.

22. At 17, Heriot Row, Mrs Donald Horne, of a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Wylie, 41, Castle Street, of a son.

— Mrs Douglas, No. 15, Great King Street, of a daughter.

25. At 18, Abercromby Place, Mrs Hunter, of a son.

27. Mrs George Hill, 8, St Andrew's Square, of a daughter.

28. At 17, Great King Street, the Lady of James Cathcart, Esq. of a son.

29. At Weems, Roxburghshire, the Lady of George Cleghorn, Esq. of a daughter.

Dec. 4. Mrs Kidd, Merchant Street, of a son.

Lastly, At No. 4, Hermitage Place, Mrs M. Kenn, of a daughter.

— At Chester, the Lady of the Hon. Major Napier, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Oct. At Glasgow, Mr John Mudie, manufacturer, to Janet, youngest daughter of John Mackintosh, Esq. accountant.

— At Stewarton, Ayrshire, the Rev. Thomas Montgomery, minister of the parish of Sanquhar, to Mary, daughter of Andrew Brown, Esq. writer in Stewarton.

31. At Norristown Manse, Mr Alexander Must, merchant, Stirling, to Janet Cunningham, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Sommers.

Nov. 1. At Cherry Valley, county of Antrim, David Shaw, Esq. Ayr, to Glencain Dalrymple, eldest daughter of John Armstrong, Esq. Cherry Valley.

2. At Craigmaddie, Captain Alex. Dirom, 8th or the King's Regiment, to Joanna Eliza, only child of Lieut.-General Peter.

— At Merchiston House, William Nivison, Esq. Surgeon, Strathmiglo, to Sarah Scott, of Wooler, teacher of the Day School, Fountainbridge.

6. At Haddington, Alex. Fyfe, physician, to Angelica, youngest daughter of Wm. Moir, Esq.

8. At the Hotel of the British Ambassador, at Paris, the Hon. Ferdinand St John (attached to his Majesty's Mission at Florence), to Selina Charlotte, youngest daughter of Colonel Keating, and niece to the Earl of Meath.

— At the Manse of Kilmallie, Lieut. John M'Phae, 79th Regiment, to Jane, third daughter of the Rev. Duncan M'Intyre, minister of Kilmallie.

8. At Montrose, the Rev. John Lyall of Blairgowrie, to Barbara, youngest daughter of Mr James Watson, late stampmaster, Montrose.

15. At Dolphington, Robert Brown Cunningham, Esq. Adelphi, London, to Elizabeth, second daughter of Mr James Cunningham.

16. Robert Gibbs Kinniburgh, junior, of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, Glasgow, to Sarah, fourth daughter of Mr Thomas Gregory, York Place, Edinburgh.

20. At Glasgow, Lieutenant John Kerr Glogau, of the 2d Regiment of Bombay Native Infantry, to Miss Elizabeth Anne M'Brair, daughter of Mr Archibald M'Brair, merchant in Glasgow.

21. At George Square, Mr Brown, Lennie, to Mary, eldest daughter of the Rev. Charles Wood, minister of Wilton and Robertson.

— At Craigton, Alex. Dawson, Esq. merchant, Glasgow, to Mary, second daughter of David Dunlop, Esq. of Craigie.

23. At the Marquis of Aylesbury's Villa, at East Sheen, Thomas Frederick Vernon Westworth, Esq. of Westworth Castle, county of York, to Lady Augusta Louisa Brudenell Bruce, the eldest unmarried daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Aylesbury.

24. At Dundee, the Rev. John Macfarlane, Ardoch, to Janet Marshall, eldest daughter of George Gray, Esq.

— At Stoke Church, Davenport, Charles Leslie, Esq. of the Duke of York's Own Rifle Corps, third son of John Leslie, Esq. of Bolquhain and Fettermoun House, Aberdeenshire, to Mary, youngest daughter of Major-General Sir Charles Halloway.

29. At the Right Hon. the Lord Provost's, Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant William Douglas Knox, of the Hon. East India Company's service, on the Bengal establishment, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late John Waite, Esq. London.

30. At Morpeth, William Thompson, Esq. to Ann, daughter of the late Robert Car, Esq. of Bowdon, Northumberland.

DEATHS.

Jan. 4. While on his passage from Chittagong to Calcutta, Captain Alex. C. Burnett of the 54th Regiment.

March 11. On board the boats descending the river Irrawaddy, Lieut. Dugald Campbell, of the 1st Regiment or Royal Scots.

April 6. At Janpore, George Heyne, Esq. assistant hospital surgeon and assistant assay master, Madras.

June 5. At Annetto Bay, St George's, Jamaica, Mr William Tait, youngest son of the late Chas. Tait, Esq. Sheriff-Substitute of Aberdeenshire.

Aug. 2. At Montreal, North America, David, second son of Alex. M'Gibbon, Esq. of Crawhill, town-clerk of Queensferry.

29. At Port-au-Prince, Charles Gordon, Esq. Vice-Consul to the British Government.

Sept. 1. Alexander Lumsden, Esq. of Claremont, St Dorothy, Jamaica, third surviving son of Harry Lumsden, Esq. of Belhelvie.

8. At Port of Spain, Trinidad, Dr James Anderson, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh.

11. In the island of Jamaica, David Finlay of Ardoch, Esq. in the parish of St Ann's.

26. At Kingston, Upper Canada, deeply regretted by his congregation, the Rev. John Barclay, minister of the Presbyterian Church there, son of the Rev. Dr Barclay, minister of Kettle, Fife.

Oct. — At the College of Monteville, near Havre de Grace, Archibald Buchanan, second son of William Buchanan, Esq.

15. At Comrie, the Rev. Samuel Gillman, minister of the United Associate Congregation there, in the 64th year of his age, and 36th of his ministry.

16. At London, Mr George Proudfoot, formerly candlemaker at Leith.

17. At London, Mr John Charteris, shipowner, of Leith.

20. At Campbellton, Charles Rowatt, Esq. surgeon, in his 86th year.

21. At the Manse of Rothiemay, the Rev. Dr James Stummie, minister of that parish.

21. At Dumfries, David Staig, Esq. for several years Chief Magistrate of that place.
22. At Rotterdam, James Gibson, Esq. merchant there.
23. At Geneva, the Hon. and Rev. Robert Samuel Leslie Melville, fourth son of Alexander, late Earl of Leven and Melville.
25. At Dumfries, Miss Isabella Sutherland, second daughter of the late John Sutherland, Esq. of Wester, in the county of Caithness.
26. At Perth, Mr George Whitehead, teacher of modern languages in the Perth Academy.
- At Clifton, Martha Walsh, Esq. late Chairman of the Board of Excise.
27. At Bellevue Place, near Linlithgow, Dr William Crawford of Littleton.
- At No. 5, Pilgrimage Street, Hugh Reoch, Esq. late of Forth Bank.
- At No. 2, Surgeon Square, Agnes Hume, youngest daughter of Mr James Lockhart.
- At Mount Marie, near Roslin, Captain Duncan Macrae, of the late York Rangers.
- At 2, Bellevue Crescent, William Edmondstone, second son of Mr Rutherford of the Customs.
28. At the Manse of Borthwick, Miss Wright.
- At Dumse, Alexander Christie, Esq. of Gracelydyke.
29. At her house, Leavelston Place, Mrs Marion Bradfute, widow of the Rev. James Bradfute, curate of Market Deeping, in the county of Lincoln.
30. At Calais, on his return to England, Augustus Donaldson, Esq. Commander in the Royal Navy.
- At Pathhead, Fife, Mrs Thomas Thomson, relict of the Rev. Thomas Thomson, minister there.
31. At Barry's Hotel, Edinburgh, Stephen Shairp, late his Britannic Majesty's Consul-General at St Petersburg.
- At his house, Dysart, Capt. John Reddie of Redhouse, late Master Attendant, Madras.
- At New York, John Patrick, merchant there, second son of the late John Patrick, Esq. of Trearne, Ayrshire.
- At Blackheath, Eleanor Henrietta Victoria, daughter and only child of the Right Hon. F. J. Robinson.
- Nov. 1. Of typhus fever, in the 34th year of his age, Mr Thirft Scott, farmer at Barnyards of Dalgety, and proprietor of the Mounthlairy distillery, Banffshire.
2. At Carlisle, Mr Francis Jolly, proprietor of the Carlisle Journal.
- At Comely Green, Mrs Hannah Broughton, wife of Thomas Peat, Esq. writer to the signet.
3. At Littleton, Perthshire, (after being delivered of a still-born daughter,) Mrs Kleanear, younger of Lochton.
4. At London, Mr John Johnston, Captain of the London and Leith Shipping Company's smack Ocean.
- At Edinburgh, Mr John Sharp, late writer, Culross.
- Mr Robert Robertson, builder, High Street.
- Mr Adam Smith, late of Stockbridge.
- At his house, Canongate, Mr Joseph Brown, jun. baker.
- At Melkelfoll, parish of Fyvie, the Rev. James Innes, in the 65th year of his age, and 40th of his ministry to the Episcopalian congregation in that place.
- At Newton, Kirkpatrick-Fleming, George Rae, Esq. aged 72.
5. At Cupar, Mrs Isobel Robertson, wife of the Rev. Dr Adamson.
- Mrs Helen Lawrie, wife of Mr Wm. Smith, solicitor, Gayfield Square.
- At Edinburgh, Isabella, youngest daughter of Mr Alexander Howden, Scotland Street.
- At Kirkcaldy, Mr George Sibbald, surgeon, Royal Navy.
- At London, Sir Richard Hardings, Bart. aged 71 years.
6. At Lauder, Mr William Aitchison, merchant.
7. At West Dalry, Mr John Ryrie.
- At Crailing House, James Paton, Esq. of Crailing.
8. At the Manse of Nigg, aged 80, the Rev. David Cruden, D. D. 57 years minister of that parish.
8. At Edinburgh, David Ewart, Esq. deputy-clerk of Chancery.
- At Edinburgh, Mrs Shanks, wife of Mr John Shanks, formerly of South Haddly, Fife.
- At Edmonstone, Mrs Henrietta Cecilia Baird, wife of John Wauchope of Edmonstone, Esq. and daughter of Sir James Gardiner Baird, Bart. of Saughtonhall.
- At Aleshouse Hill, near Peterhead, in the 61st year of her age, Mrs James Anderson.
9. At Mellerstain, in her 78th year, Lady Pringle, relict of Sir James Pringle, Bart. of Sticheil.
10. At 24, Abercromby Place, George Graham Macdowall, Esq. fifth son of the late Day Hort Macdowall, Esq. of Walkinshaw and Castlemorris.
- At Linlithgow Manse, the Rev. James Dobie, D. D. in the 81st year of his age, and 54th of his ministry.
- Mrs Anne Gow, wife of Mr John Strachan, merchant, 15, Prince's Street.
- At Dundee, David Henderson, Esq. factor for Lord Douglas.
- At Edinburgh, Mr William Armstrong, brass-founder.
12. In the 85d year of his age, and 54th of his ministry, the Rev. Andrew Scott, minister of Sticheil.
- At the Vicarage House, at Ransted, Surrey, Mrs Buckle, wife of the Rev. William Buckle, and daughter of the late Sir John Stewart, and sister of Sir George Stewart of Grandtully, Bart.
- At his house, Prestonpans, Mr John Smith, aged 84 years.
- At Carverock Manse, Robert M'Morine, Esq. of Kirkbride.
- At Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Arnot, relict of Hugo Arnot, Esq. of Balcorno, advocate.
- At Banff, William Davidson, Esq. solicitor.
14. At Edinburgh, Mrs Jean Campbell, widow of William Campbell, Esq. of Duncrova.
- At Edinburgh, Miss Anne Davidson, daughter of the late John Davidson, Esq. of Raveling.
15. At London, Captain Blair of Pitpointie, late wood-merchant in Dundee.
16. At Seacot, near Leith, David Ogilvy, Esq.
- The Rev. David Waddel, Shiels, Balchivie; and at London, on the 12th, his youngest son, William, aged 23.
- At Leith, Margaret, daughter of Ad. White, Esq.
18. At Greenock, Mr Duncan Gray, shipmaster, formerly of the Royal Navy.
- At the Manse of Carnock, the Rev. Robert Thomson, late of Arbroath.
- At Cheltenham, Sir James Monck, formerly Chief Justice in Lower Canada.
- At Dalreoch, Mrs Small, wife of Pat. Small, Esq. of Dalreoch.
- At Dumfries, John Anderson, Esq. banker, aged 82.
- At Dumfries, in the 82d year of her age, Mrs Christian Smith, daughter of the late John Smith, Esq. of Dronan, Ayrshire, and relict of W. M. Clark, Esq. for many years one of the Magistrates of Dumfries.
- At his house, in Albemarle Street, London, Lieut.-General Alexander Kyd.
26. At Highbury Place, London, in the 86th year of his age, John Nichols, Esq. F.S.A. author of the "History of Leicestershire," and "Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century," and for nearly fifty years editor of the Gentleman's Magazine.
- At Pitgavny House, John Brander, Esq. of Pitgavny.
- At Edinburgh, Miss Jane Smellie, daughter of the late William Smellie, Esq. author of "The Philosophy of Natural History," and translator of Buffon.
28. At his house, No. 2, Baxter's Place, Edinburgh, in the 71st year of his age, and the 50th of his ministry, the Rev. James Hall, D.D. minister of the United Associate Congregation of Broughton Place, and for many years the Father of the Edinburgh United Associate Presbytery.
- Lately, in Jamaica, Mr William Maxwell, late of Dumfries.
- At Halifax, Nova Scotia, in the 65d year of his age, the Rev. Archibald Gray, D.D. minister of the Established Church of Scotland, and for thirty years pastor of St Matthew's church there.

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FEBRUARY, 1827.

VOL. XXI.

SNODGRASS'S NARRATIVE OF THE BURMESE WAR.*

Nothing can more fully evince the state of deplorable and unworthy ignorance in which the people of this country are content to remain respecting the affairs of the Indian empire, than the many erroneous opinions which have gone abroad, as to the causes and origin of the Burmese war. It is but yesterday, so to speak, that the very existence of a Burmese sovereignty was known to us. The Court of Directors and the Board of Control have, indeed, been long aware of the increasing power of that adventurous nation, whilst the hostile feelings of its rulers towards their European neighbours, a protracted series of recriminating negotiations has sufficed to prove. But among the people of England, in general,—nay, more, among the members of the legislature itself,—at least, among such of them as are not intimately connected with the administration of the Indian government, we question whether ten individuals can be found, who, three years ago, could so much as point out upon the map, the situation either of Ava or Rangoon. The consequence was, that intelligence of the rupture no sooner reached this country, than a universal outcry arose, and Lord Amherst was condemned, by the united voice of the nation, as a rash, inconsiderate, and ambitious governor. The old ground of complaint against the local autho-

rities was assumed,—they were accused of seeking the war, for the sake of augmenting a territory, already too extensive, in order that their own private fortunes or expectations might be advanced,—and it was gravely asked, on all hands, whether the acquisition of a desert island was an object, for the attainment of which, an appeal to arms ought to be made? There was excessive folly in all this,—yet it arose naturally and unavoidably out of that indifference towards the condition of our most important dependency, with which we have taken so many occasions to reproach our fellow-countrymen.

A new light begins at length to break in upon us. It is whispered in more than one coterie, that though the war might have been postponed, and ought to have been postponed, till more effective preparations for its prosecution had been made, any hope of avoiding it entirely, was groundless. Such, we believe, to be, to a certain extent at least, the real state of the case. The seeds of hostility between the Supreme Government and his Golden-footed Majesty had been sown for years,—they could not but bring forth fruit sooner or later. Before we proceed to notice the contents of the interesting volume, whose title is prefixed to this paper, we shall endeavour, in as few words as possible, to satisfy our readers on this head,

* A Narrative of the Burmese War. By Major Snodgrass, Military Secretary to the Commander of the Expedition, and Assistant Political Agent in Ava. London: John Murray.

by laying before them a sketch of the relative positions in which the belligerent powers stood towards each other, previous to the commencement of hostilities.

It is rather more than thirty years ago, since the Burmese, having overrun the provinces, or, to speak more accurately, the independent principalities of Arracan, Assam, and Cachar, established themselves upon the eastern frontier of our Asiatic possessions. By this arrangement we found ourselves suddenly brought into contact,—not with a few petty Rajahs, possessing neither the power nor the inclination to make encroachments,—but with a people, flushed with conquest, ambitious to a degree, and too ignorant of our resources, as well as too confident in their own, to be at much pains, or to make any sacrifices, for the preservation of friendly relations.

The first act of aggression, on the part of our new neighbours, occurred during the government of Sir John Shore. Three criminals having fled across the border, the Burmese hesitated not to violate our territory in pursuit of them; and open hostilities were then prevented, only because the officer who commanded the invading force chanced to be a man of moderation. But the act of invasion was not forgotten by us, whilst the promptitude displayed on our side to repel violence by violence, rankled like a poisoned wound, in the minds of our neighbours. No great while elapsed ere fresh causes of dispute arose; and they were of a more serious, as well as of a more permanent nature.

The tyranny exercised by the Burmese governors of Arracan, drove great multitudes of the inhabitants of that province, belonging to the tribe of Mughas, to seek an asylum within our territory. Of these Mughas, a considerable colony had been established in Chittagong many years ago; and thither their countrymen not unnaturally betook themselves, as soon as they found that there was neither safety nor freedom for them at home. The English government was not blind to the mischievous results which were likely to follow this step;—it did its best not only to hinder fresh colonists from arriving, but to send back such as had already sought safety within the bounds of the empire.

But the refugees were so resolute,—declaring that they would rather perish on the spot than again throw themselves into the hands of their tyrants,—that English humanity could not withstand the appeal. They were received, and, as early as the year 1799, two-thirds of the Mughas of Arracan are supposed to have deserted the habitations of their fathers. All these,—that is to say, all who perished not of want,—were established upon the waste lands, of which there are large tracts in Chittagong; and they were provided with food, and with materials for the erection of huts, at the public expense.

It was hardly to be expected that the Burmese would look with indifference upon proceedings such as these. Jealous of what they regarded as a slur upon their reputation, and anxious to recover their slaves, an army of four thousand men broke into the province, and stockading themselves in the woods, carried on, during several weeks, a desultory warfare with our troops. The commander of this force addressed, at the same time, a letter of expostulation to the civil magistrate of Chittagong, demanding, in the name of his sovereign, that the fugitives should be given up; whilst a threat was held out, that in case the demand were not complied with, other armies would speedily arrive to enforce it. To a message couched in such terms, Mr Stonehouse would only reply, by stating, that no negotiation would be listened to whilst a Burmese armed force occupied a position within the British territory; and the invaders refusing to withdraw, they were attacked. The attack, which took place on the 18th July 1799, failed; but the enemy soon afterwards fell back, of their own accord, across the frontier.

At this juncture it was imprudently resolved to settle the refugees permanently in the district between the Ramoo River and the Naaf; that is to say, within sight of their ancient homes, and in the immediate presence of their conquerors. This was done, partly because the territory chanced to be without legal claimants, and partly under the mistaken notion, that the Mughas would form a useful barrier between us and the Burmese. It was urged likewise, by Captain Cox, at whose suggestion the arrangement

was entered into, that "The vicinity of the sea, and the three navigable rivers, would prove an abundant resource in the article of provisions, as the natives of Arracan are very expert fishermen." But the danger of continual quarrels between men feeling towards each other as the settlers and the Burmese felt, was, if not overlooked, at all events treated as trifling. Matters turned out exactly as might have been anticipated. The Mughas, instead of sitting down like peaceable colonists, to clear away forests, and cultivate fields, formed themselves into bands of marauders; and, under different chiefs, made destructive inroads into the country which they still regarded as their own.

In the meanwhile, the Burmese government continued to press its requisition for the removal of those, whom it termed its subjects, out of the British territory. The requisition was firmly, though temperately, rejected; but the negotiations which, for a time, had been conducted as between friendly powers, ended at last in open recrimination and complaint. The Mughas were finally followed within the Company's territory, and a rupture seemed at hand.

In the year 1813, a mission reached Calcutta from the Viceroy of Pegu, one of the chief men of the Burmese empire. It was preceded by a person charged with a commission from the King to the city of Benares, to collect certain sacred books of the Hindoos. It was more than surmised that the true object of that mission was to stir up the hostile feelings of the Hindoo states against the English; yet the deputy was permitted to proceed; and he actually spent his time, not in searching for manuscripts, but in conducting political intrigues, and hatching extensive conspiracies. An attempt was likewise made to follow a similar course at Delhi; but the messenger dispatched thither was refused a passport; and the English government undertook, on his furnishing a list of the writings required, to procure them, or any others, and transmit them at once to the Court of Ava.

Such, however, were not the only symptoms of animosity displayed towards us at this time by the Burmese. The dispatches of the Supreme Government speak of active preparations on the part of the Burmese govern-

ment, for the invasion of the Company's territories. The immediate object of that invasion was represented to be the subjugation of Chittagong and Dacca; but no doubt was entertained, had that succeeded, an effort would have been made to expel the English from India altogether. It was in vain that our government offered explanation after explanation of the motives which actuated it in its behaviour towards the Mughas. With such explanations the Burmese were far from satisfied; and it must be confessed, that the behaviour of the refugees was not such as to induce men, who looked at things through the medium of oriental policy alone, to believe, that they were not encouraged in their hostile proceedings by the power which sheltered and protected them, and which positively refused to deliver into their hands the most notorious and daring of the marauders. Among these there was one, by name King Verring, whose influence over his countrymen seems to have been unbounded. This man, inflamed by a spirit of relentless hatred, persisted, in defiance of checks and losses, to make incursions, year after year, into the Burmese country; and, strange to say, though several of his letters, in which his design of continuing this system as long as life remained to him, was avowed, fell into the hands of Lord Minto, that scrupulous regard to fine feelings which exists only in the imaginations of Englishmen, hindered him from being at once given over, as he ought to have been given over, to the vengeance of the people, whom he thus uselessly irritated.

On the retirement of Lord Minto, the late Marquis of Hastings succeeded to the Supreme Government, and found an open breach with the Burmese all but effected. By an exercise of that sound judgment for which, above all the governors which India has had, his Lordship was distinguished, he managed to hinder its occurrence. The previous government had, however, so decidedly declared against delivering up any of the marauders, that Lord Hastings felt himself in some degree compelled to adhere to that system, though he so far humour-ed his neighbours as to permit a Burmese force to follow the depredators into the forests of Chittagong, with which the British troops were required

to co-operate. But even this would not satisfy these insolent savages. They insisted, "that the Burmese troops entering the British territories, should be supplied by the English government with arms, ammunition, and provisions;" and because to that requisition the Governor-General would by no means agree, all farther negotiations on the subject were broken off. The British agent, moreover, sent to announce the refusal of the Governor-General in Council, was placed in temporary confinement by the Burmese ruler.

From that period (the year 1814) up to the year 1824, the two powers continued to stand towards each other in the situation of ostensible friends and secret enemies. Messages of complaint and remonstrance arrived from time to time at the capital of the Anglo-Indian empire; which were met by protestations and assurances of every wish on our part to put a stop to the evil mentioned, and avoid a quarrel. But the Mugha, under one leader or another, persisted in carrying on their predatory operations; nor could the advice of Mr Pechell, the British resident in Chittagong, prevail upon the authorities at Calcutta to make so much as one example. An excellent opportunity was afforded them of following that advice in 1817, had they been so disposed, in the person of a noted freebooter, named Charipo. But Lord Hastings was then absent in Hindustan; the Vice-President feared to take so decided a step; and Charipo, instead of being delivered up, as his robberies and the interests of the empire required, was tried by our *Mahomedan law*, and, on account of the absence of some testimony which that most absurd of all absurd codes requires, was acquitted. This was too much for the Burmese to endure, and from that hour they set themselves sedulously to work for the purpose of embroiling us with the whole of India.

Notwithstanding an act of good faith on our part, the delivering up of two fictitious emissaries, who, professing to come from the Court of Ava, were discovered to be impostors, the Burmese appear to have fully determined, in the year 1818, upon a formal commencement of hostilities. The son of the Rajah of Ramere accordingly arrived at Chittagong, desiring to proceed to Calcutta, that he might de-

liver into the hands of the Governor-General a letter which his father, according to his assertion, had written at the express command of the King of Ava. Of that letter an authenticated copy was delivered to Mr Pechell, and it was found to contain in substance the following declaration: "The countries of Chittagong and Dacca, Moorsheadabad and Cassimbar, do not belong to India. Those countries are ours. The British government is faithless; this was not formerly the case. It is not your right to receive the revenues of those countries; it is proper that you should pay the revenue of those countries to us. If you do not pay it, we will destroy your country." Such a communication amounted, in point of fact, to a declaration of war. But Lord Hastings, by affecting to believe the document a forgery, "evaded," as he says himself, "the necessity of noticing an insolent step, foreseeing that his Burmese Majesty would be thoroughly glad of the excuse to remain quiet, when he learned that his secret allies had been subdued." The secret allies here spoken of were the Mahrattas and other states, with whom, in consequence of Burmese plotting, we had been involved; but, before the Burmese could take the field, they were all overthrown, and Lord Hastings's expectation proved well grounded.

Such was the state of affairs between the English government and the government of Ava, during a long series of years; and though the management of able politicians, and a happy concurrence of events, succeeded in delaying the rupture from one year to another, it must have been evident to all men of common observation, that a rupture would occur sooner or later. It did occur, and at a moment when we were but too little prepared for it. Here then is the error with which, in our judgment, Lord Amherst and the local government are justly chargeable. Knowing, as they could not but know, the hostile feeling towards the English, which existed on the part of the Burmese, they ought to have made every preparation for war, even whilst they professed not to look for it; and above all, a plan of operations, less hazardous and not less effectual, than that actually followed up, ought to have

been devised. But the attention of our rulers was otherwise employed; and when at last they found themselves under the necessity of taking up arms, they did so, with a capital exposed and open to an inroad on the part of the enemy, which was not made, only because they could not dream of the possible success of such an undertaking.

Of the campaigns of the British army, which, under the command of Major-General Sir Archibald Campbell, invaded the Burmese country, and compelled the Burmese monarch to sign a treaty of peace within three days' march of his own capital, we have, in the work now before us, as spirited and lively a narrative as has proceeded from the pen of any military writer of the day. Major Snodgrass has expressed himself easily and naturally. He has told his tale like a gentleman and a soldier: and we are free to confess, that he has given to the history of the Burmese war a degree of interest, of which, till we read his volume, we hardly believed it to be capable. Nor is this all. Filling an important situation near the commander-in-chief, the Major has been enabled to convey a mass of information respecting the general plans and arrangements of the war, which few, besides himself, would have had the means to convey. We cannot pay him a higher compliment, nor one of which he is more worthy, than by taking his narrative as our text-book, in the brief outline that we intend to draw out of the operations of the force, which, in the language of Napoleon Bonaparte, may be termed "The army of Rangoon and Ava."

All the world knows, that in consequence of certain insolent proceedings on the part of the Burmese, particularly in the unjustifiable arrest of a few European and American missionaries resident in the country, as well as the occupation of a district lying within the line of our possessions, it was determined, in the year 1824, to declare war against them. It was further determined, not to wait till a Burmese army should penetrate into the frontier provinces, but to fit out an expedition for the subjugation of Rangoon, the principal seaport in the Burman empire. For this purpose, a force of five or six thousand men, from the Bengal and Madras Presidencies, assembled at

Port Cornwallis, in the Great Andaman Island, and, under the command of Major-General Sir Archibald Campbell, set sail on the fourth of May for their point of destination.

The capture of Rangoon was effected without any other opposition than a short and ill-directed fire from a battery facing the river; and the troops landing found themselves in possession of a deserted town, composed of miserable wooden huts. All the inhabitants had fled on their approach; all supplies of provisions and stores had been removed; indeed, the only important result of the business, was the release of a number of foreign prisoners, whom the governor, as soon as he heard of the approaching expedition, had doomed to death.

It is worthy of observation, that the British army set out upon its present undertaking totally unprovided with all means of advancing beyond Rangoon, either by land or water. There were no draft cattle, no waggon, no boats, the stores were of the most scanty kind—in fact, it seems as if the government had calculated upon nothing farther than the seizure of this solitary seaport, in the anticipation, that the instant its fall became known, his Golden-footed Majesty would sue for peace. If such were really the sentiments of those at the head of affairs, never did any set of men more remarkably mistake the nature of the people with whom they were embroiled. The appearance of an invading force within his territory, so far from intimidating, only excited in the King of Ava a tenfold degree of indignation; whilst such was the vigilance and activity of his officers, that, within a few weeks after its arrival, the army found itself inclosed within a cordon of troops, and shut up in a place desolate and barren. The hope which had been encouraged of assistance from the Peguers, was found futile; and above all, the rainy season was at hand. To speak plainly, and to the purpose—never was any military expedition more rashly or improvidently embarked upon. That it ended not in an absolute defeat, is owing wholly to the skill of its commander, and to the valour and patience of the troops. The following is Major Snodgrass's account of the condition and prospects of the army at this time.

"For many days after the disembarkation of the troops, a hope was entertained that the inhabitants, confiding in the invitations and promises of protection that were circulated about the country, would return to their homes, and afford some prospect of local supplies during the time we were obviously doomed to remain stationary; but the removal of the people from their houses, was only the preliminary to a concerted plan of laying waste the country in our front, in the hope that starvation would speedily force the army to leave their shores—a system long steadily persevered in, with a skill and unrelenting indifference to the sufferings of the poor inhabitants, that too clearly marked to what extremes a Burmese government and its chiefs were capable of proceeding in defence of their country. Every day's experience only increased our disappointment, and proved how little was known of the character of the nation we had to deal with.

"The enemy's troops and new-raised levies were gradually collecting in our front from all parts of the kingdom; a cordon was speedily formed around our cantonments, capable, indeed, of being forced at every point, but possessing, in a remarkable degree, all the qualities requisite for harassing and wearing out in fruitless exertions the strength and energies of European or Indian troops. Hid from our view on every side in the darkness of a deep, and, to regular bodies, impenetrable forest, far beyond which the inhabitants and all the cattle of the Rangoon district had been driven, the Burmese chiefs carried on their operations, and matured their future schemes, with vigilance, secrecy, and activity. Neither rumour nor intelligence of what was passing within his posts ever reached us. Beyond the invisible line which circumscribed our position, all was mystery or vague conjecture."

When the British army arrived at Rangoon, it happened that the whole disposable force of the Burman empire was collected on the frontiers of Chittagong. Such, however, were the exertions of the government, and so well disposed were the people to second these exertions, that on the first alarm, numerous bodies of armed men started up on all sides. It is the custom of the Burmese, never, when they can be avoided, to face an enemy in the field. They stockade themselves with singular skill and celerity, and thus fight to advantage: they had hitherto fought only to conquer. But the apparent timidity of their invaders tempted them

in some degree to deviate from their ordinary course. They closed round our pickets every hour more and more nearly; and occasionally ventured to try the fortune of a nocturnal attack. To rid himself from this nuisance, as well as that he might open a way for the inhabitants, if they should be so disposed, to return to their homes, Sir Archibald Campbell resolved to make a reconnaissance. With this design he put himself at the head of four companies of Europeans, two field-pieces, and four hundred native infantry, and moved upon the enemy's line. We shall transcribe the narrative of this first encounter between the hostile forces.

"A few minutes' march brought our advance guard in contact with the first stockade, erected upon the pathway by which the troops advanced, with its shoulders thrown back into the jungle on either flank. The work being still incomplete, little opposition was made, the Burmese retiring through the wood, after discharging a few shots. The column continuing to advance along a winding pathway, scarcely admitting two men to march abreast; at every opening of the jungle, parties of the enemy were seen retiring slowly in our front; and at every turn of the road, breast-works, and half-finished stockades, hastily abandoned, proved that so early a visit was neither anticipated nor provided for. After an advance of five miles, the road suddenly entering some rice-fields, intersected by a morass and rivulet, rendered passable by a long and narrow wooden bridge, the enemy was here seen in some force, attempting a formation, for the purpose of defending the passage; but the fire of the two field-pieces compelling them to abandon that intention, they continued their retreat into the woods.

"The weather, which had hitherto been fine, now threatened one of those storms which generally usher in the south-west monsoon; the rain began to fall in torrents, the guns could be dragged no farther, and the native infantry were in consequence left to guard them; the General having determined to push on rapidly with the four European companies, as far as the plain of Joasoang, in the hope of liberating some of the peaceably-disposed inhabitants from their military despots; well assured, that if successful, their release would be followed by the subsequent desertion of their male relations, for whose fidelity they were held in pledge. The road, again entering the jungle, continued winding through

it for upwards of a mile, until at length the extensive plain of Joasoang opened in our front. It appeared about four miles in length, and nearly one in breadth; bounded on one flank by a thick continued jungle, and on the other by a creek, the banks of which were also covered with a belt of brushwood. About a mile distant from where the column emerged from the forest, and situated in a narrow gorge of the plain, flanked by a jungle on either hand, and at no great distance apart, stood the villages of Yanghoo and Joasoang: behind these villages appeared a cloud of smoke, as if proceeding from a concourse of people cooking; and we now confidently anticipated the pleasure of breaking through the cordon of annoyance that had so long surrounded us, and of liberating the people of Rangoon from their state of bondage.

"The storm still continued with great violence; but, with the prospect of employment before them, the soldiers cheerfully marched on, knee-deep in water, through the rice-grounds. The enemy was now seen in such considerable bodies, moving out from the rear of the villages, as to leave no doubt that the smoke we had perceived proceeded from their encampment, and not, as we had supposed, from an assemblage of friends. Their generals, on horseback, appeared busily employed forming their men for the defence of the gorge, or narrow passage in our front; while the four British companies continued to advance, by echelon of companies, upon a force that appeared to consist of not less than from four to five thousand men. Our left flank, which led close in with the jungle, on approaching the villages, observed that they were defended in front by two stockades, from which shouts and cries of 'Laghee! laghee!' (come! come!) soon satisfied us that they were filled with men, confident in themselves, and in the strength of their position. They at once commenced a heavy fire upon the leading companies, to which, from the wet state of their muskets, our troops could, at first, make but little return: not a moment was therefore lost in closing with their opponents; the right company being directed to hold its line on the plain in check, while the other three rushed forward with irresistible impetuosity to the works in front; and as they were of a low description, not exceeding eight feet in height, soon forced their way into the interior, where the very numbers of the enemy creating disorder and confusion, proved their final

ruin. The conflict that ensued was fierce and sanguinary. The work having only one or two ways of narrow egress, the defendants, driven from the ramparts, soon became an unmanageable mass: and, rendered desperate by the discharges of musketry that were now poured in among them, they, with spear or musket couched, and their heads lowered to a butting position, blindly charged upon the soldiers' bayonets; for, until they had long subsequently been taught by severe retaliation to treat with mercy those whom the fortune of war might place in their power, the Burmese neither gave nor expected quarter, but continued fighting with the utmost fury long after all hope of success or escape had ceased to encourage them in continuing the conflict; nor did it remain optional with the soldiers to spare the lives of an enemy, from whose barbarous and treacherous mode of warfare death alone afforded safety. The experiment, indeed, was often tried, but tried in vain. Humanity might prompt a British soldier to pass a fallen or vanquished foe, but when he found his forbearance repaid on all occasions by a shot, the instant that his back was turned, self-preservation soon taught him the necessity of other measures; and it consequently happened, that our first encounters with the troops of Ava were sanguinary and revolting, especially to soldiers, whom feeling and the customs of war alike taught to treat with kindness and forbearance those whom their valour had subdued. During the attack upon the two stockades, the enemy's general on the plain made no movement to assist in their defence, either trusting with confidence to the garrisons he had left in them, or believing that we had a much greater force kept purposely out of sight, and masked by the jungle in our rear; but the instant our troops were seen in possession of the works, the whole line, with a horrid yell, began to move towards us, until checked by the company now extended in their front, and the appearance of the troops which had carried the stockades also moving rapidly forward, and forming in readiness to receive their new opponents. Our killed and wounded were then carried from the field, when the enemy, not thinking proper to attack, and the day drawing near its close, we commenced our march slowly, and unmolested, back to quarters, leaving four hundred of the enemy dead on the field."

This brilliant affair produced no other effect upon the Burmese, than to induce them to try how far they might be able by negotiation to gain time.

There arrived at Rangoon, a few days after the action, two chiefs as commissioners, for the purpose, as it was given out, of bringing matters to an amicable issue. The behaviour of these men was not such as to induce the English commander to place any confidence in their professions,—more especially as the army was known to be busily employed in fortifying its position at Kemmendine, a place situated up the river, and only three miles distant from Rangoon. They consented, indeed, to carry back a statement of the demands of the English government, but they took their departure with an air rather of defiance than conciliation; and as nothing more was heard of them, Sir Archibald determined, with as little delay as possible, to bring the enemy to a general engagement.

The position of Kemmendine was, however, so formidable, that any attempt to carry it by a *coup-de-main* must have been made with much hazard. Sir Archibald Campbell gave orders to assail it by bombardment. This method of attack, rendered doubly alarming, inasmuch as the Burmese had never before witnessed any thing of the kind, was attended with complete success. The column ordered out for the assault gained the interior of the works without loss, and just in time to see the rear of the garrison quit it. But the victory was productive of no farther consequences, than that it enabled the conquerors to spend some days of quiet in their old quarters.

In the meanwhile, Sykia Wongee (third minister of state,) arrived in the Burmese camp with numerous reinforcements, bearing positive injunctions from his sovereign to drive "the rebel strangers" into the sea. He accordingly hazarded an attack upon the British lines, which, as a matter of course, utterly failed. The failure was followed by the recall of the unfortunate commander, and the direction of the army was committed to a senior officer, by name Soomba Wongee.

Soomba, conscious how incapable his troops were of acting offensively against the invaders, contented himself by taking up a strong position, and fortifying it with the utmost care, at Kummeroot, about a mile above Kemmendine. The position was well

chosen, and the Burmese appear to have reposed great confidence, both in it and in the military talents of their new leader; but as it so far commanded the anchorage as to endanger the shipping, which became exposed to fire-rafts and other destructive engines, floated down with the stream, Sir Archibald Campbell determined to attack it. With this view, a squadron, consisting of a brig and some of the Company's cruisers, were directed to breach the stockade from the river, whilst the column held itself in readiness to storm as soon as the breach should be declared practicable. And they succeeded as could be wished. The lines were carried; the enemy routed with terrible slaughter, and the Wongee killed. This was the last important operation which occurred up to the end of August. The enemy no longer ventured to shew themselves in force near our cantonments, nor were our troops harassed by any more vexatious and unprofitable battles. A detachment was indeed dispatched for the reduction of his Burman Majesty's maritime possessions to the eastward, which proved perfectly successful; but the main army rested (as far as that term may be used,) for several weeks in their quarters at Rangoon, undisturbed by any thing more serious than a few affairs of posts. Whilst our soldiers were thus reposing, there arrived, to direct the movement of the Burman force, the Princes of Tonghoo and Sarrawuddy, brothers to the King, with a troop of Astrologers and a corps of Invulnerables. These gave so much courage to the dispirited levies, that a second attack upon the British lines was determined upon: and at midnight, on the 30th of August, the Invulnerables desperately assailed a great Pagoda, which formed the key of our position. The assault was repulsed with a tremendous loss, and the Invulnerables no longer ventured to exhibit those feats of hardihood and personal courage, by which, for some weeks previous, they had contrived to annoy the British outposts.

So many disasters having befallen his arms in this quarter, the Burmese Monarch was induced to recall from Arracan, Maha Bandoola, a chief more distinguished for military prowess than any in his service, and who, at the

head of thirty thousand men, had been appointed to carry the war up to the gates of Calcutta. Bandoola returned, full of that confidence which success never fails to produce, and he brought with him a corps which had triumphed over a British division—weak, indeed, in point of numbers, but still British. The name of this chief inspired the Burmese with fresh resolution. Immense numbers of men flocked to his standard from all parts, and he established his head-quarters at Donoobew, from which place it was understood that he would not move to join the advanced levies before the month of November.

"In the meantime," says Major Snodgrass, "the troops at Rangoon were not idle, nor did the British commander allow the enemy any time to recover from the impression that had been made, and the panic that prevailed amongst them. No opportunity was lost of attacking every available point they occupied. Their stockades upon the Dalla river, and those upon the Panlang branch, or principal passage into the Irrawaddy, were attacked and carried with few casualties on our part, while the enemy, in both instances, suffered severely, with the additional loss of many pieces of artillery.

"The rains continued during the whole month of September, and sickness had arrived at an alarming height. An epidemic fever, which prevailed all over India, made its appearance among the troops, which, although in few instances of a fatal tendency, left all those whom it attacked in a deplorable state of weakness and debility, accompanied by cramps and pains in the limbs. Men discharged from the hospitals were long in regaining their strength, and too frequently indulged in pine-apples, limes, and other fruits with which the woods about Rangoon abound, bringing on dysentery, which, in their exhausted state, generally terminated in death.

"The incessant rains, with severe and indispensable duty, no doubt added to the sickness; and although the climate is perhaps as favourable to Europeans as that of any part of our Eastern possessions, they, in particular, suffered most severely, dying in great numbers daily.

"Our situation at this time was indeed truly melancholy; even those who still continued to do their duty, emaciated and reduced, could with difficulty crawl about. The hospitals were crowded, and, with all the care and attention of a numerous and experienced medical staff, the sick for many months continued to increase, until scarcely three thousand duty soldiers

were left to guard the lines. Floating hospitals were established at the mouth of the river, bread was furnished in sufficient quantities, but nothing except change of season or of climate seemed likely to restore the sufferers to health.

"Mergui and Tavoy, (places captured by the detachment above referred to,) now in our possession, and represented by the medical men who visited them as possessing every requisite advantage, were accordingly fixed on as convalescent stations. To these places numbers were subsequently sent, and the result fully justified the most sanguine expectations that were formed. Men who had for months remained in a most debilitated state at Rangoon, rapidly recovered on arriving at Mergui, and were soon restored in full health and vigour to their duty."

Notwithstanding these misfortunes, General Campbell actively employed himself in reducing all those provinces, or districts, of the Burmese empire, which could in any way be assailed by the sea. A division of the army was dispatched as far as Martaban itself, that is to say, one hundred miles from Rangoon; and this was captured. Yek, situated to the eastward, between Martaban and Tavoy, shared the same fate. Yet his Burman Majesty manifested no symptoms of broken confidence, and it became evident that an advance must take place at all hazards on the return of the dry season. To enable the army to take the field with effect, every exertion was made which it was possible for the Indian government to use. Five hundred Mugh boatmen were ordered round from Chittagong, and employed in preparing boats for river service. A reinforcement of two British regiments was likewise sent out, as well as several battalions of native infantry; a regiment of cavalry, a troop of horse artillery, and one of rockets. But of all these, only the boatmen had arrived, when intelligence reached head-quarters, that the Bandoola, at the head of sixty thousand well armed and well equipped soldiers, was in full march towards Rangoon. Let it be observed that, though at this period the rains had ceased, the face of the country continued so completely overflowed, that no thought of moving before January was entertained by the British commander, who, indeed, possessed not the means to move a single company. General Campbell, however, and his gallant followers, prepared, as

well as they could, to give the enemy a reception ; and it was a warm one.

Our limits will not permit us to detail at any length the series of operations which occurred, between the first of December and the end of that month. It is sufficient to observe, that, during seven days, the enemy made repeated and desperate attempts to force a passage through the British lines, in all of which they were repulsed with great slaughter, and that, having retreated to a fortified position at Kokem, they were there attacked in turn, and totally defeated. Out of the enormous army of sixty thousand men, with which he opened the campaign, the Bandoola carried with him hardly twenty thousand back again to Donoobew, where he was permitted to remain only till the preparations for the advance of the invaders were complete.

The consequences of these victories were highly favourable to the British army. Vast multitudes of the country-people, and inhabitants of the city, relieved from the presence of their armed rulers, returned to their houses, and a regular market for the sale of provisions and other necessities was opened. The native boatmen were, moreover, prevailed upon to fit up canoes and barges for the conveyance of slaves, and even to undertake their navigation ; and though such means of transport would have availed but little, had not the long-expected supplies arrived from Bengal and Madras, they nevertheless increased the resources now placed at the General's command. It was accordingly determined to open the campaign on the tenth of February, which, it was fully anticipated, would not close till the British flag should be hoisted, at all events, upon the ramparts of Prome.

There were two plans of operations now before Sir Archibald Campbell, from which it behoved him to choose. Either he might advance at once upon the capital, passing through Pegu and Tonghoo, turning the enemy's positions on the Irrawaddy, and taking him unprepared upon a new line of attack ; or, keeping close to the river, he might move on with both a land and water column, by a more circuitous route, indeed, but by one which kept open his own communications, and secured a constant supply of provisions to his troops. The former plan would have been the best,

had it been prudent to rely upon the Siamese, who, though professing hostility towards the Burman state, still played a game of deep and cautious policy. As matters actually stood, the latter could alone be recommended, and Sir Archibald adopted it. This order of march cannot be more clearly or more concisely given, than in the words of our author.

“ The land column, under the immediate command of Sir Archibald Campbell, could not, for want of transport, be in any way increased beyond thirteen hundred European infantry, a thousand Sepoys, two squadrons of dragoons, a troop of horse artillery, and a rocket-troop ; and even for this small force our carriage only sufficed for the conveyance of from twelve to fifteen days' provisions, and then only by the sacrifice of every comfort which men and officers usually enjoy, and, to a certain extent, in such a climate, positively require. This column was to move in a direction parallel to the Lain river, driving the enemy from all his posts upon that branch, and to join the Irrawaddy at the nearest accessible point, for the purpose of co-operating with the marine column proceeding up the Panlang channel, in driving the Bandoola from Donoobew, should its aid for that purpose be required ; and to keep up their supplies, a fleet of commissariat canoes, under an officer of the navy, was to accompany the column as high up the Lain river as the depth of water would permit. The point upon which the column would join the Irrawaddy, in a country so little known, could not be fixed. The island formed by the Lain and Panlang rivers, was represented as a wilderness of impassable jungle, but across which, it was said, the Carians, by Bandoola's order, had cut a path, for the sake of communication from Meodaga, on the Lain river, to the Irrawaddy opposite to Donoobew, by which, should it prove correct, it was intended the column should advance ; but by much the most certain route, and in many respects the most eligible, led to Sarrawah, on the great river, about sixty miles above Donoobew.

“ The marine column, which was placed under the orders of Brigadier-General Cotton, consisted of eight hundred European infantry, a small battalion of Sepoys, and a powerful train of artillery. These were embarked in the flotilla, consisting of sixty boats, some carrying two, and all of them one, piece of artillery, twelve and twenty-four pound cannonades, and commanded by Captain Alexander of his Majesty's navy, escorted by the boats of the men-of-war lying at Rangoon, containing upwards of one hundred

British seamen. This force was directed to pass up the Panlang river to the Irrawaddy, and, driving the enemy from his stockades at Panlang, to push on, with all possible expedition, to Donnobew. Another force (the naval part under Captain Marryat, R.N., in his Majesty's sloop *Larne*,) and the troops consisting of the thirteenth British regiment, and the twelfth Madras native infantry, commanded by Major Sale, was embarked in transports for Bassein; after reducing which, it was expected sufficient land carriage might be obtained in the district to enable them to push on to Donnobew, and form a junction with the water column, or to Hewzedah, where they would open a communication with the land division, and both places were believed to be within fifty miles of Bassein."

Such was the plan arranged for a regular invasion of the Burmese empire. The difficulties encountered and overcome in the prosecution of it find no parallel in the history of Eastern warfare. No elephants or camels, loaded with tents or field equipage; no hordes of sutlers or other ministers of luxury, followed the little column, which set out on the 11th of February on its perilous march. On the contrary, the troops travelled during more than six weeks through a country laid waste and desolate. The only covering against the dews of the night were their blankets; and for provisions they depended wholly on their own stores. Nor was it thus alone that their progress was impeded. Having penetrated to within a short distance of Prome, they were compelled, by the disagreeable intelligence of the failure of the attack made by the water-column upon Donnobew, to retrace their steps, and to push for that important post. To arrive there, it was necessary to cross the Irrawaddy, a river nearly eight hundred yards in width, by the aid of a few little boats, and in the face of a stockaded corps of Burmese. But the judicious management of the leader, and the gallantry and perseverance of the men, surmounted every obstacle, and on the 25th of March the land and water columns united before the entrenchments at Donnobew.

Major Snodgrass's account of the operations for the reduction of this stockade, is as spirited and interesting as any part of his narrative; but we cannot afford space to quote it; indeed we must hurry, however strong-

ly disposed to the contrary, over the remainder of the volume. The stockade was carried, the Bandoos himself being killed by the bursting of a shell, and the road to Prome lay open. A variety of means were, indeed, adopted to delay the advance of the British army, sometimes by perfidious proposals to make peace, at other times by the circulation of exaggerated rumours of war; but all equally failed. Prome was occupied; and several places in advance having been cleared of the enemy, the whole force passed the rainy season very agreeably in that city.

But the King of Ava was not yet sufficiently humbled. Exertions the most gigantic to raise and equip new levies were made, and with so much success, that as the season of active operations approached, a disposable force of no fewer than seventy thousand men took post between our columns and the capital. It was composed, likewise, to a great extent, of warlike hordes, who had never met nor been overthrown by Europeans; and in full confidence of its effectiveness, a proposal to treat, as if on equal terms, came from the Burman court. But the negotiation ended in nothing, and hostilities recommenced.

The first exploit which marked the opening of the new campaign, was the total overthrow, in detail, of the mighty mass on which all the hopes of the King of Ava were supposed to depend. It was attacked by divisions, and dispersed. This great victory was followed by an immediate advance upon Ava; and the British army had penetrated as far as Melloone, where the remains of the Burmese forces were stockaded, when its farther progress was arrested by urgent intreaties for peace. These were offered with so much apparent sincerity, that Sir Archibald Campbell was induced to listen to them, and commissioners from the two powers actually met in a barge moored for the purpose, in the middle of the river. But though the commissioners readily came to terms, and a period was fixed at which the royal confirmation might confidently be expected, events proved that even now the enemy had not learned to act with sincerity. No confirmation arrived: and though every effort was made to obtain a prolongation of the truce, General Campbell very wisely refused to prolong it, except upon one

condition. He required that the works at Melloone should be abandoned; and this being rejected, orders were issued for the renewal of hostilities. At eleven o'clock in the morning of the 19th of January, twenty-eight pieces of cannon from the British batteries accordingly opened upon the stockade. The range was not distant, and the fire was so smartly kept up, that in a couple of hours the troops made ready for the assault; and though some few unavoidable deviations from the plan occurred, the valour of the assailants proved completely successful. The enemy were routed with a severe loss, leaving all their guns, stores, provisions, and a considerable treasure, to the conquerors. The following anecdote will, we think, bring a smile upon the countenances of our readers—the naïveté of the Wongee is capital.

“Memiaboo and his beaten army retired from the scene of their disasters with all possible haste, and the British commander prepared to follow him up without delay: before, however, commencing his march, he dispatched a messenger with the unratified treaty (which our troops found within the lines in the very same state in which it had passed into the hands of the Burmese commissioners) to the Kee Wongee, as well to shew the Burmese chiefs that their perfidy was discovered, as to give them the means of still performing their engagements; but merely telling the latter, in his note, that in the hurry of departure from Melloone he had forgotten a document, which he might now find more useful and acceptable to his government than they had a few days previously considered it. The Wongee and his colleague politely returned their best thanks for the paper, but observed, that the same hurry which had caused the loss of the treaty had compelled them to leave behind a large sum of money, which they also much regretted, and which they were sure the British general only waited an opportunity of returning.”

It was now apparent that nothing short of the fall of the capital would bring the Burmese government to its senses; and on the 25th of January the army began its march for the purpose of reducing it. Another attempt was indeed made to delude Sir Archibald Campbell into the belief that his Burman Majesty desired peace; but though an American missionary and a British surgeon were the innocent instruments employed, it failed of success. The general was well aware

that another force was assembling under the command of a savage warrior styled Nee-Woon-Breen, in order to dispute with him the possession of Ava; and he knew his adversary too well not to feel satisfied, that as long as he could keep an army in the field he would treat only to deceive. The column accordingly moved on, and on the 8th of February arrived at Pagahm-mew, where from sixteen to twenty thousand men were drawn up to oppose it.

The enemy, whose order of battle was a crescent, were charged by the whole weight of the British line in the centre. It was instantly broken, and the separated wings found some difficulty in falling back upon a chain of redoubts which had been prepared as a second line. Hither being followed up with the usual alacrity of English soldiers, the Burmese suffered a total defeat, and the unfortunate Nee-Woon-Breen escaped, only to be put to a cruel death by his incensed monarch. This was the last action of the war. The King of Ava, satisfied at length that the valour of the invading army was not to be resisted, submitted to the terms which had been on so many previous occasions offered to him, and which he had so repeatedly rejected; and the preliminaries of peace were signed and ratified, the prisoners restored, and the first instalment of the compensation money paid, when the head of the column was distant not more than forty-five miles from Ava. Thus gloriously terminated a contest, than which British India has not for many years been involved in one more arduous or protracted, and to which, it must be confessed, that, at one period, a very different termination might have been fairly expected.

We have already spoken our mind so freely concerning the plan and prosecution of the Burmese war, that we are unwilling to waste time by reverting at length to the subject. We cannot, however, lay aside this interesting narrative without remarking, that it has seldom fallen to the lot of a British army to take the field under circumstances so unfavourable as those which surrounded Sir Archibald Campbell and his gallant followers throughout these campaigns. They were hurried into a hostile country, without supplies, without the means of transport, few in number, and at the most sickly season of the year. They found all the information on

which they had been taught to rely, absolutely false; all the prospects which they had been taught to encourage, absolutely unfounded. They were beset by difficulties on whose occurrence they had never calculated; and the support to which they had been instructed to look utterly failed them. The enemy to whom they were opposed was not only brave but skilful; he fought against them not with the sword alone, but with famine. Their route lay over districts deserted by their inhabitants, and swept of every article in any way calculated to prove of use to the invaders; their convoys were harassed; their outposts continually assailed—even victory brought with it no other advantage than the degree of confidence and self-satisfaction which it produced. Fresh armies, more and more numerous, rose upon the ruins of those which had been routed; and one formidable position was carried, only that a way might be opened for the attack of another. Nothing short

of the most determined courage, and the most judicious management of very inadequate means, could have brought about so splendid a result.

Whether the peace will be permanent or not, remains to be proved; but let this be as it may, his Golden-footed Majesty has doubtless received a lesson which he will not readily forget. Major Snodgrass appears to think that the pride of Ava is humbled; he represents our acquisitions likewise as being of the first importance. It is not for us to contend with a gentleman whose information is, no doubt, a great deal more accurate than our own; but we honestly confess that we are doubtful on both points. On one head, however, we can have no doubt, namely, that our author's volume will be universally read, with the interest and satisfaction which it is calculated to produce; and we accordingly recommend it as one of the most delightful military narratives which has appeared in these times.

GALLERY OF THE GERMAN PROSE CLASSICS.

BY THE ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

NO. III.—KANT.

I TAKE it for granted that every person of education will acknowledge some interest in the personal history of Immanuel Kant. A great man, though in an unpopular path, must always be an object of liberal curiosity. To suppose a reader thoroughly indifferent to Kant, is to suppose him thoroughly unintellectual; and, therefore, though in reality he should happen *not* to regard him with interest, it is one of the fictions of courtesy to presume that he does. On this principle I make no apology to the reader for detaining him upon a short sketch of Kant's life and domestic habits, drawn from the authentic records of his friends and pupils. It is true, that, without any illiberality on the part of the public in this country, the *works* of Kant are not regarded with the same interest which has gathered about his *name*; and this may be attributed to three causes—first, to the language in which they are written; secondly, to the supposed obscurity of the philosophy which they teach, whether intrinsic, or due to Kant's particular mode of expounding it; thirdly, to the unpopularity of all speculative philosophy, no matter how treated, in a country where the structure and tendency of society impress upon the whole activities of the nation a direction exclusively practical. But, whatever may be the immediate fortunes of his writings, no man of enlightened curiosity will regard the author himself without something of a profounder interest. Measured by one test of power, viz. by the number of books written directly for or against himself, to say nothing of those which he has indirectly modified, there is no philosophic writer whatsoever, if we except Aristotle, who can pretend to approach Kant in the extent of the influence which he has exercised over the minds of men. Such being his claims upon our notice, I repeat that it is no more than a reasonable act of respect to the reader—to presume in him so much interest about Kant as will justify a sketch of his life.

Immanuel Kant,* the second of six children, was born at Königsberg, in

* By the paternal side, the family of Kant was of Scotch derivation; and hence it is that the name was written by Kant the father—*Cant*, that being a Scotch name,

Prussia, a city at that time containing about fifty thousand inhabitants, on the 22d of April, 1724. His parents were people of humble rank, and not rich even for their own station, but able (with some assistance from a near relative, and a trifle in addition from a gentleman, who esteemed them for their piety and domestic virtues) to give their son Immanuel a liberal education. He was sent when a child to a charity-school; and, in the year 1732, removed to the Royal (or Frederician) Academy. Here he studied the Greek and Latin classics, and formed an intimacy with one of his schoolfellows, David Ruhnken, (afterwards so well known to scholars under his Latin name of Ruhnkenius,) which lasted until the death of the latter. In 1737, Kant lost his mother, a woman of excellent character, and of accomplishments and knowledge beyond her rank, who contributed to the future eminence of her illustrious son by the direction which she gave to his youthful thoughts, and by the elevated morals to which she trained him. Kant never spoke of her to the end of his life without the utmost tenderness, and acknowledgment of his great obligations to her maternal care. In 1740, at Michaelmas, he entered the University of Königsberg. In 1746, when about twenty-two years old, he printed his first work, upon a question partly mathematical and partly philosophic, viz. the valuation of living forces. The question had been first moved by Leibnitz, in opposition to the Cartesians, and was here finally settled, after having occupied most of the great mathematicians of Europe for more than half a century. It was dedicated to the King of Prussia, but never reached him—having, in fact, never been published.* From this time until 1770, he supported himself as a private tutor in different families, or by giving private lectures in Königsberg, especially to military men on the art of fortification. In 1770, he was appointed to the Chair of Mathematics, which he exchanged soon after for that of Logic and Metaphysics. On this occasion, he delivered an inaugural disputation—[*De Mundi Sensibilis atque Intelligibilis Formâ et Principiis*],—which is remarkable for containing the first germs of the Transcendental Philosophy. In 1781, he published his great work, the *Critik der Reinen Vernunft*, or *Investigation of the Pure Reason*. On February 12, 1804, he died.

These are the great epochs of Kant's life. But his was a life remarkable not so much for its incidents, as for the purity and philosophic dignity of its daily tenor; and of this the best impression will be obtained from Wasianski's account of his last years, checked and supported by the collateral testimonies of Jachmann, Rink, Borowski, and other biographers. We see him here struggling with the misery of decaying faculties, and with the pain, depression, and agitation of two different complaints, one affecting his stomach, and the other his head; over all which the benignity and nobility of his mind are seen victoriously eminent to the last. The principal defect of this and all other memoirs of Kant is, that they report too little of his conversation and opinions. And perhaps the reader will be disposed to complain, that some of the notices are too minute and circumstantial, so as to be at one time undignified, and at another unfeeling. As to the first objection, it may be answered, that biographical gossip of this sort, and ungentlemanly scrutiny into a man's private life, though not what a man of honour would choose to write, may be read without blame; and, where a great man is the subject, sometimes with advantage. With respect to the other objection, I know not how to excuse Mr Wasianski for kneeling at the bedside of his dying friend, to record, with the accuracy of a shorthand reporter, the last flutter of his pulse and the struggles of expiring nature, except by supposing that the idea of Kant, as a person belonging to all ages, in his mind transcended and extinguished the ordinary restraints of human sensibility, and that, under this impression, he gave *that* to his sense of a public duty which, it may be hoped, he would willingly have declined on the impulse of his private affections.

and still to be found in Scotland. But Immanuel, though he always cherished his Scotch descent, substituted a *K* for a *C*, in order to adapt it better to the analogies of the German language.

* To this circumstance we must attribute its being so little known amongst the philosophers and mathematicians of foreign countries, and also the fact that D'Alembert, whose philosophy was miserably below his mathematics, many years afterwards still continued to represent the dispute as a verbal one.

THE LAST DAYS OF KANT.

From the German of Wasianski, Jachmann, Borowski, and Others.

My knowledge of Professor Kant began long before the period to which this little memorial of him chiefly refers. In the year 1773, or 1774, I cannot exactly remember which, I attended his lectures. Afterwards, I acted as his amanuensis; and in that office was naturally brought into a closer connexion with him than any other of his pupils: so that, without any request on my part, he granted me a general privilege of free admission to his class-room. In 1780 I took orders, and withdrew myself from all connexion with the university. I still continued, however, to reside in Königsberg; but wholly forgotten, or wholly unnoticed at least, by Kant. Ten years afterwards, (that is to say, in 1790,) I met him by accident at a party given on occasion of the marriage of one of the professors. At table, Kant distributed his conversation and attentions pretty generally; but after the entertainment, when the company broke up into parties, he came and seated himself very obligingly by my side. I was at that time a florist—an amateur, I mean, from the passion I had for flowers; upon learning which, he talked of my favourite pursuit, and with very extensive information. In the course of our conversation, I was surprised to find that he was perfectly acquainted with all the circumstances of my situation. He reminded me of our previous connexion; expressed his satisfaction at finding that I was happy; and was so good as to desire that, if my engagements allowed me, I would now and then come and dine with him. Soon after this, he rose to take his leave; and, as our road lay the same way, he proposed to me that I should accompany him home. I did so, and received an invitation for the next week, with a general invitation for every week after, and permission to name my own day. At first I was unable to explain the distinction with which Kant had treated me; and I conjectured that some obliging friend had spoken of me, in his hearing, somewhat more advantageously than I could pretend to deserve; but more intimate

experience has convinced me that he was in the habit of making continual inquiries after the welfare of his former pupils, and was heartily rejoiced to hear of their prosperity. So that it appeared I was wrong in thinking he had forgotten me.

This revival of my intimacy with Professor Kant, coincided pretty nearly, in point of time, with a complete change in his domestic arrangements. Up to this period it had been his custom to eat at a *table d'hôte*. But he now began to keep house himself, and every day invited two friends to dine with him, and upon any little festival from five to eight; for he was a punctual observer of Lord Chesterfield's rule—that his dinner party, himself included, should not fall below the number of the Graces—nor exceed that of the Muses. In the whole economy of his household arrangements, and especially of his dinner parties, there was something peculiar and amusingly opposed to the usual conventional restraints of society; not, however, that there was any neglect of decorum, such as sometimes occurs in houses where there are no ladies to impress a better tone upon the manners. The invariable routine was this: The moment that dinner was ready, Lampe, the professor's old footman, stepped into the study with a certain measured air, and announced it. This summons was obeyed at the pace of double quick time—Kant talking all the way to the eating-room about the state of the weather*—a subject which he usually pursued during the earlier part of the dinner. Graver themes, such as the political events of the day, were never introduced before dinner, or at all in his study. The moment that Kant had taken his seat, and unfolded his napkin, he opened the business of dinner with a particular formula—"Now, then, gentlemen!" and the tone and air with which he uttered these words, proclaimed in a way which nobody could mistake, relaxation from the toils of the morning, and determinate abandonment of himself to social enjoyment. The table was

* His reason for which was, that he considered the weather one of the principal forces which act upon the health; and his own frame was exquisitely sensible to all atmospheric influences.

hospitably spread; three dishes, wine, &c. with a small second course, composed the dinner. Every person helped himself; and all delays of ceremony were so disagreeable to Kant, that he seldom failed to express his displeasure with any thing of that sort, though not angrily. He was displeased also if people ate little; and treated it as affectation. The first man to help himself was in his eyes the politest guest; for so much the sooner came his own turn. For this hatred of delay, Kant had a special excuse, having always worked hard from an early hour in the morning, and eaten nothing until dinner. Hence it was, that in the latter period of his life, though less perhaps from actual hunger than from some uneasy sensation of habit or periodical irritation of stomach, he could hardly wait with patience for the arrival of the last person invited.

There was no friend of Kant's but considered the day on which he was to dine with him as a day of pleasure. Without giving himself the air of an instructor, Kant really was so in the very highest degree. The whole entertainment was seasoned with the overflow of his enlightened mind, poured out naturally and unaffectedly upon every topic, as the chances of conversation suggested it; and the time flew rapidly away, from one o'clock to four, five, or even later, profitably and delightfully. Kant tolerated no *calms*, which was the name he gave to the momentary pauses in conversation, or periods when its animation languished. Some means or other he always devised for restoring its tone of interest, in which he was much assisted by the tact with which he drew from every guest his peculiar tastes, or the particular direction of his pursuits; and on these, be they what they might, he was never unprepared to speak with knowledge, and the interest of an original observer. The local affairs of Königsberg must have been interesting indeed, before they could be allowed to occupy the attention at his table. And, what may seem still more singular, it was rarely or never that he directed the conversation to any branch of the philosophy founded

by himself. Indeed he was perfectly free from the fault which besets so many *savans* and *literati*, of intolerance towards those whose pursuits had disqualified them for any particular sympathy with his own. His style of conversation was popular in the highest degree, and unscholastic; so much so, that any stranger who should have studied his works, and been unacquainted with his person, would have found it difficult to believe, that in this delightful companion he saw the profound author of the Transcendental Philosophy.

The subjects of conversation at Kant's table were drawn chiefly from natural philosophy, chemistry, meteorology, natural history, and, above all, from politics. The news of the day, as reported in the public journals, was discussed with a peculiar vigilance of examination. With regard to any narrative that wanted dates of time and place, however otherwise plausible, he was uniformly an inexorable sceptic, and held it unworthy of repetition. So keen was his penetration into the interior of political events, and the secret policy under which they moved, that he talked rather with the authority of a diplomatic person, who had access to cabinet intelligence, than as a simple spectator of the great scenes which were unfolding in Europe. At the time of the French Revolution, he threw out many conjectures, and what were then accounted paradoxical anticipations, especially in regard to military operations, which were as punctually fulfilled as his own memorable conjecture in regard to the hiatus in the planetary system between Mars and Jupiter,* the entire confirmation of which he lived to witness on the discovery of Ceres by Piazzi, in Palermo, and of Pallas, by Dr Olbers, at Bremen. These two discoveries, by the way, impressed him much; and they furnished a topic on which he always talked with pleasure; though, according to his usual modesty, he never said a word of his own sagacity in having upon *a priori* grounds shewn the probability of such discoveries many years before.

It was not only in the character of

* To which the author should have added—and in regard to the hiatus between the planetary and cometary systems, which was pointed out by Kant several years before his conjecture was established by the great telescope of Dr Herschel. Vesta and Juno, further confirmations of Kant's conjecture, were discovered in June 1804. when Wasianski wrote.

a companion that Kant shone, but also as a most courteous and liberal host, who had no greater pleasure than in seeing his guests happy and jovial, and rising with exhilarated spirits from the mixed pleasures—intellectual and liberally sensual—of his Platonic banquets. Chiefly, perhaps, with a view to the sustaining of this tone of genial hilarity, he showed himself somewhat of an artist in the composition of his dinner parties. Two rules there were which he obviously observed, and I may say invariably: the first was, that the company should be miscellaneous; this for the sake of securing sufficient variety to the conversation: and accordingly his parties presented as much variety as the world of Königsberg afforded, being drawn from all the modes of life, men in office, professors, physicians, clergymen, and enlightened merchants. His second rule was, to have a due balance of *young* men, frequently of *very* young men, selected from the students of the university, in order to impress a movement of gaiety and juvenile playfulness on the conversation; an additional motive for which, as I have reason to believe, was, that in this way he withdrew his mind from the sadness which sometimes overshadowed it, for the early deaths of some young friends whom he loved.

And this leads me to mention a singular feature in Kant's way of expressing his sympathy with his friends in sickness. So long as the danger was imminent, he testified a restless anxiety, made perpetual inquiries, waited with impatience for the crisis, and sometimes could not pursue his customary labours from agitation of mind. But no sooner was the patient's death announced, than he recovered his composure, and assumed an air of stern tranquillity—almost of indifference. The reason was, that he viewed life in general, and, therefore, that particular affection of life which we call

sickness, as a state of oscillation and perpetual change, between which and the fluctuating sympathies of hope and fear, there was a natural proportion that justified them to the reason; whereas death, as a permanent state that admitted of no *more* or *less*—that terminated all anxiety—and for ever extinguished the agitation of suspense, he would not allow to be fitted to any state of feeling, but one of the same enduring and unchanging character. However, all this philosophic heroism gave way on one occasion; for many persons will remember the tumultuous grief which he manifested upon the death of Mr Ehrenboth, a young man of very fine understanding and extensive attainments, for whom he had the greatest affection. And naturally it happened, in so long a life as his, in spite of his provident rule for selecting his social companions as much as possible amongst the young, that he had to mourn for many a heavy loss that could never be supplied to him.

To return, however, to the course of his day, immediately after the termination of his dinner party, Kant walked out for exercise; but on this occasion he never took any companion, partly, perhaps, because he thought it right, after so much convivial and colloquial relaxation, to pursue his meditations,* and partly (as I happen to know) for a very peculiar reason, viz. that he wished to breathe exclusively through his nostrils, which he could not do if he were obliged continually to open his mouth in conversation. His reason for this was, that the atmospheric air, being thus carried round by a longer circuit, and reaching the lungs, therefore, in a state of less rawness, and at a temperature somewhat higher, would be less apt to irritate them. By a steady perseverance in this practice, which he constantly recommended to his friends, he flattered himself with a

* Mr Wasianski is wrong. To pursue his meditations under these circumstances might perhaps be an inclination of Kant's to which he yielded, but not one which he would justify or erect into a maxim. He disapproved of eating alone, or *solipsismus convictorii*, as he calls it, on the principle, that a man would be apt, if not called off by the business and pleasure of a social party, to think too much or too closely, an exercise which he considered very injurious to the stomach, during the first process of digestion. On the same principle he disapproved of walking or riding alone; the double exercise of thinking and bodily agitation, carried on at the same time, being likely, as he conceived, to press too hard upon the stomach.

long immunity from coughs, colds, hoarseness, and every mode of defluxion; and the fact really was, that these troublesome affections attacked him very rarely. Indeed I myself, by only occasionally adopting his rule, have found my chest not so liable as formerly to such attacks.

At six o'clock he sat down to his library table, which was a plain, ordinary piece of furniture, and read till dusk. During this period of dubious light, so friendly to thought, he rested in tranquil meditation on what he had been reading, provided the book were worth it; if not, he sketched his lecture for the next day, or some part of any book he might then be composing. During this state of repose he took his station, winter and summer, by the stove, looking through the window at the old tower of Löbenicht; not that he could be said properly to see it, but the tower rested upon his eye,—obscurely, or but half revealed to his consciousness. No words seemed forcible enough to express his sense of the gratification which he derived from this old tower, when seen under these circumstances of twilight and quiet reverie. The sequel, indeed, shewed how important it was to his comfort; for at length some poplars in a neighbouring garden shot up to such a height as to obscure the tower, upon which Kant became very uneasy and restless, and at length found himself positively unable to pursue his evening meditations. Fortunately, the proprietor of the garden was a very considerate and obliging person, who had, besides, a high regard for Kant; and, accordingly, upon a representation of the case being made to him, he gave orders that the poplars should be cropped. This was done, the old tower of Löbenicht was again unveiled, and Kant recovered his equanimity, and pursued his twilight meditations as before.

After the candles were brought, Kant prosecuted his studies till nearly ten o'clock. A quarter of an hour before retiring for the night, he withdrew his mind as much as possible from every class of thoughts which demanded any exertion or energy of attention, on the principle, that by stimulating and exciting him too much, such thoughts would be apt to cause wakefulness; and the slightest interference with his customary hour

of falling asleep, was in the highest degree unpleasant to him. Happily, this was with him a very rare occurrence. He undressed himself without his servant's assistance, but in such an order, and with such a Roman regard to decorum and the *à propos*, that he was always ready at a moment's warning to make his appearance without embarrassment to himself or to others. This done, he lay down on a mattress, and wrapped himself up in a quilt, which in summer was always of cotton,—in autumn, of wool; at the setting-in of winter he used both—and against very severe cold, he protected himself by one of eyder-down, of which the part which covered his shoulders was not stuffed with feathers, but padded, or rather wadded closely with layers of wool. Long practice had taught him a very dexterous mode of *nesting* himself, as it were, in the bed-clothes. First of all, he sat down on the bed-side; then with an agile motion he vaulted obliquely into his lair; next he drew one corner of the bed-clothes under his left shoulder, and passing it below his back, brought it round so as to rest under his right shoulder; fourthly, by a particular *tour d'adresse*, he treated the other corner in the same way, and finally contrived to roll it round his whole person. Thus swathed like a mummy, or (as I used to tell him) self-involved like the silk-worm in its cocoon, he awaited the approach of sleep, which generally came on immediately. For Kant's health was exquisite; not mere negative health, or the absence of pain, but a state of positive pleasurable sensation, and a genial sense of the entire possession of all his activities. Accordingly, when packed up for the night in the way I have described, he would often ejaculate to himself (as he used to tell us at dinner)—“Is it possible to conceive a human being with more perfect health than myself?” In fact, such was the innocence of his life, and such the happy condition of his situation, that no uneasy passion ever arose to excite him—nor care to harass—nor pain to awake him. Even in the severest winter his sleeping-room was without a fire—only in his latter years he yielded so far to the entreaties of his friends as to allow of a very small one. All nursing or self-indulgence found no quarter with Kant. In fact, five mi-

nutes, in the coldest weather, sufficed to supersede the first chill of the bed, by the diffusion of a general glow over his person. If he had any occasion to leave his room in the night-time, (for it was always kept dark day and night, summer and winter,) he guided himself by a rope, which was duly attached to his bed-post every night, and carried into the adjoining apartment.

Kant never perspired,* night or day. Yet it was astonishing how much heat he supported habitually in his study, and in fact was not easy if it wanted but one degree of this heat. Seventy-five degrees of Fahrenheit was the invariable temperature of this room in which he chiefly lived; and if it fell below that point, no matter at what season of the year, he had it raised artificially to the usual standard. In the heats of summer he went thinly dressed, and invariably in silk stockings; yet, as even this dress could not always secure him against perspiring when engaged in active exercise, he had a singular remedy in reserve. Retiring to some shady place, he stood still and motionless—with the air and attitude of a person listening, or in suspense—until his usual *aridity* was restored. Even in the most sultry summer night, if the slightest trace of perspiration had sullied his night-dress, he spoke of it with emphasis, as of an accident that perfectly shocked him.

On this occasion, whilst illustrating Kant's notions of the animal economy, it may be as well to add one other particular, which is, that for fear of obstructing the circulation of the blood, he never would wear garters; yet, as he found it difficult to keep up his stockings without them, he had invented for himself a most elaborate substitute, which I shall describe. In a little pocket, somewhat smaller than a watch-pocket, but occupying pretty nearly the same situation as a watch-pocket on each thigh, there was placed

a small box, something like a watch-case, but smaller; into this box was introduced a watch-spring in a wheel, round about which wheel was wound an elastic cord, for regulating the force of which there was a separate contrivance. To the two ends of this cord were attached hooks, which hooks were carried through a small aperture in the pockets, and so passing down the inner and the outer side of the thigh, caught hold of two loops which were fixed on the off side and the near side of each stocking. As might be expected, so complex an apparatus was liable, like the Ptolemaic system of the heavens, to occasional derangements; however, by good luck, I was able to apply an easy remedy to these disorders, which sometimes threatened to disturb the comfort, and even the serenity, of the great man.

Precisely at five minutes before five o'clock, winter or summer, Lampe, Kant's servant, who had formerly served in the army, marched into his master's room with the air of a sentinel on duty, and cried aloud in a military tone,—“Mr Professor, the time is come.” This summons Kant invariably obeyed without one moment's delay, as a soldier does the word of command—never, under any circumstances, allowing himself a respite, not even under the rare accident of having passed a sleepless night. As the clock struck five, Kant was seated at the breakfast table, where he drank what he called *one* cup of tea; and no doubt he thought it such: but the fact was, that in part from his habit of reverie, and in part also for the purpose of refreshing its warmth, he filled up his cup so often, that in general he is supposed to have drunk two, three, or some unknown number. Immediately after, he smoked a pipe of tobacco, (the only one which he allowed himself through the entire day,) but so rapidly, that a pile of glowing embers remained unsmoked. During this operation he thought over his arrange-

* This appears less extraordinary, considering the description of Kant's person, given originally by Reichardt, about eight years after his death. “Kant,” says this writer, “was drier than dust both in body and mind. His person was small; and possibly a more meagre, arid, parched anatomy of a man, has not appeared upon this earth. The upper part of his face was grand; forehead lofty and serene, nose elegantly turned, eyes brilliant and penetrating; but below it expressed powerfully the coarsest sensuality, which in him displayed itself by immoderate addiction to eating and drinking.” This last feature of his temperament is here expressed much too harshly.

ments for the day, as he had done the evening before during the twilight. About seven he usually went to his lecture-room, and from that he returned to his writing-table. Precisely at three quarters before one he rose from his chair, and called aloud to the cook,—"It has struck three quarters." The meaning of which summons was this:—Immediately after taking soup, it was his constant practice to swallow what he called a dram, which consisted either of Hungarian wine, of Rhenish, of a cordial, or (in default of these) of Bishop. A flask of this was brought up by the cook on the proclamation of the three quarters. Kant hurried with it to the eating-room, poured out his *quantum*, left it standing in readiness, covered, however, with paper, to prevent its becoming vapid, and then went back to his study, and awaited the arrival of his guests, whom to the latest period of his life he never received but in full dress.

Thus we come round again to dinner, and the reader has now an accurate picture of the course of Kant's day; the rigid monotony of which was not burdensome to him, and probably contributed, with the uniformity of his diet, and other habits of the same regularity, to lengthen his life. On this consideration, indeed, he had come to regard his health and his old age as in a great measure the product of his own exertions. He spoke of himself often under the figure of a gymnastic artist, who had continued for nearly fourscore years to support his balance upon the slack-rope of life, without once swerving to the right or to the left. In spite of every illness to which his constitutional tendencies had exposed him, he still kept his position in life triumphantly. However, he would sometimes observe sportively, that it was really absurd, and a sort of insult to the next generation, for a man to live so long, because he thus interfered with the prospects of younger people.

This anxious attention to his health accounts for the great interest which he attached to all new discoveries in medicine, or to new ways of theorizing on the old ones. As a work of great pretension in both classes, he set

the highest value upon the theory of the Scotch physician Brown, or (as it is usually called, from the Latin name of its author,) the Brunonian Theory. No sooner had Welkard adopted* and made it known in Germany, than Kant became familiar with it. He considered it not only as a great step taken for medicine, but even for the general interests of man, and fancied that in this he saw something analogous to the course which human nature has held in still more important inquiries, viz. first of all, a continual ascent towards the more and more elaborately complex, and then a treading back, on its own steps, towards the simple and elementary. Dr Beddoes's Essays, also, for producing by art and curing pulmonary consumption, and the method of Reich for curing fevers, made a powerful impression upon him; which, however, declined as those novelties (especially the last) began to sink in credit. As to Dr Jenner's discovery of vaccination, he was less favourably disposed to it; he apprehended dangerous consequences from the absorption of a brutal miasma into the human blood, or at least into the lymph; and at any rate he thought, that, as a guarantee against the variolous infection, it required a much longer probation. Groundless as all these views were, it was exceedingly entertaining to hear the fertility of argument and analogy which he brought forward to support them. One of the subjects which occupied him at the latter end of his life, was the theory and phenomena of galvanism, which, however, he never satisfactorily mastered. Augustin's book upon this subject was about the last that he read, and his copy still retains on the margin his pencil-marks of doubts, queries, and suggestions.

The infirmities of age now began to steal upon Kant, and betrayed themselves in more shapes than one. Connected with Kant's prodigious memory for all things that had any intellectual bearings, he had from youth laboured under an unusual weakness of this faculty in relation to the com-

* This theory was afterwards greatly modified in Germany; and, judging from the random glances which I throw on these subjects, I believe that in this recast it still keeps its ground in that country.

mon affairs of daily life. Some remarkable instances of this are on record, from the period of his childish days; and now, when his second childhood was commencing, this infirmity increased upon him very sensibly. One of the first signs was, that he began to repeat the same stories more than once on the same day. Indeed, the decay of his memory was too palpable to escape his own notice; and, to provide against it, and secure himself from all apprehension of inflicting tedium upon his guests, he began to write a syllabus, or list of themes, for each day's conversation, on cards, or the covers of letters, or any chance scrap of paper. But these memoranda accumulated so fast upon him, and were so easily lost, or not forthcoming at the proper moment, that I prevailed on him to substitute a blank-paper book, which I had directed to be made, and which still remains, with some affecting memorials of his own conscious weakness. As often happens, however, in such cases, he had a perfect memory for the remote events of his life, and could repeat with great readiness, and without once stumbling, very long passages from German or Latin poems, especially from the *Æneid*, whilst the very words that had been uttered but a moment before dropped away from his remembrance. The past came forward with the distinctness and liveliness of an immediate existence, whilst the present faded away into the obscurity of infinite distance.

Another sign of his mental decay was the weakness with which he now began to theorize. He accounted for every thing by electricity. A singular mortality at this time prevailed amongst the cats of Vienna, Basle, Copenhagen, and other places. Cats being so eminently an electric animal, of course he attributed this epizootic to electricity. During the same period, he persuaded himself that a peculiar configuration of clouds prevailed; this he took as a collateral proof of his elec-

trical hypothesis. His own headaches too, which in all probability were a mere remote effect of old age, and a direct one of an inability* to think as easily and as severely as formerly, he explained upon the same principle. And this was a notion of which his friends were not anxious to disabuse him, because, as something of the same character of weather (and therefore probably the same general tendency of the electric power) is found to prevail for whole cycles of years, entrance upon another cycle held out to him some prospect of relief. A delusion which secured the comforts of hope was the next best thing to an actual remedy; and a man who, in such circumstances, is cured of his delusion, "*cui demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error*," might reasonably have exclaimed, "*Pol, me occidistis, amici*."

Possibly the reader may suppose, that, in this particular instance of charging his own decays upon the state of the atmosphere, Kant was actuated by the weakness of vanity, or some unwillingness to face the real fact that his powers were decaying. But this was not the case. He was perfectly aware of his own condition, and, as early as 1799, he said, in my presence, to a party of his friends—"Gentlemen, I am old, and weak, and childish; and you must treat me as a child." Or perhaps it may be thought that he shrank from the contemplation of death, which, as apoplexy seemed to be threatened by the pains in his head, might have happened any day. But neither was this the case. He now lived in a continual state of resignation, and prepared to meet any dispensation of Providence. "Gentlemen," said he one day to his guests, "I do not fear to die. I assure you, as in the presence of God, that if I were this night to be made suddenly aware that I was on the point of being summoned, I would raise my hands to heaven, fold them, and say, Blessed be God! If indeed it were pos-

* Mr Wasianski is quite in the wrong here. If the hinderances which nature presented to the act of thinking were now on the increase, on the other hand, the disposition to think, by his own acknowledgment, was on the wane. The power and the habit altering in proportion, there is no case made out of that disturbed equilibrium to which apparently he would attribute the headaches. But the fact is, that, if he had been as well acquainted with Kant's writings as with Kant personally, he would have known, that some affection of the head of a spasmodic kind was complained of by Kant at a time when nobody could suspect him of being in a decaying state.

sible that a whisper such as this could reach my ear—Fourscore years thou hast lived, in which time thou hast inflicted much evil upon thy fellow-men, the case would be otherwise.” Who-soever has heard Kant speak of his own death, will bear witness to the tone of earnest sincerity which, on such occasions, marked his manner and utterance.

A third sign of his decaying faculties was, that he now lost all accurate measure of time. One minute, nay, without exaggeration, a much less space of time, stretched out in his apprehension of things to a wearisome duration. Of this I can give one rather amusing instance, which was of constant recurrence. At the beginning of the last year of his life, he fell into a custom of taking immediately after dinner a cup of coffee, especially on those days when it happened that I was of his party. And such was the importance he attached to this little pleasure, that he would even make a memorandum beforehand, in the blank-paper book I had given him, that on the next day I was to dine with him, and consequently that there was to be coffee. Sometimes it would happen, that the interest of conversation carried him past the time at which he felt the craving for it; and this I was not sorry to observe, as I feared that coffee, which he had never been accustomed to,* might disturb his rest at night. But, if this did not happen, then commenced a scene of some interest. Coffee must be brought “upon the spot” (a word he had constantly in his mouth during his latter days) “in a moment.” And the expressions of his impatience, though from old habit still gentle, were so lively, and had so much of infantine *naïveté* about them, that none of us could forbear smiling. Knowing what would happen, I had taken care that all the preparations should be made beforehand: the coffee was ground; the water was boiling; and the very moment the word was given, his servant shot in like an arrow, and plunged the coffee into the water. All that remained, therefore,

was to give it time to boil up. But this trifling delay seemed unendurable to Kant. All consolations were thrown away upon him: vary the formula as we might, he was never at a loss for a reply. If it was said—“Dear Professor, the coffee will be brought up in a moment.”—“Will be!” he would say, “but there’s the rub, that it only *will* be:

‘Man never *is*, but always *to be*, blest.’”

If another cried out—“The coffee is coming immediately.”—“Yes,” he would retort, “and so is the next hour: and, by the way, it’s about that length of time that I have waited for it.” Then he would collect himself with a stoical air, and say—“Well, one can die after all: it is but dying; and, in the next world, thank God! there is no drinking of coffee, and consequently no—waiting for it.” Sometimes he would rise from his chair, open the door, and cry out with a feeble querulousness—“Coffee! coffee!” And when at length he heard the servant’s step upon the stairs, he would turn round to us, and, as joyfully as ever sailor from the mast-head, he would call out—“Land, land! my dear friends, I see land.”

This general decline in Kant’s powers, active and passive, gradually brought about a revolution in his habits of life. Heretofore, as I have already mentioned, he went to bed at ten, and rose a little before five. The latter practice he still observed, but not the other. In 1802 he retired as early as nine, and afterwards still earlier. He found himself so much refreshed by this addition to his rest, that at first he was disposed to utter a *ἔγχεα*, as over some great discovery in the art of restoring exhausted nature: but afterwards, on pushing it still farther, he did not find the success answer his expectations. His walks he now limited to a few turns in the King’s gardens, which were at no great distance from his own house. In order to walk more firmly, he adopted a peculiar method of stepping; he

* How this happened to be the case in Germany, Mr Wasianski has not explained. Perhaps the English merchants at Königsberg, being amongst Kant’s oldest and most intimate friends, had early familiarized him to the practice of drinking tea, and to other English tastes. However, Jachmann tells us, (p. 164,) that Kant was extravagantly fond of coffee, but forced himself to abstain from it under a notion that it was very unwholesome.

carried his foot to the ground, not forward, and obliquely, but perpendicularly, and with a kind of stamp, so as to secure a larger basis, by setting down the entire sole at once. Notwithstanding this precaution, upon one occasion he fell in the street. He was quite unable to raise himself; and two young ladies, who saw the accident, ran to his assistance. With his usual graciousness of manner he thanked them fervently for their assistance, and presented one of them with a rose which he happened to have in his hand. This lady was not personally known to Kant; but she was greatly delighted with his little present, and still keeps the rose as a frail memorial of her transitory interview with the great philosopher.

This accident, as I have reason to think, was the cause of his henceforth renouncing exercise altogether. All labours, even that of reading, were now performed slowly, and with manifest effort; and those which cost him any bodily exertion became very exhausting to him. His feet refused to do their office more and more; he fell continually, both when moving across the room and even when standing still: yet he seldom suffered from these falls; and he constantly laughed at them, maintaining, that it was impossible he could hurt himself, from the extreme lightness of his person, which was indeed by this time the merest skeleton. Very often, especially in the morning, he dropped asleep in his chair from pure weariness: on these occasions he fell forward upon the floor, and lay there unable to raise himself up, until accident brought one of his servants or his friends into the room. Afterwards these falls were prevented, by substituting a chair with circular supports, that met and clasped in front.

These unseasonable dozings exposed him to another danger. He fell repeatedly, whilst reading, with his head into the candles; a cotton night-cap which he wore, was instantly in a blaze, and flaming about his head. Whenever this happened, Kant behaved with great presence of mind. Disregarding the pain, he seized the blazing cap, drew it from his head, laid it quietly on the floor, and trod out the flames with his feet. Yet, as this last act brought his dressing-gown into a dangerous neighbourhood to the

flames, I changed the form of his cap, persuaded him to arrange the candles differently, and had a decanter of water placed constantly by his side; and in this way I applied a remedy to a danger which would else probably have been fatal to him.

From the sallies of impatience, which I have described in the case of the coffee, there was reason to fear, that with the increasing infirmities of Kant, would grow up a general waywardness and obstinacy of temper. For my own sake, therefore, and not less for his, I now laid down one rule for my future conduct in his house; which was, that I would on no occasion allow my reverence for him to interfere with the firmest expression of my opinion on subjects relating to his own health; and in cases of great importance, that I would make no compromise with his particular humours, but insist, not only on my view of the case, but also on the practical adoption of my views; or, if this were refused me, that I would take my departure at once, and not be made responsible for the comfort of a person whom I had no power to influence. And this behaviour on my part it was that won Kant's confidence; for there was nothing which disgusted him so much as any approach to fawning or sycophancy.—As his imbecility increased, he became daily more liable to mental delusions; and, in particular, he fell into many fantastic notions about the conduct of his servants, and, in consequence, into a peevish mode of treating them. Upon these occasions I generally observed a deep silence. But sometimes he would ask me for my opinion; and when this happened, I did not scruple to say, "Ingenuously, then, Mr Professor, I think that you are in the wrong."—"You think so?" he would reply calmly, at the same time asking for my reasons, which he would listen to with great patience, and openness to conviction. Indeed it was evident, that the firmest opposition, so long as it rested upon assignable grounds and principles, won upon his regard; whilst his own nobleness of character still moved him to habitual contempt for timorous and partial acquiescence in his opinions, even when his infirmities made him most anxious for such acquiescence.

Earlier in life Kant had been little

used to contradiction. His superb understanding, his brilliancy in conversation, founded in part upon his ready and sometimes rather caustic wit, and in part upon his prodigious command of knowledge—the air of noble self-confidence which the consciousness of these advantages impressed upon his manners—and the general knowledge of the severe innocence of his life—all combined to give him a station of superiority to others, which generally secured him from open contradiction. And if it sometimes happened that he met a noisy and intemperate opposition, supported by any pretences to wit, he usually withdrew himself from that sort of unprofitable altercation with dignity, by contriving to give such a turn to the conversation as won the general favour of the company to himself, and impressed silence, or modesty at least, upon the boldest disputant. From a person so little familiar with opposition, it could scarcely have been anticipated that he should daily surrender his wishes to mine—if not without discussion, yet always without displeasure. So, however, it was. No habit, of whatever long standing, could be objected to as injurious to his health, but he would generally renounce it. And he had this excellent custom in such cases, that either he would resolutely and at once decide for his own opinion, or, if he professed to follow his friend's, he would follow it sincerely, and not try it unfairly by trying it imperfectly. Any plan, however trifling, which he had once consented to adopt on the suggestion of another, was never afterwards defeated or embarrassed by unseasonable interposition from his own humours. And thus, the very period of his decay drew forth so many fresh expressions of his character, in its amiable or noble features, as daily increased my affection and reverence for his person.

Having mentioned his servants, I shall here take occasion to give some account of his man-servant Lampe. It was a great misfortune for Kant, in his old age and infirmities, that this man also became old, and subject to a different sort of infirmities. This Lampe had originally served in the Prussian army; on quitting which he entered the service of Kant. In this situation he had lived about forty

years; and, though always dull and stupid, had, in the early part of this period, discharged his duties with tolerable fidelity. But latterly, presuming upon his own indispensableness, from his perfect knowledge of all the domestic arrangements, and upon his master's weakness, he had fallen into great irregularities and neglect of his duties. Kant had been obliged, therefore, of late to threaten repeatedly that he would discharge him. I, who knew that Kant, though one of the kindest-hearted men, was also one of the firmest, foresaw that this discharge, once given, would be irrevocable: for the word of Kant was as sacred as other men's oaths. Consequently, upon every opportunity, I remonstrated with Lampe on the folly of his conduct, and his wife joined me on these occasions. Indeed, it was high time that a change should be made in some quarter; for it now became dangerous to leave Kant, who was constantly falling from weakness, to the care of an old ruffian, who was himself apt to fall from intoxication. The fact was, that from the moment I undertook the management of Kant's affairs, Lampe saw there was an end to his old system of abusing his master's confidence in pecuniary affairs, and the other advantages which he took of his helpless situation. This made him desperate, and he behaved worse and worse; until one morning, in January 1802, Kant told me, that, humiliating as he felt such a confession, the fact was, that Lampe had just treated him in a way which he was ashamed to repeat. I was too much shocked to distress him by inquiring into the particulars. But the result was, that Kant now insisted, temperately but firmly, on Lampe's dismissal. Accordingly, a new servant, of the name of Kaufmann, was immediately engaged; and on the next day Lampe was discharged with a handsome pension for life.

Here I must mention a little circumstance which does honour to Kant's benevolence. In his last will, on the assumption that Lampe would continue with him to his death, he had made a very liberal provision for him; but upon this new arrangement of the pension, which was to take effect immediately, it became necessary to revoke that part of his will, which he did in a separate codicil, that began thus:—"In consequence of the ill be

behaviour of my servant Lampe, I think fit," &c. But soon after, considering that such a record of Lampe's misconduct might be seriously injurious to his interests, he cancelled the passage, and expressed it in such a way, that no trace remained behind of his just displeasure. And his benign nature was gratified with knowing, that, this one sentence blotted out, there remained no other in all his numerous writings, published or confidential, which spoke the language of anger, or could leave any ground for doubting that he died in charity with all the world. Upon Lampe's calling to demand a written character, he was, however, a good deal embarrassed; his stern reverence for truth being, in this instance, armed against the first impulses of his kindness. Long and anxiously he sat, with the certificate lying before him, debating how he should fill up the blanks. I was present, but in such a matter I did not take the liberty of suggesting any advice. At last, he took his pen, and filled up the blank as follows;—"——— has served me long and faithfully,"—[for Kant was not aware that he had robbed him]—"but did not display those particular qualifications which fitted him for waiting on an old and infirm man like myself."

This scene of disturbance over, which to Kant, a lover of peace and tranquillity, caused a shock that he would gladly have been spared; it was fortunate that no other of that nature occurred during the rest of his life. Kaufmann, the successor of Lampe, turned out to be a respectable and upright man, and soon conceived a great attachment to his master's person. Things now put on a new face in Kant's family: by the removal of one of the belligerents, peace was once more restored amongst his servants; for hitherto there had been eternal wars between Lampe and the cook. Sometimes it was Lampe that carried a war of aggression into the cook's territory of the kitchen; sometimes it was the cook that revenged these insults, by sallying out upon Lampe in the neutral ground of the hall, or invaded him even in his own sanctuary of the butler's pantry. The uproars were everlasting; and thus far it was fortunate for the peace of the philosopher, that his

hearing had begun to fail; by which means he was spared many an exhibition of hateful passions and ruffian violence, which annoyed his guests and friends. But now all things had changed: deep silence reigned in the pantry; the kitchen rang no more with martial alarms; and the hall was untroubled with skirmish or pursuit. Yet it may be readily supposed that to Kant, at the age of seventy-eight, changes, even for the better, were not welcome: so intense had been the uniformity of his life and habits, that the least innovation in the arrangement of articles as trifling as a pen-knife, or a pair of scissors, disturbed him; and not merely if they were pushed two or three inches out of their customary position, but even if they were laid a little awry: and as to larger objects, such as chairs, &c. any dislocation of their usual arrangement, any transposition, or addition to their number, perfectly confounded him; and his eye appeared restlessly to haunt the seat of the mal-arrangement, until the ancient order was restored. With such habits the reader may conceive how distressing it must have been to him, at this period of decaying powers, to adapt himself to a new servant, a new voice, a new step, &c.

Aware of this, I had on the day before he entered upon his duties, written down for the new servant upon a sheet of paper, the entire routine of Kant's daily life, down to the minutest and most trivial circumstances; all which he mastered with the greatest rapidity. To make sure, however, we went through a rehearsal of the whole ritual; he performing the *manceuvres*, I looking on and giving the word. Still I felt uneasy at the idea of his being left entirely to his own discretion on his first *début* in good earnest, and therefore I made a point of attending on this important day; and in the few instances where the new recruit missed the accurate *manceuvre*, a glance or a nod from me easily made him comprehend his failure.

One part only there was of the daily ceremonial, where all of us were at a loss, as it was a part which no mortal eyes had ever witnessed but those of Lampe: this was breakfast. However, that we might do all in our power, I myself attended at four o'clock

in the morning. The day happened, as I remember, to be the 1st of February 1802. Precisely at five, Kant made his appearance; and nothing could equal his astonishment on finding me in the room. Fresh from the confusion of dreaming, and bewildered alike by the sight of his new servant, by Lampe's absence, and by my presence, he could with difficulty be made to comprehend the purpose of my visit. A friend in need is a friend indeed; and we would now have given any money to that learned person who could have instructed us in the arrangement of the breakfast table. But this was a mystery revealed to none but Lampe. At length Kant took this task upon himself; and apparently all was now settled to his satisfaction. Yet still it struck me that he was under some embarrassment or constraint. Upon this I said—that, with his permission, I would take a cup of tea, and afterwards smoke a pipe with him. He accepted my offer with his usual courteous demeanour; but seemed unable to familiarise himself with the novelty of his situation. I was at this time sitting directly opposite to him; and at last he frankly told me, but with the kindest and most apologetic air, that he was really under the necessity of begging that I would sit out of his sight; for that, having sat alone at the breakfast table for considerably more than half a century, he could not abruptly adapt his mind to a change in this respect; and he found his thoughts very sensibly disturbed. I did as he desired; the servant retired into an anteroom, where he waited within call; and Kant recovered his wonted composure. Just the same scene passed over again, when I called at the same hour on a fine summer morning some months after.

Henceforth all went right: or, if occasionally some little mistake occurred, Kant shewed himself very considerate and indulgent, and would remark of his own accord, that a new servant could not be expected to know all his peculiar ways and humours. In one respect, indeed, this man adapted himself to Kant's scholarlike taste, in a way which Lampe was incapable of doing. Kant was somewhat fastidious in matters of pronunciation: and this man had a great facility in catching the true sound of

Latin words, the titles of books, and the names or designations of Kant's friends, not one of which accomplishments could Lampe, the most insufferable of blockheads, ever attain to. In particular, I have been told by Kant's old friends, that for the space of more than thirty years, during which he had been in the habit of reading the newspaper published by Hartung, Lampe delivered it with the same identical blunder on every day of publication.—“Mr Professor, here is *Hartmann's* journal.” Upon which Kant would reply—“Eh! what?—What's that you say? *Hartmann's* journal? I tell you, it is not *Hartmann*, but *Hartung*: now, repeat it after me—not *Hartmann*, but *Hartung*.” Then Lampe, looking sulky, and drawing himself up with the stiff air of a soldier on guard, and in the very same monotonous tone with which he had been used to sing out his challenge of—*Who goes there?* would roar—“not *Hartmann* but *Hartung*.”—“Now again!” Kant would say: on which again Lampe roared—“not *Hartmann*, but *Hartung*.”—“Now a third time,” cried Kant: on which for a third time the unhappy Lampe would howl out—“not *Hartmann*, but *Hartung*.” And this whimsical scene of parade duty was continually repeated: duly as the day of publication came, the irreclaimable old dunce was put through the same manœuvres, which were as invariably followed by the same blunder on the next. In spite, however, of this advantage, in the new servant, and his general superiority to his predecessor, Kant's nature was too kind and good, and too indulgent to all people's infirmities but his own, not to miss the voice and the “old familiar face” that he had been accustomed to for forty years. And I met with what struck me as an affecting instance of Kant's yearning after his old good-for-nothing servant in his memorandum-book: other people record what they wish to remember; but Kant had here recorded what he was to forget. “Mem.: Feb. 1802, the name of Lampe must now be remembered no more.”

In the spring of this year, 1802, I advised Kant to take the air. It was very long since he had been out of

doors;* and walking was now out of the question. But I thought the motion of a carriage and the air would be likely to revive him. On the power of vernal sights and sounds I did not much rely; for these had long ceased to affect him. Of all the changes that spring brings with it, there was one only that now interested Kant; and he longed for it with an eagerness and intensity of expectation, that it was almost painful to witness: this was the return of a hedge-sparrow that sang in his garden, and before his window. This bird, either the same, or one of the next generation, had sung for years in the same situation; and Kant grew uneasy when the cold weather, lasting longer than usual, retarded its return. Like Lord Bacon, indeed, he had a childlike love for birds in general, and in particular, took pains to encourage the sparrows to build above the windows of his study; and when this happened, (as it often did, from the silence which prevailed in his study,) he watched their proceedings with the delight and the tenderness which others give to a human interest. To return to the point I was speaking of, Kant was at first very unwilling to accede to my proposal of going abroad. "I shall sink down in the carriage," said he, "and fall together like a heap of old rags." But I persisted with a gentle importunity in urging him to the attempt, assuring him that we would return immediately if he found the effort too much for him. Accordingly, upon a tolerably warm day of early summer, I, and an old friend of Kant's, accompanied him to a little place which I rented in the country. As we drove through the streets, Kant was delighted to find that he could sit upright, and bear the motion of the carriage, and seemed to draw youthful pleasure from the sight of the towers and other public buildings, which he had not seen for years. We reached the place of our destination in high spirits. Kant drank a cup of coffee, and at-

tempted to smoke a little. After this, he sat and sunned himself, listening with delight to the warbling of birds, which congregated in great numbers about this spot. He distinguished every bird by its song, and called it by its right name. After staying about half an hour, we set off on our homeward journey, Kant still cheerful, but apparently satiated with his day's enjoyment.

I had on this occasion purposely avoided taking him to any public gardens, that I might not disturb his pleasure by exposing him to the distressing gaze of public curiosity. However, it was known in Königsberg that Kant had gone out; and accordingly, as the carriage moved through the streets which led to his residence, there was a general rush from all quarters in that direction, and, when we turned into the street where the house stood, we found it already choked up with people. As we slowly drew up to the door, a lane was formed in the crowd, through which Kant was led, I and my friend supporting him on our arms. Looking at the crowd, I observed the faces of many persons of rank, and distinguished strangers, some of whom now saw Kant for the first time, and many of them for the last.

As the winter of 1802-3 approached, he complained more than ever of an affection of the stomach, which no medical man had been able to mitigate, or even to explain. The winter passed over in a complaining way: he was weary of life, and longed for the hour of dismission. "I can be of service to the world no more," said he, "and am a burden to myself." Often I endeavoured to cheer him by the anticipation of excursions that we would make together when summer came again. On these he calculated with so much earnestness, that he had made a regular scale or classification of them—1. Airings; 2. Journeys; 3. Travels. And nothing could equal the yearning impatience expressed for the coming of spring and summer, not so

* Wasianski here returns thanks to some unknown person, who, having observed that Kant in his latter walks took pleasure in leaning against a particular wall to view the prospect, had caused a seat to be fixed at that point for his use.

† Mr Wasianski says—*late* in summer: but, as he elsewhere describes by the same expression of "*late* in summer," a day which was confessedly *before* the longest day, and as the multitude of birds which continued to sing will not allow us to suppose that the summer could be very far advanced, I have translated accordingly.

much for their own peculiar attractions, as because they were the seasons for travelling. In his memorandum-book, he made this note:—"The three summer-months are June, July, and August"—meaning that they were the three months for travelling. And in conversation he expressed the feverish strength of his wishes so plaintively and affectingly, that every body was drawn into powerful sympathy with him, and wished for some magical means of ante-dating the course of the seasons.

In this winter his bedroom was often warmed. This was the room in which he kept his little collection of books, of about 450 volumes, chiefly presentation-copies from the authors. It may seem singular that Kant, who read so extensively, should have no larger library; but he had less need of one than most scholars, having in his earlier years been librarian at the Royal Library of the Castle; and since then having enjoyed from the liberality of Hartknoch, his publisher, (who, in his turn, had profited by the liberal terms on which Kant had made over to him the copyright of his own works,) the first sight of every new book that appeared.

At the close of this winter, that is in 1803, Kant first began to complain of unpleasant dreams, sometimes of very terrific ones, which awakened him in great agitation. Oftentimes melodies, which he had heard in earliest youth sung in the streets of Königsberg, resounded painfully in his ears, and dwelt upon them in a way from which no efforts of abstraction could release him. These kept him awake to unseasonable hours; and often when, after long watching, he had fallen asleep, however deep his sleep might be, it was suddenly broken up by terrific dreams, which alarmed him beyond description. Almost every night the bell-rope, which communicated with a bell in the room above his own, where his servant slept, was pulled violently, and with the utmost agitation. No matter how fast the servant might hurry down, he was almost always too late, and was pretty

sure to find his master out of bed, and often making his way in terror to some other part of the house. The weakness of his feet exposed him to such dreadful falls on these occasions, that at length (but with much difficulty) I persuaded him to let his servant sleep in the same room with himself.

The morbid affection of the stomach began now to be more and more distressing; and he tried various applications, which he had formerly been loud in condemning, such as a few drops of rum upon a piece of sugar, naphtha,* &c. But all these were only palliatives; for his advanced age precluded the hope of a radical cure. His dreadful dreams became continually more appalling: single scenes, or passages in these dreams, were sufficient to compose the whole course of mighty tragedies, the impression from which was so profound as to stretch far into his waking hours. Amongst other phantasms more shocking and indescribable, his dreams constantly represented to him the forms of murderers advancing to his bedside; and so agitated was he by the awful trains of phantoms that swept past him nightly, that in the first confusion of awaking he generally mistook his servant, who was hastening to his assistance, for a murderer. In the daytime we often conversed upon these shadowy illusions; and Kant, with his usual spirit of stoical contempt for nervous weaknesses of every sort, laughed at them; and, to fortify his own resolution to contend against them, he wrote down in his memorandum-book, "There must be no yielding to panics of darkness." At my suggestion, however, he now burned a light in his chamber, so placed as that the rays might be shaded from his face. At first he was very averse to this, though gradually he became reconciled to it. But that he could bear it at all, was to me an expression of the great revolution accomplished by the terrific agency of his dreams. Heretofore, darkness and utter silence were the two pillars on which his sleep rested: no step must approach his room; and as to light, if he saw but

* For Kant's particular complaint, as described by other biographers, a quarter of a grain of opium, every 12 hours, would have been the best remedy, perhaps a perfect remedy.

a moonbeam penetrating a crevice of the shutters, it made him unhappy; and, in fact, the windows of his bed-chamber were barricaded night and day. But now darkness was a terror to him, and silence an oppression. In addition to his lamp, therefore, he had now a repeater in his room; the sound was at first too loud, but, after muffling the hammer with cloth, both the ticking and the striking became companionable sounds to him.

At this time (spring of 1803) his appetite began to fail, which I thought no good sign. Many persons insist that Kant was in the habit of eating too much for health.* I, however, cannot assent to this opinion; for he ate but once a-day, and drank no beer. Of this liquor (I mean the strong black beer) he was indeed the most determined enemy. If ever a man died prematurely, Kant would say—"He has been drinking beer, I presume." Or, if another were indisposed, you might be sure he would ask, "But does he drink beer?" And, according to the answer on this point, he regulated his anticipations for the patient. Strong beer, in short, he uniformly maintained to be a slow poison. Voltaire, by the way, had said to a young physician who denounced coffee under the same bad name of a "slow poison," "You're right there, my friend, how-

ever; slow it is, and horribly slow; for I have been drinking it these 70 years, and it has not killed me yet;" but this was an answer which, in the case of beer, Kant would not allow of.

On the 22d of April, 1803, his birthday, the last which he lived to see, was celebrated in a full assembly of his friends. This festival he had long looked forward to with great expectation, and delighted even to hear the progress made in the preparations for it. But when the day came, the over-excitement and tension of expectation seemed to have defeated itself. He tried to appear happy; but the bundle of a numerous company confounded and distressed him; and his spirits were manifestly forced. He seemed first to revive to any real sense of pleasure at night, when the company had departed, and he was undressing in his study. He then talked with much pleasure about the presents which, as usual, would be made to his servants on this occasion; for Kant was never happy himself, unless he saw all around him happy. He was a great maker of presents; but at the same time he had no toleration for the studied theatrical effect, the accompaniment of formal congratulations, and the sentimental pathos with which birthday presents are made in Germany.†—In all this, his masculine

* Who these worthy people were that criticised Kant's eating, is not mentioned. They could have had no opportunity of exercising their abilities on this question, except as hosts, guests, or fellow-guests; and in any of those characters, a gentleman, one would suppose, must feel himself degraded by directing his attention to a point of that nature. However, the merits of the case stand thus between the parties: Kant, it is agreed by all his biographers, ate only once a-day; for as to his breakfast, it was nothing more than a very weak infusion of tea, (vide Jachmann's Letters, p. 163,) with no bread, or eatable of any kind. Now, his critics, by general confession, ate their way, from "morn to dewy eve," through the following course of meals: 1. Breakfast early in the morning; 2. Breakfast *à la fourchette* about 10 A.M.; 3. Dinner at one or two; 4. Vesper Brod; 5. Abend Brod; all which does really seem a very fair allowance for a man who means to lecture upon abstinence at night. But I shall cut this matter short by stating one plain fact; there were two things, and no more, for which Kant had an inordinate craving during his whole life; these were tobacco and coffee; and from both these he abstained almost altogether, merely under a sense of duty, resting probably upon erroneous grounds. Of the first he allowed himself a very small quantity (and everybody knows that temperance is a more difficult virtue than abstinence); of the other none at all, until the labours of his life were accomplished.

† In this, as in many other things, the taste of Kant was entirely English and Roman; as, on the other hand, some eminent Englishmen, I am sorry to say, have, on this very point, shewn the effeminacy and *falsetto* taste of the Germans. In particular, Mr Coleridge, describing in *The Friend*, the custom amongst German children of making presents to their parents on Christmas Eve, (a custom which he unaccountably supposes to be peculiar to Ratzburg,) represents the mother as

taste gave him a sense of something *fade* and ludicrous.

The summer of 1803 was now come, and, visiting Kant one day, I was thunderstruck to hear him direct me, in the most serious tone, to provide the funds necessary for an extensive foreign tour. I made no opposition, but asked his reasons for such a plan: he alleged the miserable sensations he had in his stomach, which were no longer endurable. Knowing what power over Kant a quotation from a Roman poet had always had, I simply replied—"Post equitem sedet atra cura," and for the present he said no more. But the touching and pathetic earnestness with which he was continually ejaculating prayers for warmer weather, made it doubtful to me whether his wishes on this point ought not, partially at least, to be gratified; and I therefore proposed to him a little excursion to the cottage we had visited the year before. "Anywhere," said he, "no matter whither, provided it be far enough." Towards the latter end of June, therefore, we executed this scheme: on getting into the carriage, the order of the day with Kant was, "Distance, distance. Only let us go far enough," said he: but scarcely had we reached the city-gates before the journey seemed already to have lasted too long. On reaching the cottage, we found coffee waiting for us; but he would scarcely allow himself time for drinking it, before he ordered the carriage to the door; and the journey back seemed insupportably long to him, though it was performed in something less than twenty minutes. "Is this never to have an end?" was his continual exclamation; and great was his joy when he found himself once more in his study, undressed, and in bed. And for this night he slept in peace, and once again was liberated from the persecution of dreams.

Soon after, he began again to talk of journeys, of travels in remote countries, &c. and, in consequence, we re-

peated our former excursion several times; and though the circumstances were pretty nearly the same on every occasion, and always terminating in disappointment as to the immediate pleasure anticipated, yet, undoubtedly, they were, on the whole, salutary to his spirits. In particular, the cottage itself, standing under the shelter of tall alders, with a valley stretched beneath it, through which a little brook meandered, broken by a waterfall, whose pealing sound dwelt pleasantly on the ear, sometimes, on a quiet sunny day, gave a lively delight to Kant: and once, under accidental circumstances of summer clouds and sun-lights, the little pastoral landscape suddenly awakened a lively remembrance which had been long laid asleep, of a heavenly summer-morning in youth, which he had passed in a bower upon the banks of a rivulet that ran through the grounds of a dear and early friend, Gen. Von Losow. The strength of the impression was such, that he seemed actually to be living over that morning again, thinking as he then thought, and conversing with those that were no more.

His very last excursion was in August of this year, (1803,) not to my cottage, but to the garden of a friend; but on this day he manifested great impatience. It had been arranged that he was to meet an old friend at the gardens; and I, with two other gentlemen, attended him. It happened that *our* party arrived first; and such was Kant's weakness, and total loss of power to estimate the duration of time, that after waiting a few moments, he insisted that some hours had elapsed—that his friend could not be expected—and went away in great discomposure of mind. And so ended Kant's travelling in this world.

In the beginning of autumn the sight of his right eye began to fail him; the left he had long lost the use of. This earliest of his losses, by the way, he discovered by mere accident, and with-

"weeping aloud for joy"—the old idiot of a father with "tears running down his face," &c. &c. and all for what? For a snuff-box, a pencil-case, or some article of jewellery. Now, we English agree with Kant on such maudlin display of stage sentimentality, and are prone to suspect that papa's tears are the product of rum-punch. Tenderness let us have by all means, and the deepest you can imagine, but upon proportionate occasions, and with causes fitted to justify it and sustain its dignity.

out any previous warning. Sitting down one day to rest himself in the course of a walk, it occurred to him that he would try the comparative strength of his eyes; but on taking out a newspaper which he had in his pocket, he was surprised to find that with his left eye he could not distinguish a letter. In earlier life he had two remarkable affections of the eyes: once, on returning from a walk, he saw objects double for a long space of time; and twice he became stone-blind. Whether these accidents are to be considered as uncommon, I leave to the decision of oculists. Certain it is, they gave very little disturbance to Kant; who, until old age had reduced his powers, lived in a constant state of stoical preparation for the worst that could befall him. I was now shocked to think of the degree in which his burdensome sense of dependence would be aggravated, if he should totally lose the power of sight. As it was, he read and wrote with great difficulty: in fact, his writing was little better than that which most people can produce as a trial of skill with their eyes shut. From old habits of solitary study, he had no pleasure in hearing others read to him; and he daily distressed me by the pathetic earnestness of his entreaties that I would have a reading glass devised for him. Whatever my own optical skill could suggest, I tried; and the best opticians were sent for to bring their glasses and take his directions for altering them; but all was to no purpose.

In this last year of his life Kant very unwillingly received the visits of strangers; and, unless under particular circumstances, wholly declined them. Yet, when travellers had come a very great way out of their road to see him, I confess that I was at a loss how to conduct myself. To have refused too pertinaciously could not but give me the air of wishing to make myself of importance. And I must acknowledge, that, amongst some instances of importunity and coarse expressions of low-bred curiosity, I witnessed on the part of many people of rank a most delicate sensibility to the condition of the aged recluse. On

sending in their cards, they would generally accompany them by some message, expressive of their unwillingness to gratify their wish to see him at any risk of distressing him. The fact was, that such visits *did* distress him much; for he felt it a degradation to be exhibited in his helpless state, when he was aware of his own incapacity to meet properly the attention that was paid to him. Some, however, were admitted,* according to the circumstances of the case, and the state of Kant's spirits at the moment. Amongst these I remember that we were particularly pleased with M. Otto, the same who signed the treaty of peace between France and England with the present Lord Liverpool (then Lord Hawkesbury). A young Russian also rises to my recollection at this moment, from the excessive (and I think unaffected) enthusiasm which he displayed. On being introduced to Kant, he advanced hastily, took both his hands, and kissed them. Kant, who, from living so much amongst his English friends, had a good deal of the English dignified reserve about him, and hated any thing like *scenes*, appeared to shrink a little from this mode of salutation, and was rather embarrassed. However, the young man's manner, I believe, was not at all beyond his genuine feelings; for next day he called again, made some inquiries about Kant's health, was very anxious to know whether his old age were burdensome to him, and, above all things, entreated for some little memorial of the great man to carry away with him. By accident the servant had found a small cancelled fragment of the original MS. of Kant's "*Anthropologie*:" this, with my sanction, he gave to the Russian; who received it with rapture, kissed it, and then gave him in return the only dollar he had about him; and, thinking that not enough, actually pulled off his coat and waistcoat, and forced them upon the man. Kant, whose native simplicity of character very much indisposed him to sympathy with any extravagances of feeling, could not, however, forbear smiling good-humouredly on being made acquainted with this

* To whom it appears that Kant would generally reply, upon their expressing the pleasure it gave them to see him, "In me you behold a poor superannuated, weak old man."

instance of *naïveté* and enthusiasm in his young admirer.

I now come to an event in Kant's life, which ushered in its closing stage. On the 8th of October, 1803, for the first time since his youth, he was seriously ill. When a student at the University, he had once suffered from an ague, which, however, gave way to pedestrian exercise; and in later years, he had endured some pain from a contusion on his head; but, with these two exceptions (if they can be considered such), he had never (properly speaking) been ill. The cause of his illness was this: his appetite had latterly been irregular, or rather I should say depraved; and he no longer took pleasure in any thing but bread and butter, and English cheese.* On the 7th of October, at dinner, he ate little else, in spite of every thing that I and another friend then dining with him, could urge to dissuade him. And for the first time, I fancied that he seemed displeased with my importunity, as though I were overstepping the just line of my duties. He insisted that the cheese never had done him any harm, nor would now. I had no course left me but to hold my tongue; and he did as he pleased. The consequence was what might have been anticipated—a restless night, succeeded by a day of memorable illness. The next morning all went on as usual, till nine o'clock, when Kant, who was then leaning on his sister's arm, suddenly fell senseless to the ground. A messenger was immediately dispatched for me; and I hurried down to his house, where I found him lying in his bed, which had now been removed into his study, speechless and insensible. I had already summoned his physician; but, before he arrived, nature put forth efforts which brought Kant a little to himself. In about an hour he opened his eyes, and continued to mutter unintelligibly till towards the

evening, when he rallied a little, and began to talk rationally. For the first time in his life, he was now, for a few days, confined to his bed, and ate nothing. On the 12th October, he again took some refreshment, and would have had his favourite food; but I was now resolved, at any risk of his displeasure, to oppose him firmly. I therefore stated to him the whole consequences of his last indulgence, of all which he manifestly had no recollection. He listened to what I said very attentively, and calmly expressed his conviction that I was perfectly in the wrong; but for the present he submitted. However, some days after, I found that he had offered a florin for a little bread and cheese, and then a dollar, and even more. Being again refused, he complained heavily; but gradually he weaned himself from asking for it, though at times he betrayed involuntarily how much he desired it.

On the 13th of October, his usual dinner parties were resumed, and he was considered convalescent; but it was seldom indeed that he recovered the tone of tranquil spirits which he had preserved until his late attack. Hitherto he had always loved to prolong this meal, the only one he took—or, as he expressed it in classical phrase, '*cœnam ducere*;' but now it was difficult to hurry it over fast enough for his wishes. From dinner, which terminated about two o'clock, he went straight to bed, and at intervals fell into slumbers; from which, however, he was regularly awoken by phantasmas or terrific dreams. At seven in the evening came on duly a period of great agitation, which lasted till five or six in the morning—sometimes later; and he continued through the night alternately to walk about and lie down, occasionally tranquil, but more often in great distress.

It now became necessary that somebody should sit up with him, his manservant being wearied out with the

* Mr W. here falls into the ordinary mistake of confounding the cause and the occasion, and would leave the impression, that Kant (who from his youth up had been a model of temperance) died of sensual indulgence. The cause of Kant's death was clearly the general decay of the vital powers, and in particular the atony of the digestive organs, which must soon have destroyed him under any care or abstinence whatever. This was the cause. The accidental occasion, which made that cause operative on the 7th of October, might or might not be what Mr W. says. But in Kant's burdensome state of existence, it could not be a question of much importance, whether his illness were to commence in an October or a November.

toils of the day. No person seemed to be so proper for this office as his sister, both as having long received a very liberal pension from him, and also as his nearest relative, who would be the best witness to the fact that her illustrious brother had wanted no comforts or attentions in his last hours, which his situation admitted of. Accordingly she was applied to, and undertook to watch him alternately with his footman—a separate table being kept for her, and a very handsome addition made to her allowance. She turned out to be a quiet gentle-minded woman, who raised no disturbances amongst the servants, and soon won her brother's regard by the modest and retiring style of her manners; I may add, also, by the truly sisterly affection which she displayed towards him to the last.

The 8th of October had grievously affected Kant's faculties, but had not wholly destroyed them. For short intervals the clouds seemed to roll away that had settled upon his majestic intellect, and it shone forth as heretofore. During these moments of brief self-possession, his wonted benignity returned to him; and he expressed his gratitude for the exertions of those about him, and his sense of the trouble they underwent, in a very affecting way. With regard to his man-servant in particular, he was very anxious that he should be rewarded by liberal presents; and he pressed me earnestly on no account to be parsimonious. Indeed, Kant was nothing less than princely in his use of money; and there was no occasion on which he was known to express the passion of scorn very powerfully, but when he was commenting on mean and penurious acts or habits. Those who knew him only in the streets, fancied that he was not liberal; for he steadily refused, upon principle, to relieve all common beggars. But, on the other hand, he was liberal to the public charitable institutions; he secretly assisted his own poor relations in a much ampler way than could reasonably have been expected of him; and it now appeared that he had many other deserving pensioners upon his bounty; a fact that was utterly unknown to any of us, until his increasing blindness and other infirmities devolved the duty of paying these pensions upon myself. It must be re-

collected also, that Kant's whole fortune, which amounted to about twenty thousand dollars, was the product of his own honourable toils for nearly threescore years; and that he had himself suffered all the hardships of poverty in his youth, though he never once ran into any man's debt,—circumstances in his history, which, as they express how fully he must have been acquainted with the value of money, greatly enhance the merit of his munificence.

In December 1803, he became incapable of signing his name. His sight, indeed, had for some time failed him so much, that at dinner he could not find his spoon without assistance; and, when I happened to dine with him, I first cut in pieces whatever was on his plate, next put it into a spoon, and then guided his hand to find the spoon. But his inability to sign his name did not arise merely from blindness: the fact was, that, from irretention of memory, he could not recollect the letters which composed his name; and, when they were repeated to him, he could not represent the figure of the letters in his imagination. At the latter end of November, I had remarked that these incapacities were rapidly growing upon him, and in consequence I prevailed on him to sign beforehand all the receipts, &c., which would be wanted at the end of the year; and, afterwards, on my representation, to prevent all disputes, he gave me a regular legal power to sign on his behalf.

Much as Kant was now reduced, yet he had occasionally moods of social hilarity. His birth-day was always an agreeable subject to him; some weeks before his death, I was calculating the time which it still wanted of that anniversary, and cheering him with the prospect of the rejoicings which would then take place: "all your old friends," said I, "will meet together, and drink a glass of champagne to your health."—"That," said he, "must be done upon the spot:" and he was not satisfied till the party was actually assembled. He drank a glass of wine with them, and with great elevation of spirits celebrated this birth-day which he was destined never to see.

In the latter weeks of his life, however, a great change took place in the

tone of his spirits. At his dinner-table, where heretofore such a cloudless spirit of jovialty had reigned, there was now a melancholy silence. It disturbed him to see his two dinner companions conversing privately together, whilst he himself sat like a mute on the stage with no part to perform. Yet to have engaged him in the conversation would have been still more distressing; for his hearing was now very imperfect; the effort to hear was itself painful to him; and his expressions, even when his thoughts were accurate enough, became nearly unintelligible. It is remarkable, however, that at the very lowest point of his depression, when he became perfectly incapable of conversing with any rational meaning on the ordinary affairs of life, he was still able to answer correctly and distinctly, in a degree that was perfectly astonishing, upon any question of philosophy or of science, especially of physical geography,* chemistry, or natural history. He talked satisfactorily, in his very worst state, of the gases, and stated very accurately different propositions of Kepler's, especially the law of the planetary motions. And I remember, in particular, that upon the very last Monday of his life, when the extremity of his weakness moved a circle of his friends to tears, and he sat amongst us insensible to all we could say to him, cowering down or rather I might say collapsing into a shapeless heap upon his chair, deaf, blind, torpid, motionless,—even then I whispered to the others that I would engage that Kant should take his part in conversation with propriety and animation. This they found it difficult to believe. Upon which I drew close to his ear, and put a question to him about the Moors of Barbary. To the surprise of every body but myself, he immediately gave us a summary account of their habits and customs; and told us by the way, that in the word *Algiers*, the *g* ought to be pronounced hard (as in the English word *gear*).

During the last fortnight of Kant's life, he busied himself unceasingly in a way that seemed not merely purposeless but self-contradictory. Twenty times in a minute he would unloose and tie

his neck handkerchief—so also with a sort of belt which he wore about his dressing-gown, the moment it was clasped, he unclasped it with impatience, and was then equally impatient to have it clasped again. But no description can convey an adequate impression of the weary restlessness with which from morning to night he pursued these labours of Sisyphus—doing and undoing—fretting that he could not do it, fretting that he had done it.

By this time he seldom knew any of us who were about him, but took us all for strangers. This happened first with his sister, then with me, and finally with his servant. Such an alienation distressed me more than any other instance of his decay: though I knew that he had not really withdrawn his affection from me, yet his air and mode of addressing me gave me constantly that feeling. So much the more affecting was it, when the sanity of his perceptions and his remembrances returned; but these intervals were of slower and slower occurrence. In this condition, silent or babbling childishly, self-involved and torpidly abstracted, or else busy with self-created phantoms and delusions, what a contrast did he offer to *that* Kant who had once been the brilliant centre of the most brilliant circles for rank, wit, or knowledge, that Prussia afforded! A distinguished person from Berlin, who had called upon him during the preceding summer, was greatly shocked at his appearance, and said, "This is not Kant that I have seen, but the shell of Kant!" How much more would he have said this, if he had seen him now!

Now came February 1804, which was the last month that Kant was destined to see. It is remarkable that, in the memorandum-book which I have before mentioned, I found a fragment of an old song, (inserted by Kant, and dated in the summer about six months before the time of his death,) which expressed that February was the month in which people had the least weight to carry, for the obvious reason that it was shorter by two and by three days than the others; and the concluding sentiment was in a tone of fanciful

* *Physical Geography*, in opposition to *Political*.

pathos to this effect—"Oh, happy February! in which man has least to bear—least pain, least sorrow, least self-reproach!" Even of this short month, however, Kant had not twelve entire days to bear; for it was on the 12th that he died; and in fact he may be said to have been dying from the 1st. He now barely vegetated; though there were still transitory gleams flashing by fits from the embers of his ancient intellect.

On the 3d of February the springs of life seemed to be ceasing from their play, for, from this day, strictly speaking, he ate nothing more. His existence henceforward seemed to be the mere prolongation of an impetus derived from an eighty years' life, after the moving power of the mechanism was withdrawn. His physician visited him every day at a particular hour; and it was settled that I should always be there to meet him. Nine days before his death, on paying his usual visit, the following little circumstance occurred, which affected us both, by recalling forcibly to our minds the ineradicable courtesy and goodness of Kant's nature. When the physician was announced, I went up to Kant and said to him, "Here is Dr A——." Kant rose from his chair, and, offering his hand to the Doctor, murmured something in which the word "posts" was frequently repeated, but with an air as though he wished to be helped out with the rest of the sentence. Dr A——, who thought that, by *posts*, he meant the stations for relays of post-horses, and therefore that his mind was wandering, replied that all the horses were engaged, and begged him to compose himself. But Kant went on, with great effort to himself, and added—"Many posts, heavy posts—then much goodness—then much gratitude." All this he said with apparent incoherence, but with great warmth, and increasing self-possession. I meantime perfectly divined what it was that Kant, under his cloud of imbecility, wished to say, and I interpreted accordingly. "What the Professor wishes to say, Dr A——, is this, that, considering the many and weighty offices which you fill in the city and in the university, it argues great goodness on your part to give up so much of your time to him," (for Dr A—— would never take any fees from Kant,) "and that he has the deepest sense of this goodness."—

"Right," said Kant earnestly, "right!" But he still continued to stand, and was nearly sinking to the ground. Upon which I remarked to the physician, that I was so well acquainted with Kant, that I was satisfied he would not sit down, however much he suffered from standing, till he knew that his visitors were seated. The Doctor seemed to doubt this—but Kant, who heard what I said, by a prodigious effort confirmed my construction of his conduct, and spoke distinctly these words—"God forbid I should be sunk so low as to forget the offices of humanity."

When dinner was announced, Dr A—— took his leave. Another guest had now arrived, and I was in hopes, from the animation which Kant had so recently displayed, that we should to-day have a pleasant party, but my hopes were vain—Kant was more than usually exhausted, and though he raised a spoon to his mouth, he swallowed nothing. For some time every thing had been tasteless to him; and I had endeavoured, but with little success, to stimulate the organs of taste by nutmeg, cinnamon, &c. To-day all failed, and I could not even prevail upon him to taste a biscuit, rusk, or any thing of that sort. I had once heard him say that several of his friends, who had died of *marasmus*, had closed their illness by four or five days of entire freedom from pain, but totally without appetite, and then slumbered tranquilly away. Through this state I apprehended that he was himself now passing.

Saturday, the 4th of February, I heard his guests loudly expressing their fears that they should never meet him again; and I could not but share these fears myself. However, on

Sunday the 5th, I dined at his table in company with his particular friend Mr R. R. V. Kant was still present, but so weak that his head drooped upon his knees, and he sank down against the right side of the chair. I went and arranged his pillows, so as to raise and support his head; and, having done this, I said—"Now, my dear sir, you are again in right order." Great was our astonishment when he answered clearly and audibly in the Roman military phrase—"Yes, *testudine et facie*;" and immediately after added, "ready for the enemy, and in battle-array." His powers of

mind were (if I may be allowed that expression) smouldering away in their ashes; but every now and then some lambent flame, or grand emanation of light, shot forth to make it evident that the ancient fire still slumbered below.

Monday the 6th, he was much weaker and more torpid: he spoke not a word, except on the occasion of my question about the Moors, as previously stated, and sate with sightless eyes, lost in himself, and manifesting no sense of our presence, so that we had the feeling of some mighty shade or phantom from some forgotten century being seated amongst us.

About this time, Kant had become much more tranquil and composed. In the earlier periods of his illness, when his yet unbroken strength was brought into active contest with the first attacks of decay, he was apt to be peevish, and sometimes spoke roughly or even harshly to his servants. This, though very opposite to his natural disposition, was altogether excusable under the circumstances. He could not make himself understood: things were therefore brought to him continually which he had not asked for; and often it happened that what he really wanted he could not obtain, because all his efforts to name it were unintelligible. A violent nervous irritation, besides, affected him from the unsettling of the equilibrium in the different functions of his nature; weakness in one organ being made more palpable to him by disproportionate strength in another. But now the strife was over; the whole system was at length undermined, and in rapid and harmonious progress to dissolution. And from this time forward, no movement of impatience, or expression of fretfulness, ever escaped him.

I now visited him three times a day; and on

Tuesday, Feb. 7th, going about dinner-time, I found the usual party of friends sitting down alone; for Kant was in bed. This was a new scene in his house, and increased our fears that his end was now at hand. However, having seen him rally so often, I would not run the risk of leaving him without a dinner-party for the next day; and accordingly, at the customary hour of 1, we assembled in his house on

Wednesday, Feb. 8th. I paid my respects to him as cheerfully as possi-

ble, and ordered dinner to be served up. Kant sat at the table with us; and, taking a spoon with a little soup in it, put it to his lips; but immediately put it down again, and retired to bed, from which he never rose again except during the few minutes when it was re-arranged.

Thursday the 9th, he had sunk into the weakness of a dying person, and the corpse-like appearance had already taken possession of him. I visited him frequently through the day; and, going at 10 o'clock at night, I found him in a state of insensibility. I could not draw any sign from him that he knew me, and I left him to the care of his sister and his servant.

Friday the 10th, I went to see him at 6 o'clock in the morning. It was very stormy, and a deep snow had fallen in the night-time. And, by the way, I remember that a gang of house-breakers had forced their way through the premises in order to reach Kant's next neighbour, who was a goldsmith. As I drew near to his bedside, I said "Good morning." He returned my salutation by saying, "Good morning," but in so feeble and faltering a voice that it was hardly articulate. I was rejoiced to find him sensible, and I asked him if he knew me:—"Yes," he replied; and, stretching out his hand, touched me gently upon the cheek. Through the rest of the day, whenever I visited him, he seemed to have relapsed into a state of insensibility.

Saturday the 11th, he lay with fixed and rayless eyes; but to all appearance in perfect peace. I asked him again, on this day, if he knew me. He was speechless, but he turned his face towards me and made signs that I should kiss him. Deep emotion thrilled me, as I stooped down to kiss his pallid lips; for I knew that in this solemn act of tenderness he meant to express his thankfulness for our long friendship, and to signify his affection and his last farewell. I had never seen him confer this mark of his love upon any body, except once, and that was a few weeks before his death, when he drew his sister to him and kissed her.—The kiss which he now gave to me, was the last memorial that he knew me.

Whatever fluid was now offered to him passed the cesophagus with a rat-

ting sound, as often happens with dying people; and there were all the signs of death being close at hand.

I wished to stay with him till all was over; and, as I had been witness of his life, to be witness also of his departure; and therefore I never quitted him except when I was called off for a few minutes to attend some private business. The whole of this night I spent at his bedside. Though he had passed the day in a state of insensibility, yet in the evening he made intelligible signs that he wished to have his bed put in order; he was therefore lifted out in our arms, and the bedclothes and pillows being hastily arranged, he was carried back again. He did not sleep; and a spoonful of liquid, which was sometimes put to his lips, he usually pushed aside; but about one o'clock in the night he himself made a motion towards the spoon, from which I collected that he was thirsty; and I gave him a small quantity of wine and water sweetened; but the muscles of his mouth had not strength enough to retain it, so that to prevent its flowing back he raised his hand to his lips, until with a rattling sound it was swallowed. He seemed to wish for more; and I continued to give him more, until he said in a way that I was just able to understand—"It is enough." And these were his last words. At intervals he pushed away the bedclothes, and exposed his person; I constantly restored the clothes to their situation, and on one of these occasions I found that the whole body and extremities were already growing cold, and the pulse intermitting.

At a quarter after three o'clock on Sunday morning, February 12, Kant stretched himself out as if taking a position for his final act, and settled into the precise posture which he preserved to the moment of death. The pulse was now no longer perceptible to the touch in his hands, feet, or neck. I tried every part where a pulse beats, and found none anywhere but in the left hip, where it beat with violence, but often intermitted.

About ten o'clock in the forenoon, he suffered a remarkable change; his eye was rigid, and his face and lips became discoloured by a cadaverous pallor. Still, such was the effect of his previous habits, that no trace appeared of the cold sweat which na-

turally accompanies the last mortal agony.

It was near eleven o'clock, when the moment of dissolution approached. His sister was standing at the foot of the bed, his sister's son at the head. I, for the purpose of still observing the fluctuations of the pulse in his hip, was kneeling at the bedside; and I called his servant to come and witness the death of his good master. Now began the last agony, if to him it could be called an agony, where there seemed to be no struggle. And precisely at this moment, his distinguished friend, Mr R. R. V., whom I had summoned by a messenger, entered the room. First of all, the breath grew feebler; then it missed its regularity of return; then it wholly intermitted, and the upper lip was slightly convulsed; after this there followed one slight respiration or sigh; and after that no more; but the pulse still beat for a few seconds—slower and fainter, till it ceased altogether; the mechanism stopped; the last motion was at an end; and exactly at that moment the clock struck eleven.

Soon after his death the head of Kant was shaven; and, under the direction of Professor Knorr, a plaster cast was taken, not a masque merely, but a cast of the whole head, designed (I believe) to enrich the craniological collection of Dr Gall.

The corpse being laid out and properly attired, immense numbers of people of every rank, from the highest to the lowest, flocked to see it. Every body was anxious to make use of the last opportunity he would have for entitling himself to say—"I too have seen Kant." This went on for many days—during which, from morning to night, the house was thronged with the public. Great was the astonishment of all people at the meagreness of Kant's appearance; and it was universally agreed that a corpse so wasted and fleshless had never been beheld. His head rested upon the same cushion, on which once the gentlemen of the university had presented an address to him; and I thought that I could not apply it to a more honourable purpose than by placing it in the coffin, as the final pillow of that immortal head.

Upon the style and mode of his funeral, Kant had expressed his wishes

in earlier years in a separate memorandum. He there desired that it should take place early in the morning, with as little noise and disturbance as possible, and attended only by a few of his most intimate friends. Happening to meet with this memorandum, whilst I was engaged at his request in arranging his papers, I very frankly gave him my opinion, that such an injunction would lay me, as the executor of his will, under great embarrassments; for that circumstances might very probably arise under which it would be next to impossible to carry it into effect. Upon this, Kant tore the paper, and left the whole to my own discretion. The truth was, I foresaw that the students of the University would never allow themselves to be robbed of this occasion for expressing their veneration by a public funeral. The event showed that I was right; for a funeral such as Kant's, one so solemn and so magnificent, the city of Königsberg has never witnessed before or since. The public journals, and separate accounts in pamphlets, &c., have given so minute an account of its details, that I shall here notice only the heads of the ceremony.

On the 28th of February, at two o'clock in the afternoon, all the dignitaries of church and state, not only those resident in Königsberg, but from the remotest parts of Prussia, assembled in the church of the Castle. Hence they were escorted by the whole body of the University, splendidly dressed for the occasion, and by many military officers of rank, with whom Kant had always been a great favourite, to the house of the deceased Professor; from which the corpse was carried by torch-light, the bells of every church in Königsberg tolling, to the Cathedral, which was lit up by innumerable wax-lights. A never-ending train, of many thousand persons, followed it on foot. In the Cathedral, after the usual burial rites, accompanied with every possible expression of national veneration to the deceased, there was a grand musical service, most admirably performed, at the close of which Kant's mortal remains were lowered into the academic vault, where he now rests among the ancient patriarchs of the University. PEACE BE TO HIS DUST, AND EVER-LASTING HONOUR!

PERSIA.

THE commencement of war between Persia and Russia, at a moment when Europe enjoys profound peace in almost every quarter, from the frozen ocean to the shores of the Mediterranean, may excite an interest which such an occurrence could not have produced in any other state of things; and as many intelligent persons who may be desirous to know something of the connexion of Persia with Russia and with England, as well as of the circumstances which bring her into collision with the one, and intimate alliance with the other, may not know where to seek for the information they require, or may not care to take the trouble of collecting it, perhaps a short sketch of the political relations of that ancient empire with modern Europe, may not be uninteresting, and may serve to direct the attention of some who have not yet taken any very lively concern in the politics of Asia, to the consideration of important matters relating to the state of affairs in a por-

tion of that quarter of the globe, which, next to our own possessions, is entitled to demand from us the most serious and vigilant attention.

I shall not detain you by tracing the antiquated treaties and engagements which subsisted between the government of Persia and various European States some centuries ago, for these were merely commercial, and never brought her within the sphere of European politics; but I will proceed at once to the commencement of the modern intercourse of Persia with Europe, which has given her an intimate connexion with more than one of our governments, and has made her policy a matter of serious importance to the two most powerful nations in the world.

The exertions which were made by Peter the First, to extend the commerce and influence of Russia in the East, first brought that power in immediate contact with Persia.

In pursuance of his favourite scheme, to open a trade with India, he sought

every opportunity to mix in the affairs of the intervening nations. In 1717, Prince Alexander Bekewick was sent on an *embassy* to the Khan of Khiva, and at the same time directed to seize the gold mines which were supposed to be in that country, for which purpose he was provided with a military force. This expedition, however, completely failed, and the Prince and his men were cut to pieces.

In 1719, the descent of a body of *Leagues* from the Caucasus, on the Province of Sheerwan, where they put to death all the merchants, amongst whom were 300 Russians; the inability of Shah Sooltan Hoossein (who was then besieged in his capital by the Afghans,) to punish the offenders; and the repeated embassies sent to the court of Persia to implore the aid of Russia,—afforded Peteran opportunity to establish himself in the countries lying to the south of the Caucasus.

In 1722, he fitted out a formidable expedition at Astrachan, consisting of above 100,000 fightingmen, ostensibly for the purpose of punishing the *Leagues*, and entered the Persian territories, with professions of entire friendship for the Shah. In August of the same year, he took possession of the fortress of Derbend, the gate of the Persian provinces on the shores of the Caspian sea, and besieged Badkoo, a port of the first consequence. He induced the Persian Envoy, then in his camp, to sign a treaty, by which Persia ceded to Russia the provinces of Gilan, Mazanderan, and Astrabad, with the town of Shamakhoo, as soon as it should be recovered from the Turks, who then held it.

On his return to Astrachan in the same year, he sent troops to occupy Gilan, and ordered the siege of Badkoo to be prosecuted with increased activity. The fall of this place, and the cessions made to him by the treaty of Ismael Beg, gave to Russia the whole coast of the Caspian, which belonged to Persia, and which it was an object of Peter's ambition to possess.

Shah Tamasp, however, refused to ratify the treaty, and sent a force against the Russians, which, if it was unable to recover from them the places already occupied, prevented them from pursuing their advantages.

In 1727, Catherine the First concluded a treaty with the Porte at Constantinople, to which Persia does

not seem to have been a party, but which fixed the boundaries of Russia, Turkey, and Persia, with the greatest precision, and gave to Russia all that had been ceded to her by the unratified treaty of Peter. In a few years afterwards, however, Mazanderan and Astrabad were restored to Persia, by a treaty concluded at Resht in Gilan.

This treaty was renewed in 1735, with Nadir Shah, who now began openly to assume the sovereign power in Persia, and who cultivated, by every means in his power, a good understanding with Russia, while he was engaged in expelling the Turks from their conquests in Persia.

Georgia, with the other provinces south of the Caucasus, now in possession of Russia, had for a series of years been dependent on the crown of Persia; but the Wallee, (as the Prince of Georgia was styled,) and the other chiefs, had availed themselves of the opportunities offered by the dissensions which weakened the empire of the Shahs, to rejoice in a temporary independence, which they never had strength enough to maintain.

In the reign of the last Princes of the Suffoveeah dynasty, the northern and western parts of Persia had been overrun by the Turks as far as Hamadan and Ardebil, and the Wallees of Georgia, with the chiefs of the neighbouring provinces, had submitted to the Ottoman Porte. Nadir Shah rose to retrieve the character of his country, and redeem her lost territory. By a succession of victories, interrupted by only one defeat, he drove the Turks from all the ancient northern possessions of the Suffoveeah Kings, in which were included Georgia, Imeretia, Mingrelia, Sheerwan, Shekkee, Ganja, and Erivan. The places belonging to Persia, on the shores of the Caspian, which had been so treacherously seized by the Czar, were recovered; and all her original dependencies on the side of the Caucasus once more acknowledged her authority.

The ancient family of the Wallees of Georgia was raised to the dependent throne of that country, and Nadir, by dividing it into two kingdoms, weakened the power of its princes, and was enabled to reward the services of Heraclius, who had accompanied him to India, with one of the crowns. The other was given to his father, Tamaras, the representative of the family.

After the death of Nadir Shah, Persia continued for many years to be torn by contending factions; and the Kings of Georgia, harassed by continued attacks from the mountaineers, whom they were unable to control, made a simultaneous application to Russia for assistance, which was granted. This occurred about 1752, and may be considered the first step towards the separation of Georgia from Persia; for Russia from this time forward pressed with persevering activity her intercourse with these Persian dependencies.

About eight years after this occurrence, Heraclius drove his father Tamaras from his kingdom, and united it to his own. In 1768, he was called upon by Russia to co-operate with General Todleben, who invaded Turkey from the side of Imeretia, and whom the Wallee joined with a considerable force. But he had not yet openly cast off his allegiance to Persia, nor had any formal engagements been contracted between him and the Russian government. Russia had, however, manifested her readiness to connect herself with Georgia, and the Princes of that country took advantage of the troubles, which engaged Kerreem Khan in the heart of his kingdom, to prepare the way for a safe renunciation of their connexion with Persia by a more intimate intercourse with the Court of St Petersburg.

In 1781, a treaty with the Oss, or Ossetinians, a pagan tribe of the Caucasus, who commanded the defiles leading into Georgia, opened to Russia the passes to that country; and two years afterwards a treaty was concluded at Georgiefsk, between the Wallee and the Empress Catherine II., by which the former recognised the paramount sovereignty of Russia, for himself and his heirs, and the latter engaged to afford protection not only to the Wallee's present possessions, but to *any he might hereafter acquire*, and to guarantee the kingdom to his heirs for ever.

In 1785, General Paul Potemkin carried to Teflis the ratification of this treaty, and constructed a causeway across the Caucasus. A pension of 60,000 silver roubles annually was granted to the King of Khartlee, (the Wallee of Georgia,) to maintain an army, and to defray such expenses as he may be called upon to make under

the orders of the Russian commandant.

Georgia had therefore become a dependency of Russia, and had been received by that power under its protection, without any regard to the allegiance due by the Wallees to the sovereigns of Persia.

The policy of Russia at this time is nowhere more remarkably exposed, than in the instructions given to Field-marshal Prince Potemkin and to General Goodovich, in which the former receives unlimited authority to accept the submission of any nations that may desire to become subject to Russia; and the latter is informed, that the Khans of Badkoo and Derbend may be admitted vassals of the Empress. Yet both these places were dependencies of Persia, and their governors had no more right to transfer their allegiance than have the dependent chiefs of any other power.

After the death of Kerreem Khan, a protracted contest was carried on by the numerous competitors for the vacant throne; and it was not until Aga Mahommed Khan had triumphed over all his antagonists, and cut off the last hopes of the royal family of the Zunds, by the defeat and capture of the chivalrous Looft Allee Khan, that he found leisure to turn his attention to Georgia, and to punish the revolt of his vassal.

In 1795, he assembled a considerable army at Tehran, and moving rapidly into Georgia, defeated Heraclius near Teflis, and entered that city before General Goodovich, who commanded the Russian troops in the line of the Caucasus, could arrive to oppose him.

His desire to intimidate the Georgians, by making a fearful example of their capital, induced him to abandon it to the rapine of his soldiers; while the religious enthusiasm he had excited in his army, and the natural ferocity of his troops, prepared them to take ample advantage of the license he had given.

The Empress Catherine II., shocked and irritated by the vengeance which had fallen on Georgia in consequence of its having transferred its allegiance to Russia, immediately declared war against Persia; and, in the following year, Count Valerian Zuboff, with a large force, marched upon Derbend early in the summer—took that fortress

by assault, and received the submission of Badkoo, Koobba, and Sheerwan, whose governors he changed. In the autumn, he renewed his operations—wintered in Moghan—and had taken Anzelee, Lankeran, Ganja, and the island of Saree, when Paul ascended the throne of Russia, and recalled the army.

Aga Mahommed Khan was at this time employed in Khorassan, and on hearing of Zuboff's successes, hastily returned to oppose him; but before he could reach the scene of action, the Russians had already abandoned almost all their conquests.*

Ibrahim Khulleel Khan, the chief of Karabaugh, had hitherto succeeded in holding the fort of Sheesha against Aga Mahommed Khan; but the inhabitants, wearied by the continued systematic plunder of their country from year to year, at length rose against their chief, and compelling him to fly to Daghestan, delivered up Sheesha into the hands of the Shah, who was advancing with a powerful army to invade Georgia.

He had only been a few days at Sheesha, when he was murdered by some of his menial domestics whom he had threatened to put to death; and the present Shah, who succeeded him, was too much occupied in consolidating his power, and establishing his authority, to be able to pursue the bold policy of his predecessor.

In the year 1798, Heraclius died, in the 84th year of his age and 52d of his reign, and left his crown to his son, Georgeen Khan.

The short reign of Georgeen was disturbed by the rebellion of his brother Alexander, who, with an army of Leagues, endeavoured to possess himself of the kingdom. He was, however, defeated and forced to fly; but the mountaineers continued their depredations from time to time, and Alexander repeatedly renewed his attempts, till at length, after a series of romantic adventures, he effected his escape through Turkey into Persia.

In the year 1800, the Emperor Paul, with a view, as was said, to compose the differences which had arisen in the country, incorporated Georgia with the Russian empire, and in the year following Georgeen died, and Paul was put to death. The Emperor Alexander, on his accession to the throne, confirmed this act of his father, and in 1803 sent General Seeseeanoff as Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief into Georgia. In the same year, Mingrelia submitted. In 1804, Seeseeanoff took Ganja, and having been invited by Mahommed Khan Kajar, then governor of Erivan, to advance on that place, under a promise that it should be delivered up to him, he had proceeded as far as the Three Churches, when he encountered the Persian army advancing to oppose him.

An action was fought in the vicinity of the Churches, in which the Persians were defeated and forced to retire. Seeseeanoff then invested Erivan, which Mahommed Khan now refused to surrender; but the Russian general was obliged to raise the siege and make a hurried retreat, in consequence of the want of provisions—the continual annoyance to which he was subjected from the desultory attacks of the Persians—and the increasing sickness of his troops.

This action was the first in which the Russian and Persian armies had come in contact in a general action, and it commenced the war between those countries for the possession of Georgia.

In 1805, Karabaugh voluntarily submitted to Russia, and in the following year Seeseeanoff was assassinated at Badkoo.

The war which was thus begun was continued with various success till the year 1814, but Russia added little to her territorial acquisitions after the death of her first Governor-General.

The connexion of England with Persia may be said to have commenced with the mission of General Sir

* The recall of the army under Zuboff, which was effected by separate instructions to the commander of each corps, without the transmission of any orders on the subject to the Count, was one of those acts, dictated by personal spleen, in which Paul indulged on his accession to the throne, and cannot be considered an abandonment of the policy which had hitherto led Russia to seek the extension of her limits on the side of Persia.

It may be added, that no act of Paul can be regarded as belonging to the general policy of the nation over which he ruled.

John Malcolm to Tehran, in 1800; and the first fruits of the alliance were the commercial and political treaties concluded by him in 1801. The latter engaged Persia to attack the Afghans, who then threatened our possessions in India, and to exclude the French from the gulf of Persia.

In 1808, the Shah, finding himself unable to cope with Russia, addressed a letter to Napoleon, then in the zenith of his glory, requesting his assistance, and desiring to form an alliance with France.

So little was at that time known of Persia in Europe, that the court of Paris were even ignorant whether the person who had addressed those letters was really entitled to the rank he assumed, and M. Jaubert was sent to Tehran to ascertain the condition of the country, and the state of affairs in that quarter.

On the return of M. Jaubert to Europe, in 1806, Meerza Reza was sent by the Persian government on an embassy to Napoleon, whom he accompanied to Tilsit, and with whom he concluded a treaty, which was ratified by the Emperor at Finkenstein, in May 1807.

In the same year, Mahommed Nebbee Khan was sent on a mission to the British government in India, to claim our assistance against Russia; but this mission was unsuccessful, and Persia, losing all hope of support from her old ally, had no alternative but to throw herself into the arms of France.

The possessions of Great Britain in India had become so important, that it was believed her power in Europe might be affected by an attack on her Eastern dominions; and Napoleon, therefore, turning his attention to Asia, gladly seized the opportunity which was afforded him to establish a connexion with Persia, which he justly considered a necessary preparatory step to his projected invasion of India.

General Gardanne was charged with a mission from the French Emperor to the Court of the Shah, and the failure of the application which had been made to India for assistance—the readiness with which the French had entered on the alliance, and the promises which were made by the French ambassador,—combined to secure to him a distinguished reception.

The success which attended the mission of General Gardanne, forced the British government, here and in India, to take measures to counteract the views of France; and from the commencement of this competition between France and England for ascendancy in the councils of Persia, may be dated her political connexion with Europe.

From this time forward Persia became inseparably connected with European policy; and though the circumstances which first caused her to be involved in it have ceased to exist, others have arisen which must continue to operate as powerfully, and probably much more steadily, to draw her more and more within the range of the calculations of our leading cabinets. It is vain to attempt to confine her influence to Asia. The line has been passed which separates her from Europe; and as long as Britain retains India, and Russia her present military force, so long must the integrity of the Persian dominions be an object of vital importance to the one, and a weighty impediment to the full exercise of the power of the other.

The favourable reception of the mission of Sir Harford Jones, in 1808, and the consequent expulsion of the French agents from Persia, while she was still engaged in a war with Russia, put an end for the time to all competition for the friendship of the Shah, and laid the foundation of an alliance between the crowns of Great Britain and Persia, which was confirmed by a preliminary treaty.

Those who may remember the occurrences of this period, and attended to Asiatic affairs, will recollect the anxiety with which the progress of our relations with Persia was watched, and the sacrifices which were made to improve them. Simultaneous missions, of great splendour, were sent to the court of Persia from England and India, no expense was spared, and no exertion considered too great to secure her alliance.

In 1811, Sir Harford Jones returned to England, and the Persian ambassador, who had been sent to London with the ratification of the preliminary treaty, returned to Persia, accompanied by Sir Gore Ouseley in quality of Ambassador Extraordinary from the King of England. The subsidy payable to Persia, which had been

fixed by Sir H. Jones on a smaller scale, was raised to 200,000 tomans annually. A definitive treaty was concluded on the basis of the preliminary engagements entered into by Sir H. Jones, and immense presents were lavished on the Shah and his courtiers, to keep alive the friendly feeling which had happily been excited towards England.

In the meantime, the memorable war between France and Russia, which terminated in the signal discomfiture of Napoleon, had commenced, and the amicable relations which had in consequence been established between Great Britain and Russia led our government to undertake the mediation of peace between that power and Persia.

In 1814, by the mediation of the British Ambassador, a treaty of peace was concluded at Goolistan, in Karabagh, by which Persia added to Russia all her acquisitions south of the Caucasus, and engaged to maintain no navy in the Caspian; while Russia became bound to aid the heir to the crown of Persia against all competitors for the throne.

Sir Gore Ouseley returned home in 1814, leaving Mr Morier in quality of Minister Plenipotentiary at the Persian Court; and in the same year Mr Ellis was sent on a special mission to modify the definitive treaty concluded by Sir Gore Ouseley.

The amended treaty concluded by Messrs Morier and Ellis is that which is now in force, and which defines the nature of our relations with the Persian government.

Great Britain is by this document bound to pay to Persia a subsidy of 200,000 tomans annually; to maintain troops in the event of her being attacked by any power at war with England; and should she be attacked by any nation at peace with England, we engage to use our mediation towards an amicable adjustment of their differences; but should it fail, to pay a subsidy, as above mentioned.

Persia, on her side, engages to obstruct any power seeking to pass through her country for the purpose of invading India. The treaty is therefore exclusively defensive, as indeed it is declared to be in the document itself.

Hitherto England and Russia had not come in contact at the Court of Persia; but at the time of concluding

the treaty of Goolistan, a hope had been held out, that through the good offices of England some of the countries which had been ceded by the Shah, might be restored to him by the Emperor Alexander. An Embassy was therefore sent to St Petersburg with the ratified treaty, and with instructions to press the Russian government to admit the good offices of England, and to fulfil the hopes of retrocession which had been raised by the Russian Plenipotentiary and the British Ambassador.

All the good offices of Lord Cathcart, then Ambassador at St Petersburg, and all the solicitations of the Persian Embassy, were unable to procure from the Emperor the retrocession of one foot of ground, and all that could be accomplished was to obtain a promise that General Yermoloff, then appointed Ambassador to Persia and Governor-General of Georgia, would discuss the matter with the Persian ministers on his arrival at Tehran.

When General Yermoloff, with a splendid suite, came to Persia, he would restore nothing; and thus all the acquisitions of Russia were permanently confirmed to her. An insidious proposition made by Russia to supply officers to discipline the Persian army, was rejected, and the *Chargé-d'affaires*, whom the General left in Persia, was directed by the Shah to station himself at the Court of Abbas Meerza.

In the meantime, our Minister Plenipotentiary had been recalled, and Mr Willock, who was appointed British *Chargé-d'affaires*, was left to maintain the interests of his government, in opposition to the splendid mission of Russia, backed by all the weight of the chief authority in Georgia, and the command of an army of 40,000 men.

In the war between Persia and Russia, nothing had occurred to induce the former to hope that she could hold her ground in the field against so powerful an antagonist, and though her troops had on several occasions displayed considerable valour, and shewn that they had profited by the discipline they had received from French and British officers, yet the rapid loss of so many valuable provinces, and the failure of every attempt to make any permanent impression on the Russian power in Georgia, had taught her the

necessity of conciliating as an ally, a nation which she had found herself unable to withstand as an enemy.

Yet, had the Persian armies been led by a skilful general, and had even an ordinary share of energy been put forth by the government during the latter years of the war, (when Russia was struggling for her existence with the armies of France in the heart of her dominions,) it cannot be doubted that she might have redeemed some of her original possessions. But the Prince Royal, who commanded in the field, was a very young man; and a total want of efficient energy and of enterprise in her councils, was the necessary consequence of the struggles for personal aggrandizement which were unceasingly carried on by the members of her government. This opportunity was lost; and when Russia had risen emboldened by her successful opposition to the most powerful enemy the world could have sent against her, and strong, not only to repel aggression, but to pursue her conquests, it became necessary for the Shah to accede to any terms which she might be inclined to offer him.

Under these circumstances, it was obvious that Persia was not likely again to seek a war with a power, who, under the most unfavourable circumstances, had been able to seize and keep possession of her most fertile and valuable provinces, and that though we might have something to fear from her too ready and obsequious acquiescence in the views of Russia, there was nothing to dread from her desire to renew a contest in which she had already suffered so severely.

Russia seemed to have adopted this opinion, and to have made it her policy to push herself by imperceptible advances into the exercise of an habitual influence over the councils of the Prince Royal, trusting that her aid might be necessary to establish him on the throne; and that, in this event, she would be left in the uncontrolled exercise of an absolute authority in his government.

But the treaty of Goolistan had not defined the line of frontier so distinctly as to leave no room for cavil and dispute, and the appointment of Commissioners to effect the final demarcation was delayed on various pretexts, till the fresh impressions of what was really meant by the less definite terms

of the Treaty, had become faint and imperfect. When Commissioners, therefore, were at length appointed, numberless disputes arose, and the Government of Georgia pressed their claims to insignificant patches of land, as urgently as if the existence of their national power had depended on their possession.

These disputes gave rise to angry discussions, conducted on the one side with the bitterness of wounded pride; and, on the other, with the insolence of conscious power. Various lines of frontier were successively proposed by one party, and rejected by the other. Commissioners met and parted, without having advanced one step towards the adjustment of the points in dispute; and agents were sent by the Prince Royal to Teflis, and instructions transmitted to the Russian Chargé-d'affaires at Tabreez, without any progress being made towards the accomplishment of this object.

At length all appeared to be arranged, and a proposal made by the Russian Chargé-d'affaires was accepted by the Prince Royal, who was charged with the affairs of the frontier. But the Russian agent had exceeded his instructions, and General Yermoloff refused to ratify the engagements which M. Mozarovich had contracted.

Again all cause of difference was supposed to have been removed, and a formal engagement was entered into by an agent of the Prince Royal at Teflis; but this the Shah refused to sanction.

In the summer of 1825, M. Mozarovich came to the Shah's camp, for the purpose of endeavouring to obtain his Majesty's ratification of the terms agreed upon between Futteh Allee Khan and General Yermoloff at Teflis; but his Majesty distinctly refused his consent to the arrangement. In the autumn of the same year, M. Mozarovich left Persia; and the Government of Georgia, acting on what they called the Treaty of Futteh Allee Khan, which they had previously endeavoured in vain to induce the Shah to ratify, occupied with a military force the lands which would have become theirs, had this treaty taken effect.

One of these portions of land was an uninhabited stripe called Gokcheh, which borders on the lake of Gokcheh or Sevan, and which had been in the

undisputed possession of Persia, ever since the conclusion of the peace. Russian piquets had been placed there some years before, to prevent the desertion of the wandering tribes who pastured their flocks in summer in its vicinity, and in winter had been regularly withdrawn. To the remonstrance of the Prince Royal against the military occupation of this part of the Persian territory, General Yermoloff had replied, by admitting the justice of the Prince's remarks, but excused himself, on the plea, that the measure he had adopted was mutually advantageous, and concluded by offering to withdraw the detachment, if his Royal Highness should continue to think it necessary.

Yet, after all this, Russia, on the strength of an unratified engagement, concluded by the agent of a deputed authority, takes permanent possession of this very piece of ground, and retains it in the face of every remonstrance which reason and justice could suggest.

As soon as the occupation of Gokcheh was known to the Court of Tehran, a respectable envoy was sent to Teflis, to remonstrate against the measure, and to propose that the Russian detachment should be withdrawn, at least until time should be given for an appeal to the justice of the Emperor. But this, too, was refused—and in answer to the letters which the Shah had written to the Governor-General of Georgia, he was informed that Gokcheh would be given up by Russia, if the lands of Kapan were immediately evacuated by Persia.

These lands of Kapan had been, from the conclusion of the peace, in possession of Persia; but within a few years a claim, supported by some weighty arguments, had been set up by Russia, and it remained one of those points which it would have been the duty of commissioners to decide upon. The claims of Persia were, at least, as well supported as those of Russia; and some of the Russian official maps had marked Kapan as belonging to Persia. It was, therefore, an obvious injustice to seize an undisputed possession of Persia, and demand, as the price of its evacuation, the abandonment of claims, which were probably just, to another portion of territory.

At this time the death of the Em-

peror Alexander was announced, and the confusion which was caused by the annunciation of Constantine as his successor, and the subsequent abdication of the throne in favour of Nicholas, suspended the discussions.

As soon as the power of Nicholas was known to be established, Persia prepared to send an embassy to St Petersburg, to congratulate the new Emperor on his succession, and to conclude with him the definitive settlement of the frontier. But before arrangements could be made to this effect, it was announced that Prince Menchikoff was on his way to the Court of Persia, to intimate the succession of Nicholas to the throne, and to remove the causes of difference which had arisen between the governments of Persia and Georgia.

The Court of Tehran had begun to believe that Russia was firm in her purpose to act with a total disregard to justice, and to consider only her own convenience and advantage in the settlement of the frontier. All its recent representations had been treated with neglect, or replied to in an arrogant and insulting tone by the government of Georgia. Opprobrious terms had been applied, it was said, to the Prince Royal, in letters to his servants, and every thing seemed to indicate a determination on the part of General Yermoloff, if not of the Emperor; to drive Persia to extremity.

At the same time it was whispered that the tranquillity of the Russian Empire had been disturbed, that a civil war was carried on in St Petersburg, and that the tribes of the Caucasus were already in arms to assert their independence.

It was known that the misrule of the Russian authorities in Georgia, and their wanton interference with the religious prejudices of their Mahomedan subjects, had produced a feeling of serious discontent. Proposals had even been made to Persia by the heads of the tribes, and chiefs of districts, to co-operate with her in a war against Russia. Letters had been written by the Mahomedan population of all the Russian provinces bordering on Persia, to the head of their religion, imploring his interference in their behalf; and he had come from the sanctuary of Kerbelace, expressly to urge the Shah to take up arms in defence of his insulted religion.

The whole ecclesiastics of Persia joined their leader, and the mosques were filled with persons of all classes, lending a willing ear to the inflammatory orations of their Moollahs, while the Shah was threatened with the curses of the faithful, and even with everlasting perdition, if he failed to take up arms in the holy cause.

In the midst of this ferment, Prince Menchikoff arrived in the royal camp. He was treated with honour, and even with distinction, and a calm and temperate negotiation was opened, with a sincere desire on the part of the Shah to see it terminate in an amicable adjustment of all the matters in dispute.* Sanguine hopes were entertained that every thing would be satisfactorily arranged; and if there were some, who, for private ends, wished to hurry Persia into a war, there were many of the most influential of her councillors who anxiously desired to avoid it. The King himself was of this number; and though he had been induced to give a solemn pledge to the Moollahs, that if Gokcheh was not restored, he would agree to make war upon Russia, because he would then be justified in doing so, still this pledge,—which had been exacted from him by the influence of the Moollahs on his inability to withstand their demands,—was given under a moral conviction that the envoy of the Emperor would rather relinquish a worthless spot, to which his government had no just claim, than allow the dispute to be decided by the sword.

But, in answer to all demands for the evacuation of Gokcheh, the Russian envoy replied, that he had no instructions regarding it, and was not empowered to agree to its evacuation. It was proposed that it should remain unoccupied by either party, until a reference could be made to the Emperor. This he was equally unable to comply with, and he put an end to the discussion, by repeating that his instructions extended to nothing beyond some trifling modification of the unfortunate unratisfied treaty of Futteh Allee Khan.

Those who had been clamorous for war, now called upon the Shah to redeem his pledge, or forfeit his hopes of Heaven. The Mahomedans of some of the Russian provinces were already in arms, and even the Christians of at least one of these had made overtures to Persia. The troops had been

excited to enthusiasm by the Moollahs, and the war was commenced.

Even after the forces marched to the frontier, had Prince Menchikoff been empowered to evacuate Gokcheh, they would still have been countermanded, and the war would not have taken place.

I do not mean to accuse the Court of St Petersburg of a determination to force a war upon Persia, nor do I blame its envoy for what has occurred; but there can be no doubt that the harsh, intemperate, and unjust conduct of the government of Georgia has been the cause of the war, and that Russia owes it to her character for justice and moderation, (if she desires to establish such a character,) to investigate, calmly and impartially, the occurrences on her southern frontier, and, if she finds them unworthy of her own greatness, to discountenance and disavow them.

There is nothing extraordinary in all this. It will be found that the distant representatives of a government are almost always more jealous and more intemperate than the government itself; and that, entering into discussions with all the warmth and virulence of personal feelings, and all the pride of power, they are continually goading and harassing their weaker neighbours, with whom they may have occasion to communicate.

Persia, on this occasion, will labour under the disadvantage of being considered more likely to pervert the facts, and to violate her engagements, than Russia; and she will, no doubt, be accused of having done so; but we must not hastily decide against her on this feeling of doubt in Eastern veracity. The less credible witness may sometimes have truth on his side, and it will be well to reflect on the prospect of advantage which either party may have had in view, and their comparative means of enforcing their opinions, and compelling submission, before we attribute the fault to Persia.

Neither must we demand from Eastern governments the nice attention to forms which civilisation exacts from European nations. A proud and despotic Asiatic monarch, when he finds his rights invaded and his dignity insulted, must not be judged too harshly, if he neglects some of the observances which we have imposed on ourselves. If the first act of injustice

has not been his, there is no subsequent neglect of mere form which can make him half so culpable as his aggressors. Any attempt, therefore, which may be made to put Persia in the wrong, by accusing her of making war without going through the form of previously declaring it, will scarcely avail those who may resort to it.

Passing from these matters, however, on which I have already dwelt perhaps too long, I will still venture to detain you a little longer, while I connect with the preceding detail a few considerations more immediately affecting ourselves.

After the conclusion of peace between Persia and Russia, in 1814, the British government seems to have felt that the integrity of the Persian dominions would be best and most effectually secured by the preservation of amicable relations with Russia; and, since that period, every thing which could be viewed in the light of a competition for ascendancy in the councils of the Shah appears to have been avoided. We seem to have come to some tacit understanding with Russia on this subject,—to have made it our study to avoid coming in collision with her in Asia, and to prevent, if possible, any subjects of discussion between the governments from being permitted to arise out of the proceedings at the Court of Tehran; in short, to have considered Persia as neutral ground, which neither party was to appropriate.

This was, perhaps, the most obvious policy which could have been pursued, and, so long as it could be preserved, and was faithfully adhered to, by both the courts and by their servants, was perhaps as well calculated as any other to answer our purpose, while it had the obvious advantage of being liberal, fair, and just. But it had also the disadvantage of being most favourable to the party who should observe it with least exactness; and it is, therefore, important to inquire, whether Russia or England is most likely to be led by circumstances, or by the tone of her general policy and the manner in which she conducts her relations with Persia, to press her influence, and attempt an appropriation of the neutral ground, which I have supposed to be considered such by mutual agreement?

The general policy of Russia, from the days of Peter the First, has uni-

formly pointed to the extension of her frontier on the side of Persia, and more particularly to the acquisition of the coast of the Caspian Sea. It is difficult to imagine a stronger or better marked boundary than that which formed the frontier between Russia and Persia.—The Black Sea on the one hand, and the Caspian on the other, connected by the stupendous chain of the Caucasus, seem to have been designed by nature for the limits of some powerful nation—for a barrier against some great power. The views which induced Peter to pass this barrier, and establish himself beyond it, must have had some ultimate object of more importance than the trifling and ill-protected districts which he acquired.

When Catherine took Georgia under her protection, and instructed Potemkin to receive the submission of any nation which might be inclined to offer it,—when General Goodovich was instructed to admit as vassals the Khan's two Persian towns,—when Zuboff was sent into Persia to seize the provinces adjacent to Georgia, as a retaliation for the attack on Teflis,—and when Russia became bound to protect, not only the present possessions of the Wallee, but also any he might hereafter acquire, it was but pursuing the same policy, and following the same views.

When General Yermoloff proposed to supply Russian officers to discipline the Persian troops at the cost of his government, when missions were subsequently sent to Khiva and to Bokhara, and when Persia was bound to maintain no navy on the Caspian, which amounted to a total abandonment of that sea to the power of Russia, it was but a steady pursuit of the same purpose.

When, at a more recent period, Russia pressed with warmth and intemperance the establishment of a commercial agent at Resht, in Gilan, a province notoriously ill-affected to Persia,—and when General Yermoloff pushed the Russian troops beyond the line of frontier defined by the treaty, we can see nothing more in these proceedings, than an injudicious and over anxious desire to press forward to the accomplishment of the same objects.

If it be true that the Cabinet of St Petersburg has sent to its governor in Georgia repeated and positive instructions to conciliate Persia, and to

make no exertion to obtain a paramount influence in her councils, or to press her to a rupture with Russia; it is plain that its orders have been ill attended to, and that we lose the security which we would otherwise have derived from a confidence in the moderation of the views of the Russian government.

There is a tendency in all subordinate governments of a powerful, and more particularly of a rising empire, to press upon the weaker nations with which they come in contact; and when this tendency falls in with the previous policy of the superior state, no general instructions will prevent its being yielded to. Let the progress of our own power in India serve as an unanswerable evidence of the truth of this statement.

On the other hand, England comes in no way in collision with Persia. Her trade with that country is established on well-defined grounds of reciprocal advantage. Her political connexion with Persia is confined to watching over her interests, and aiding her in her difficulties. She has no frontier to cause dissensions, and no objects opposed to the interests of Persia to pursue. But there is a strong and urgent demand upon her to maintain the integrity of Persia, as the best security she can have for the tranquillity of her Indian Empire,—and every attempt which Russia may make to trench upon the power of Persia, must be considered a step towards bringing her in collision with England in Asia, and towards loosening our hold on our Eastern possessions.

Supposing that an invasion of India over land were proved to be a chimerical and impracticable scheme, which it probably is, can it be said that if Russia were possessed of a paramount influence at the Court of the Shah, we should be able to sit as securely in India as we do now, or that the vicinity of so powerful a nation would not warm the hopes of the discontented, and shake the fidelity of many who have clung to our protection, and submitted to our authority, because they believed our power to be immovable and unopposed? These are important considerations, and well deserving the serious attention of every one who thinks that the possession of India is an object which Britain ought to contend for and secure.

It is said that Persia has hitherto been eminently successful in the war

with Russia, and that all the Georgian provinces have risen to support her. But we know, and she herself knows, that a war with Russia is for her a hopeless undertaking in her present state of preparation, and that though she has been driven to undertake it by the injuries and insults to which she has been subjected, and the clamour of religious enthusiasts, she has still more to hope from a speedy termination of the war, and a recurrence to her former relations with her powerful and reckless neighbour, than by protracting a contest in which she can have nothing to gain.

The time cannot be distant when Persia must make peace with Russia, almost on any terms; and if we have rightly estimated the views of Russia, this peace will add something more to her territories, and perhaps to her right of interference in Persian affairs.

While Russia is reaping the advantage of a system of aggression and injustice, are we to sit quietly down, and content ourselves with our own purity and good faith, and when we have permitted the time to pass by when we might have counteracted the schemes of the Autocrat or his subordinate authorities, to find consolation in asking, "Who would have thought it?" or in venting our reproaches on the injustice which it is too late to remedy?

Persia is naturally a country strong for defence, and few nations can boast a more warlike or efficient population.

If Russia may weaken Persia, and thereby injure us, surely we have more justifiable reasons to urge why we should support and defend her by the means which she can herself so amply provide. If aggression can ever be permitted or justified, preparations for defence must always be allowable.

Of one thing we may rest fully assured, that Russia, whether from design, or from the force of circumstances scarcely within her control, is encroaching, and will continue to encroach, upon the weaker countries which lie on her frontier in Asia, unless some equal power is opposed to her progress; and that, whether it be effected by slow and insidious approaches, like the advances of the ocean, or by an irruption like the bursting of a mountain-torrent, the result will be the same, and the injury to Britain will be permanent and irreparable.

THE CORN LAWS.

PARLIAMENT, immediately on its re-assembling, is to enter on the meditated change of the Corn Laws, and this must form our apology for once more taking up the question. Notwithstanding all that has been already said and written, we imagine that these Laws will now occupy a greater share than ever of public attention; but if we thought differently—if we were even sure that the nation was weary of hearing them named—we would still do our duty, and make this last effort to rouse, not only the landed interest, but every other interest likewise, to a sense of the tremendous calamities which a free trade in corn must bring upon the empire.

After what we have said on former occasions, we think our best course will be to examine, in the first place, the doctrines on which the abolition of the Corn Laws is advocated. By doing this, we shall be enabled to apply, what we deem to be, the best arguments on our side of the question, in the most effectual manner, without being compelled to give them detailed repetition. Very many people, and some of them highly influential ones, hold the Economists to be infallible, and follow them with the same devoted blindness with which the Irish Papist follows his priest. We are not sure that any thing could force conviction upon such people—that the most conclusive proof ever placed before the human understanding would have the least weight with them; but, however, if any impression can be made upon them, it must be made by what tells in the most triumphant manner on the very words and persons of the Economists. We shall perhaps have the most success with people of a different character, by bringing the reasoning of the one side into visible, direct, full, and decisive conflict with that of the other.

We therefore begin with an examination of the Article which appeared in the LXXXVIII. Number of the *Edinburgh Review*, under the title—*Abolition of the Corn Laws*. This Article contains most of the doctrines on which the Abolitionists rely, and most of the reasoning which they will employ in Parliament in the approaching

discussion. It is, moreover, from the pen of Mr M'Culloch himself; and it is not his first hasty essay on the question, but it has been published again and again, after such long intervals, as have afforded him the most ample means of verbal revision. It may be looked on, in regard to the Corn Laws, as the masterpiece of Mr M'Culloch, the Prince of the Infallibles. Of course, our examination will enable us to grapple front to front with the Abolitionists in the mass—to combat the objections that will be urged in Parliament against the Corn Laws—and to show the real character of the Ricardo school and its teacher.

In dealing with Mr M'Culloch in his manifold representative character, we shall frequently be compelled to give merely the substance of his doctrines, from the want of space for quotation; and as this might enable us to misrepresent him, we pray our readers to place his Article before them, and assure themselves, line by line, that we do not do so. We pray them farther to assure themselves that we answer every material part of it; and we pray them, moreover, to give him the benefit of every doubt, and to decide in his favour whenever our refutation is not complete and decisive. Having asked thus much for him, we will now ask something for ourselves. We implore our readers not to decide against us merely because we are hostile to the Economists. We beseech them to put out of sight names and schools—to think us as deserving of a hearing as Mr M'Culloch and his brethren—and to be governed in their judgment by argument and evidence, no matter by whom tendered. We do not ask this for our own sake, for it is a matter of no consequence to us personally, whether it be granted or refused; but we ask it for the sake of themselves and the empire. Let them remember that Mr M'Culloch is just as incapable of governing the future as we are; and that if the abolition be made on false principles, the names and words of its advocates will not be able to mitigate in the least its appalling consequences. Let them remember too, that the question is not a mere party one—that it is not whether

this or that set of men shall occupy the Cabinet—that it relates not to a secondary matter of foreign or domestic policy; but that it vitally affects the best interests of the whole community individually, and in the aggregate.

If what we ask be granted us, we hope to convince our readers, before we conclude, 1. That Mr M'Culloch and his brethren depend mainly upon fallacious and indefensible assumptions. 2. That they distort and misrepresent facts in a most unwarrantable manner. 3. That they wholly overlook some of the essentials of the Corn question. And, 4. That they are grossly ignorant of some of the first and most important principles of Political Economy.

We now take up the article.

Mr M'Culloch begins with estimating the quantity of corn consumed annually in this country; and this he judges to be 48,000,000 of quarters of all descriptions: he next estimates the quantity of foreign corn likely to be imported, if the Corn Laws should be abolished; and he then endeavours to show, from the proportion of these two quantities to each other, what the effects of a Free Trade in corn would be in reducing prices, and throwing inferior land out of cultivation.

He assumes, that if wheat were steady in this country, at from 30 to 55 shillings the quarter, we could not import more than 550,000 or 600,000 quarters of all kinds of grain from the north of Europe; and that we could import very little from France, America, &c. He assumes further, that we could not, under any conceivable circumstances, import more from all parts of the world than 2,400,000 to 4,000,000 quarters of all kinds of corn.

Now, what do his assumptions rest upon? Chiefly the past exports of foreign countries and our own imports. Does he then define, and allow for, difference of circumstances? He does not notice it. Foreign nations could export as much corn when they formed the seat of war—when they had to support, and were devastated by, immense armies—as they can in the present peace; they could export as much in years of scarcity, as they can in years of plenty; they could export as much when they had no export demand, as they will be able to do if our

ports be thrown open. Such is, in reality, the reasoning of this unerring teacher of an unerring science.

He replies to the argument, that if the Corn Laws were abolished, foreigners would raise a vast additional quantity of grain, by saying—"The fact that our ports were open, with scarcely any interruption, from 1793 to 1815, and that, notwithstanding the extraordinary stimulus to importation afforded by the high prices of that period, our imports rarely amounted to one-twentieth part of our entire consumption, shows that the apprehensions of excessive importation are altogether imaginary." Not a word does he say of the war and its consequences. Mr Jacob, who is of course a great favourite with him, states that Dantzic and Elbing exported on the average, annually, during the five years ending with 1805—765,471 quarters of wheat and rye; and that "the year 1806 was the unfortunate time when the war, first with England, and afterwards, or rather before its close, with France, reduced Prussia to a low ebb, and for several years put a stop to the Corn Trade from the Vistula." This war, we suppose, caused no interruption to our imports. Mr Jacob says further, that from 1791 to 1801, there was a constant demand for foreign corn in France at almost any price; and that there was likewise a great demand in Holland and Sweden. This, we suppose, could not cause any interruption to the imports of this country. For nearly the whole time between 1793 and 1815, the Continent was ravaged by war. This war again and again drained, devastated, and armed against us, the corn countries—immense armies were almost everywhere kept on foot—there was the legitimate consumption of these armies, and then there were the green crops they destroyed, the cattle and labour they took from agriculture, the spoliation and ruin they scattered around them. All this, we presume, caused no interruption to our imports. We know well enough Mr M'Culloch's meaning; but surely a man of his pretensions cannot be ignorant, that if the exportation, or production, of corn be prevented abroad, it has the same effect on our imports as our existing restrictions. What are we to think of the fairness or ability of the individual who leaves what we have stated without notice; and argues,

that because we never during the war imported more than one-twentieth of our annual consumption, we cannot possibly during peace import to excess?

We give the following as a sample of Mr M'Culloch's mode of supplying himself with deductions and arguments.

Mr Jacob divides the 166 years, ending with 1825, into periods of 25 years each, and gives the average quantity of wheat and rye exported annually from Dantzic in each period. In other words, he takes the whole quantity exported in each period of 25 years, divides it by 25, and assumes the quotient to show the grain exported in each year. In every period the exports varied very greatly; for several successive years they were very large; then, from war, or the absence of foreign demand, they were for several successive years very small. The exports in the period from 1801 to 1825, averaged 267,841 quarters annually. For some years in this period the export of corn was prohibited; then for some years it was to a great extent prevented by the consumption and devastations of armies; and then it was for some years reduced to almost nothing by its exclusion from foreign markets. Mr M'Culloch, without noticing all this, takes Mr Jacob's 25 years' average, as the quantity which Dantzic would export, should our ports be opened.

Official and other statements shew, that the exports of wheat from Dantzic, Elbing, and the Baltic ports generally, have in the last ten or twelve years averaged about 300,000 quarters annually. Mr M'Culloch asserts—"It will be seen from this, that the total exports from all the ports on that sea, (the Baltic,) do not in ordinary years amount to 300,000 quarters." Were then the last ten or twelve years ordinary ones, when, during several of them, corn from these ports could not find a market?

In 1817 and 1818, our ports were open, and our average price of wheat was 88s. 10d.; the quantity of wheat exported from Dantzic in these years was 594,934 quarters. Mr M'Culloch says—"Had the price of corn in England been so low as 60s., it is doubtful whether the exports in these years would have amounted to 120,000 quarters. Nothing, therefore, can be

more completely without foundation than the notion so generally prevalent, with respect to the excessive importations that would take place under a system of free-trade from the north of Europe." Our readers will remember that for some years up to 1816, Prussia, Poland, and Germany, were continually traversed by gigantic armies; that in these years Dantzic sustained a siege, and the Continent, from one side to the other, was ravaged by war; and that the harvest of 1816 was a deficient one almost throughout Europe. The unerring Economist, however, puts this wholly out of sight, and looks on the Dantzic export of 1817 and 1818, as an infallible proof that our importations could never be excessive.

Price would necessarily greatly affect the exports of foreign countries; and the Abolitionists maintain, that if the price of the quarter of wheat were not more in our market than 50s. or 55s. our imports could not be of any magnitude. They maintain this, on the ground that wheat, from the cost of production and transit, could not be brought for such a price from the interior of foreign countries. They stoutly assert, on the authority of divers foreign corn-merchants and landholders, that the Polish and Prussian farmers, who dwell the nearest to the corn ports, cannot raise wheat for less than from 30s. to 35s. the quarter; and that such wheat could not be sold at a profit in our market for less than from 48s. or 50s. to 55s. They assume it to be unquestionable, that if corn cannot be sold at a profit, it will not be produced. Mr M'Culloch says—"There is no doctrine in economical science, or indeed in any science, better established than that which teaches that production must cease when its expenses are no longer paid. And though we have no very high idea of the penetration of the serfs of Poland and Prussia, we apprehend they have sagacity enough to cease sending corn to market, when they find that the price they obtain for it is insufficient to remunerate them for their outlay."

It is most marvellous that any man—that even Mr M'Culloch himself—could write what we have quoted, with the fact staring him in the face, that, according to his own doctrines, prices have been in Poland and Prussia for several successive years far below the

cost of production, and still production has kept going on, and the "acres" have continued to send corn to market.

He provides himself in this manner with deductions and arguments touching prices.

Mr Oddy, in his work on European Commerce, states 32s. 6d. to be the lowest price at which any considerable quantity of wheat could be purchased at Dantzic. According to the exaggerated estimates which Mr M'Culloch takes for his guide, this wheat could be brought into our market for eight or ten shillings per quarter more, and would not cost the importer above 40s. or 42s. the quarter. The great Economist assumes from this, that this very wheat could not be imported into London, in ordinary years, for less than 50s. or 55s. the quarter!

Mr Solly, a corn-merchant, stated before a Parliamentary Committee in 1821, that when there was no direct foreign demand, wheat could be put on board ship at Dantzic for 35s., and that it would cost the London importer about 43s. the quarter. He stated further, that when the foreign demand was considerable, the price was much higher. The great Economist observes—"According to the data given in his (Mr Solly's) evidence,"—he positively quotes no other data than we have given—"it is plain that fine Dantzic wheat could not be imported into London in ordinary years, in the event of our ports being opened, at less than from 50s. to 55s. a quarter!"

"Perhaps, however," continues Mr M'Culloch, "we shall be able to draw a more accurate conclusion with respect to the probable *future* price of corn at Dantzic, from observing what it has actually been for the last fifty years." He then gives a table to shew what prices were, free on board, in each period of ten years, from 1770 to 1819. For the preceding fifty years, wheat did not average at Dantzic 20s. the quarter; and still the export of it was frequently very large. Mr M'Culloch commences his period about the time when the price was almost doubled, and yet, for the first twenty years of it, the average price of wheat was only 33s. 9½d. On his own shewing, for the twenty successive years from 1770 to 1789, wheat from Dantzic would not have cost the London importer

more than about 41s. the quarter. In the next ten years, from 1790 to 1799, the price was 43s. 8d. Our readers are aware that, according to Mr Jacob, a great demand for corn at high prices existed in France and Holland during this period. In the next ten years, from 1800 to 1809, the price was 60s., and in the concluding ten, it was 55s. 4d. We need not enlarge on the war which almost constantly raged, and on the various bad harvests which took place during the last thirty years of his period. He carefully excludes the cheap years since 1819—he selects forty-nine years of war and scarcity prices, in which corn fetched double of what it fetched before or after—he lumps these years into a whole, draws from them an average price of 45s. 4d. for wheat, and then says—"Now, if to the average price of wheat at Dantzic during this period, we add 7s. or 8s. a quarter on account of freight and insurance to London, and warehousing there, we shall have 52s. or 53s. a quarter as its *minimum* cost in England during the same period!" This leads him to the "accurate conclusion," that the *future* price to the importer will be 50s. or 55s. We think the absurdity, and even impudence, of this actually matchless.

He is constrained to admit, that in 1824 and 1825, the price of wheat at Dantzic, free on board, was only 24s.; but he argues, such a price would not pay the cost of production. He then quotes from letters written by certain gentlemen of Dantzic, to prove that wheat cannot be grown and got to market in the neighbourhood of that place for less than 35s. or 36s.; and he next appeals to Mr Jacob, to prove that wheat could not be sold at Warsaw for less than 30s.

It is very certain that production would cease, though it would be some years in doing so, were the price of corn constantly below its cost; and we think it equally certain, that the price of corn in Poland and Prussia has never yet been really below the cost of its production. Mr Jacob and Mr M'Culloch maintain the contrary, on the assertions of individuals, and not on satisfactory proof. Mr Jacob gives the accounts of particular farms; but in these accounts, the expenses, or losses, are included in one gross sum; all these items are not furnished, and no sufficient evidence is of-

ferred to shew that those expenses were actually incurred. We grant, that the agriculturists are in extreme distress, and that corn is far lower than it ought to be; but then the question is, Does the distress of the agriculturists arise from direct, positive loss on cultivation, or from inadequate profits?—Would their land yield them as much benefit were they to leave it wholly untilld, as it now yields them from cultivation?

Generally speaking, the owners of the land are likewise the occupiers; they allow their labourers the use of a part of their land for cultivating the whole, and this constitutes nearly all that the production of their corn costs them. The chief part of the corn they eat and sell, is really profit arising from the growth of corn; this profit is doubtless insufficient to pay the interest of their mortgages, and maintain them in a suitable style; but, nevertheless, it is profit which they would be without, were they not to cultivate their land. Mr Jacob decides the question. He proves that the land will let, though for only a trifling rent; and this proves, that however low the prices of corn may be, they do more than pay the cost of production.

A great deal is said touching the land which has recently been put out of cultivation. Has this taken place because it was less injurious to let it lie waste, than to cultivate it? No. In late years, the production of wool and butter has been far more profitable than that of corn. Hence the land has been converted into pasture. These articles, however, are likely in future to be as unprofitable as corn; and, therefore, there is no probability that much additional land would be thrown out of tillage, should the low prices of corn continue. The present owners of the land may be ruined, but still it will be kept in cultivation; its fertility will not suffer, because its management, in so far as it is altered, is improved.

To shew how little the doctrine, that low prices will materially diminish production in Poland and Prussia, is to be relied on, we extract, from No. 24, of the Appendix to Mr Jacob's Report, an account of the wheat and rye exported from Dantzic in eight successive years, beginning with 1763, and ending with 1770, and the highest and lowest prices of both in each year.

Years.	Quarters.	Lowest Prices.								Highest Prices.							
		Wheat.				Rye.				Wheat.				Rye.			
		s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.		
1763	320,702	15	0	21	0	10	11	3	18	0	24	0	17	8	19	9	
1764	492,155	16	6	23	3	9	5	10	11	18	0	24	9	11	8	19	
1765	466,148	17	3	24	9	11	1	11	8	23	3	33	2	17	8	18	
1766	370,618	18	0	28	6	12	9	14	3	22	6	33	11	17	8	18	
1767	482,895	22	6	32	6	13	6	14	3	24	9	37	8	16	2	17	
1768	534,713	24	0	33	2	13	11	15	5	27	9	41	5	15	9	16	
1769	480,942	18	9	30	2	14	3	15	0	30	2	41	5	16	6	17	
1770	645,348	15	0	23	6	10	6	11	0	23	3	31	8	16	9	21	

We now give, from the same document, a similar account, touching the four years in which prices have been the lowest, beginning with 1822, and ending with 1825:—

1822	44,353	25	7	32	11	16	0	17	10	26	6	33	10	18	3	21	0
1823	112,549	19	1	26	9	13	2	15	0	25	6	32	10	20	0	22	9
1824	60,627	15	8	21	3	7	10	8	9	24	0	29	6	13	10	15	8
1825	62,863	17	2	24	9	7	2	8	7	22	10	30	4	9	6	11	5

In 1826, prices rose considerably.

Our readers will observe, that the former of these periods was one of rapidly increasing production; in eight years the exports were doubled; yet the price of wheat was much the same upon the whole in it, as it has been in

the latter period. Rye was considerably lower in 1825 than in the former period, but the time of its depression was a short one. The cost of production cannot now be much greater than it was in the first period. From what is said by Mr Jacob, the standard of

living must be quite as low amidst the peasantry as it ever was; the taxes are higher, but these affect prices but little. Any additional cost of production is, we imagine, more than counter-balanced by increased agricultural knowledge, and the benefit derived from the keeping of sheep.

Mr M'Culloch has himself shewn, that for the twenty years, beginning with 1770, the average price of wheat free on board at Dantzic was 33s. 9½d. When we look at this, and the prices of the preceding seven years, we can only feel contempt for the assertion, that wheat cannot be grown in Prussia and Poland, if the shipping price at Dantzic be less than from 42s. to 47s. per quarter. Not one of the unerring Economist's authorities will support him. Mr Oddy only makes the cost to the London importer about 40s.—Mr Solly only makes it 43s.—the Dantzic gentlemen only make it 45s. or 47s.—Mr Jacob makes it from the Prussian provinces 43s., from Warsaw 48s., and from Cracow 45s. 6d. The estimates of these gentlemen leave a remunerating price to the grower. In the face of all this, and with nothing whatever to support him save his marvellous forty-nine years' average, an additional two shillings which he claps upon Mr Jacob's estimate for Warsaw, and certain war and scarcity prices, Mr M'Culloch has the monstrous assurance to assert, that he has proved incontrovertibly, that wheat in ordinary years cannot be imported from Dantzic at a less cost than from 50s. to 56s. the quarter.

It is of very great importance to ascertain whether low prices have been *wholly*, or *partly*, the cause of the distress and falling off in production. The market has been not only depressed, but to a great extent destroyed. Nearly all the wheat, and a portion of the other kinds of grain, were raised for foreign consumption; this consumption was taken away, and not only have prices been exceedingly low, but corn has been unsaleable. Mr Jacob says, the farmers were growing rye instead of wheat, because the latter could scarcely be sold at any price, while, however low the former might be, there was still a steady demand for it. After all that has been said about the conversion of tillage into pasture, and the falling off in production, it seems to be very certain that the falling

off has been chiefly confined to wheat, and that it has been chiefly caused by, not low prices, but the destruction of the market. Wheat, as we have said, was raised almost wholly for export; therefore, when the export ceased, the growth of it naturally declined. The quantity of rye, barley, &c. exported when foreign ports were open, was a mere nothing, compared with the quantity consumed at home; the increase of population in the manufacturing and trading places, would long since have been able to consume it, had production even remained stationary. When we look at the glut, not only in wheat, but in other corn, which continued until the purchases for the market of this country commenced, we are convinced, that, putting wheat out of sight, production has kept increasing, notwithstanding the low prices. This convinces us farther, that were a steady demand to exist constantly at Dantzic for wheat at 30s. per quarter, and other corn in proportion, the production of wheat and all other grain would keep continually increasing.

Mr M'Culloch and his brethren maintain, that if wheat were below 40s. at Dantzic, corn, from the cost of conveyance, could not be sent from some of the fertile parts of Poland. Mr Jacob, with great simplicity, believes the cultivators about Warsaw when they tell him, they cannot grow wheat for less than 28s. or 30s. the quarter. If the owner of 5000 or 10,000 acres in England were to cultivate his land after the Polish fashion,—if he should have no wages to pay, no labourers and horses to keep, &c. the sale of wheat at 20s. per quarter would leave him a revenue. It would be more advantageous to him to grow wheat at such a price than to let his land lie waste. The price would not enable him to pay the interest of a heavy mortgage, but then the interest of money not employed in cultivation has nothing to do with the cost of production. If his mortgage should ruin him, his estate would pass to those who would keep it in cultivation. But we will put Warsaw, &c. out of sight. Mr Jacob states, that the maritime provinces of Prussia contain 25,500,000 acres, or more than half the extent of England. If we assume, that only one fifth, or 5,000,000, will grow wheat

—that this fifth will only bear wheat once in eight years—and that it will only yield one and a half quarter per acre beyond the seed;—if we make this very moderate assumption, these provinces alone would yield annually nearly 1,000,000 quarters of wheat, which would be almost all exported.

It is argued by some of the authorities on which he relies, that a large demand at Dantzic would raise considerably prices, and freights on the Vistula. A sudden large demand, arising from scarcity in other countries, would doubtlessly do so; but the demand caused by the opening of our ports, would be of a very different character. It would, in average years, be merely a demand at the low prices, for that corn which for some time has been scarcely saleable. The Dantzic prices would be governed by the London ones; exportation and the river-craft would increase without any material rise of price and freights; our woollen manufacturers could soon export double the quantity of woollens they export at present, if they could find a market, without any advance of prices. Several years ago, our exports of cotton goods were far less than they have been lately, and yet the goods were much dearer.

Hamburgh, as Mr M'Culloch says, is, in the north of Europe, the next great corn market to Dantzic. Well, what does he say of Hamburgh? He says, that in the last ten years it only exported on the average 48,263 quarters of wheat above its imports annually. We need not state what the condition of the Corn Trade has been for five of these years. He says further, that wheat averaged at Hamburgh, during the six years ending with 1822, 47s. 4d. per quarter. He thus selects six of the dearest years, and excludes the three subsequent cheap ones, although their prices are given by Mr Jacob, merely to make his price as high as possible. In these three years, the prices ranged between 18s. and 30s.; they were seldom above 25s. or 26s. Our readers will think as they ought of this base and bungling attempt at imposition. He says not a word touching the cost of production in the parts which regularly supply Hamburgh. It is not necessary for us to notice his exaggerations and misstatements touching the cost of importing from other parts.

We think we have said sufficient

to prove that in time of peace—and Parliament can only legislate upon this question at present with reference to a time of peace—wheat can be shipped at Dantzic at 32s. or 33s., and brought to London at a cost of 38s. or 40s. to the importer; and still leave moderate remuneration to the grower. We conceive that, allowing for bias, interest, and difference of circumstance, Mr M'Culloch's authorities prove it likewise. From various parts of the Continent, wheat could be imported at a considerably lower rate, and still pay the grower. The wheat of a vast part of the Continent is almost all saving seed, destined for export; and, as far as appearances go, this country will be the only one that can offer it a market. If our ports be opened, the surplus corn of the whole world must be thrown upon us. The doctrine that, with average crops and moderate prices, Europe and America could send us no more than 2,400,000 quarters of all kinds of corn annually, is worthy of being believed in only by the swallowers of impossibilities. They could send us that quantity of wheat, putting other corn out of the question.

We will, however, raise no cavil on this point—we will join issue with the unerring Economist on his own authorities and assumptions, and take 2,400,000 quarters of corn as the quantity likely to be imported in average years. And now we will ask, where is the vacancy for this corn in regard to consumption? He does not even assert, that there is such a vacancy. On the contrary, he admits, that the corn must force a portion of our land out of cultivation. Every one knows that this land will be cultivated until prices render it impossible; and he does not controvert it. He practically, though not in terms, owns, that this country grows, in average years, as much corn as it can consume; in truth, he distinctly says, that an abundant crop produces glut; and his argument is—The importations would not exceed from one-twentieth to one-twelfth of this sufficiency; foreign wheat to pay a duty of 5s. or 6s. per quarter, ought to be sold here at 53s. or 54s. to pay the grower; therefore, it is a miserable error to suppose that such importations could throw a large proportion of our land into pasture, or cause a ruinous decline in prices.

We have shewn, as we trust satisfactorily, that at Mr M'Culloch's duty,

wheat from Dantsic could be sold in our market at 45s. or 48s., and from some other parts for considerably less, and still leave the grower a profit. To deal with him, however, with the more effect, we will reason upon his own calculations. So long as our price may be 55s., foreign corn, according to these calculations, can be imported at a profit to the grower. As this is the lowest price at which our farmers can produce wheat, they would keep their corn from market as long as possible rather than take less; a vast quantity of foreign corn would be immediately forced into consumption, and a large quantity of surplus corn would accumulate in their hands.

It is known to every one, that the market will only sustain a certain quantity of any commodity; if the stock of any commodity accumulate beyond certain bounds, glut and ruinous prices immediately follow. Prices indisputably prove, that in late years there has generally been quite as much corn, that could properly be called stock or surplus, as the market would bear. Not only have the farmers, factors, &c. been large holders of English corn, but the merchants have been large holders of foreign in bond. It is very certain, that there is at present as much wheat in the country, in and out of bond, as the market can sustain; in other corn there is a deficiency, although we think at present a small one. This deficiency the next harvest, if a good one, will remove. An average crop of beans and pease is more than we can consume; and the last two years seem to prove that an average crop of barley is considerably more than we can consume.

This country, on the average, produces about as much corn as it can consume; and looking at its present stock of British and foreign corn, and assuming that the next harvest will be an average one, it has as large a stock of corn as the market can carry. Parliament must go upon this ground, if it be not actually insane; for the probable few farther weeks' deficiency of oats, &c. is of no moment. The imports will be at once and regularly a clear addition to this ample stock, for there will be no increase of consumption worth mentioning. When the country is thus amply stocked, and when our own farmers can alone in average years keep up this stock, and keep prices down, we ask any merchant or

manufacturer, any petty tradesman or grocer's apprentice, what the effect would be, should 2,400,000 quarters of foreign corn be annually thrown upon the market? We ask, what the effect would be should 25,000 quarters of foreign corn be brought to London, and 25,000 quarters more be brought to Liverpool, Hull, Newcastle, Leith, and Glasgow, in every week throughout the year? We ask what the effect would be, should 12,000 quarters of foreign wheat be brought to London, and 12,000 quarters more to the other ports, weekly throughout the year, with average crops of our own? If people will only look at the question in this light, they will see the tremendous absurdity of the doctrine, that because the imports would only bear a certain proportion to our consumption, they could do no mischief.

Glut would commence at the first moment, and regularly increase. Prices would fall. But then, quoth the infallible Economist, foreign wheat could not be sold in our market for less than 53s. or 54s. without causing a loss to the producer, and then it would not be grown. If our price should fall to 50s. would this cause the foreign farmer to cease growing wheat? Would he grow no more wheat should it fall to 45s.? Should it fall to 30s. would he grow no more, when, according to Mr M'Culloch's estimates, this price would leave him 18s. or 20s.? The questions can be answered by something different from speculation. For the last five years the foreign farmers continued to grow wheat on a large scale, although they could obtain for it no more than from 15s. to 20s., and although it was scarcely saleable at any price.

Prices would not perhaps fall more than 4s. or 6s. until the glut should become excessive, and this might be a year in taking place; but such a fall would have little effect in diminishing the growth of foreign wheat. The accumulation of stock would then probably bring the price down to 40s. and this might diminish considerably the production of foreign wheat. But then this destructive overstock could not be diminished for some years by any thing save a bad harvest, should importation totally cease. We could not export; and for two or three years we should grow about as much as ever. An overstock of cotton or sugar could be

decreased by decreased importation; but an overstock of corn could not be decreased so long as we should grow sufficient for our consumption. Importation, however, would not cease; were it to be reduced one-half, it would still be very large, and the corn imported would be an addition to the overstock. The foreign farmers, like our own, would have no market but that of this country; they would have no choice, but to bring us their corn, or to be without a market; and, however ruinous prices might be, they would no more cease to grow corn, or to offer it for sale, than our own would. Foreign corn, no matter what prices might be, would come as regularly to our market as our own, until our prices should be little more than 20s.

For five or six years, the Corn Market of the Continent and America has been glutted, and prices have been ruinously low; for the same time this country has been growing about as much corn as it could consume. Now, had our ports been constantly open, what would have been the consequence? Could we have taken the excess of the Continent and America, without making our own stock excessive? Could we have kept up prices to the foreign farmers? Would these farmers have sent us no wheat, if they could not have sold it in our market for more than 48s. exclusive of duty? Brainless or besotted must he be who cannot answer the questions. Our open ports would only have placed us under the overstock and ruinous prices, without yielding any benefit worth speaking of to the foreign farmers. In these years, the foreigners were glad to ship us wheat at Dantzic for 24s. and even less: they were glad to send us wheat which could have been sold in our market at 30s. or 35s. free of duty; and the case would have been nearly the same, had our market been constantly open. Those who cannot see from this what the case would be in the next five or six years, should the Corn Laws be abolished, and no bad harvest take place, are people whom it would be idle to reason with. A bad harvest might enable us to take the overstock of the foreigners, but a bad harvest is the exception to the general rule; and Parliament, we hope, will scarcely travel so much farther into error, as to legislate upon the exception.

But, cry the Abolitionists, the importations will force our light land out of culture. Granted; but they will only do this by producing the glut. Mr M'Culloch declares in triumph, that if we import one-thirteenth of our consumption, this could only throw one-thirteenth of our cultivated land out of tillage! Our readers are aware that this most infallible person, in his capacity of Political Economist, holds that our land is of various degrees of fertility, and inveighs marvellously against the culture of the less fertile portion. Here, however, we have him calculating upon the assumption that the whole of our land is of exactly the same degree of fertility. If half of our land, from its richness, produce annually 2,000,000 quarters of wheat, and the other half, from its sterility, produce only 4,000,000 quarters—if the import of 1,000,000 quarters should operate exclusively on the poor land, and force as much of it out of culture as produces 1,000,000 quarters—then it must be clear to the silliest school-boy, that this import of one-thirteenth of our consumption, would put one-fourth of our poor land, and one-eighth of the whole of our land, out of cultivation. It would put considerably more out, because it would only operate on the lightest of the light land. Here is an unerring Economist! On these data, the import of 2,000,000 quarters would put more than one-fourth of our land out of culture.

The truth is, our calumniated light land produces very little wheat. If, which is the case to a great extent, a farm consist partly of good, and partly of light land, the farmer grows his wheat chiefly upon his good land. If a farm consist entirely of light land, this land will not bear wheat more frequently than once in six or eight years, and then the crop is a poor one. The occupier of such a farm can only sow a comparatively small quantity of wheat yearly, he has very little to sell, and he depends principally upon oats, barley, and sheep. Ruin the market for oats, barley, and wool, and our light land will be thrown out of tillage, though wheat be kept at 80s. the quarter. Keep up the price of these, and this land will be cultivated, though wheat be sunk to 30s. the quarter.

It is said by the Abolitionists, that the conversion of our light land into pasture will enable us to keep more

live stock. This is a mistake. This land, before it was taken into culture, would yield no hay; it would not keep either horse or cow; it merely furnished a scanty supply of summer food for sheep, and it furnished no winter food of any kind. If it be laid down, it will soon revert to its former condition. It supports considerably more live stock at present, than it would do if permanently converted into pasture. Land would be sufficiently fertile to be kept in cultivation, if, on being permanently laid down, it would regularly yield hay and furnish pasturage for horses and horned cattle.

Mr M'Culloch admits that foreigners have lately sold their wheat at prices far below his estimates; but he contends, that they cannot do it permanently. Now, the friends of the Corn Laws do not maintain that open ports would keep corn constantly at ruinous prices. All they assert is, that Free Trade would make corn ruinously low for a few years, and would then make it ruinously high. What they wish to guard against is a glut of four or five years' duration, that would involve both landlord and tenant in ruin; and then a term of destructively high prices. The fact is above question, that foreign nations are at this moment producing a vast quantity of surplus corn—that if our ports be opened, they must send this corn to our market, or be without one—that they would sell us this corn for two-thirds of Mr M'Culloch's price rather than keep it—and that it would come to this country, however low prices might be. We say not that this would be the case for ten years; it is sufficient for us to know that it might be so for three or four years. It is sufficient for us to know that, with average harvests, this would inevitably be the case for many years in regard to wheat, unless a vast portion of the Continent should cease altogether to grow wheat; and that this part of the Continent will assuredly continue to produce wheat, unless, which is scarcely possible, it cease to produce any surplus of other corn. If the case should be so for two or three years, it would, on the Economist's own admissions, plunge our agriculturists into ruin.

We will now examine the point solely upon Mr M'Culloch's own figures. He says, that open ports, and his duty, would cause wheat to be 13s. or 14s.

per quarter lower than it has been on the average of the last ten years. This average, he states, to be 66s. 11d.; he says, it includes the high-priced years of 1817 and 1818; but he does not say that it includes the low-priced years of 1822 and 1823. The average of these four years was only 68s. 2d., so that the cheap ones balanced the dear ones. He says, such ports and duty would only bring wheat 8s. or 9s. below the average of the last eight years; but he forgets to say, that for about half of these years our agriculturists were in bitter distress. Such is the despicable unfairness of this professor of impartiality. Balancing, therefore, the cheap years against the dear ones, Mr M'Culloch's scheme will, as he says, reduce wheat 13s. or 14s. below the average of the last ten years. Of course, one-fifth of the farmer's receipts must be taken away. Suppose a farmer's sales amount to L.500, and that one-third of this sum goes for rent, and the remainder for wages, expenses, and his own profits. His rent will be L.166, and the reduction in his receipts will be L.100 he will only sell for L.400, instead of L.500. If the whole of the reduction be thrown upon the landlord, he will only receive L.66, instead of L.166, for rent. If the farmer should only pay one-fourth, then the rent would be reduced from L.125, to L.25. Our readers will observe that we here go strictly upon the unerring Economist's own figures. Yet he actually declares that the unbounded freedom of the Corn Trade could only have a very slight effect on rent!!! Heaven preserve the country, when a man like this is followed as a Political Economist, and when those who dissent from him are branded with every thing that can denote ignorance and foolishness!

Granting that the landlord will throw half the reduction upon the tenants and labourers; in this case, if his rent take one-third of the receipts, he must reduce it nearly one-third; and if it take one-fourth, he must lose two-fifths of it. The other half of the reduction would wholly strip the farmers of profit, and place the labourers on bread and water wages.

Let our landlords, tenants, and labourers look at all this. Let them remember that it is wholly independent of that destructive glut which we con-

ceive to be inevitable, and that it *must* happen, according to the great Economist himself.

He argues, that the abolition of the Corn Laws would be as beneficial to the agriculturist as to the rest of the community, by causing greater steadiness of price. He says—"Freedom, and freedom only, can put an effectual stop to those sudden and excessive fluctuations in the price of corn, which are so extremely ruinous to all classes of the community, but most of all to the farmer."—"Had the Corn Trade been free, the calamitous harvest of 1816, for example, would have been met by abundant importations; the average price in April, that year, being 65s. 5d.; but it was not ascertained that the ports would open at 30s. till the 15th of November, *when the season was too far advanced to admit of importation from the great corn ports of Europe*; and, in consequence, before the spring shipments could arrive, the average price of wheat had risen to 103s. 1d., being little short of double its price only twelve months before!"

How Mr M'Culloch—even Mr M'Culloch—could have the incredible assurance to write this, we cannot tell.

Our maligned Corn Laws were only enacted in 1815. The price of wheat, at Dantzic, was, in 1814, 47s.; in 1815, it was 46s. 4d., and in 1816 it was 51s. 8d. These laws, therefore, could not, then, have diminished foreign production; the foreign exports prove that they had not. Our readers are aware that corn could be imported before November 1816, if not admitted to consumption; and that it could be regularly obtained, during the winter months, from various parts of the world. But, conceding—for we love to go upon the Economist's data in every thing—that the Corn Laws interrupted importation for three or four months, how did it happen that prices continued to be as high in 1817 and 1818? It is perfectly certain that these laws had not, in the single year of their existence, done the least injury to foreign production, while they had rendered great service to our own; and, therefore, why was not importation abundant three or four months after they ceased to operate, if it could previously have been so abundant had they not existed? We find,

from Mr Jacob, that the north of Europe exported about as much corn in 1816, as, according to Mr M'Culloch, it will ever be able to export on the average with Free Trade. Could it then have exported treble the quantity if our Corn Laws had not existed? This very identical Mr M'Culloch tells us, in a preceding part of his Article, that, notwithstanding our high prices, Dantzic could only export 804,934 quarters of wheat in 1817 and 1818; and that, had our price been 60s., it could scarcely have exported 120,000 quarters. He tells us farther, that with Free Trade, we could not, under any conceivable circumstances, import more, annually, than about 4,000,000 quarters of corn of all descriptions. Yet here we have him proclaiming, that, had not the Corn Laws existed, we could have imported, in 1817 and 1818, as much corn as would have kept our prices down—that we could, in fact, have imported far more corn without any rise of prices, than we did import when they were so high!!

The Economist and his fraternity declaim eternally on the fearful fluctuations occasioned by the Corn Laws; it might be imagined, from what they say, that these fluctuations have been almost annual. Now what fluctuations have taken place since the Corn Laws were enacted? The high prices of 1817 and 1818 arose manifestly from bad harvests; it is demonstrable that these laws had no share in producing them. Did, then, these laws produce the following low prices, by preventing importation? It will scarcely be said so. How, then, did they produce them? Oh! cries the great Infallible, the high prices led the farmers to think the Corn Laws would have the effect their supporters wished; in consequence, they applied fresh capital to their land, and this, with good seasons, rendered prices ruinous! Had it not, therefore, been for the Corn Laws, the farmers would have kept their capital idle, and there would have been no good seasons! Here is a man to be a teacher of Ministers and Legislators!

Our readers are aware that the Economists charged the low prices of 1821 and 1822 upon the changes in the currency; and that these changes, by deranging the whole trading system of the country, had a large share in producing the distress. We need no

inquire touching the other causes; it is sufficient for us to say that the Corn Laws were not among them. And now what other fluctuations have taken place in the twelve years during which these laws have existed? None worth mentioning. The price of corn has been as steady as it can ever be under any system; it would have fluctuated far more than it has done, if they had not been in being.

As to Mr M'Culloch's doctrine, that with Free Trade the bad harvest of one district or nation will be counterbalanced by the good harvest of another, without any material change of prices, it is so monstrously at variance with the whole of experience, that it is below contempt. He shall himself refute it. He declares, that with ordinary prices we could not import much more than 2,400,000 quarters of corn, and that with the highest prices we could not import much more than 4,000,000 quarters. A bad harvest, as every one knows, is in this country pretty general; the abundance of Scotland will not supply the deficiency of England. It is abundantly proved by our imports of former years that a bad harvest would compel us, with our present population, and retaining in tillage all the land we now cultivate, to import at least 3,000,000 quarters beyond our general imports. He admits that Free Trade would diminish our own production, by driving out of tillage the light lands. Suppose our necessary import in average years should be 1,500,000 quarters, could we import 3,000,000 quarters more, or 4,500,000 quarters in all, without any rise of prices, when Mr M'Culloch declares, that we could not possibly procure such a quantity abroad, except at ruinously high ones? Low prices would not only put light land out of culture, but they would seriously injure the fertility of our best land, kept up as it now is by expensive management. A reduction of only one-sixteenth, or of half a bushel in the quarter, in our production, would make our necessary annual imports 3,000,000 quarters; a bad harvest would make 6,000,000 quarters necessary; the infallible Economist protests that we could not procure so much abroad at any price, and yet he protests, likewise, that with Free Trade we should never have fluctuations!

A bad harvest is scarcely ever con-

fined to one great country; it generally affects more or less all Europe. The badness of the last crop of oats was not confined to the United Kingdom. The example of Holland, cited by Mr M'Culloch, is worthless, overlooking its want of fact to support it. What was Holland, with its million or two of inhabitants, compared with this country and its present large population? It is madness to suppose that merchants and speculators would always keep a sufficient stock of foreign corn in this nation, over and above the necessary stock, to suffice for the deficiency of a bad harvest. They could not procure the corn at proper prices, and they would have no adequate inducement if they could; if they were even to do so, they would be the first to push up prices. The Economist seems to imagine, that with Free Trade we should always keep a much larger stock of corn than we now keep, although he owns that our own production would be diminished to the extent of the foreign supplies, and maintains that these supplies could not be raised above the diminution, except at scarcity prices.

The following extracts shew an insane, outrageous, suicidal disregard of every-day fact, which cannot be sufficiently wondered at.

"Since 1815, no Polish or American cultivator has ever been able to calculate on a demand from England; in consequence no corn has been raised in these countries for our markets."

"So long as we support the existing Corn Laws, we shall have the same incessant alternation of ruinously low, and oppressively high, prices, which we have experienced since 1815."

"Such is the practical and real operation of this monstrous system. Alternately productive of famine and excess, it is equally ruinous to the agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial classes."

The italics, for which we are accountable, form the only comment we think necessary. Poor Mr M'Culloch! And poor England, to think such a man a Political Economist!

Time and space compel us here to pause, but in our next Number we shall resume the subject. We shall then conclude our examination of Mr M'Culloch's doctrines, and endeavour to illustrate some very important parts of the agricultural questions which have hitherto been but little noticed.

What we shall say will scarcely be out of season, whatever it may be in other respects, for the question can hardly be disposed of in the House of Commons by the end of February. We have at present repeated in substance much that we have said on former occasions, and that has been said by others; but for this we shall offer no apology. Such a consideration cannot weigh with us at this portentous crisis, when, if the doctrines of the Abolitionists be false, ten or twelve millions of our fellow subjects must be immediately consigned to ruin and wretchedness. As we said at the outset, we have examined Mr M'Culloch's Article, not because it has been written by him, or contains opinions peculiar to himself, but because it contains the main arguments on which the Abolitionists rely as a body. What we have said has been directed, not more against him, than against the whole fraternity to which he belongs.

We have treated him with no undue severity. Throughout, he speaks with ineffable contempt of all who differ from him. Nothing can possibly be fact or argument—nothing can possibly be other than supreme ignorance and stupidity—which does not square with his opinions. He is the only impartial man—the only infallible man—the only genuine, inborn, most celebrated Doctor Neverfail, who can cure incurables and reanimate the lifeless. All else are Quacks and Impositors. This is the system of his brethren, official and unofficial, in Parliament and out of it. Assail them with an irresistible argument, or decisive fact, and what is their reply? You are ignorant of Political Economy, unprincipled, and below notice! We hope we have said sufficient in this paper to shew the real character of their pretensions to exclusive understanding, integrity, and ability.

SELWYN IN SEARCH OF A DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER III.

WILLIAM HAMFDEN TO HIS SISTER.

Geneva, July 18—.

MY DEAR FANNY,—You have so often reproached me for the unsociability of disposition which induced me to set out on my present tour alone, that I expect to rise considerably in your good graces, by informing you, that I have picked up a *compagnon de voyage*. But before I satisfy your curiosity as to the how, when, and whom, I must say a word in vindication of a resolution, the result of experience, and which circumstances of unusual interest could alone have induced me to give up.

There are only two things in the world about which I confess myself fastidious, viz. a riding-horse—I mean, of course, in our own blessed country, where alone an animal deserving the name is to be met with—and out of it a travelling companion. If the temper, paces, and action of both do not happen to suit one, the consequent vexations are the same in kind, though differing in degree; while in the latter

instance, the resource of whip, bridle, or spur, is unfortunately denied. I would as soon traverse the world on a donkey, that stopped to nibble every thistle on the road, as be tied to a plodding antiquary, poking his nose into the obscure offals of antiquity, and feeling the same interest in the nameless fragment of a third-rate statue, as in the Venus that enchants the world. Though even this would be happiness compared to being run away with *au grand galop* by a dunce, who will not slacken his speed for all that Greece or Rome ever produced, and endures the fatigues of an express without the utility. Most good riders would rather conquer a vicious than urge a lazy horse; but the latter is a sinecure, compared to joggling through the lands of freedom and glory, of arts and arms, with a poccourante, whom nothing can stimulate to exertion, or rouse to curiosity—who never inquired with earnestness about any thing but his dinner,

or inspected with interest any object but the *carte des vins*. Not to mention the starting, shying, and fidgiting of the capricious traveller, and the selfish immutability of the sullen one. All or most of these I had experienced in my previous rambles, hitherto confined to my native land, and those northern countries in which alone the despotism of our southern neighbour allowed us to expatiate; and I had piously determined to make, free and unshackled, my pilgrimage into Italy.

However, notwithstanding your allegations, you know, Fanny, that I am rather sociably given; and I confess, like Alexander Selkirk, that my sole empire of myself was rather beginning to be a burden. I could not help envying the apparently sociable duets and trios I heard on every side, as I swallowed my unsocial meal in the spacious saloon of my friend Dijean at St Auron, without a soul to inform that "solitude was sweet," or the wine often sour.

At length, (just as I was about in evil hour to lend a gracious ear to the hints of an every-day sort of college-acquaintance, to whom my comfortable travelling-carriage held out irresistible temptations,) I met, at the house of a worthy Genevese merchant—whose hospitalities to the English are unbounded—an elderly gentleman, of a mild and benevolent countenance, apparently labouring under deep dejection, but with something so interesting in his appearance, that I felt an immediate desire to cultivate his acquaintance.

This was probably evident, for after dinner our host took me aside into the garden, and with many apologies for the apparent intrusion upon my private views and inclinations, inquired whether it would materially interfere with either to prosecute my tour in company with the amiable individual to whom I had that day been introduced, and in whom every subsequent interview would, he was certain, increase my interest. "Had I not been tolerably well acquainted with you, Mr Hampden," continued he, "and with the difference between your pursuits and character, and those of the frivolous young men who flit across this country in quest of mere amusement, I should hardly have ventured such a proposal; for the misfortunes

of your countryman (my first and dearest friend, he added with emphasis) must render him a grave companion, while they imperiously demand that sympathy and kindness which it seems to me you are peculiarly fitted to bestow."

You may believe I disclaimed the compliments of my good Genevese friend, while I felt half tempted to close immediately with his uncommon proposal. "No, no, my young friend," said he, smiling, "take time to reflect on what I have said. The idea originated with myself this day at table, and is as yet uncommunicated to Mr Selwyn. His scruples at imposing on your youth the burden of his dejection, will, I am sure, far exceed any you can feel on the subject. But I could not resist seizing the chance of procuring for the man who saved my life, that solace of friendship during a melancholy pilgrimage, which my professional duties deprive me of the pleasure of affording. I have heard you say that you are indifferent as to your precise route, or the rapidity of your progress, having resolved to devote a year at least to Italy. This is a necessary preliminary, for my friend's motions must depend on his recovering traces of a near relative, of whom he is in ardent, though perhaps unsuccessful pursuit. Your apparent sympathy induces me, perhaps, to betray confidence; but I think you are the person to feel pleasure in assisting the researches of a father for his only child."

This, of course, led to further explanation, and to an interesting history, which I have not time to communicate, nor indeed am I at liberty to do so; suffice it to say, I had no longer the slightest hesitation in proffering my filial attentions to Mr Selwyn, and left Prévile to the more difficult task of inducing his friend to accept them. This his affectionate earnestness at length effected, and I have a presentiment that it will be an auspicious journey for both. Do not start, my dear Fanny, at my thus embarking in a Quixotic pursuit of a Dulcinea, young and beautiful indeed, but married, and to an Italian; an unpardonable offence in an Englishwoman, could I even forgive her for running away from such a father!

We remain here for a few days

longer, in hopes of letters from the fair fugitive; and then proceed to Vevay, through which town she must in all probability pass in her way to Italy, and where, amid the prodigious concourse of people from all quarters to the approaching vine-dressers' festival, it is not impossible my interesting friend may find his pilgrimage unexpectedly terminated by a rencontre with its object. This I shall half regret if it deprives me of so delightful a companion. There is in Mr Selwyn's society a nameless charm, arising perhaps from the effect of a life of seclu-

sion on a mind highly cultivated, and overflowing with the finer feelings. He has the calm experience and mild benignity of age, without its selfish caution; and the romantic naiveté of youth, without its levity, and indiscretion. In short, I find myself catching a spark of his enthusiasm, and shall soon grow as romantic as himself.

You shall hear the result of our visit to the approaching fête, from which I expect much gratification.—Yours ever,

W. H.

CONSTANCE TO HER FATHER.

Geneva, July 18—.

MY DEAREST FATHER,

NOTWITHSTANDING the cruel pang I endured in quitting England, without one relenting line from a parent I little deemed so inexorable when I rashly braved his resentment, duty and affection equally urge another effort to procure a pardon, which, if my disobedience has not steeled a heart once open to every tender emotion, you may now probably deign to bestow. I will not attempt to vindicate my fatal desertion of the first and tenderest of human ties; but let me soothe wounded affection by the assurance, that all the worth and tenderness of Ludovisi would have failed to lure me from your arms but for the cruel sarcasms of my aunt, and those apprehensions which she so powerfully excited, by a revival of the hated proposal of a union with my cousin. Not till my foot was in the fatal bark which conveyed me from my father and my country, could I believe that I was actually permitted to depart unpardoned and unblest, an outcast from that protection I had wantonly abandoned! But for that redoubled tenderness with which my husband soothed my wounded spirit, I must have sunk under the sad consciousness that I had lost a father; and, in spite of it all, I bear about with me, like a stricken deer, an anguish which novelty cannot assuage, nor change of scene alleviate.

I have been a prodigal of unexampled blessings—Is a return to them and you for ever denied? Must I wander in vain quest of murdered peace,

and after being an unnatural daughter, prove an ungrateful wife? Oh! my father, to the gentle virtues of Ludovisi you are no stranger; but could you know how fondly he cherishes your once loved child, how strenuously he exerts for her consolation every talent nature has so liberally bestowed, and how his filial heart beats in unison with hers to dedicate all his future life to atone for past transgressions; yours must have changed indeed, if it did not overflow with pity and forgiveness!

We hurried rapidly through France; the bustle and gaiety of Paris was repugnant to my sick heart. Here, in the midst of the sublimity of nature, something like tranquillity might have returned, had not every feature of the scene recalled sufferings which it was my duty to have obliterated, while it has been my lot to renew them, and ties which she who was their pledge, has a second time rudely severed. With what shame and self-abasement, with what indescribable conflicting emotions, did I tread the hallowed ground of La Rosière, and find myself an unbidden and unsuspected guest of those, whom my filial impiety would have taught to recoil from me with horror! More than once did the silver tones of my aunt Prévile's gentle voice, and the pitying pressure of little Louisa's hand, half overcome my repugnance to appear before these honoured relations, a fugitive and an outcast. Sometimes I wish I had preferred humiliation to suspense, and enlisted their powerful intercession in my favour; for though

they might have shuddered at my ingratitude, they pitied my distress, and at La Rosière the daughter of Louise must have been forgiven! But it is too late; I cannot again brave the terrors of a meeting, the effects of which have made me ill for days. We leave Geneva to-morrow, and after breathing, at Ludovisi's positive entreaty, for a few weeks, the reviving air of the

mountains, till the heats of Italy subside, I accompany him to Verona, where, in an introduction to his noble family, as a discarded daughter, I anticipate another merited humiliation.

Oh! that a forgiving letter from one so injured and yet so dear, might enable me to appear there in a different character!

C. L.

CONSTANCE TO HELEN WILLOUGHBY.

Verona, August.

MY EARLIEST DEAR INDULGENT
FRIEND,

When I took the fatal step which has rendered me an alien from my home and my country, I forbore to involve you in a struggle between duty and friendship, by confiding to you a purpose which you would neither have sanctioned nor betrayed; but now that the die is cast, and your friend a wanderer in a foreign land, to whom can I turn so fondly, as a gentle intercessor with an offended father, as a cordial participator in sorrows which my husband must but guess at, and as a faithful depository of all I have done and suffered since I committed an error, which, as his merits could not justify, even his tenderness fails to palliate?

I wrote to my dear father from Geneva. Methinks that my date should act as a talisman upon his heart, and counteract that foreign and unnatural influence by which alone its accustomed softness could have been so cruelly steeled against me. My aunt, whose malignant efforts precipitated my indiscretion, will, I doubt not, continue them to perpetuate my disgrace: To you, my dear Helen, and to the worthy Mr Trevor, must I look as guardian angels against the malice of an enemy, whom, save in denying my esteem to her unworthy son, I never in word or thought offended. I will now give you the details of my history, as far as regards that ever eventful part of a woman's life, which introduces her into a new family, how often, alas! a bitter contrast to all she has left behind.

After a few weeks spent in the mountains of Switzerland, amid scenes which for the time raised me even above my selfish inquietudes, we per-

formed a journey, whose features, little less stupendous, beguiled the heart's sickness; and when we entered Italy, I confess the pride of claiming kindred with a land, which had ever been to me as a bright object of some reverential pilgrimage, overcame, though but for a moment, the sense of guilt which turned the pilgrimage into a penance.

Well might my husband's eyes glisten with heartfelt transport as he hailed a country, which, fallen as it is, has yet every thing which can attract, and much to be admired—and which to be loved has only to be seen. Its loveliest features were indeed now heightened by the gay confusion of the vintage, and apparent prosperity lent her illusion to the unfading charms of nature.

But who can speak, and speak adequately, of Italy, with a heart blighted by domestic anguish, and agitated by a thousand selfish anxieties! Should the time ever come, when, with a lighter heart, I can resume the glorious theme, you shall share my emotions; I can now only claim your sympathy for my private, and to you, I fondly hope, more interesting feelings.

We entered Verona in the afternoon—a rich glowing sunset illuminated its ancient palaces and picturesquely barbarous walls; and, as we crossed the stately bridge across the deep-rolling Adige, I felt, for the first time, my ideas of an Italian city realized. But feelings, under other circumstances so delightful, were soon absorbed in the more painful one, of appearing before those proud though fallen nobles, in the guise of an outcast, rejected by her own family on account of an alliance, which I fear *they* might think,

on religious and national grounds, yet more exceptionable. Absolutely declining to proceed at once to claim their hospitality, I alighted at a hotel, and requested Ludovisi to prepare them by a previous visit for my reception on the following day. He at length complied; and through his affectionate reluctance to leave me alone, there glowed such a natural transport on revisiting his native city, that I could almost then have exclaimed with Ruth, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God shall be my God!" But I too had a home, and a father; and never since in evil hour I left them, did a sense of desolation take more complete possession of my soul, than when the door closed on my husband, and I remained alone in the spacious and cheerless apartment. I sat absorbed in painful reveries, until the bright gleams of red sunshine on the opposite buildings were replaced by the silvery hues of moonlight; and then, unable any longer to endure the feverish feeling occasioned by the joint irritation of the journey and my own thoughts, I requested an old respectable-looking Cameriere, (who came in to lay the table for supper,) to escort me for a few minutes to take the air on the bridge, which stood scarce a hundred yards from the inn.

The old man hastily laid down the things he was arranging, and approaching to kiss my hand, before I was aware of his intention, said he was always at the service of the daughter of Signor Ludovisi. I started to hear myself thus designated by a stranger; but found that our passport (delivered according to custom at the gate, and since forwarded to the hotel) had informed its inhabitants who we were. I was naturally glad to gather, from the garrulity of my Cicerone, such particulars about the present state of the family as he saved me the trouble of inquiring. Begging a thousand pardons for his presumption, he let fall some hints of the ostentatious parsimony and unamiable character of Count Morosini, (the husband of my sister-in-law,) and added with a sigh, that had his dear Padrone lived, and all gone as it should have done with his illustrious house, so unsuitable an alliance would never have taken place.

He told me that when Signor Ludovisi, after ineffectual struggles to preserve the independence of his coun-

try, fell a victim to his patriotism, most of his property was confiscated, and his widow and remaining daughter retired on a scanty pittance, (wholly relinquished to them by my husband,) to the convent of Santa Chiara, where the elder daughter had some years before taken the vows. Here the younger, a beautiful girl of eighteen, was reluctantly preparing to follow her example, when Count Morosini (whose daughter, by a former marriage, was a boarder in the convent) chanced to see her, and lost no time in adding to the other advantages he had reaped from the misfortunes of his country, the acquisition of a young and beautiful wife; who, under less adverse circumstances, would have spurned his alliance. As it was, the noble widow of Ludovisi struggled long with pride and principle ere she gave the hand of her daughter to a sordid upstart, grown rich on the ruins of his country; and even to the fair Eugenia herself, the gloom of the convent, coupled with the evident tranquillity and placid smiles of her cloistered sister, seemed at times preferable to the world and its gayest pageantries, with the austere society of a man older than her father. Liberty, however, prevailed over peace and seclusion, and Eugenia had now been some years a contented, if not a happy wife.

No other near relations of my husband remained at Verona, except Sister Rosalie, of whom my aged informant only knew that she was an *angel*, before she became a saint, as she was now universally admitted to be.

As the old man finished his family sketch, we arrived at the bridge, and I stood some minutes silently admiring the river, rendered by its vicinity to the Alps, and consequent rapidity, a truly majestic object. Like the Lago di Garda, on whose margin I had slept the night before, it looked as if its now placid waters could rise in sudden commotion, and sweep all before them with resistless fury.

My guide pointed out to me in the distance the situation of the palace, now the residence of Count Morosini, and, on the opposite side of the river, near where we stood, the lofty walls of the convent of Santa Chiara. While I gazed on this haven of rest from the storms of life, a person issued from a door in the wall, whom I soon recognised to be Ludovisi. He advanced with hurried steps towards the bridge,

and I felt, as I flew to meet him, that I was not alone in the world!

After a joyful recognition of his old acquaintance, the Cameriere, (an old soldier, who had served under his father,) who now left us to hasten supper, my husband, whose eyes betrayed, even in the imperfect light, strong traces of recent emotion, leaned with me on the parapet of the bridge, and told me he had been attempting to soothe, by a visit to the grave of his mother, the painful feelings excited by the haughty deportment and constrained civility of his brother-in-law. "The creature!" murmured he, the high spirit of his ancestors swelling like the waters of his native river, in a bosom usually serene and placid, "the creature! who when he changed money at the corner of the streets, would have kissed the dust before a Ludovisi, now, on the strength of his coffers, his lands, and his purchased nobility, gives himself airs of courtesy and protection! I ought not to tell you this," added he, "as for Eugenia's sake we must endeavour to suppress our feelings during the short residence under his roof which she has earnestly entreated, and which he, to do him justice, eagerly enforced."

At an early hour next day, I heard the carriage of Count Morosini drive into the court-yard, and awaited with a beating heart my introduction to the sister of my husband. All the ideas I had erroneously formed of Italian pride and stateliness, entirely vanished before the engaging frankness and unaffected cordiality of the youthful Countess, who though for a few minutes evidently more embarrassed than myself, embraced la Belle Inglese (as she was pleased to call me) an hundred times, and insisted on carrying me off at once to her Palazzo.

Here I found assembled to receive me, the Count, whose singularly plebeian appearance and manner contrasted strangely with his affectation of dignified courtesy; his daughter, (the former conventual acquaintance of Eugenia,) and her husband, Count Tibaldi, a young man, who, on the idleness and insignificance of modern Italian nobles, has contrived to engraft the worst characteristics of French manners, of which he is an ardent admirer. Of this I was soon convinced by the determined freedom with which he continued to stare at your poor friend's face and the extravagant com-

pliments with which he insulted her understanding. To the whole party, indeed, the poor English girl seemed an object of undisguised wonder and curiosity; which, as the Italians are at little pains to suppress their feelings, made me feel very uncomfortable. The ladies unceremoniously handled and criticised my dress; the gentlemen made audible, though not unfavourable, remarks on my person and manners. At length a seemingly benevolent proposal was made by the Countess Tibaldi, (who with her husband resides in the same vast palace,) to instal me in my apartment; the object of which I, however, soon found was a childish curiosity to see my wardrobe, which both Countesses proffered their services in arranging.

You may imagine, that, under the circumstances of my departure from England, it had occupied little of my attention; but by the good offices of a friend in London, it had been furnished with a few articles of rare occurrence in Italy, which the rapturous admiration of them expressed by my new connexions, emboldened me to offer to their acceptance, and which were frankly, and indeed eagerly received.

The early dinner hour of Italy was approaching, and after admiring my fair hair, and wondering to see me arrange it in my usual simple fashion, without the proffered assistance of a pair of equally curious abigails, these children of a larger growth left me to reflect a moment on my own singular situation, and to feel, for the first time in my life, the dignity of superior wisdom. Alas! on comparing my own education and advantages with those of the neglected beings whose childishness excited my astonishment, how did my momentary exultation subside before a conscious sense of folly more unpardonable.

I was soon joined by Ludovisi, who came to conduct me to the circle, and to sympathize with me under annoyances, which he knows enough of English ideas and manners to appreciate. I determined to meet with calm civility the constrained courtesies of our host; to attribute to a narrow education, and limited range of ideas, the kind, but teasing familiarities of the two young women; and to repress from the first, by the most freezing distance, the officious gallantry of Count Tibaldi.

After a hasty, and so English ideas, a very uncomfortable meal, each adjourned to pass in sleep or vacuity the time which should intervene till sunset brought the fashionable hour of the Corso; when it was evident the display of their new relative, and new finery, was anticipated by the two sisters, as no inconsiderable event in their monotonous existence. In compliment to their wishes, I dressed myself completely à l'Anglaise, with more attention than I had bestowed on my appearance for many a long day; and having assisted in arranging their toilette, we embarked, the two ladies, Count Tibaldi, and myself, in one barouche, which to them was a perfect car of triumph. I wished much to have substituted my husband as our cavalier instead of the Count, but could not do so without absolutely affronting the latter, and depriving Ludovisi of a delightful evening with his beloved Rosalie, whom he had only seen for a few minutes at the grate in the morning, and with whom he had much to hear, and much to communicate.

A drive along a dull street of dismal and decaying palaces, amid a file of shabby carriages, moving at a funeral pace, and presenting every quarter of an hour the same succession of uninteresting faces, could have no charm, save that of novelty or invincible habit. The former made me endure it patiently once; the latter I felt must be the work of years, and God forbid I should pass even months in Verona! Could I have derived any gratification from the evident sensation excited by my new face, and unusual costume, I might have enjoyed it; but the keen black eyes of the ladies, and fixed eye-glasses of the men, who daily submit to be dragged along with them in this melancholy procession, rendered me truly thankful, when the increasing darkness put a period to their scrutiny, and sent us back to the Palazzo, the saloon of which was now lighted up, and tables set out for play; which were eagerly filled by some privileged intimates of the house, who dropped in from the Corso; and whose distressing attentions were fortunately soon absorbed by the more powerful attractions of *Rouge et Noir*. My declining play threatened to involve me in the worse evil of Count Tibaldi's

undivided gallantry; but Ludovisi, who also refused to join, whispered to his sister, who rose and opened the door of an adjoining apartment, when the sight of a piano, after many weeks privation, gave me the first sensation of pleasure the day had afforded. The sound of the instrument drew one or two amateurs from the card-table, and to gratify my husband, I exerted the powers which he so carefully cultivated, and which have proved to me the source of much mingled happiness and misery. The exaggerated compliments of my auditors were again overpowering, and such a tramontane voice was declared to be a phenomenon hitherto unknown in Italy. My dear Ludovisi, proud of his scholar, begged me to try a duet we had often sung in happier days at Heron's Court; I attempted it, but the pathos of the air, the ominous sadness of the words, too applicable to my exiled condition, and above all, the image of my forsaken parent, with whom the song had been a favourite, got quite the better of me, and I escaped to my own apartment amid fulsome applauses of a sensibility, which conscience called by its true name of remorse.

I have given you, I believe, this minute detail of one day, which every one since would have resembled, had I not gradually escaped from such miserable inanity to view with my husband the objects of interest in this ancient city and its neighbourhood; and to devote a large portion of my time to the society of Sœur Rosalie. If any thing could reconcile beings formed for action and social intercourse to a cloister, it would be the contemplation of her beautiful countenance, serene and placid as the mind it reflects; and the evident exemption she enjoys from the petty vexations which agitate the world she has left; which indeed is little less monotonous than the convent, without its pleasing stillness.

She received me with the fondest affection, as the wife of her beloved brother, whom she strongly resembles in mind and person. The same mild dignity of manner, the same tenderness of disposition, characterise both. I had imbibed the prejudices of my country with regard to the gloom and austerity of a conventual life, which in some instances are not yet wholly

unfounded; but in modern Italy a more liberal spirit pervades the few remaining monastic establishments, and the apartment of Rosalie, light, airy, and cheerful, ornamented with flowers, furnished with books and many little female appendages, had nothing usually ascribed to a cell except the crucifix, invariably affixed to the head of the delicately white bed. The convent of Santa Chiara educates young ladies of noble family, and was on that account exempted from the general suppression in the north of Italy; and in this employment Rosalie finds a source of great delight. A spacious garden, in which the pensionaries were romping, with spirits wholly unchecked by conventual discipline; and where each possessed a little spot cultivated with her own hands—contributed to confirm my favourable impression of Santa Chiara. Rosalie's heart was early buried in the grave of a young hero, who fell in the first invasion of his country; and under such circumstances, I soon ceased to view her seclusion from the world with feelings of compassion or even of regret.

One of the most painful yet interesting pilgrimages I have made in Verona, has been that duly performed by every English person to the sequestered spot, containing what is called the tomb of Juliet, and as such consecrated by a tradition which no lover of Shakspeare feels disposed to question. Ludovisi, who admires all the works of our bard, but this particularly, which portrays so feelingly the fervid passions and glowing imagination of the south, chose for our visit to this shrine of genius and misfortune one of those delicious nights, too exquisite to be passed in repose, which the custom of the country dedicates to exercise or amusement. Escaping from the noisy merriment of the groups who paraded the crowded Corso, we strolled through the triumphal arch of Galienus, which, in dark and sullen majesty, bestrides the principal street, towards that noble amphitheatre, where, at the mandate of that merciless tyrant, torrents of Christian blood were shed, in the last great persecution the Church endured, and where since, in happier times, a Roman pontiff has dispensed his blessing to assembled thousands of the faithful. As I gazed (for the first time in moon-

light) upon the matchless grandeur of the mighty pile, pontiffs and martyrs, I confess, vanished from my memory. I saw but Romans, masters of the world, those Titans of a former age, before whose giant vestiges the efforts of modern art shrink into nothing. Breathless with wonder and delight, I traversed the corridors, once thronged by a countless multitude, ascended the innumerable rows of seats, nay, ambitiously climbed into the tribune sacred to the emperors, and on which a Trajan and an Antonine have sat. Ludovisi enjoyed and shared my enthusiasm—"You are worthy," he whispered, "to visit Italy." This expression of gratified affection, flattering as it seemed, sufficed to call up a tide of new and less pleasing emotions. I thought of him who stored my infant memory with the exploits of the heroes whose giant forms now filled my mind's eye, and whose pride it would have been to guide my footsteps to the scenes of their past greatness. "You are thinking of your father," said Ludovisi mournfully, and the dark shade which passed over my brow was reflected on his: he smiled faintly, and added, "Let us leave Rome, and transport ourselves to England."

We proceeded in silence till we reached the garden, (annexed to a convent now burnt down,) which contained the object of our pilgrimage, a rude sarcophagus of stone, grievously injured by time and the depredations of sentimental travellers. It is wide enough to have held, as tradition asserts, the mortal remains of the two unhappy lovers; and as I gazed on the narrow house which closed so early and so fatally on their loves and misfortunes, theirs was not the only ill-assorted union over which my tears involuntarily flowed. If, with every excuse tyranny and hatred could afford for violating filial duty, the simple Juliet could not disarm the vengeance of Heaven, what has she to look for, who has rudely severed bonds so light and tender, that the liberty thus acquired seems more hateful than the tyranny of all the Capulets! O my Helen! that mind must be diseased indeed, to which the classical and romantic traditions of this lovely land thus administer the poison of remorse; a remorse, too, which I can hardly indulge without infringing on duties equally sacred. May you never en-

tail on yourself a scene of misery, which it is alike criminal to suppress or indulge!

We shall remain in Verona, irksome as our residence daily becomes, till time has elapsed for an answer to the letter I again addressed to my dear father on arriving there, or, at least, my former one from Geneva. I leave to you, who enjoy the happiness of that intercourse with him, which I would give worlds to recover, to communicate to him, in whole or in part, the tale I have now deposited in your

friendly bosom. Time has been when half the sadness it breathes would have called forth all his sympathy for the sorrows of a stranger. But I have not a stranger's claim upon his wounded spirit. Write to me, I beseech you, my Helen, and tell me that he is well—and happy, I would have said, but conscience forbids the supposition, even could affection endure the thought—Tell me that he is benign and relenting, and claim the blessings of your ever attached

C. L.—

CHAPTER IV.

WILLIAM HAMFDEN TO HIS SISTER.

VEVAY, August.

Few things, my dear Fanny, were ever calculated to afford more lively gratification to the patriot, the philanthropist, or the observer of national character, than the Fête which has just been celebrated here, by the vine-dressers of La Vaux, a rocky and barren district, forming, between Lausanne and this place, the northern boundary of the Lake, and converted by patient industry into one of the most productive vineyards in Europe.

Tradition assigns the remotest antiquity to this festival, in which scripture history is strangely blended with heathen mythology, and where Bacchus and Noah (whose identity much antiquarian lore has been wasted to establish) figure side by side, in the same pageant. It was formerly celebrated once in seven years, when vintages were favourable; but the baleful effects of the French Revolution, penetrating even into the pastoral vales of Switzerland, having interrupted it for above two-and-twenty years, its restoration has been attended with prodigious eclat; and such was the eagerness to be present, that distinguished foreigners from every part of Europe hired, even months before, rooms, nay, single windows, in this little town, at exorbitant prices.

We almost despaired of obtaining any thing like suitable accommodation for Mr Selwyn, whose ardent desire to attend, in the hope of meeting his daughter, disposed him, however, to put up with every inconvenience; had it not fortunately defeated itself by

bringing on an attack of nervous fever, to which he has of late been subject, and obliged him to devolve upon me (assisted by the previous knowledge of her person, casually obtained by Madame de Préville) the task of discovering his fair fugitive among the thousands whom the fête would bring together. Madame de P. and her children had already proceeded to Vevay, on a visit to a friend's house, and as I did not wish to retrace my steps to Geneva, I insisted on leaving my commodious vehicle to bring on Mr Selwyn, when able to travel, and gladly embraced the proposal of joining a party of young Genevese, who had hired and fitted up for the occasion one of the ponderous barks usually employed in conveying wood from the opposite shores of Savoy. Covered with a temporary awning, provided with mattresses for a night voyage, and victualled for a month's cruise at least, the galley left the port of Geneva before sunrise, amid those noisy discharges of artillery, which form a necessary ingredient in every pleasurable expedition of her most military burghers.—The voyage is one of about forty miles, and as the crew, consisting of nearly an hundred persons, were chiefly young and gay, music and laughter beguiled to the Genevese its tedium during the early part of the day; good cheer enlivened the afternoon, and as "*boire comme des Suisses*" is a proverb yet in full application, evening saw the greater part of the company sink from the orgies of Bacchus to

the arms of Morpheus. As for myself, having vainly endeavoured during the morning to extract amusement from jokes, too local for general participation, and little edified by the vocal exertions of the good Swiss, (who, whatever music they may have in their souls, have certainly none in their voices,) I withdrew into a quiet corner, and attempted to embody with my pencil some of those lovely features of the surrounding scenery, to which neither language nor art can do justice.

On leaving the harbour, one dim grey tint pervaded all nature, and enveloped in its twilight mantle alike the smiling banks which fringe the lake, the sullen masses of the Jura, and the glittering pinnacles of the distant Alps; but as the darkness gradually yielded before the approach of sunrise, the latter features of the scene assumed a majesty, of which the vapours of mid-day too frequently rob the less active traveller.

As we glided imperceptibly along the northern shore, the opposite side unfolded a prospect nearly unrivalled in the world. Beyond the lake, already covered with busy barks, hastening to market, rose first a soft swelling bank, closely studded with villages and country houses; next, a range of woody pasture hills from 3000 to 4000 feet in height; behind them, rocky mountains of 6000 to 8000 feet, partially covered with snow; and, to crown all, Mont Blanc, in snowy majesty, looking like a pillar of some other and more gigantic world. I had already, during my previous residence of some weeks at Geneva, been electrified with an occasional view of this stupendous mountain, its base enveloped in vapours, and its heavy summit, towering alone, far above the cloudy region; I had also been fortunate enough to see it glowing at sunset, after all around was grey and sombre, with the richest roseate hues; but both views yielded, in sublimity and interest, to its present aspect, when, totally free from clouds and vapours, its glittering needles shot into the clear azure vault, like a well-defined rampart of crystal.

Standing over alternately along the wooded shores of Savoy, and the rich slopes of the Pays de Vaud, varied with cornfields, interspersed with noble walnut trees,—we passed, on the latter, the little town of Versoix (once

designed, by the ambition of France, to rival and crush Geneva; and whose unfinished harbour and ruinous buildings attest the futility of power and wealth to create national industry and prosperity). Next came Coppet, in whose celebrated chateau Necker sought a haven from the fickle breath of popular opinion, and his daughter a refuge from a despotism which included even literature in its iron grasp. Nyon with its antique towers, picturesquely seated on a hill; the neat and smiling town of Rolle; and Morges, uniting primitive simplicity with commercial activity, successively enlivened the landscape; while villages, little inferior in neatness and prosperity, lined the banks, and lent animation to the hills. The frowning rampart of the Jura served, by its dark frame-work, to set off the glowing picture.

I had full leisure to contemplate it, and sketch its principal features; for the unruffled lake reflected them but too well, and, notwithstanding the efforts of the numerous passengers at the oars, the sluggish bark made little progress. We arrived off Lausanne as the setting sun tinged with the richest purple the classic rocks of Meillerie, with living gold the widening expanse of the lake, and with roseate hues the glaciers of the Valais; while its retreat behind the dark Jura was accompanied with masses of heavy clouds, from which, and other symptoms that experience had rendered them familiar with, our boatmen prognosticated one of those sudden electric squalls, so common on the lake, and thought proper to put in for shelter to the little port of Ouchi.

While many of the passengers availed themselves of this circumstance to visit acquaintances in the town, and others sought, along the quiet shore, the refreshment of an afternoon bath, (a favourite one with the Swiss during this sultry season,) I amused myself with snatching, from a little pier running out into the lake, a hurried sketch of the fading features of one of the loveliest landscapes in the world; and, when light failed me to admire them, in watching the progress of that new and interesting object, an Alpine storm.

The increasing weight of the atmosphere produced a degree of oppression and a sense of awful anticipation, soon heightened by the growl of distant thunder. By a strange coincidence,

which almost seemed to amount to a challenge to the distant enemy, the good Lausannois chose at this moment to salute the Genevese flag with one of their usual cannonades, which the bark was duly provided with the means of returning, and to the sharp popping of which, the indignant muttering of the mighty elements formed a deep and hollow bass. To the salute of artillery succeeded a discharge of rockets, which the insulted lightnings speedily annihilated by opening, in half-a-dozen different quarters, absolute streams of fire. The triumph of nature was celebrated by responsive peals of truly awful thunder, reverberating amid the recesses of the mountains, and rebounding, in the true spirit of Lord Byron's exquisite description, from the Alps to the Jura.

Not even that description, matchless as it is, can give an adequate idea of the delightful horrors of a night-storm on the *Leman*, particularly when enjoyed, as in my case, without the alloy of anxiety for my personal safety, inseparable, I should think, from finding one's self embarked during a storm with such ill-constructed boats, and timorous boatmen.

Secure as it seemed, I was soon, however, dislodged from my position on the pier by the awakened fury of two new elements: One of those electric gusts of wind peculiar to the lake, arose with inconceivable violence and rapidity; and covering, as it rushed from the dark recesses of the *Valais*, the smooth expanse with whitening billows, in less than ten minutes lashed the tranquil bay in which the bark lay, into no ignoble representation of a stormy sea.—I kept my post, until the waves fairly broke over the little jettée, and, awakening apprehensions for the safety of the loosely moored fishing-boats, brought out the whole population interested in their preservation, men, women, and children; wading to the surf, gesticulating, swearing, and bawling, while the wind, perpetually extinguishing their lights, left the groups only partially illumined by the vivid lightning; forming a scene I shall never forget, and from the enjoyment of which I was reluctantly driven by the torrents of almost tropical rain, which form the usual finale of an Alpine storm.

Most of the stragglers had now rejoined the bark; and, too much ac-

customed to such scenes to view them with peculiar interest, were concluding the evening by a joyous supper. Not particularly inclined by the previous scene for festive jocularity, and feeling besides a slight degree of indisposition from the disagreeable rocking of the boat in its now perturbed haven, I threw myself down on a mattress to seek repose, having desired to be awakened as soon as the subsiding of the storm and rise of the moon should permit us to resume our progress. About two in the morning I looked out, and, as if lulled by the wand of some mighty enchanter, the waters slept placidly in the bright moonlight. We had stood over to the Savoy shore, and were under those rocks of *Meillerie*, still rugged, but no longer inaccessible, since the hand of Napoleon usurped from their base one of the finest and most frequented roads in Europe. Opposite, on a little eminence, the moonbeams fell on the *Chateau de Clarens*, whose formal terraces, and tamely profitable vineyards, as little resemble Rousseau's imaginary groves, as the sober realities of life do the creations of his glowing fancy. A bright speck on the distant waters, shone the castle of *Chillon*, which has added the name of Lord Byron to his own bright catalogue of poets of these shores. Few men have ever so singularly combined the eloquence and deep passion of Rousseau, with the sarcastic powers of the Bard of *Ferney*. One might really apply to him the well-known lines—

"Nature, exhausted, could no farther go,
To make a third, she join'd the former two."

A favourable breeze springing up, enabled us to make a long stretch across, and brought us within a mile or two of *Vevay*; and on approaching the shore, the high-road, (which closely skirts it) presented a truly singular spectacle. Circumscribed, by the great value of the adjoining vineyards, between two walls, with only space at certain intervals for two carriages to pass, it exhibited an endless file of vehicles of every form and dimension, of which the rear seemed, in sporting phrase, to have little chance of being "in at the death," and of which the component parts were restrained to a sluggish equality of pace, according ill with the impatience of the distanced. A dashing English landau and four

"crawled like snail unwillingly," its energies cramped by a huge hay-cart, loaded with gaily-dressed peasants, whose bursts of merriment outraged the ears of the discontented belles behind. A light char à côté, imprisoned between two ponderous German berlins, occasionally availed itself of a wider part of the road to make a start, the effect of which was usually to create confusion, without materially advancing the interest of the transgressor.

A heavy rain, which ushered in the approach of dawn, cast a damp over the minds as well as bodies of the cavalcade, and substituted, for the fear of arriving late, the more serious apprehension that the fête would be postponed: Chilled and disheartened, our lately jovial crew arrived in port about four o'clock, and while the greater part remained on board to breakfast, I proceeded to the principal inn, where I hoped to meet some English acquaintance.

Never did modern times afford an apter image of the confusion of Babel, than reigned on this eventful morning in every corner of the usually comfortable and well-regulated auberge of the *Trois Couronnes*! The spacious saloon teemed with parties of every nation under Heaven, breakfasting, (if such a term may be applied to those who have never been in bed,) while the cloudy and unpromising dawn struggled faintly with the expiring tallow candles. The celerity with which the various groups were supplied with their national requisites, from cotelettes, omelettes, &c. washed down with vin de la cote, to the peculiarly English refreshment of tea and toast, was truly admirable; and the mingled sounds which assailed my ear, of German, French, true guttural High Dutch, broad Scotch, and native Irish, might have baffled all the etymologists in Europe.

As cold, in my case, predominated over hunger, I soon withdrew to the adjoining kitchen, where a dozen cooks, and twice as many assistants, could scarce keep pace with the incessant demands on their activity for déjeuners à la fourchette; while marmites, capacious as the cauldron of Meg Merrilies, sent forth steams prophetic of the joys of dinner. The very stairs and lobbies of the inn overflowed with a moving mass of tra-

vellers unable to gain admittance into the crowded chambers.

In this tide, I descried a young friend, who congratulated himself on having, some days before, paid down three guineas for a small bedroom, into which sanctum sanctorum he was triumphantly conducting me to breakfast, when—oh! the vanity of human foresight!—finding the door locked, he was informed by the *fille de chambre*, that his twenty-four hours' possession could only commence with the usual morning exit of its present occupant, a fat-headed German, whom neither anxiety about the fête, nor the *vacarme d'enfer* around him, could rouse from between his beds of down. Six o'clock, the hour appointed for the commencement of the fête, meanwhile approached, and though heavy clouds still impended, yet, as the rain had ceased, the authorities, amid a general chorus of hopes, fears, and prognostics, decided it should proceed.

By previous agreement with Madame de Préville, I escorted her and her party as early as we could obtain admittance to the places we had secured on the immense scaffolding erected in the market-place, around the spot destined for the pageant, that from our commanding situation, we might be able to scrutinize the various groups as they appeared in succession, in the hope (which I grieve to tell you was not realized) of recognising the striking and well-remembered figure of her truant niece. Many a fair English face did I gaze upon, with what must have been set down for impertinent curiosity, in hopes of tracing, amid the smiles which lit up every countenance, the shade of melancholy which I was sure would linger on the brow of Selwyn's daughter; but in vain. The assembled thousands had now taken their stations, and the estrade itself, with its endless variety of gay dresses and fantastic costumes, formed no inconsiderable part of the *spectacle*. This was got up in a style which really would not have disgraced the grand opera, though the actors were only six hundred peasants of the Canton de Vaud, and though it retained many of the pleasing characteristics of a rural festival. It commenced by crowning, with appropriate speeches, the twelve most successful cultivators of the vine; after which, a magnificent procession defiled.

before us, consisting of Ceres, Pomona, Bacchus, &c. most sumptuously and classically attired, borne in elegant cars by their appropriate attendants, priests, bacchanals, &c. followed by gardeners, haymakers, reapers, vine-dressers, and milkmen, in perfect costume, each bearing the implements of their labours, of which they gave pantomimic representations, mingled with national songs and dances. The ground was kept by 100 fine-looking men, dressed à la Henri Quatre, in the becoming style of the Cent Suisses. Little girls, fancifully dressed, danced like fairies before the several goddesses; *real* milkmen from the mountains, leading their cows, sung the *Rans des Vaches*, while the pleased animals licked their hands during the well-known sound. The most grotesque feature of the scene was old Father Noah with his family, in a vine-clad cottage, drawn (as were a forge, a wine-press, &c.) by four fine horses, gaily caparisoned. The whole closed with a village wedding, in which the dresses preserved faithfully the ancient Swiss costume, while a baron and baroness, in the most exaggerated one of the last century, walked a minuet to grace their vassals' nuptials in a style of admirable burlesque. All the songs (composed for the occasion) were, of course, in praise of agriculture, and its concomitants peace and liberty; and the concourse of free and happy peasantry assembled on the occasion afforded the most appropriate illustration to their patriotic effusions.

A very joyous and brilliant confusion took place, when, the first exhibition being over, the various groups mingled promiscuously in the square, and partook of refreshments liberally provided. The little blue, green, and pink fairies skipped about, emancipated from their previous restraint; the bacchanals paid *real* instead of figurative worship to Bacchus; while the little god himself, a beautiful boy of seven years old, declaring he would not be Bacchus for nothing, exchanged his empty cup of ceremony for a full one. When all were rested and refreshed, the procession perambulated the streets of the town, and returned in the afternoon, to exhibit again at half-price before those who had been previously disappointed of places on the scaffolding. The scene closed with all the six hundred actors

sitting down to a plentiful and joyous repast, provided for them under the spreading trees of the public walk, where the object of the meeting, I assure you, was not forgotten, and where, before the Cent Suisses could verify their national proverb, they were obliged to dispose of their flowing beards, either by sticking them in their hats or putting them in their pockets. A brilliant ball was given in the evening. Never did fête go off better, or give more general satisfaction.

Mine would have been unmingled, had I been successful in the object of my search after Selwyn's daughter, who was certainly not among the spectators; though, before the fête closed, an affecting incident gave me for a moment the strongest hopes. During the afternoon, when the whole concourse of natives and strangers had deserted the town to witness the banquet on the quay, I had strolled up to one of the hotels to reiterate my inquiries as to its late and present inmates; when a carriage, apparently from Italy, drove furiously up to the door, containing an interesting-looking pair, evidently labouring (the lady particularly) under severe anxiety, and the contrast of whose agitation with the scene of tumultuous festivity I had just witnessed, was very striking. It immediately occurred to me as a possible case, that our runaways, hearing of Mr Selwyn's arrival in Switzerland, had precipitately returned from Italy to seek him, and that the inquiries, which they made in the most eager manner, while fresh horses were preparing, related to him, particularly as Geneva was their destination. Possessed with this idea, I could not help listening, and soon found that their object was a more melancholy one, and that by a singular coincidence I was better enabled than any other person to give the distressing particulars. For this purpose, I requested to speak with the gentleman, and advising the beautiful young woman (for whom my heart bled) to take advantage of the present stillness of the inn to procure a little repose, I reluctantly informed her husband, that the brother of whom they were in agonizing pursuit, had breathed his last at Geneva, about ten days before, and that, finding him entirely unknown to any one there, as a mere casual passenger, Mr Selwyn and myself had undertaken the melancholy office of laying his

head in the grave with every demonstration of respect, which his relatives, if present, could have paid. The stranger warmly thanked me for this act of common humanity to a countryman, and informed me that the young man, having imprudently exposed himself to the heats of Italy, and contracted the country fever, had still more fatally insisted on travelling under its influence. That he and his wife, (who had separated from him previous to his illness,) lost no time, immediately on hearing of it, in following him to Milan, where they hoped to have found him convalescent; but on learning from a judicious English physician there, the situation in which he had undertaken his headstrong journey thence, they had anticipated the very worst, and only flattered themselves they might arrive in time to save him from dying among strangers. This, however, added he, we have now less reason to deplore, as every alleviation of so distressing a case, seems to have been afforded by the disinterested kindness of his countrymen.

Leaving my new acquaintance to impart the melancholy result of his inquiries to his poor wife, and to make arrangements for proceeding immediately as far as Lausanne, to avoid the irksome bustle of the tête, I withdrew to write a few lines of an equally unacceptable character to my friend Selwyn to inform him of my disappointment, and serve as an introduction to the stranger, who eagerly embraced the opportunity of making personal acknowledgments to him for his kind-

ness to his brother. This affecting incident having inspired me with a thorough disinclination for the remaining festivities at Vevay, I embraced the offer of my new friend, of a seat in his carriage as far as Lausanne, anxious, if possible, to be of further use to this interesting pair, and thinking that town a more eligible place in which to pass the time till Selwyn was able to join me. Here then I am set down in one of the oddest and most inconvenient towns in Europe, but the beauty of whose site and prospects atones for the absurdity of its position, upon hills which are some of them inaccessible to a carriage. Its neighbourhood abounds with delightful villas; and had I been aware how infinitely its walks and rides excel those of Geneva, I should not have devoted to the former so large a portion of my summer. Lausanne has for an idler the additional advantage of Circles, or Clubs, affording periodical publications of all nations, to which a stranger at all *comme il faut* can easily procure an introduction.

I send this enormous packet by my new friends the Wentworths, who propose returning to England with all possible expedition, and with whom, I think, you will be pleased. I find they are well acquainted with several of our nearest connexions.

You shall hear again from the Italian side of the Alps, for which I now begin to feel not a little impatience. In the meantime, believe me yours, &c.

W. H.

WIZZERDE WYNKIN'S DETHE.

Ane Auncient Ballad.

THE Wizzerde's een grewe derke and dimme ;
 Hys troubbledde mynde wals lyke the sea,
 Whenne the waaves splashhe hye to the bending skye,
 And wyld storme wynndes houl diasmallye.

The Wizzerde's een grewe dulle ande dimme ;
 Hee shooke hys lottis offe grizzledde whyte,—
 And summonsedde hys kynsmen toe come toe hym—
 They stode by hys bedde twixt the daye ande nycht.

Hee lyfted uppe hys skynnye wrinkledde honde ;
 Hollowe wals hys voice, and dredde toe hear,
 As the mydnight blaste cominge flychteringe past
 The kirk-yarde's throughstanes drear.

" I maye notte praye—I daure notte praye—"
 'Twas thus the wytheredde ould manne saide,
 " But I must awaie ere the glymmer offe day,
 Toe the darksome landdes offe the deadde.

" I must now awaie—aronde the rooffe
 Arre Feeyndes uprysen from the yerde beneath ;
 See, see their fierce eyne, and herke to their cryen,
 And the gryndinge offe their yron teethe !

" Myne houre is come, yette I abrynk fro the doome,
 Whilke mee deedes have deservit soe welle ;
 Oh ! whatte wolde I give, weren itte myne toe live,
 Butte toe rescue me speerit fro helle !

" The Feeyndes have come fro their derk myrk home,
 Toe carrye mee doune toe their Mastere grimme ;
 Forre yeres thryce seven, I have mockedde atte heavenne,
 Ande payit the bloddye kaine toe hymme.

" Herke toe the stormme as itte howllis wythoutte—
 Toe the roaringe blastte, ande the rushinge rainne ;
 There arre yemmerings dire, atte the chymneye toppe ;
 The ravene croakes at the batteredde pane.

" Nowe hearkene mee voice, kynde kynsfolke alle,
 I prythee now herkene toe mee,
 Orre youre lyfe belowe wyth feare ande wyth woe
 Shall trobbledde ande darkenedde bee.

" Whenne mee eyne close deepepe, in Dethe's dredde asleepe,
 And styffens mee corpe wylth colde,
 Inne ane Hollan sheete wrappe mee hede and feete,
 Ere mydnycht belle hathe tolledde.

" And keipe werde bye mee bedde, butte lette bee saide
 Norre requiemme, hymme, norre prayere,
 Else the foulle Feeyndes theye wolde sweeppe awaie
 Mee corpe throo the starre-lit ayre.

" Butte laye mee dounne inne ane coffinne meete,
Norre wordde be spokken, norre tere be shedde ;
Ande lette ane grene wythe bee tiedde to the feete,
Ande ane grene wythe toe the hede.

" Ande carrye mee outte, ere Daie's fyrst streeke
Illoominnes the mystte-cledde playne,
Forre iffe the reddde cokke crowe, I am doomit toe wee,
Ande an ever ande aye offe painne !

" Toe the kirke offe Dumgree ye muste carrye mee,
Bye the wythles grens attē hede ande fote ;
Boke, candle, ande belle, there maye notte bee,
Ande lette all bee styllē ande mute.

" Soe whenne ye come toe the ashe-treen wylde,
Thatte sproutte fro the derke hille-toppe,
Putte mee coffinne dounne onne the Elfinne-stote,
Ande stonde aloofe, as there ye stoppe.

" Take ane yonge raven, ande caste her uppe—
Iffe shee perce awaie throo the ayre,
Alle welle maye bee ; butte iffe onne tree
Shee foldes her wynges—beware !"

Thrice moanedde the Wizzerde ere hee passedde ;
Ande thrice hee wavit hys arm onne hie ;
Loudde howlit wythoutte the fearfulle blaste,
Ande swepte the hauntedde cottage bye.

Thenne rose loudde soundes offe woe ande waile,
Arounde the rooffe-tree, ande throo the skies ;
Ande skryekes were herde on the moaninge gails ;
Ande cries—whilke were notte earthlye cries !

Theye lokit in drede onne the Wizzerde dede,
Ane sylente horrour came o'ere themme alle ;
He was chille, colde claye ; alle maveless lays
The sheddows offe hys fece againste the walle.

Their eyen were fixedde ; their tongues were stille ;
Theye hymnedde noe hymn, theye praid no prayere ;
The wolfe-doug alone gave ane piteous moone,
As terroure bristledde hys shaggedde hairs.

Then theye shroudded the corpe in ane wynding sheete,
Ande screwedde itte the reddde coffinne withinne ;
Theye fastenedde grene wythes to the hede ande feete,
Syne watchit till the pealing starres grew thiane.

Greye daune glimmerit on banke ande brae ;
The starres were goinge outte one bye one ;
Whenne mountinge each onne the browne ande greys,
Theye have their frightfulle taake begunne.

Three have mountit their steedes offe greye ;
Three have mountit their steedes offe browne ;
Ere the fyrste strycke offe dale, theye have borne awaie
The Wizzerde's coffinne o'ere dale ande downe.

They sparedde notte whippe—they sparedde notte sparre—
 Throo the dawninge theye scouredde awaie—awaie—
 The breathinge broke fro their steedes like smoke ;
 And foame fro their flankes like oceanne sprays.

Like byrde thatte whirrs fro the pouncinge hawks,
 Like hare thatte scuddes fro yellinge hounde,
 They turnedde notte backe fro their pantinge trakke ;
 Awaie and awaie did theye beare and bownde.

Awaie and awaie, over banke ande brae,
 Theye fledde wythe the corpee offe the Wisserds onne ;
 Untille theye made halte atte the rowande-treen,
 Ande restedde itte dounne onne the Elfinne-stone.

Straighte and sudden sounde uprooe fro the grounde,
 And across the heathe wente boominge wide ;
 Eache helde bye the bitte hys startledde steede,
 Lystenninge inne fere whatte mycht betyde !

Two fire-eyned bulles came bellowing onne,
 Wyth shyning horne ande tramplinge hooffe ;
 Their mychty cries, and their flashinge eyes,
 Made the startledde watcheres stonde aloofe.

Blakke was eache hyde as the starlesse nyght ;
 Brighte as redde fyre werre their glancing eyne ;
 Volumes offe smokke from eache nostrille brakke,
 Beneath themme scrotchedde was the grasseye grene.

Huge staggering onne toe the corpee theye wente,
 Wyth lashinge tailles, and bellowinges loudde ;
 Throo the wythies grene their hornnes they bente,
 And awaie inne wrethe, like ane thunders-cloudde.

Echoedde the grene hills their bellowinges herabe,
 As wyth routte and roare they flounderit onne ;
 The horsemenne pursuedde, throo strathe and woode
 In blude to the rowalls their spurres have gone.

Inne pursutte hollo ! inne pursute they goe,
 The pantinge ridere, ande foaminge steeds ;
 Over holte ande deane, with the coffinne betweene,
 The blackke bulles galloppings leade.

Westlin, westlin their course theye heldde—
 Wyth lashinge tailles toe the rysinge sunne ;
 The horses snortedde, the horsemenne halloedde,
 Such chase onne grene award was nevire runne !

Awaie and awaie toe ane hille toppe derke—
 The rydderis hurriedde toe halte themme there :
 But they flounderredde awaie, withoutte stoppe orre staye,
 Toe the next hille-top throo the ayre.

Herabe echoingse fille everye Nithadale hille ;
 The blakke-cok crowinge forsoke the heathe ;
 Deepe murmuringe ranne, the watere offe Branne
 Their unearthly flychte beneath.

Thenne the steedes were turnedde, the vae was triedde;
 Butte the blakke bulls lefte themme farre behinde.
 Grene-swaierde trampleres muste evere faile,
 Wheune matchedde wyth treaderes offe winde.

Yette awaie and awaie, throo the strathe rode theye,
 O'er meadowe, and marish, ande springe, and banke;
 The toil-droppes felle fro eache brenning brow;
 The frothe fro eache reeking flank.

Ande, whenne the Closeburne heichtes they wonne
 Ande theye saw Loch Ettrichte gleaminge wide,
 Wyth roare ande yelle, thatte mycht stertle helle,
 The bulles plungedde hedelonge inne the tide!

Sanke the blakke bulles doune; the coffine sanke
 Inne the wave, wyth ane splashinge sounde;
 Thenne the wateres theye closede, ande alle reposedde
 Inne unearthlye peace arounde.

Itte was soe stille thatte, afarre onne the hille,
 The murmure offe twinklinge leaves was hearde;
 Ande the lapsinge shrille offe the mountaine rille,
 Ande the hymne-nottes off earlye byrde.

Onne the moorlande dreare, forre manye an yeare,
 The Wizzerde's dolefulle shielinge stooode;
 'Twas shunnede bye alle; ande, att eveninge falle,
 Wyth the luridde flames off bremstone glowed.

Butte the windes offe Heavene, and the rainnes offe Heavene,
 Beatte itte doune; ande noughte is standinge nowe,
 Save the molderinge rydge offe ane mosse growne walle,
 Sparedde bye the shudderinge farmer's ploughe.

Oh, wandere notte neare, whenne Nychte frownes dreare,
 Forre whenne travelleres hurrys past,
 Wille ofte aryse loud unworldlye cries,
 Offe waile ande offe woe, onne the blaste.

Ande the spectre bulles tosse their hornes onne hye,
 Ande amidde the darknesse roare,
 Ande spleashe the crestedde waves toe the skye,
 Ande shaake the rockye shore.

Ande att Wintere-tide, whenne the cold moone shines
 On the glytteringe ice ande the sperklinge snowe,
 Dismalle soundes awake onne the frozenn lake,
 Ande the Wizzerde's tongue ye knowe.

Shunne these soundes unbleste—forre that Wizzerde's reste,
 Norre Bedesman praied, norre belle dide tolle;
 Norre gravestone prest on hys perjuredde brest,—
 Gramercye on his soulle!

ON MURDER, CONSIDERED AS ONE OF THE FINE ARTS.

To the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine.

SIR,

WE have all heard of a Society for the Promotion of Vice, of the Hell-Fire Club, &c. At Brighton I think it was that a Society was formed for the Suppression of Virtue. That Society was itself suppressed—but I am sorry to say that another exists in London, of a character still more atrocious. In tendency, it may be denominated a Society for the Encouragement of Murder; but, according to their own delicate *εὐφημισμόν*, it is styled—The Society of Connoisseurs in Murder. They profess to be curious in homicide; amateurs and dilettanti in the various modes of bloodshed; and, in short, Murder-Fanciers. Every fresh atrocity of that class, which the police annals of Europe bring up, they meet and criticise as they would a picture, statue, or other work of art. But I need not trouble myself with any attempt to describe the spirit of their proceedings, as you will collect *that* much better from one of the Monthly Lectures read before the Society last year. This has fallen into my hands accidentally, in spite of all the vigilance exercised to keep their transactions from the public eye. The publication of it will alarm them; and my purpose is that it should. For I would much rather put them down quietly, by an appeal to public opinion through you, than by such an exposure of names as would follow an appeal to Bow-street; which last appeal, however, if this should fail, I must positively resort to. For it is scandalous that such things should go on in a Christian land. Even in a heathen land, the public toleration of murder was felt by a Christian writer to be the most crying reproach of the public morals. This writer was Lactantius; and with his words, as singularly applicable to the present occasion, I shall conclude:—"Quid tam horribile," says he, "tam tetrum, quam hominis trucidatio? Ideo severissimis legibus vita nostra munitur; ideo bella execrabilia sunt. Invenit tamen consuetudo quatenus homicidium sine bello ac sine legibus faciat: et hoc sibi voluptas quod scelus vindicavit. Quod si interesse homicidio sceleris conscientia est,—et eidem facinori spectator obstrictus est cui et admissor; ergo et in his gladiatorum cædibus non minus cruore profunditur qui spectat, quam ille qui facit: nec potest esse immunis a sanguine qui voluit effundi; aut videri non interfecisse, qui interfectori et favit et præmium postulavit." "Human life," says he, "is guarded by laws of the uttermost rigour, yet custom has devised a mode of evading them in behalf of murder; and the demands of taste (voluptas) are now become the same as those of abandoned guilt." Let the Society of Gentlemen Amateurs consider this; and let me call their especial attention to the last sentence, which is so weighty, that I shall attempt to convey it in English:—"Now, if merely to be present at a murder fastens on a man the character of an accomplice,—if barely to be a spectator involves us in one common guilt with the perpetrator; it follows of necessity, that, in these murders of the amphitheatre, the hand which inflicts the fatal blow is not more deeply imbrued in blood than his who sits and looks on; neither can he be clear of blood who has countenanced its shedding; nor that man seem other than a participator in murder who gives his applause to the murderer, and calls for prizes in his behalf." The "*præmia postulavit*" I have not yet heard charged upon the Gentlemen Amateurs of London, though undoubtedly their proceedings tend to that; but the "*interfectori favit*" is implied in the very title of this association, and expressed in every line of the lecture which I send you.—I am, &c.

X. Y. Z.

[*Note of the Editor.*—We thank our correspondent for his communication, and also for the quotation from Lactantius, which is very pertinent to *his* view of the case; our own, we confess, is different. We cannot suppose the lecturer to be in earnest, any more than Erasmus in his Praise of Folly, or Dean Swift in his Proposal for Eating Children. However, either on his view or on ours, it is equally fit that the lecture should be made public.]

LECTURE.

GENTLEMEN,—I have had the honour to be appointed by your committee to the trying task of reading the Williams' Lecture on Murder, considered as one of the Fine Arts—a task which might be easy enough three or four centuries ago, when the art was little understood, and few great models had been exhibited; but in this age, when masterpieces of excellence have been executed by professional men, it must be evident, that in the style of criticism applied to them, the public will look for something of a corresponding improvement. Practice and theory must advance *pari passu*. People begin to see that something more goes to the composition of a fine murder than two blockheads to kill and be killed—a knife—a purse—and a dark lane. Design, gentlemen, grouping, light and shade, poetry, sentiment, are now deemed indispensable to attempts of this nature. Mr Williams has exalted the ideal of murder to all of us; and to me, therefore, in particular, has deepened the arduousness of my task. Like Æschylus or Milton in poetry, like Michael Angelo in painting, he has carried his art to a point of colossal sublimity; and, as Mr Wordsworth observes, has in a manner “created the taste by which he is to be enjoyed.” To sketch the history of the art, and to examine its principles critically, now remains as a duty for the connoisseur, and for judges of quite another stamp from his Majesty's Judges of Assize.

Before I begin, let me say a word or two to certain prigs, who affect to speak of our society as if it were in some degree immoral in its tendency. Immoral!—God bless my soul, gentlemen, what is it that people mean? I am for morality, and always shall be, and for virtue and all that; and I do affirm, and always shall, (let what will come of it,) that murder is an improper line of conduct—highly improper; and I do not stick to assert,

that any man who deals in murder, must have very incorrect ways of thinking, and truly inaccurate principles; and so far from aiding and abetting him by pointing out his victim's hiding-place, as a great moralist* of Germany declared it to be every good man's duty to do, I would subscribe one shilling and sixpence to have him apprehended, which is more by eighteen-pence than the most eminent moralists have subscribed for that purpose. But what then? Every thing in this world has two handles. Murder, for instance, may be laid hold of by its moral handle, (as it generally is in the pulpit, and at the Old Bailey,) and *that*, I confess, is its weak side; or it may also be treated *æsthetically*, as the Germans call it, that is, in relation to good taste.

To illustrate this, I will urge the authority of three eminent persons, viz. S. T. Coleridge, Aristotle, and Mr Howship the surgeon. To begin with S. T. C.—One night, many years ago, I was drinking tea with him in Berners' Street, (which, by the way, for a short street, has been uncommonly fruitful in men of genius.) Others were there besides myself; and amidst some carnal considerations of tea and toast, we were all imbibing a dissertation on Plotinus from the attic lips of S. T. C. Suddenly a cry arose of “*Fire—fire!*”—upon which all of us, master and disciples, Plato and *ἡ ψυχή τοῦ Πλάτωνα*, rushed out, eager for the spectacle. The fire was in Oxford Street, at a piano forte maker's; and, as it promised to be a conflagration of merit, I was sorry that my engagements forced me away from Mr Coleridge's party before matters were come to a crisis. Some days after, meeting with my Platonic host, I reminded him of the case, and begged to know how that very promising exhibition had terminated. “Oh, sir,” said he, “it turned out so ill, that we

* Kant—who carried his demands of unconditional veracity to so extravagant a length as to affirm, that, if a man were to see an innocent person escape from a murderer, it would be his duty, on being questioned by the murderer, to tell the truth, and to point out the retreat of the innocent person, under any certainty of causing murder. Lest this doctrine should be supposed to have escaped him in any heat of dispute, on being taxed with it by a celebrated French writer, he solemnly reaffirmed it, with his reasons.

damned it unanimously." Now, does any man suppose that Mr Coleridge, —who, for all he is too fat to be a person of active virtue, is undoubtedly a worthy Christian,—that this good S. T. C., I say, was an incendiary, or capable of wishing any ill to the poor man and his piano-fortes (many of them, doubtless, with the additional keys)? On the contrary, I know him to be that sort of man, that I durst stake my life upon it he would have worked an engine in a case of necessity, although rather of the fattest for such fiery trials of his virtue. But how stood the case? Virtue was in no request. On the arrival of the fire-engines, morality had devolved wholly on the insurance office. This being the case, he had a right to gratify his taste. He had left his tea. Was he to have nothing in return?

I contend that the most virtuous man, under the premises stated, was entitled to make a luxury of the fire, and to hiss it, as he would any other performance that raised expectations in the public mind, which afterwards it disappointed. Again, to cite another great authority, what says the Stagyrte? He (in the Fifth Book, I think it is, of his *Metaphysics*,) describes what he calls *κακὸν τῆλον*, i. e. *a perfect thief*; and, as to Mr Howship, in a work of his on Indigestion, he makes no scruple to talk with admiration of a certain ulcer which he had seen, and which he styles "a beautiful ulcer." Now will any man pretend, that, abstractedly considered, a thief could appear to Aristotle a perfect character, or that Mr Howship could be enamoured of an ulcer? Aristotle, it is well known, was himself so very moral a character, that, not content with writing his *Nichomachéan Ethics*, in one volume octavo, he also wrote another system, called *Magna Moralia*, or *Big Ethics*. Now, it is impossible that a man who composes any ethics at all, big or little, should admire a thief *per se*, and, as to Mr Howship, it is well known that he makes war upon all ulcers; and, without suffering himself to be seduced by their charms, endeavours to banish them from the county of Middlesex. But the truth is, that, however objectionable *per se*, yet, relatively to others of their class, both a thief and an ulcer may have infinite degrees of merit. They are both imperfections, it is true;

but to be imperfect being their essence, the very greatness of their imperfection becomes their perfection. *Spartam nactus es, hanc exorna*. A thief like Autolycus or Mr Barrington, and a grim phagedænic ulcer, superbly defined, and running regularly through all its natural stages, may no less justly be regarded as ideals after *their* kind, than the most faultless moss-rose amongst flowers, in its progress from bud to "bright consummate flower;" or, amongst human flowers, the most magnificent young female, apparelled in the pomp of womanhood. And thus not only the ideal of an inkstand may be imagined, (as Mr Coleridge demonstrated in his celebrated correspondence with Mr Blackwood, in which, by the way, there is not so much, because an inkstand is a laudable sort of thing, and a valuable member of society,) but even imperfection itself may have its ideal or perfect state.

Really, gentlemen, I beg pardon for so much philosophy at one time, and now, let me apply it. When a murder is in the paulo-post-futurum tense, and a rumour of it comes to our ears, by all means let us treat it morally. But suppose it over and done, and that you can say of it, *Τέλειον*, or (in that adamantine molossus of Medea) *ἀπλάγῃ*; suppose the poor murdered man to be out of his pain, and the rascal that did it off like a shot, nobody knows whither; suppose, lastly, that we have done our best, by putting out our legs to trip up the fellow in his flight, but all to no purpose—"abiit, evasit," &c. —why, then, I say, what's the use of any more virtue? Enough has been given to morality; now comes the turn of Taste and the Fine Arts. A sad thing it was, no doubt, very sad; but we can't mend it. Therefore let us make the best of a bad matter; and, as it is impossible to hammer anything out of it for moral purposes, let us treat it aesthetically, and see if it will turn to account in that way. Such is the logic of a sensible man, and what follows? We dry up our tears, and have the satisfaction perhaps to discover, that a transaction, which, morally considered, was shocking, and without a leg to stand upon, when tried by principles of Taste, turns out to be a very meritorious performance. Thus all the world is pleased; the old proverb is justified, that it is an ill wind which blows nobody good; the ama-

teur, from looking bilious and sulky, by too close an attention to virtue, begins to pick up his crumbs, and general hilarity prevails. Virtue has had her day; and henceforward, *Virtu* and *Connoisseurship* have leave to provide for themselves. Upon this principle, gentlemen, I propose to guide your studies, from Cain to Mr Thurtell. Through this great gallery of murder, therefore, together let us wander hand in hand, in delighted admiration, while I endeavour to point your attention to the objects of profitable criticism.

The first murder is familiar to you all. As the inventor of murder, and the father of the art, Cain must have been a man of first-rate genius. All the Cains were men of genius. Tubal Cain invented tubes, I think, or some such thing. But, whatever were the originality and genius of the artist, every art was then in its infancy; and the works must be criticised with a recollection of that fact. Even Tubal's work would probably be little approved at this day in Sheffield; and therefore of Cain (Cain senior, I mean,) it is no disparagement to say, that his performance was but so so. Milton, however, is supposed to have thought differently. By his way of relating the case, it should seem to have been rather a pet murder with him, for he retouches it with an apparent anxiety for its picturesque effect:—

Whereat he inly raged; and, as they
talk'd,
Smote him into the midriff with a stone
That beat out life: he fell; and, deadly
pale,
Green'd out his soul with gushing blood
effus'd.

Par. Lost, B. XI.

Upon this, Richardson the painter, who had an eye for effect, remarks as follows, in his *Notes on Paradise Lost*, p. 497:—"It has been thought," says he, "that Cain beat (as the common saying is) the breath out of his brother's body with a great stone; Milton gives in to this, with the addition, however, of a large wound." In this place it was a judicious addition; for the rudeness of the weapon, unless raised and enriched by a warm, sanguinary colouring, has too much of the naked air of the savage school; as if the deed were perpetra-

ted by a Polypheme without science, premeditation, or any thing but a mutton bone. However, I am chiefly pleased with the improvement, as it implies that Milton was an amateur. As to Shakspeare, there never was a better; as his description of the murdered Duke of Gloucester, in Henry VI., of Duncan's, Banquo's, &c. sufficiently proves.

The foundation of the art having been once laid, it is pitiable to see how it slumbered without improvement for ages. In fact, I shall now be obliged to leap over all murders, sacred and profane, as utterly unworthy of notice, until long after the Christian era. Greece, even in the age of Pericles, produced no murder of the slightest merit; and Rome had too little originality of genius in any of the arts to succeed, where her model failed her. In fact, the Latin language sinks under the very idea of murder: "The man was murdered;"—how will this sound in Latin? *Interfectus est, interemptus est*—which simply expresses a homicide; and hence the Christian Latinity of the middle ages was obliged to introduce a new word, such as the feebleness of classic conceptions never ascended to. *Murdratus est*, says the sublimer dialect of Gothic ages. Meantime, the Jewish school of murder kept alive whatever was yet known in the art, and gradually transferred it to the Western world. Indeed the Jewish school was always respectable, even in the dark ages, as the case of Hugh of Lincoln shows, which was honoured with the approbation of Chaucer, on occasion of another performance from the same school, which he puts into the mouth of the Lady Abbess.

Recurring, however, for one moment to classical antiquity, I cannot but think that Catiline, Clodius, and some of that coterie, would have made first-rate artists; and it is on all accounts to be regretted, that the priggism of Cicero robbed his country of the only chance she had for distinction in this line. As the *subject* of a murder, no person could have answered better than himself. Lord! how he would have howled with panic, if he had heard Cethegus under his bed. It would have been truly diverting to have listened to him; and satisfied I am, gentlemen, that he would have preferred the *stille* of creeping into a closet, or even into a

cleared, to the honour of facing the bold artist.

To come now to the dark ages—(by which we, that speak with precision, mean, *par excellence*, the tenth century, and the times immediately before and after)—those ages ought naturally to be favourable to the art of murder, as they were to church architecture, stained glass, &c.; and, accordingly, about the latter end of this period, there arose a great character in our art, I mean the Old Man of the Mountain. He was a shining light, indeed, and I need not tell you, that the very word “assassin” is deduced from him. So keen an amateur was he, that on one occasion, when his own life was attempted by a favourite assassin, he was so much pleased with the talent shown, that notwithstanding the failure of the artist, he created him a Duke upon the spot, with remainder to the female line, and settled a pension on him for three lives. Assassination is a branch of the art which demands a separate notice; and I shall devote an entire lecture to it. Meantime, I shall only observe how odd it is, that this branch of the art has flourished by fits. It never rains, but it pours. Our own age can boast of some fine specimens; and, about two centuries ago, there was a most brilliant constellation of murders in this class. I need hardly say, that I allude especially to those five splendid works,—the assassinations of William I. of Orange, of Henry IV. of France, of the Duke of Buckingham, (which you will find excellently described in the letters published by Mr Ellis, of the British Museum,) of Gustavus Adolphus, and of Wallenstein. The King of Sweden’s assassination, by the by, is doubted by many writers, Harte amongst others; but they are wrong. He was murdered; and I consider his murder unique in its excellence; for he was murdered at noon-day, and on the field of battle,—a feature of original conception, which occurs in no other work of art that I remember. Indeed, all of these assassinations may be studied with profit by the advanced connoisseur. They are all of them *œmplaria*, of which one may say,—

Nocturnâ versatâ manu, versate diurnâ;
Especially nocturnâ.

In these assassinations of princes and statesmen, there is nothing to excite our wonder: important changes often depend on their deaths; and, from the eminence on which they stand, they are peculiarly exposed to the aim of every artist who happens to be possessed by the craving for scenical effect. But there is another class of assassinations, which has prevailed from an early period of the seventeenth century, that really does surprise me; I mean the assassination of philosophers. For, gentlemen, it is a fact, that every philosopher of eminence for the two last centuries has either been murdered, or, at the least, been very near it; inasmuch, that if a man calls himself a philosopher, and never had his life attempted, rest assured there is nothing in him; and against Locke’s philosophy in particular, I think it an unanswerable objection, (if we needed any,) that, although he carried his throat about with him in this world for seventy-two years, no man ever condescended to cut it. As these cases of philosophers are not much known, and are generally good and well composed in their circumstances, I shall here read an excursus on that subject, chiefly by way of showing my own learning.

The first great philosopher of the seventeenth century (if we except Galileo) was Des Cartes; and if ever one could say of a man that he was all but murdered—murdered within an inch, one must say it of him. The case was this, as reported by Baillet in his *Vie de M. Des Cartes*, tom. I. p. 102-3. In the year 1621, when Des Cartes might be about twenty-six years old, he was touring about as usual, (for he was as restless as a hyena,) and, coming to the Elbe, either at Glückstadt or at Hamburg, he took shipping for East Friesland: what he could want in East Friesland no man has ever discovered; and perhaps he took this into consideration himself; for, on reaching Embden, he resolved to sail instantly for West Friesland; and being very impatient of delay, he hired a bark, with a few mariners to navigate it. No sooner had he got out to sea than he made a pleasing discovery, viz. that he had shut himself up in a den of murderers. His crew, says M. Baillet, he soon found out to be “des scélérats,”—not amateurs, gentlemen,

as we are, but professional men—the height of whose ambition at that moment was to cut his throat. But the story is too pleasing to be abridged—I shall give it, therefore, accurately, from the French of his biographer: “M. Des Cartes had no company but that of his servant, with whom he was conversing in French. The sailors, who took him for a foreign merchant, rather than a cavalier, concluded that he must have money about him. Accordingly they came to a resolution by no means advantageous to his purse. (There is this difference, however, between sea-robbers and the robbers in forests, that the latter may, without hazard, spare the lives of their victims; whereas the other cannot put a passenger on shore in such a case without running the risk of being apprehended.) The crew of M. Des Cartes arranged their measures with a view to evade any danger of that sort. They observed that he was a stranger from a distance, without acquaintance in the country, and that nobody would take any trouble to inquire about him; in case he should never come to hand, (*quand il viendrait à manquer*.)” Think, gentlemen, of these Friezland dogs discussing a philosopher as if he were a puncheon of rum! “His temper, they remarked, was very mild and patient; and, judging from the gentleness of his deportment, and the courtesy with which he treated themselves, that he could be nothing more than some green young man, they concluded that they should have all the easier task in disposing of his life. They made no scruple to discuss the whole matter in his presence, as not supposing that he understood any other language than that in which he conversed with his servant; and the amount of their deliberation was—to murder him, then to throw him into the sea, and to divide his spoils.”

Excuse my laughing, gentlemen, but the fact is, I always do laugh when I think of this case—two things about it seem so droll. One is, the horrid panic or “funk,” (as the men of Eton call it,) in which Des Cartes must have found himself upon hearing this regular drama sketched for his own death—funeral—succession and administration to his effects. But another thing, which seems to me still more funny about this affair is, that if these Friezland hounds had been “game,” we

should have no Cartesian philosophy; and how we could have done without that, considering the worlds of books it has produced, I leave to any respectable trunk-maker to declare.

However, to go on; spite of his enormous funk, Des Cartes showed fight, and by that means awed these Anti-Cartesian rascals. “Finding,” says M. Baillet, “that the matter was no joke, M. Des Cartes leaped upon his feet in a trice, assumed a stern countenance that these cravens had never looked for, and addressing them in their own language, threatened to run them through on the spot if they dared to offer him any insult.” Certainly, gentlemen; this would have been an honour far above the merits of such inconsiderable rascals—to be spitted like larks upon a Cartesian sword; and therefore I am glad M. Des Cartes did not rob the gallows by executing his threat, especially as he could not possibly have brought his vessel to port, after he had murdered his crew; so that he must have continued to cruise for ever in the Zuyder Zee, and would probably have been mistaken by sailors for the *Flying Dutchman*, homeward-bound. “The spirit which M. Des Cartes manifested,” says his biographer, “had the effect of magic on these wretches. The suddenness of their consternation struck their minds with a confusion which blinded them to their advantage, and they conveyed him to his destination as peaceably as he could desire.”

Possibly, gentlemen, you may fancy that, on the model of Caesar's address to his poor ferryman,—“*Cessare rem vehis et fortunam ejus*,”—M. Des Cartes needed only to have said,—“Dogs, you cannot cut my throat, for you carry Des Cartes and his philosophy,” and might safely have defied them to do their worst. A German emperor had the same notion, when, being cautioned to keep out of the way of a cannonading, he replied, “Tut! man. Did you ever hear of a cannonball that killed an emperor?” As to an emperor I cannot say, but a less thing has sufficed to smash a philosopher; and the next great philosopher of Europe undoubtedly was murdered. This was Spinoza.

I know very well the common opinion about him is, that he died in his bed. Perhaps he did, but he was murdered for all that; and this I shall prove by

a book published at Brussels, in the year 1731, entitled, *La Vie de Spinoza*; Par M. Jean Colerus, with many additions, from a MS. life, by one of his friends. Spinoza died on the 21st February 1677, being then little more than forty-four years old. This of itself looks suspicious; and M. Jean admits, that a certain expression in the MS. life of him would warrant the conclusion, "que sa mort n'a pas été tout-à-fait naturelle." Living in a damp country, and a sailor's country, like Holland, he may be thought to have indulged a good deal in grog, especially in punch,* which was then newly discovered. Undoubtedly he might have done so; but the fact is that he did not. M. Jean calls him "extrêmement sobre en son boire et en son manger." And though some wild stories were afloat about his using the juice of mandragora (p. 140,) and opium, (p. 144,) yet neither of these articles appeared in his druggist's bill. Living, therefore, with such sobriety; how was it possible that he should die a natural death at forty-four? Hear his biographer's account:—"Sunday morning the 21st of February, before it was church-time, Spinoza came down stairs and conversed with the master and mistress of the house." At this time, therefore, perhaps ten o'clock on Sunday morning, you see that Spinoza was alive, and pretty well. But it seems "he had summoned from Amsterdam a certain physician, whom," says the biographer, "I shall not otherwise point out to notice than by these two letters, L. M. This L. M. had directed the people of the house to purchase an ancient cock, and to have him boiled forthwith, in order that Spinoza might take some broth about noon; which in fact he did, and ate some of the old cock with a good appetite, after the landlord and his wife had returned from church.

"In the afternoon, L. M. staid alone with Spinoza, the people of the house having returned to church; on coming

out from which they learnt, with much surprise, that Spinoza had died about three o'clock, in the presence of L. M., who took his departure for Amsterdam the same evening, by the night-boat, without paying the least attention to the deceased. No doubt he was the readier to dispense with these duties, as he had possessed himself of a duccatoon and a small quantity of silver, together with a silver-hafted knife, and had absconded with his pillage." Here you see, gentlemen, the murder is plain, and the manner of it. It was L. M. who murdered Spinoza for his money. Poor S. was an invalid, meagre, and weak: as no blood was observed, L. M., no doubt, threw him down and smothered him with pillows,—the poor man being already half suffocated by his infernal dinner.—But who was L. M.? It surely never could be Lindley Murray; for I saw him at York in 1825; and besides, I do not think he would do such a thing; at least, not to a brother grammarian: for you know, gentlemen, that Spinoza wrote a very respectable Hebrew grammar.

Hobbes, but why, or on what principle, I never could understand, was not murdered. This was a capital oversight of the professional men in the seventeenth century; because in every light he was a fine subject for murder, except, indeed, that he was lean and skinny; for I can prove that he had money, and (what is very funny) he had no right to make the least resistance; for, according to himself, irresistible power creates the very highest species of right, so that it is rebellion of the blackest dye to refuse to be murdered, when a competent force appears to murder you. However, gentlemen, though he was not murdered, I am happy to assure you that (by his own account) he was three times very near being murdered.—The first time was in the spring of 1640, when he pretends to have circulated a little MS. on the king's behalf, against the Parliament; he never could produce

* "June 1, 1675.—Drinke part of 3 boules of punch, (a liquor very straine to me)," says the Rev. Mr Henry Teonge, in his Diary lately published. In a note on this passage, a reference is made to Fryer's Travels to the East Indies, 1672, who speaks of "that enervating liquor called *Paunch*, (which is Indostan for five,) from five ingredients." Made thus, it seems the medical men called it *Diapente*; it with Your only, *Diatessaron*. No doubt, it was its Evangelical name that recommended it to the Rev. Mr Teonge.

this MS., by the by ; but he says that, " had not his Majesty dissolved the Parliament," (in May,) " it had brought him into danger of his life." Dissolving the Parliament, however, was, of no use ; for, in November of the same year, the Long Parliament assembled, and Hobbes, a second time, fearing he should be murdered, ran away to France. This looks like the madness of John Dennis, who thought that Louis XIV. would never make peace with Queen Anne, unless he were given up to his vengeance ; and actually ran away from the sea-coast in that belief. In France, Hobbes managed to take care of his throat pretty well for ten years ; but at the end of that time, by way of paying court to Cromwell, he published his *Leviathan*. The old coward now began to " funk" horribly for the third time ; he fancied the swords of the cavaliers were constantly at his throat, recollecting how they had served the Parliament ambassadors at the Hague and Madrid. " Tum," says he, in his dog-Latin life of himself,

" Tum venit in mentem mihi Dorislaus
et Aschain ;
Tanquam proscripto terror ubique ad-
erat."

And accordingly he ran home to England. Now, certainly, it is very true that a man deserved a cudgelling for writing *Leviathan* ; and two or three cudgellings for writing a pentameter ending so villainously as—" terror ubique aderat !" But no man ever thought him worthy of any thing beyond cudgelling. And, in fact, the whole story is a bounce of his own. For, in a most abusive letter which he wrote " to a learned person," (meaning Wallis the mathematician,) he gives quite another account of the matter, and says (p. 8.), he ran home " because he would not trust his safety with the French clergy ;" insinuating that he was likely to be murdered for his religion, which would have been a high joke indeed—Tom's being brought to the stake for religion.

Bounce or not bounce, however, certain it is, that Hobbes, to the end of his life, feared that somebody would murder him. This is proved by the story I am going to tell you : it is not from a manuscript, but, (as Mr Coleridge says,) it is as good as manuscript ; for it comes from a book now

entirely forgotten, viz.—" The Creed of Mr Hobbes Examined ; in a Conference between him and a Student in Divinity," (published about ten years before Hobbes's death.) The book is anonymous, but it was written by Tennison, the same who, about thirty years after, succeeded Tillotson as Archbishop of Canterbury. The introductory anecdote is as follows :—
" A certain divine, it seems, (no doubt Tennison himself,) took an annual tour of one month to different parts of the island. In one of these excursions (1670) he visited the Peak in Derbyshire, partly in consequence of Hobbes's description of it. Being in that neighbourhood, he could not but pay a visit to Buxton ; and at the very moment of his arrival, he was fortunate enough to find a party of gentlemen dismounting at the inn door, amongst whom was a long thin fellow, who turned out to be no less a person than Mr Hobbes, who probably had ridden over from Chatterworth." Meeting so great a lion,—a tourist, in search of the picturesque, could do no less than present himself in the character of bore. And luckily for this scheme, two of Mr Hobbes's companions were suddenly summoned away, by express ; so that, for the rest of his stay at Buxton, he had *Leviathan* entirely to himself, and had the honour of bowing with him in the evening. Hobbes, it seems, at first showed a good deal of stiffness, for he was shy of divines ; but this wore off, and he became very sociable and funny, and they agreed to go into the bath together. How Tennison could venture to gambol in the same water with *Leviathan*, I cannot explain ; but so it was : they frolicked about like two dolphins, though Hobbes must have been as old as the hills ; and " in those intervals wherein they abstained from swimming and plunging themselves," [i. e. diving] " they discoursed of many things relating to the Baths of the Ancients, and the Origins of Springs. When they had in this manner passed away an hour, they stepped out of the bath ; and, having dried and clothed themselves, they sat down in expectation of such a supper as the place afforded ; designing to refresh themselves like the *Deipnosophists*, and rather to reason than to drink profoundly. But in this in-

recent intention they were interrupted by the disturbance arising from a little quarrel, in which some of the ruder people in the house were for a short time engaged. At this Mr Hobbes assumed much concerned, though he was at some distance from the persons.—"And why was he concerned, gentlemen? No doubt you fancy, from some benign and disinterested love of peace and harmony, worthy of an old man and a philosopher. But listen—"For a while he was not composed, but related it once or twice as to himself, with a low and careful tone, how Sextus Roscius was murdered after supper by the Balnea Palatina. Of such general extent is that remark of Cicero, in relation to Epicurus the Atheist, of whom he observed that he of all men dreaded most those things which he contemned—Death and the Gods."—Merely because it was supper-time, and in the neighbourhood of a bath, Mr Hobbes must have the fate of Sextus Roscius. What logic was there in this, unless to a man who was always dreaming of murder?—Here was Leviathan, no longer afraid of the daggers of English cavaliers or French clergy, but "frightened from his propriety" by a row in an ale-house between some honest clod-hoppers of Derbyshire, whom his own gaunt scare-crow of a person that belonged to quite another century, would have frightened out of their wits.

Malebranche, it will give you pleasure to hear, was murdered. The man who murdered him is well known: it was Bishop Berkeley. The story is familiar, though hitherto not put in a proper light. Berkeley, when a young man, went to Paris and called on Père Malebranche. He found him in his cell cooking. Cooks have ever been a *genus irritabile*; authors still more so: Malebranche was both; a dispute arose; the old Father, warm already, became warmer; culinary and metaphysical irritations united to derange his liver: he took to his bed, and died. Such is the common version of the story: "So the whole ear of Denmark is abused."—The fact is, that the matter was hushed up, out of consideration for Berkeley, who (as Pope remarked) had "every virtue under heaven:" else it was well known that Berkeley, feeling himself nettled by the waspishness of the old Frenchman, squared at him; a *turn-up* was

the consequence: Malebranche was flogged in the first round; the conceit was wholly taken out of him; and he would perhaps have given in; but Berkeley's blood was now up, and he insisted on the old Frenchman's retracting his doctrine of Occasional Causa. The vanity of the man was too great for this; and he fell a sacrifice to the impetuosity of Irish youth, combined with his own absurd obstinacy.

Leibnitz, being every way superior to Malebranche, one might, *a fortiori*, have counted on his being murdered; which, however, was not the case. I believe he was nettled at this neglect, and felt himself insulted by the security in which he passed his days. In no other way can I explain his conduct at the latter end of his life, when he chose to grow very avaricious, and to hoard up large sums of gold, which he kept in his own house. This was at Vienna, where he died; and letters are still in existence, describing the immeasurable anxiety which he entertained for his throat. Still his ambition, for being *attempted* at least, was so great, that he would not forego the danger. A late English pedagogue, of Birmingham manufacture, viz. Dr Parr, took a more selfish course, under the same circumstances. He had amassed a considerable quantity of gold and silver plate, which was for some time deposited in his bedroom at his parsonage house, Hatton. But growing every day more afraid of being murdered, which he knew that he could not stand, (and to which, indeed, he never had the slightest pretension,) he transferred the whole to the Hatton blacksmith; conceiving, no doubt, that the murder of a blacksmith would fall more lightly on the *salus reipublice*, than that of a pedagogue. But I have heard this greatly disputed; and it seems now generally agreed, that one good horse-shoe is worth about 2½ Spital sermons.

As Leibnitz, though not murdered, may be said to have died, partly of the fear that he should be murdered, and partly of vexation that he was not,—Kant, on the other hand—who had no ambition in that way—had a narrower escape from a murderer than any man we read of, except Des Cartes. So absurdly does Fortune throw about her favours! The case is told, I think, in an anonymous life of this very great

man. For health's sake, Kant imposed upon himself, at one time, a walk of six miles every day along a high-road. This fact becoming known to a man who had his private reasons for committing murder, at the third milestone from Königsberg, he waited for his "intended," who came up to time as duly as a mail-coach. But for an accident, Kant was a dead man. However, on considerations of "morality," it happened that the murderer preferred a little child, whom he saw playing in the road, to the old transcendentalist: this child he murdered; and thus it happened that Kant escaped. Such is the German account of the matter; but my opinion is—that the murderer was an amateur, who felt how little would be gained to the cause of good taste by murdering an old, arid, and adust metaphysician; there was no room for display, as the man could not possibly look more like a mummy when dead, than he had done alive.

Thus, gentlemen, I have traced the connexion between philosophy and our art, until insensibly I find that I have wandered into our own era. This I shall not take any pains to characterise apart from that which preceded it, for, in fact, they have no distinct character. The 17th and 18th centuries, together with so much of the 19th as we have yet seen, jointly compose the Augustan age of murder. The finest work of the 17th century is, unquestionably, the murder of Sir Edmond-bury Godfrey, which has my entire approbation. At the same time, it must be observed, that the quantity of murder was not great in this century, at least amongst our own artists; which, perhaps, is attributable to the want of enlightened patronage. *Sint Mæcenates, non deerunt, Placch, Marones.* Consulting Grant's "Observations on the Bills of Mortality," (4th edition, Oxford, 1665,) I find, that out of 229,250, who died in London during one period of twenty years in the 17th century, not more than eighty-six were murdered; that is, about 4 three-tenths per annum. A small number this, gentlemen, to found an academy upon: and certainly, where the quantity is so small, we have a right to expect that the quality should be first-rate. Perhaps it was; yet, still I am of opinion that

the best artist in this century was not equal to the best in that which followed. For instance, however praiseworthy the case of Sir Edmond-bury Godfrey may be, (and nobody can be more sensible of its merits than I am,) still I cannot consent to place it on a level with that of Mrs Ruscombe of Bristol, either as to originality of design, or boldness and breadth of style. This good lady's murder took place early in the reign of George III.—a reign which was notoriously favourable to the arts generally. She lived in College Green, with a single maid-servant, neither of them having any pretension to the notice of history but what they derived from the great artist whose workmanship I am recording. One fine morning, when all Bristol was alive and in motion, some suspicion arising, the neighbours forced an entrance into the house, and found Mrs Ruscombe murdered in her bedroom, and the servant murdered on the stairs; this was at noon; and, not more than two hours before, both mistress and servant had been seen alive. To the best of my remembrance, this was in 1764; upwards of sixty years, therefore, have now elapsed, and yet the artist is still undiscovered. The suspicions of posterity have settled upon two pretenders—a baker and a chimney-sweeper. But posterity is wrong; no unpractised artist could have conceived so bold an idea as that of a noon-day murder in the heart of a great city. It was no obscure baker, gentlemen, or anonymous chimney-sweeper, be assured, that executed this work: I know who it was. (*Here there was a general buzz, which at length broke out into open applause; upon which the lecturer blushed, and went on with much earnestness.*) For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, do not mistake me; it was not I that did it. I have not the vanity to think myself equal to any such achievement; be assured that you greatly overrate my poor talents; Mrs Ruscombe's affair was far beyond my slender abilities. But I came to know who the artist was, from a celebrated surgeon, who assisted at his dissection. This gentleman had a private museum in the way of his profession, one corner of which was occupied by a cast from a man of remarkably fine proportions.

"That," said the surgeon, "is a cast from the celebrated Lancashire

highwayman, who concealed his profession for some time from his neighbours, by drawing woollen stockings over his horse's legs, and in that way muffling the clatter which he must else have made in riding up a flagged alley that led to his stable. At the time of his execution for highway robbery, I was studying under Cruickshank: and the man's figure was so uncommonly fine, that no money or exertion was spared to get into possession of him with the least possible delay. By the connivance of the under-sheriff he was cut down within the legal time, and instantly put into a chaise and four; so that, when he reached Cruickshank's, he was positively not dead. Mr —, a young student at that time, had the honour of giving him the *coup de grace*—and finishing the sentence of the law." This remarkable anecdote, which seemed to imply that all the gentlemen in the dissecting-room were amateurs of our class, struck me a good deal; and I was repeating it one day to a Lancashire lady, who thereupon informed me, that she had herself lived in the neighbourhood of that highwayman, and well remembered two circumstances, which combined, in the opinion of all his neighbours, to fix upon him the credit of Mrs Ruscombe's affair. One was, the fact of his absence for a whole fortnight at the period of that murder; the other, that, within a very little time after, the neighbourhood of this highwayman was deluged with dollars: now Mrs Ruscombe was known to have hoarded about two thousand of that coin. Be the artist, however, who he might, the affair remains a durable monument of his genius; for such was the impression of awe, and the sense of power, left behind, by the strength of conception manifested in this murder, that no tenant (as I was told in 1810) had been found up to that time for Mrs Ruscombe's house.

But, whilst I thus eulogize the Ruscombian case, let me not be supposed to overlook the many other specimens of extraordinary merit spread over the face of this century. Such cases, indeed, as that of Miss Bland, or of Captain Donnellan, and Sir Theophilus Boughton, shall never have any countenance from me. Fie on these dealers in poison, say I: can they not keep to the old honest way of cutting

throats, without introducing such abominable innovations from Italy? I consider all these poisoning cases, compared with the legitimate style, as no better than wax-work by the side of sculpture, or a lithographic print by the side of a fine Volpato. But, dismissing these, there remain many excellent works of art in a pure style, such as nobody need be ashamed to own, as every candid connoisseur will admit. *Candid*, observe, I say; for great allowances must be made in these cases: no artist can ever be sure of carrying through his own fine pre-conception. Awkward disturbances will arise; people will not submit to have their throats cut quietly; they will run, they will kick, they will bite; and, whilst the portrait-painter often has to complain of too much torpor in his subject, the artist, in our line, is generally embarrassed by too much animation. At the same time, however disagreeable to the artist, this tendency in murder to excite and irritate the subject, is certainly one of its advantages to the world in general, which we ought not to overlook, since it favours the developement of latent talent. Jeremy Taylor notices with admiration, the extraordinary leaps which people will take under the influence of fear. There was a striking instance of this in the recent case of the M'Keands; the boy cleared a height, such as he will never clear again to his dying day. Talents also of the most brilliant description for thumping, and indeed for all the gymnastic exercises, have sometimes been developed by the panic which accompanies our artists; talents else buried and hid under a bushel to the possessors, as much as to their friends. I remember an interesting illustration of this fact, in a case which I learned in Germany.

Riding one day in the neighbourhood of Munich, I overtook a distinguished amateur of our society, whose name I shall conceal. This gentleman informed me that, finding himself wearied with the frigid pleasures (so he called them) of mere amateurship, he had quitted England for the continent—meaning to practise a little professionally. For this purpose he resorted to Germany, conceiving the police in that part of Europe to be more heavy and drowsy than elsewhere. His *debut* as a practitioner

took place at Mannheim; and, knowing me to be a brother amateur, he freely communicated the whole of his maiden adventure. "Opposite to my lodging," said he, "lived a baker: he was somewhat of a miser, and lived quite alone. Whether it were his great expanse of chalky face, or what else, I know not—but the fact was, I 'fancied' him, and resolved to commence business upon his throat, which by the way he always carried bare—a fashion which is very irritating to my desires. Precisely at eight o'clock in the evening, I observed that he regularly shut up his windows. One night I watched him when thus engaged—bolted in after him—locked the door—and, addressing him with great suavity, acquainted him with the nature of my errand; at the same time advising him to make no resistance, which would be mutually unpleasant. So saying, I drew out my tools; and was proceeding to operate. But at this spectacle, the baker, who seemed to have been struck by catalepsy at my first announce, awoke into tremendous agitation. 'I will *not* be murdered!' he shrieked aloud; 'what for will I lose my precious throat?'—'What for?' said I; 'if for no other reason, for this—that you put alum into your bread. But no matter, alum or no alum, (for I was resolved to forestall any argument on that point) know that I am a virtuoso in the art of murder—am desirous of improving myself in its details—and am enamoured of your vast surface of throat, to which I am determined to be a customer.' 'Is it so?' said he, 'but I'll find you custom in another line;' and so saying, he threw himself into a boxing attitude. The very idea of his boxing struck me as ludicrous. It is true, a London baker had distinguished himself in the ring, and became known to fame, under the title of the Master of the Rolls; but he was young and unspoiled: whereas this man was a monstrous feather-bed in person, fifty years old, and totally out of condition. Spite of all this, however, and contending against me, who am a master in the art, he made so desperate a defence, that many times I feared he might turn the tables upon me; and that I, an amateur, might be murdered by a rascally baker. What a situation! Minds of sensibility will sympathize with my anxiety. How severe it was, you may under-

stand by this, that for the first 13 rounds the baker had the advantage. Round the 14th, I received a blow on the right eye, which closed it up; in the end, I believe, this was my salvation: for the anger it roused in me was so great that, in this and every one of the three following rounds, I floored the baker.

"Round 18th. The baker came up piping, and manifestly the worse for wear. His geometrical exploits in the four last rounds had done him no good. However, he shewed some skill in stopping a message which I was sending to his cadaverous mug; in delivering which, my foot slipped, and I went down.

"Round 19th. Surveying the baker, I became ashamed of having been so much bothered by a shapeless mass of dough; and I went in fiercely, and administered some severe punishment. A rally took place—both went down—Baker undermost—ten to three on Amateur.

"Round 20th. The baker jumped up with surprising agility; indeed, he managed his pins capitally, and fought wonderfully, considering that he was drenched in perspiration; but the shine was now taken out of him, and his game was the mere effect of panic. It was now clear that he could not last much longer. In the course of this round we tried the weaving system, in which I had greatly the advantage, and hit him repeatedly on the conk. My reason for this was, that his conk was covered with carbuncles; and I thought I should vex him by taking such liberties with his conk, which in fact I did.

"The three next rounds, the master of the rolls staggered about like a cow on the ice. Seeing how matters stood, in round 24th I whispered something into his ear, which sent him down like a shot. It was nothing more than my private opinion of the value of his throat at an annuity office. This little confidential whisper affected him greatly; the very perspiration was frozen on his face, and for the next two rounds I had it all my own way. And when I called *time* for the twenty-seventh round, he lay like a log on the floor."

After which, said I to the amateur, "It may be presumed that you accomplished your purpose."—"You are right," said he mildly, "I did; and a great satisfaction, you know, it was to my mind, for by this means I killed

two birds with one stone ;" meaning that he had both thumped the baker and murdered him. Now, for the life of me, I could not see *that* ; for, on the contrary, to my mind it appeared that he had taken two stones to kill one bird, having been obliged to take the conceit out of him first with his fists, and then with his tools. But no matter for his logic. The moral of his story was good, for it shewed what an astonishing stimulus to latent talent is contained in any reasonable prospect of being murdered. A pursy, unwieldy, half cataleptic baker of Mannheim had absolutely fought six-and-twenty rounds with an accomplished English boxer merely upon this inspiration ; so greatly was natural genius exalted and sublimed by the genial presence of his murderer.

Really, gentlemen, when one hears of such things as these, it becomes a duty, perhaps, a little to soften that extreme asperity with which most men speak of murder. To hear people talk, you would suppose that all the disadvantages and inconveniences were on the side of being murdered, and that there were none at all in *not* being murdered. But considerate men think otherwise. "Certainly," says Jer. Taylor, "it is a less temporal evil to fall by the rudeness of a sword than the violence of a fever : and the axe" (to which he might have added the ship-carpenter's mallet and the crow-bar) "a much less affliction than a strangury." Very true ; the Bishop talks like a wise man and an amateur, as he is ; and another great philosopher, Marcus Aurelius, was equally above the vulgar prejudices on this subject. He declares it to be one of "the noblest functions of reason to know whether it is time to walk out of the world or not." (Book III. *Collers' Translation*.) No sort of knowledge being rarer than this, surely *that* man must be a most philanthropic character, who undertakes to instruct people in this branch of knowledge gratis, and at no little hazard to himself. All this, however, I throw out only in the way of speculation to future moralists ; declaring in the meantime my own private conviction, that very few men commit murder upon philanthropic or patriotic principles, and repeating what I have already said once at least—that, as to the majority of murderers, they are very incorrect characters.

With respect to Williams's murders, the sublimest and most entire in their excellence that ever were committed, I shall not allow myself to speak incidentally. Nothing less than an entire lecture, or even an entire course of lectures, would suffice to expound their merits. But one curious fact, connected with his case, I shall mention, because it seems to imply that the blaze of his genius absolutely dazled the eye of criminal justice. You all remember, I doubt not, that the instruments with which he executed his first great work (the murder of the Marra), were a ship-carpenter's mallet and a knife. Now the mallet belonged to an old Swede, one John Petersen, and bore his initials. This instrument Williams left behind him, in Marr's house, and it fell into the hands of the Magistrates. Now, gentlemen, it is a fact that the publication of this circumstance of the initials led immediately to the apprehension of Williams, and, if made earlier, would have prevented his second great work, (the murder of the Williamsons,) which took place precisely twelve days after. But the Magistrates kept back this fact from the public for the entire twelve days, and until that second work was accomplished. That finished, they published it, apparently feeling that Williams had now done enough for his fame, and that his glory was at length placed beyond the reach of accident.

As to Mr Thurtell's case, I know not what to say. Naturally, I have every disposition to think highly of my predecessor in the chair of this society ; and I acknowledge that his lectures were unexceptionable. But, speaking ingenuously, I do really think that his principal performance, as an artist, has been much overrated. I admit that at first I was myself carried away by the general enthusiasm. On the morning when the murder was made known in London, there was the fullest meeting of amateurs that I have ever known since the days of Williams ; old bed-ridden connoisseurs, who had got into a peevish way of sneering and complaining "that there was nothing doing," now hobbled down to our club-room : such hilarity, such benign expression of general satisfaction, I have rarely witnessed. On every side you saw people shaking hands, congratulating each other, and forming dinner-parties for

the evening; and nothing was to be heard but triumphant challenges of—"Well! will *this* do?" "Is *this* the right thing?" "Are you satisfied at last?" But, in the midst of this, I remember we all grew silent on hearing the old cynical amateur, L. S—, that *laudator temporis acti*, stumping along with his wooden leg; he entered the room with his usual scowl, and, as he advanced, he continued to growl and stutter the whole way—"Not an original idea in the whole piece—mere plagiarism—base plagiarism from hints that I threw out! Besides, his style is as hard as Albert Durer, and as coarse as Fuseli." Many thought that this was mere jealousy, and general waspishness; but I confess that, when the first glow of enthusiasm had subsided, I have found most judicious critics to agree that there was something *false* in the style of Thurtell. The fact is, he was a member of our society, which naturally gave a friendly bias to our judgments; and his person was universally familiar to the cockneys, which gave him, with the whole London public, a temporary popularity, that his pretensions are not capable of supporting; for *opinionum commenta delectæ, naturæ judicium confirmat*.—There was, however, an unfinished design of Thurtell's for the murder of a man with a pair of dumb-bells, which I admired greatly; it was a mere outline, that he never completed; but to my mind it seemed every way superior to his chief work. I remember that there was great regret expressed by some amateurs that this sketch should have been left in an unfinished state: but there I cannot agree with them; for the fragments and first bold outlines of original artists have often a felicity about them which is apt to vanish in the management of the details.

The case of the M'Keands I consider far beyond the vaunted performance of Thurtell,—indeed above all praise; and bearing that relation, in fact, to the immortal works of Williams, which the *Æneid* bears to the *Iliad*.

But it is now time that I should say a few words about the principles of murder, not with a view to regulate your practice, but your judgment: as to old women, and the mob of newspaper readers, they are pleased with anything, provided it is bloody enough. But the mind of sensibility requires

something more. *First*, then, let us speak of the kind of person who is adapted to the purpose of the murderer; *secondly*, of the place where; *thirdly*, of the time when, and other little circumstances.

As to the person, I suppose it is evident that he ought to be a good man; because, if he were not, he might himself, by possibility, be contemplating murder at the very time; and such "diamond-cut-diamond" tussles, though pleasant enough where nothing better is stirring, are really not what a critic can allow himself to call murders. I could mention some people (I name no names) who have been murdered by other people in a dark lane; and so far all seemed correct enough; but on looking farther into the matter, the public have become aware that the murdered party was himself, at the moment, planning to rob his murderer, at the least, and possibly to murder him, if he had been strong enough. Whenever that is the case, or may be thought to be the case, farewell to all the genuine effects of the art. For the final purpose of murder, considered as a fine art, is precisely the same as that of Tragedy, in Aristotle's account of it, viz. "to cleanse the heart by means of pity and terror." Now, terror there may be, but how can there be any pity for one tiger destroyed by another tiger?

It is also evident that the person selected ought not to be a public character. For instance, no judicious artist would have attempted to murder Abraham Newland. For the case was this: every body read so much about Abraham Newland, and so few people ever saw him, that there was a fixed belief that he was an abstract idea. And I remember that once, when I happened to mention that I had dined at a coffee-house in company with Abraham Newland, every body looked scornfully at me, as though I had pretended to have played at billiards with Prester John, or to have had an affair of honour with the Pope. And, by the way, the Pope would be a very improper person to murder: for he has such a virtual ubiquity as the Father of Christendom, and, like the cuckoo, is so often heard but never seen, that I suspect most people regard him also as an abstract idea. Where, indeed, a public character is in the habit of giving dinners, "with every delicacy of the season," the case is very differ-

ent: every person is satisfied that he is no abstract idea; and, therefore, there can be no impropriety in murdering him; only that his murder will fall into the class of assassinations, which I have not yet treated.

Thirdly, The subject chosen ought to be in good health: for it is absolutely barbarous to murder a sick person, who is usually quite unable to bear it. On this principle, no Cockney ought to be chosen who is above twenty-five, for after that age he is sure to be dyspeptic. Or at least, if a man will hunt in that warren, he ought to murder a couple at one time; if the Cockneys chosen should be tailors, he will of course think it his duty, on the old established equation, to murder eighteen—And, here, in this attention to the comfort of sick people, you will observe the usual effect of a fine art to soften and refine the feelings. The world in general, gentlemen, are very bloody-minded; and all they want in a murder is a copious effusion of blood; gaudy display in this point is enough for *them*. But the enlightened connoisseur is more refined in his taste; and from our art, as from all the other liberal arts, when thoroughly cultivated, the result is—to improve and to humanize the heart; so true is it, that—

—“*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes,
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*”

A philosophic friend, well known for his philanthropy and general benignity, suggests that the subject chosen ought also to have a family of young children wholly dependent on his exertions, by way of deepening the pathos. And, undoubtedly, this is a judicious caution. Yet I would not insist too keenly on this condition. Severe good taste unquestionably demands it; but still, where the man was otherwise unobjectionable in point of morals and health, I would not look with too curious a jealousy to a restriction which might have the effect of narrowing the artist's sphere.

So much for the person. As to the time, the place, and the tools, I have many things to say, which at present I have no room for. The good sense of the practitioner has usually directed him to night and privacy. Yet there have not been wanting cases where this rule was departed from with excellent effect. In respect to time, Mrs. Ruscombe's case is a beautiful exception, which I have already noticed; and in

respect both to time and place, there is a fine exception in the *Annals of Edinburgh*, (year 1805,) familiar to every child in Edinburgh, but which has unaccountably been defrauded of its due portion of fame amongst English amateurs. The case I mean is that of a porter to one of the Banks, who was murdered whilst carrying a bag of money, in broad daylight, on turning out of the High Street, one of the most public streets in Europe, and the murderer is to this hour undiscovered.

*Sed fugit interea, fugit irreparabile tempus,
Singula dum capti circumvectamur amore.*

And now, gentlemen, in conclusion, let me again solemnly disclaim all pretensions on my own part to the character of a professional man. I never attempted any murder in my life, except in the year 1801, upon the body of a tom-cat; and *that* turned out differently from my intention. My purpose, I own, was downright murder. “*Semper ego auditor tantum?*” said I, “*nunquamne reponam?*” And I went down stairs in search of Tom at one o'clock on a dark night, with the “*animus*,” and no doubt with the fiendish looks, of a murderer. But when I found him, he was in the act of plundering the pantry of bread and other things. Now this gave a new turn to the affair; for the time being one of general scarcity, when even Christians were reduced to the use of potato-bread, rice-bread, and all sorts of things, it was downright treason in a tom-cat to be wasting good wheat-bread in the way he was doing. It instantly became a patriotic duty to put him to death; and as I raised aloft and shook the glittering steel, I fancied myself rising like Brutus, effulgent from a crowd of patriots, and, as I stabbed him, I

“called aloud on Tully's name,
And bade the father of his country hail!”

Since then, what wandering thoughts I may have had of attempting the life of an ancient ewe, of a superannuated hen, and such “small deer,” are locked up in the secrets of my own breast; but for the higher departments of the art, I confess myself to be utterly unfit. My ambition does not rise so high. No, gentlemen, in the words of Horace,

“———*fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exorsu ipse
secandi.*”

HORÆ GERMANICÆ. No. XXII.

ERNEST, DUKE OF SUABIA.

A TRAGEDY, BY LUDOVIC UHLAND.

THAT among other supposed causes of interruption in the regular course of our "Horæ Germanicæ," it may have been suggested by some readers that the field has been already reaped, and the stores exhausted, seems hardly possible; but if any one should have drawn this conclusion, we beg to state, for the party's better information, that, although we did commence the harvest some time ago, yet it was commenced only, and we are not quite clear that, even at this date, it can be considered as having fairly set in. Still, there are other mistakes which may naturally enough have occurred. Many of our readers may have supposed, that German plays and novels are all very wild and irregular; for it is true, no doubt, the plots of those which we happened to choose formerly, often were so; but instead of the field being exclusively occupied by such romantic productions, the stock of historical plays (to which the blame of overstrained sentiment or inflated expression by no means applies) is also boundless. One slight objection to these is, that, in order to appreciate them thoroughly, or to be aware how much the author has supplied of his own invention, we must refer to the best annals of the period, a precaution not always convenient; but however this may be, they are in some respects models worthy of imitation; for, take any important district of Germany, equal in extent to Great Britain, and it might be demonstrated, that, on its historical annals or traditions, a far greater number of imaginative compositions have been founded, than (*mutatis mutandis*) we can boast of in our Island.

It has been said somewhere in Blackwood, that the capacity of inventing and arranging a good plot for an effective play or novel, is almost the rarest attribute of literary genius; and, with certain modifications, the assertion is perfectly just. In union with feeling, enthusiasm, and imagination, this faculty has always been

of rare occurrence, and for a reason which is quite obvious:—To lay the ground-plan for a work of fiction, or even to search into real events, with which fiction may be interwoven, requires a cool, cautious, artificial, mood of mind, akin to that of the mathematician or algebraist; while, in the poetic treatment of the plot once determined, qualities and energies the most opposite are indispensable. In no language can so many productions be found, evincing the existence of these attributes in the same individual, as in German; but the author now under review, though an excellent poet, has produced but few dramas—a circumstance to be regretted, as in the management of that now before us, he has evinced very considerable ability; and it is perhaps owing to the fervour of the poetic temperament, and his impatience of the cool calculating mood requisite for the contrivance of a plot, that his achievements in this way have been so limited.

The scene of the present tragedy is laid at Aix la Chapelle, in the year 1030. After two very good preliminary scenes, we are introduced to the Coronation of Prince Henry, a boy twelve years of age, only son of the Emperor Conrad, who confers on this youth the title of King of the Germans. The Emperor has married Gisela, the widowed duchess of Suabia, who had by her former marriage two sons, Ernest and Hermann, of whom the former, conceiving himself to be the rightful heir to the Dukedom of Burgundy, revolted against his step-father, the Emperor, and, in consequence, has been confined three years a prisoner in the fortress of Giebsteln. At the request of his mother, the Empress, he is now set at liberty; and, at the solemnity of his half-brother's coronation, an offer is made to him that he shall be restored to his rights and territories in Suabia, on condition that he will, in the first place, swear to forego all purposes of revenge against such of his own vassals as had refused to support

him in his plans of insurrection; secondly, that he will break off all acquaintance and intercourse with Count Werner of Kieburg; who had been from earliest youth his companion and intimate friend. Nor is this enough: it is demanded of him that if Count Werner is ever found within the Suabian territories, the Duke must arrest his friend, and send him prisoner to the Emperor.—Fired with the utmost indignation, he refuses to take any such oath, and the Empress Gisela having been compelled to swear that she will not intercede for him, he is therefore deprived for ever of his inheritance, and denounced as a rebel and an outlaw.

It will be obvious to our readers, that the prevailing sentiment in this play is that of inflexible constancy in friendship; and of this principle we scarcely know, in the whole range of literature, a more spirited and interesting illustration. The language, however, is simple and unadorned, perhaps to a fault; though this remark applies chiefly to the earlier scenes. The following extract is from the third of the first act, where Duke Ernest addresses the Emperor Conrad:

Ernest. When at Ulm
The Parliament had met, I came not
thither
A suppliant for favour. No—Surround-
ed
By mine own vassals, trusting in their
strength
And firm attachment, I resolved to prove
My claim to Burgundy by force of arms.
Then did Count Anselm and Count Fre-
derick
Step forth, and sternly said, they were
not bound
To serve me, in defiance of their King,
The high protector of their liberties.
With those twain did my troops at once
accord—
Even in one moment I was left forsa-
ken,
Threw down my sword, disgracefully sur-
render'd,
And thence was led to Giebstein pri-
soner.
Even in that hour, when all the rest
proved false,
Not so the guide and guardian of my
youth;
COUNT WERNER DID REMAIN MINE
ONLY FRIEND!—
He fled to Kleburg thence,—his ancient
castle,

And there, for three months, he was held
beleaguér'd,
Imperial sire, by your puissant troops;
Till when, at last, they forced the gates,
'twas but
By stratagem he could escape with life,—
Thereafter, wandering through the world
an outlaw—

Should I, then, basely injure and re-
nounce
The man who thus in dark disastrous
days
My broken fortune shared, and suffers
still
For my sake? No, you must not ask me
this.

Con. Prince, thou'rt deceived, if thou
believ'st that Werner
For thy sake acted thus. Thou wert, as
ever,
The tool and implement of his designs,
Deep-laid and dangerous.

Ern. Truly I do know
There dwells in him a lofty ardent spirit;
Yet not the less, his aims are pure and no-
ble;
What he has done for me, and I for him,
Betwixt us weaves a bond of endless friend-
ship.

Con. The more thou speak'st thus fer-
vently, the more
'Tis plain how this man in his villainous
toils.

Holds thee entangled; and we stead-
fastly
Refuse thy dukedom to restore, if thou
Swear'st not as we enjoin.

Ern. Fidelity
And honour, it is said, are ever deem'd
The badge and touchstone of our German
heroes,
And I believe it still, despite of all
That I have borne and suffer'd. Sire, me-
thinks

I shall not be reproved, if I remind you
Of that which lately chanced, when Othel-
rich,
Bohemia's Duke, in hopes to win your fa-
vour,
Did offer to betray the Polish Prince,
Who fled to him for succour. You re-
pulsed

With just disdain that offer; and should
I,
A German prince,—a step-son of the
King,
Commit even baser crimes than those
which moved

Your scorn and indignation in a foe
And stranger?—No, it cannot be!

Con. This much,
I shall not fail to ask and to enforce.
A son may not in friendship's bonds
unite
With one proscribed, his father's ene-
my;—

A German prince may not protect and aid
Th' insurgent and peace-breaker. This
demand

Is but what duty prompts, and most un-
justly

Thou namest it treachery.

Ern. Name it what you will,
'Tis not good faith, nor gratitude, nor
friendship,—

Nor aught that can inspire a noble heart.

Con. Yet once more answer,—wilt thou
swear an oath,—

Even that which we had framed?—Reply
not rashly,

The question is not now of rank alone,
Or wealth and freedom. Recollect the
doom;

Outlawry and the Church's malediction,
That hover'd o'er thy head at Ulm, may
yet

Descend and crush thee!

Gisela. On my son have mercy!

Con. (To *Gis.*) Must I so soon admon-
ish thee? Are then

Thy vows forgotten?

*Warman.** Prince, my duty now
Commands me to unfold the CHURCH's
sentence.

In former years, when disobediently,—
Ungratefully, against your king and father
You wielded rebel arms, not sparing even
Her consecrated property,—(for shrines
Of martyrs, and the blessed sanctuaries
Of peaceful convents, were by you pro-
faned),—

Then was your arm uplifted, and withheld
By this alone, th' imperial intercession,—
Which, once removed, leaves thee all deso-
late;

The blow will now be struck. Take from
the Church

This last maternal warning.

Gis. Is it thus

A mother warns?

Con. Thou art instructed, prince;
With caution answer, wilt thou swear?

Ern. 'Tis true,
The dungeon air, that I so long have
breathed,
Slacken'd at last mine energies; I
wax'd

Untimely old; but am not yet so fall'n,
So nerveless, that I should betray the
man,

Who still to me was faithful!

Con. 'Tis enough.

My duties as a father are fulfill'd.
Nor shall the younger brother suffer now
For crimes that by the elder were com-
mitted.

The Suabian dukedom falls by right to
Hermann,

And henceforth he commands in Italy.

With pure hands I uplift the sword, and
thus,

In virtue of mine office, and the judg-
ment

Of her assembled princes, I declare
The man before us placed, once Suabia's
duke,

An outlaw and a public enemy!
His feudal rights and lands I do recall,—

Assign his heritage to the next of kin;—
Dismissing him with life alone, I give

His flesh a prey unto the bears and
wolves,—

To birds in air, to fishes in the water.

(To *Ernest*) I send thee hence, to choose
thy path from out

The four roads of the world; but never
more

Claim'st thou protection from my king-
dom's laws;

And even as now, this gauntlet, which I
cast

Amid the motley crowd, shalt thou be
scorn'd

And trod upon.

To this follows a long formal ex-
communication pronounced by War-
man, Bishop of Constance, which we
think it needless to extract; and in
answer to which, Ernest exclaims,—

Thus doubly outlaw'd and proscribed I
fly,

With curses loaden, and by Death pur-
sued,—

Yet not the less to Werner are pro-
served

My friendship's vows unbroken!

This concludes the first act, and the
second opens with a soliloquy of Duke
Ernest, now in a humble dress, wan-
dering in the forest near Basel. By
chance he has an interview here with
Odo Count of Champagne, and Hugo
Count of Egisheim. The former
being a relation of our hero and a
joint claimant for the Dukedom of
Burgundy, is exceedingly incensed at
the conduct of Ernest, in having, on
account of his regard for Werner, lost
the opportunity of restoration to his
rights and estates. He treats him
with contumely, therefore, and retires
in wrath. *Manent* our hero and
Hugo von Egisheim, to whose beau-
tiful daughter, Edelgarde, the former

* Bishop of Constance.

had once paid his addresses ; and now the following dialogue takes place betwixt them :—

Ern. Thou feel'st compassion still,
Nor shall I hence depart, quite unconsoled.

But look not round thus anxiously. In sooth,
No one is here to mark that thou hast spoken

With Suabia's outlaw'd duke ; and I shall stand

Thus reverently apart,—to leeward too,
Nor let my garments brush on thine.

Hugo. If 'twere
But possible to aid thee !

Ern. Hear me then !—

If thou hast not forgotten days of yore,
Then wilt thou call to mind that Suabia's prince

Erewhile did woo the beauteous Edelgarde,

Your daughter, venerable sir,—but now,
I come not hither to renew that suit,
For truly I should prove a sorry bridegroom.—

No train of noble vassals would attend me ;

No trumpets from the church-tower sound ; no peal

Of mirthful bells would hail our festival.
At sight of me all men would cross themselves ;

And if with her I drew near to the altar,
The choral songs and organ would be mute ;

The priest would threateningly uplift his hand,

To curse instead of blessing us. Too well

I know, that Edelgarde for me is lost !
Nor have I merited your sanction, father ;

On your domains three strongholds I did plunder,

Because you took the Emperor's part against me.

Yet, this much would I beg of you in pity ;—

Tell me, if e'er your daughter, when the news

Of my fate hither came,—I would not ask
If she has wept—no, but if transiently,
Even like a mirror breathed upon, her eyes

Have been suffused ; nor if she sigh'd indeed,

But if her bosom haply chanced to heave,
As when one struggles with an evil dream ?

Hugo. Of tears and sighs I wot not,
but this much

I know,—that she became more grave
and saint-like.

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Benevolent and kind she had been ever,
But now the houseless poor absorb'd her cares.—

As pious widows wont, so Edelgarde,
(The virgin widow) then did every day
Distribute alms, and visited the sick,
Assisting pilgrims too, and prisoners.

Ern. Hah—prisoners !—

Hugo. Till when the news arrived
That thou wert made an outlaw and accursed,

Next day at earliest dawn she did entreat,

That I would guide her to Ottilienberg.—

Thou know'st that convent, built on a high cliff,

Commanding the far prospect o'er Alsace ;

And there arrived, (for I did grant her prayer,)

Alighted from her palfrey, she had laid
Her hand upon the gate. " Truly," she said,

" This convent has a lovely site ;—mark, father,

How wide and varied is the view,—how rich

With towns and castles, rivers, fields, and woods,—

All pomp and bravery of this beauteous earth,

So pleasantly and flatteringly display'd,
That whoso'er had not yet lost all sense

Of temporal joys, and every gleam of hope,

Would, from the threshold turning, here exclaim—

" No—such a ravishing world I cannot leave ! "

With these words did she resolutely enter.

And, lo ! there flows within that convent's walls

A consecrated fountain, far renown'd
For cures miraculous of the blind. She bath'd

Her eyelids' silken fringes—" May this balm,"

She said, " prepare my sight to meet the gleams

Of light Eternal, for mine eyes are dim,
And this world is to me for ever dark-en'd."

So, to all earthly things, she bade farewell.

[*Exit.*

Ern. (alone) And thou too, golden star of Love, art set,

That shone so brightly on my youthful path,

And comfort pour'd even through my prison bars !

In Edelgarda's arms I might have yet

Recover'd hope and courage; for her sake,
New tasks, and harder far, I had encounter'd;

I knew no persecutions, want nor pain,
That blest with her I could not have endured.

Her smiles illumed the prisoner's dreary cell,—

And still unto the pilgrim, wearied, lorn,
She might have held the cup of life,—but now,

My thorny path henceforth, in solitude,—
In darkness and despair I must pursue!

He is about to retire, when a man,
disguised as a private soldier, enters,
and commands him to halt. This
proves to be his friend Werner.

Ern. Avaunt, I say,—hold back!
I know thee well,—thou art a hired assassin,

And long hast followed me; but have a care,—

This miserable life shall not yet fall
A prey to murderers.

Wern. (*throwing back his mantle.*) Strike then, if thou wilt.

Ern. My Werner—oh, my Werner!

Wern. Thine indeed,

Even to my last breath, and last pulse of life.

Ern. Now am I rescued—Heaven will yet assist me.

Wern. Thou changeless friend—thou noble heart!

Ern. I pray thee—

Wern. How much for my sake hast thou done and suffer'd—

And how can I repay thee?

Ern. 'Twas long since
Beforehand paid.

Wern. Nay, nothing have I done;
Thou art the only faithful friend.

Ern. Methinks

'Twere good to rest here, for I feel out-worn,

And this old oak affords a pleasant shade.
Almost it seems as if I were again

The Duke of Suabia, and we twain had rode

A-hunting through the forest with our falcons,

Dismounting here at noonday for refreshment.

But, Werner, say how hast thou lived,
and where?

Wern. From France I came, where I have mark'd of late

How princes by their king are tamed,
and whither

It chanced a private soldier brought the news

That thou wert freed from thine imprisonment,

But since had been by church and state denounced

A rebel and a public enemy,
For this cause only, that we still were friends.

I took the soldier's arms and ragged mantle,

Set out in chase of thee, my noble game,
And thus have found thee.

Ern. Werner, now thou see'st
My spirit is weigh'd down, my strength declined;

Yet the same malison which crush'd me so
Doth rest on thee. How then hast thou retain'd

Thine eyes' bright lustre, and thy noble mien?

Wern. 'Tis said the corn in springtide prospers best

In thunderstorms; so have mine energies
Beneath oppression risen.

Ern. Rather, methinks,
Thy constancy hath done this.

Wern. If that virtue
Can give us health and strength, thou,
Ernest, too,

Like any rose shouldst bloom. But there has been

One recollection ever in my mind—

The memory of that coronation-day,
When first, in all her beauty, to my sight
Appear'd the genius of our father-land,
In female form, the seraph Liberty—
And this preserved my courage yet unbroken.

This image, like a sacred relic, still
I bore where'er I went;—and here, beneath

This venerable oak, whose boughs are green,

Fit emblem of undying constancy,
Be mine to draw the veil from those
bright visions,

That like a sun-gleam now may penetrate
The night of our dark thoughts.

In a speech of more than a hundred lines, Werner then gives a description of his own feelings during the Coronation of the Emperor Conrad, at the beautiful city of Mayence, including various events which happened at that time on the Rhine. It is spirited, but too long for quotation. Besides, the poet copies here that which is set down, nearly in the same terms, in Senator Voght's History of the Rhine; whereas the fortunes of Duke Ernest of Suabia, and Werner of Kieburg, are barely touched on in the chronicle as a mere episode; indeed the character of the latter is an invention of Uhland. Ernest replies:—
From such events

An energetic soul gains deep impressions.
But while you brooded on these lofty
themes,

For me, the first smiles of a beauteous
maiden

Unlock'd Love's paradise. I was even
then

My uncle's ward, a careless youth, to
whom

The affairs of state or church were all
unknown.

But rapidly a change drew on, and broke
That blissful calm.

Wern. I shall not e'er forget,
How with Count Welf and other Suabian
knights

I had rode out, and from the river's bank
Beheld you sailing down the Rhine. You
stood,

In festal robes attired, on the trim deck
Of a gay-painted yacht, and by your side,
Count Hugo and the beauteous Edel-
garde.

A minstrel lean'd upon the vessel's side,
Who struck the harp and sung, while the
still water

Reflected all the group.

Ern. Those were bright days,
Now gone for ever down the stream of
Time.

Wern. And my hopes, too, that were
so bold and soaring—

They are no more: they live but in re-
membrance.

The man whom we had chosen for our
king,

Who then so humbly did incline his head,
Has raised it since, and doth desire no
less

Than power unlimited and undivided,
With fix'd succession in his lineage.

Those who did lift him up he trode upon;
His brother Conrad, whom he then em-
braced,

Was driven to take up arms for his own
safety;

The grey-hair'd Welf is exiled from the
kingdom.

But thou, my prince, even from his first
beginning,

How has he persecuted, robb'd, oppress'd
thee!

By my allegiance-oath I am thy vassal;
The sacred bond of friendship doth unite
us;

Yet were it not so, I had joined thy ban-
ners,

And drawn my sword for thee, but to ob-
tain

The chance of trampling on this tyrant's
head.

Ern. Each mortal is aware of his worst
foe,

And therefore doth the Emperor enter-
tain

More hatred of Count Werner than of me.
Wern. 'Twas I that raised this hatred;
and, alas!

Unhappy prince, thou hast been made the
victim.

With buoyant spirit still I breast the
waves:

The fervour kindled once has never died,
And this upholds me. But my friend has
been

A lover, and has sigh'd for household
peace,

Though now for evermore from peace de-
barr'd;

And all the guerdon of his constancy
Is but, that here he stands forlorn and
hopeless,

While I look on, as if in scorn and mock-
ery;

Or am at best the last and only vassal
To name thee Duke, and kneeling thus,
(*he kneels*) to swear

Eternal fealty in my prince's service.

Ern. (*raising him*) From thee, indeed,
should I receive this homage?

Wern. Oh, truly, never in thy ducal
splendour

Didst thou appear so elevate, so worthy
Of homage and respect, as when thus
fallen—

By thine own choice an exile and an out-
law!

But no—thou art not, canst not be for-
gotten

In Suabia—where an honest people once,
With loving hearts, thy father served and
thee;

Where many a brave man dwells, in hut
or castle,

Who fought beneath your banners. Thither, then,

Let us march on undaunted. The Black
Forest

Will kindly shelter us, and there, even
now,

Thine influence cannot all be lost.

Ern. Lead on!

And there, if all should scorn me, thou
no less

Art faithful ever.

Wern. Mark this gauntlet, prince,

[*Drawing it from his doublet.*
It is the same, that Conrad 'mid the crowd
At Aix-la-Chapelle cast away, to be
Despised and trod upon. That wander-
ing soldier

Who came to me in France, reversed the
doom,

And henceforth I have worn it next my
heart. [*Exit.*

In the third act, we return to Aix—

la-Chapelle, where there are conferences held between the Empress Gisela and Hugo von Egisheim, on the affairs of Burgundy, also between the Emperor and Count Mangold, on the recent events in Suabia, where the outlawed duke and his friend Werner have collected a small band in the Black Forest. Count Mangold, although a near relation of Ernest, is appointed to command the troops that are sent to quell this insurrection. On this succeeds an effective dialogue between the Empress and Count Adalbert of Carinthia, an old man, now in a pilgrim's garb, who had the misfortune, many years ago, to kill, accidentally, the Duke, her late husband, at a stag-hunt. The Duke died in the arms of his unintentional destroyer—forgave him kindly, and charged him with his dying address to Gisela, requesting that, “for his sake, and that of his children, she would continue to wear her widow's veil, and never forget him;” which mournful embassy was duly rendered. After that tragical adventure, Adalbert had wandered restless through the world, having first placed his only son in a monastery, to be educated as a monk: but was evermore haunted by the spectral form of his unfortunate victim; and though he has gone a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, practising all austerities, still the same impression lasts unconquerably. He therefore reproaches the Empress for disregard of her husband's dying words, and is persuaded, that because the injunctions therein contained have not been fulfilled, he is *therefore* tormented by the reproaches of his own conscience, and by that fearful apparition. We shall transcribe the end of this dialogue.

Gis. Means't thou by such words
To take my life, as thou didst take my
husband's?

Adal. I come to warn thee—since the
Emp'rour Henry

In vain admonish'd, that a marriage-bond,
Unsanction'd by the church, should be
dissolved,

(For Conrad was thy kinsman, nay,
cousin,)

In vain the Archbishop half refused to
place

The crown upon thy head; and, there-
fore, now,

I came not as a courtier to the palace,
To pay the wonted tax of flattery;

No—rather with thy husband's dying
breath,

In me revived, to warn thee still t' ab-
jure

This hateful union. Be to him once more
A mourning widow, and his children's
mother.

Gis. Thou break'st all sacred barriers
that protect

A feeble woman's rights; thou aim'st
at me

Reproaches such as woman ne'er sus-
tain'd,

And wounds that even the lioness would
feel.

If I have been irresolute—imprudent,
Affection yet lives changeless in my heart.

If I did swear rash oaths, for this already
I have done penance even a hundred fold;

And if I laid aside the widow's veil,
I wear the imperial coronet unstain'd.

Far as our German realms extend, my
name

Is blest and honour'd; churches have I
rear'd

And hospitals; the poor and aged too
Are fed from mine exchequer; let the
king

Wield the stern sword of justice—I no
less

Can rule, though with the peaceful olive-
branch,

With him I intercede, and mediate
For mine own children and for all the
nation.

But thou, who hither comest a stern
avenger,

Rending each natural tie within my
breast,

And striv'st to pluck the crown from off
my head,

What hast *thou* done that gave thee rights
like these?

Speak then—the hard rocks, kneeling,
thou hast worn—

Wander'd thou hast in foreign lands, and
spent

In useless toil *irrevocable* time;
Thine own flesh thou hast scourged,

though he that fell
By thy unlucky hand did quite forgive
thee;

Thy works are dead, and all thine acts
unfruitful!

But here, when travelling through our
native land,

Thou seest the castles gleaming on their
heights,

And champions arm'd careering through
the valleys,

And hear'st the well-known sounds of
hound and horn.

Peal through the woods—

Adal. Wake not that echo now!

Gia. And see'st the fire burn cheerily
on the hearth,
And laughing children play before the
door—
Art not ashamed even of thyself, who
mov'st
So lifeless through the walks of life?
Wert thou
Not born and bred to arms—a Christian
knight?
Own'st thou not yet a forest and a castle?
Hast not a home, and there an only child,
Whom thou so unpaternally deserted'st?
Or if to thee life's joys are wither'd now,
Know'st thou no more of duty and of
deeds?
Is innocence no more oppress'd? Or lives
No friend unfortunate, whom thou couldst
succour?
Lives not the Duke, thy victim's wretch-
ed son,
A wanderer on the earth, a houseless
outlaw?
Oh, were it not that vows now seal my
lips,
And all mine energies of love control,
I would contend with thee, thou gloomy
spirit!
Even as the sunbeams melt the frozen
earth,
And draw from thence the young and
verdant leaves,
I would assail thy cold and frozen heart,
Till I had broke the spell of supersti-
tion—
Then shouldst thou be a man! [*Exit.*
Adal. (alone.) Am I transform'd?
Or what has happened here? By magic
wand
Have I been struck, or dipp'd in mystic
waters?
All that I sought in vain from Jordan's
flood,
The Mount of Olives, or the Sepulchre,
This woman hath effected. True indeed,
Heaven can work miracles in every land.
I feel now freed from mine enormous
guilt,—
The beaming gates of grace once more
are open,
And he, who lately did despair; beholds
A level path before him. I have wrung
My hands in pray'r, yet blood still cleaved
to them—
Then let these arms be raised to aid the
son,
Whom they did rob of his protecting
parent!
If I am scourged, so be it for his sake;
The blood I shed for him shall wash me
pure;
My soul, in his cause parted from this life,
May haply reach to Heaven—and mine
own race, .

That I had deem'd accursed, shall pros-
per yet,
Even to remotest times. Thanks to this
woman! [*Exit.*

The fourth act brings us to the Black
Forest, where Werner is watching and
supporting his friend Duke Ernest,
who lies asleep. The opening speech
of the former is good, but we have not
room for it. Meanwhile Adalbert of
Carinthia enters, still in his pilgrim's
dress, and there ensues the following
dialogue:—

Adal. Hah! there he rests;—
How close is now his likeness to the
Duke,

When he lay dying in mine arms!

Wern. Good pilgrim,
Tread softly, do not wake my friend.

Adal. Leave me
The task of watching by him as he sleeps.
I have an ancient privilege to support
The Dukes of Suabia in mine arms.

Wern. Strange man;
When thus I read more deeply in thy
features,
Methinks thou'rt Adalbert von Falken-
stein.

Adal. And when thou part'st the dark
locks from thy forehead,
I deem thou'rt Werner of the race of
Kieburg.

Wern. What wilt thou here?

Adal. I came to seek the Duke.

Wern. Know'st that he is proscribed,
and an outlaw?

Adal. Whoe'er has wandered through
the world o'erwhelm'd
With self-reproach like mine, he will not
dread

The malison of church or state. More-
over,

This only means was left to avert my fate,—
I give unto the Duke mine ancient castle;
Thou see'st it frowning yonder from the
cliffs.

Wern. Nay, speak not so; already have
I knock'd there,

The castellan did sternly thence repulse
us.

Adal. To him I gave our eagle's nest
in charge,
The stronghold of mine honour'd ances-
tors,

Nor will he entrance yield, save to his
master.

Ern. (awaking.) Who is that man?

Wern. My prince, be glad of heart,
And comrades rouse yourselves for en-
terprise,
For this day we have gain'd a vantage
ground.

Till now, in sooth, we roam'd about like
wolves,

Or wander'd like the vultures of the air,
Who dare not settle on a human roof,
The caves or tangled woods our only
shelter.

But this man offers us a friendly refuge,
And to his martial fortress makes us
welcome.

Once more we are at home in Suabia.

Ern. Who art thou, pilgrim, who, thy-
self a wanderer,

Dost offer to thy houseless brother aid?

Adal. I am the most unhappy Adalbert,
Who slew his liege lord with a hunting
spear,—

Thereafter fifteen years a wretched pil-
grim,—

Who cherishes no hope to be forgiven,
If thou wilt not receive his homage now,
And dwell beneath his roof-tree. At
this cross,

Which marks the spot whereon thy father
died,

And granted me forgiveness, I implore,
That thou wilt not reject my humble suit,
So shall my soul be rescued!

Ern. Leaning thus,

Even on that ground, where once thy
blood was shed,

And grasping this old monument, where
still

'Tis said thy spirit haunts at midnight
hour,

Father, I pray thee, look on my sad fate!
So wretched see'st thou me, and so for-
lorn,

That I must refuge take, even with the
man,

Who struck thy death-wound!

Wern. Hark, a bugle sounds;—
Comrades to arms!

Ern. Nay—'tis not for attack
Yon troop approaches, for they slowly
move

In funeral march; and look, their scarfs
are black,—

Their banner too,—'tis ours, and borne
by Warin!

COUNT WARIN enters with his Troop.

Warin. Few now in number, but with
hearts as brave,

And loyal as of old, we come, my liege,
From Italy, where on the battle-field

Thy brother Herman was our general.
In many a strife, this banner waved before

him,
And all our army praised the brave young
held.

For us alone of Suabia, 'twas indeed
Like Cain's mark on his forehead, that
he held

The title which erewhile was reft from
thee,

And with sad heart oft-times even I have
borne

Before him this old standard; till it
chanced

When hard-won victories were achieved,
we march'd

Onward to Susa, where the Margrave's
daughter,

His beauteous bride, awaited our arrival.
Then fell on us the blight of pestilence;

Our soldiers on their journey were mow'd
down,

Not singly, but in squadrons; nor could all
The skill of learn'd physicians from his fate

Our young commander save. In that
dread hour

Of his approaching death, he summon'd
me,

With head averted, fearing to inflict
On friends the dire infectious malady.

He said, "This banner, which thou
bear'st, Count Warin,

Hence let it be convey'd unto my brother,
And tell him, for HIS SAKE I have re-
tain'd it,

For HIS SAKE have upheld our old renown,
And twined it with fresh laurels." At
these words

All hearts were moved; and with afflic-
tion deep,

And self-reproach thereafter, we did lay
That noble chief in his untimely grave.

Obedient to his mandate, then we took
Our homeward route, but on the snow-
clad Alps

Still must we pay our tithes to death, and
there

Fell many a corpse was 'mid the glaciers
buried.

We only have survived, and safely bring
Thy brother's legacy; take this mourn-
ful banner;

Lead us to battle; lead us quickly on-
wards,

Ere yet our feeble band becomes more
slender;

For he who stands before you blooming
now,

Perchance within him bears about the
seeds

Of death conceal'd; and better 'twere to
fall,

Even vanquish'd by the foe, than so to
perish!

Ern. Oh, dazzling are the auspices
that now

Precede my second dukedom! Adalbert,
My father's murderer, yields to me his
castle;

My brother's mourners are my festal
train;—

Come on then, friends and comrades;
Suabia's duke

Nor shuns the murderer, nor from pesti-
lence

One step shall he recoil.

[*Exeunt.*

The scene then changes to the camp of Count Mangold, who is now arrived in Suabia, and we find him engaged in consultation with Warmann, Bishop of Constance. They are interrupted by a visit from Werner, who comes alone and unprotected as a herald from the insurgents, and hopes that he can persuade his relation to revolt against the Emperor. We shall transcribe a few lines.

Mangold. Becomes it thee t' obtrude such admonitions?

A rebel and an outcast,—the reproach And shame of our exalted house?

Wern. And yet, Thou dar'st not look that rebel in the face;—

Thy boasted noble blood doth rise against thee,

And tinge thine aspect with resistless shame.

Beguided by this better feeling, Mangold, And prove thyself still worthy of our race.

If thou art not already soul and body

Enslaved by Suabia's enemies, if yet

Thou canst regain the wonted path of honour,

Then change at once,—be bold and resolute.—

Thy feudal rights give back unto the crown;

These golden glittering chains,—cast them away;

The miserable task to thee assigned

With just disdain renounce!—I do confess

The service needful in a camp like ours

Is hard and stern; here are no royal gifts,

No feudal rights, nor glittering chains and stars,

But labour, famine, banishment, and death;—

And ours is yet the noblest of all service;

To such our valiant fathers were devoted,

And therein have I sworn to end my life.

Count Mangold, thou wilt join us!

The Bishop now interposes, and Werner's admonitions prove in vain. He retires in anger, warning Mangold to be on his guard, if they should meet together on the battle-field; and in the next scene we enter Adalbert's castle, where, in a hall hung with armour and weapons, Duke Ernest is stationed alone at the window.

Ernest. 'Tis now the season, when in Suabian fields

The ripening corn doth fall before the reaper,

When cheer'd by golden sunlight, or the moon,

All husbandmen so merrily prepare The feast of harvest-home. But I am here

A prisoner in these gloomy towers,— shut out

From life's glad scenes; no landscape I behold

But these funereal woods of dusky pine, And streams careering thro' the rocky vale;

No harvest waits for me, but that wherein For sickles we have swords, and I myself Shall fall untimely. Hark,—the watcher's bugle!

Might this be Werner? If the night drew on,

And he arrived not—There! I heard his voice!

Needless it was to doubt his free return;

On his arm fetters even like gossamer Would snap asunder; bolts and bars would yield

To one stern incantation of his voice— My Werner, welcome!

Werner makes his appearance here, and the hall is gradually filled with Suabian soldiers.

Ern. On then, comrades,—enter!— The news I have t' impart concern you all—

For we are close surrounded, every path Cut off, and but by stratagem could I

Return to warn you. Ay, this Emperor moves

With hasty steps; our only hope is now In rapid stern resolve. Their numbers too

Exceed my reckoning, and with every day Will gain increase; while *here* no means are left

To raise recruits; for all our friends are distant,

And know not if we stand, or have been captured.

Thank Heaven, we keep our ground, and still may choose

Between surrender and a desperate conflict;

Still hopes are left, that in one mortal fray, We might victoriously regain our freedom,

Then onward march to join expecting friends.

If now we linger, there will be no choice,

Save that of thralldom or slow death by famine.

Resolve then, soldiers,—shall we dare the battle?

Wern. We are resolved—lead on!

Soldiers. Hurrah—hurrah!—

Ern. If there be one among you
here, to whom
A bride, a wife, or child, makes this life
precious,—
I shall not murmur—let him go in
peace!—
Silent you are and move not:—well then I
Do vote for battle! Let to-morrow's
dawn
Find us prepared. Here, soldiers! from
these arms
Take what you will; for they are given
to us.—(*Pointing to the wall.*)

When they are all ready accoutred,
Adalbert, the owner of the castle, steps
forward, leading his son, also in ar-
mour.

Adal. So then, array'd
In warlike knightly garb, I thank my liege,
That on these aged brows the helmet
gleams,
And, light of heart, I wield my sword
again!—
Years have, 'tis true, enfeebled now my
grasp,
Yet wilt thou not disdain my proffer'd
service,
For lo! I come, too, as a youth before
you;—
Here stands my son,—let him be hence-
forth thine!—
Already from his convent he escaped
And exercised his strength in arms—so
take him,
A scion of my race, but faithful still,
And guiltless of thy father's blood.

Ern. Thine offer
I thankfully accept, and may Heaven grant
That I restore thy son as I received
him!—

Wern. Mine honour'd prince, I too,
that heretofore
Appear'd thy humble squire, have now
resumed
The habit of mine order, for in this—
The glorious final strife that here awaits
us,
'Tis meet we should go forth in proud
array.—
Yet must I envy this man, who devotes
To thee a twofold life; and hereupon,
Let me narrate for once a merry jest;
Sans doute, on such an eve, we should be
merry!—
It chanced at Regensburg, the Emperor
Henry
Would ride a-hunting, and it pleased his
humour
Commands to spread, that no one should
with more
Than one attendant squire the sport en-
joy.
But lo! Count Altenberg did take the
field

With horsemen thirty-three, all in his
train,—

A handsome troop, and brilliantly attired,
On prancing chargers mounted. Then,
said Henry,

"Hast thou not heard, one squire alone
suffices?"

The Count replied—"In sooth I bring
but one."

"Who then are all the rest?"—"My
sons, my liege,—

And those I humbly do present to you;
In times of peace let them as now adorn
Your hunting suite; in war let them de-
vote

Their strength and life-blood in their Em-
peror's service."

O were I rich like him! Or could I give
My life a hundredfold; but now, alas!

I am alone in this world; from my race
Estranged, I have no home, nor son, nor
brother,

Yet with unshrinking independent soul,—
With nerves unshaken, fervour yet un-
quench'd,

Amid the clang of weapons, thus I throw
Myself into thine arms—thine, thine for
ever!—

Ern. Nay, Werner, when did e'er a
Suabian chief

A band possess, so faithfully attach'd,—
So high in spirit? Now I feel again
My wonted dignity. I must not lead you,
Till I have been attired in princely garb,
So that, or dying, or victorious,
I shall appear as doth become your duke,
Else might the blow that's destined for
my heart

Another victim strike. Mark, in yon
corner,—

The scarlet dress—it is a prince's man-
tle,—

Give it me here.

Adal. (*throwing the mantle round Ernest.*)

Thy father wore it, sire,
On that disastrous day! 'tis weather-
stain'd

And faded now.

Ern. So be it; the dim hues
Are but a fitting emblem of my fate.

Wern. This batter'd shield, my liege,
ofttimes did guard

Thy brother Hermann on the field. To
thee

'Twere proffer'd; but the armorial bear-
ings now

Are half erased;—this were an evil omen!

Ern. Nay, give it me. The last of all
my race,

I dare to-morrow's conflict, that shall
prove,

If once more yon pale banners of our
house

Shall wave in brightening colours—if
again

Our scutcheon shall in splendour be renewed!

Wern. Long live the Duke!

Soldiers. Vivat—Hurrah!

The fifth act (as in a thousand other tragedies) is occupied mostly with councils of war and a battle, of which we think it needless to give any particular analysis. The idea of the aged Adalbert being appointed with a few soldiers to maintain a fixed station, from whence they make their remarks on the contest, thus keeping alive the interest of the audience, is extremely well brought out, and the dialogue is better than that of the tree-scene in *Pizarro*. By this means the exploits of Werner are described as gigantic and supernatural. At length he is covered with wounds, becomes unable to continue the combat, and is carried out of the line of battle by Ernest.

Ern. (*enters, supporting Werner wounded,*) I cannot bring him farther; in this place He needs must rest. Good Adalbert, hast thou

No healing herb to stanch these wounds?
I pray thee

Reserve it not to aid thy son, for he Has long since fallen, but rescue here my friend—

So give me back again a father's life.

Adal. All aid were now in vain.

Wern. Can I yet breathe,

And must I be resigned a living captive?
Brother, (*to Ernest,*) I pray thee, stab me to the heart!

Can I survive, with all these ghastly wounds?

Then mine must prove at last a serpent's strength,

And every lith and limb have separate life.

Hark you, they come! Oh, Ernest, thou'rt my friend,

Help me to die—But no—thank Heaven, 'tis past;

The bonds of life will break, and I am free!

Fly, Ernest, fly! [*He dies.*]

Ern. He dies, my Werner dies!

The winds yet blow, the sun is bright in Heaven,

The stream flows onward, and my Werner—dead!

Adal. Thus he is rescued. Now, my liege, away!

The noise of battle hurtles close at hand;
The enemy, too, doth urge us in the rear;

So follow me: I know one secret path,
That upward winds within a rocky dell;
Let me but guide you—come!

Ern. I'm rooted here.

Adal. Lose not a moment. We shall there be safe;

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That winding vale is narrow; we can bar its entrance, too, and none shall there molest us.

Ern. Thou speak'st in vain!

Adal. Ay, truly, 'tis too late—

(*Suabian soldiers are forced upon the stage, contending with their opponents.*)

We are surrounded. Halt, here stands the Duke!

Brave comrades all, in whose fast-ebbing veins

Yet flows a remnant of heroic blood,
With me unite, and rally round your prince.

Touch but the man who lies here, (*pointing to Werner,*) even in death,

He will inspire you with unearthly strength,

And long as even one soldier here survives,

Shall Ernest be defended.

MANGOLD (*enters with other soldiers.*)

Man. Hah, 'tis he!

How meagre now his band! Once he was duke:

Methinks his mother's arm holds back my sword,

And I have pity on him! Strive no more, (*to Ernest*)

But yield 'thyself. Resistance now were madness.

Thy men are wounded all, who yet survive,

And Werner, too, is gone, the king's worst foe,

That firebrand of dissension and revenge;

Now mightst thou be forgiven.

Ern. Think'st thou so?

No, let my guards retire; I'll fight alone.
Thou deem'st me weak before—now

I'm a hero!

Here must I fall by my departed friend;
Here shall I cling—here is my goal of life,

The march-stone of my days—my house and home,

Mine heritage, my family-tree, my dukedom!

With this man, through my whole life, have I vied

To win the palm of constancy and friendship.

There wanted but the strife of death, and now

He shall not triumph solely. He hath fall'n

For my sake, and for him I now shall die;
So to the victor's crown both shall at last

Possess an equal right. Defend thyself!
[*Attacks Mangold.*]

Mang. Thou madman!

[*They fight. Mangold falls.*]

God have mercy! [*He dies.*]

Adal. Hah—the Duke—

The Duke is wounded!

Ern. (falling) Evermore to us
The world has been unkind and merciless—

May Heaven receive our souls! My
Werner! [*He dies.*]

After this scene, there are eight pages more of the play, and it is no slight merit of the author, that, even after the death of his hero, he has contrived to keep up some interest in the action. There is the death of War-
rin, the arrival of the Emperor and Empress, the grief of the latter for the death of her son Ernest, the arrival, also, of Hugo of Egisheim, with news that Odo of Champagne has been

killed in battle, that Rudolf of Burgundy is dead, and that, on feeling his last moments approach, he had sent his crown and sceptre to the Emperor Conrad. So the play is wound up; and though the drama, perhaps, is not Mr Uhland's *forte*, yet our readers of the *Horæ Germanicæ* will, we doubt not, agree that so spirited a sketch deserved at least as much notice and space as we have allowed it. One day or another we shall give some extracts from his last octavo volume of poems, among which there are many that, if fairly rendered, would prove acceptable to a British reader.

ON THE DEATH OF A DAUGHTER.

'Tis o'er—in that long sigh she past—
Th' enfranchised spirit soars at last!

And now I gaze with tearless eye
On what to view was agony.
That panting heart is tranquil now,
And Heav'nly calm that ruffled brow,
And those pale lips which feebly strove
To force one parting smile of love,
Retain it yet—soft, placid, mild,
As when it graced my living Child!

Oh! I have watched with fondest care,
To see my opening flow'ret blow,
And felt the joy which parents share,
The pride which fathers only know.

And I have sat the long, long night,
And mark'd that tender flower decay,
Not torn abruptly from the sight,
But slowly, sadly waste away!

The spoiler came, yet paused, as though
So meek a victim check'd his arm,
Half gave, and half withheld the blow,
As forced to strike, yet loath to harm.

We saw that fair cheek's fading bloom,
The ceaseless canker-worm consume,
And gazed on hopelessly,
Till the mute suffering pictured there
Wrung from a father's lip a prayer,
Oh, God!—the prayer his child might die.

Ay, from his lip—the rebel heart
E'en then refused to bear its part.

But the sad conflict's past—'tis o'er,
That gentle bosom throbs no more!
The spirit's freed—through realms of light
Faith's eagle-glance pursues her flight
To other worlds, to happier skies;

Hope dries the tear which sorrow weepeth,
No mortal sound the voice which cries,
“The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth!”

A VISION OF THE DEEP.

I THOUGHT upon the horrid shapes that inhabited the sea,
And what those deadly monsters are that in its caverns be ;
And then I thought a second time upon the sons of men,
That to these caverns have repaired, and will repair again ;
I thought where the Infant had laid down with the Leviathan,
Or in the dead skull of a whale was rock'd and sail'd upon ;
And how the treacherous polypi, when they hear the watery breath
Of woman, man, or child, stretch forth their spreading arms beneath,
And in their watery bosom clasp the victims of their prey,
Till on their soft and spongy breast the nurslings rot away ;
The father and his favourite son, together side by side,
Defile each other's sea-weed bed, the bridegroom and the bride ;
Their sea-green curtain-pall does rot, and has a boney wave,
As summer's grass-green robe decays, and rustles on her grave ;
I thought and dreamt upon all things that horrid in nature be,
Till at last I thought I had got insight into the mysteries of the sea ;
And then I thought a storm arose, and then again 'twas clear,
That I could see as plainly through, as an eye-ball through a tear ;
Things crowded on my fetter'd sight, at the first glance of my eye,
I thought it was the reflected clouds that were riding in the sky ;
But when I look'd again, who could mistake the birth,
'Twas so unlike all other sights that I had seen on earth :
I saw a mighty skeleton, a form of other days,
'Twas green, as though encompassed with Ocean's laurel bays.
It kneel'd upon a moss-green rock, its feet were in the sand,
Like figure of a Monk at prayer upon a rocky strand,
When by his grass-grown hermitage he takes his kneeling stand ;
Its eye-holes held two emeralds bright, and had an upward stare,
As though the eye-ball's latest flash had vanished in prayer.
It seem'd as though his sinking breath, and the sullen water's gust,
Had not prevail'd to drown his soul or blast his heavenly trust ;
I could not think but that it was some spirit of the just
Made perfect, who, upon a cloud, as on pedestal a bust,
Was kneeling, and, in azure robes, ascended up on high
To our Father and to his, and that 'twas watery sky
Which now I saw, for sure the deep would reflect such a sight,
When a breeze and a sunbeam walked on the sea, and dispersed the illusion quite.
And then the scene was changed, when I turn'd again and saw
A sight that would have struck the boldest seer with awe—
It was a vessel that had sunk with all her naval crowds,
While some were clinging round the masts, and some were in the shrouds ;
And to their posture still they held as when they were alive,
For death can't rend the cling to life when they together strive ;
'Tis like the cling of a helpless child to its fond father's arm ;
Or the fixed grasp, and clenched fist, disease's worst alarm ;
Like the fix'd eye of the dying man, and the unchanging face of death,
Is the firm-fix'd grasp of the mariner when holding in his breath ;
'Tis like the hanging of a child around its mother's vest,
When disease and death are struggling for't, and fighting on her breast.
And the beastly serpents of the sea crept up into the ship,
And twined them fast around the men, just like a scorpion-whip ;
And some crept down their open mouths, and some eat out their eyes,
And mangled them until they look'd just like anatomies.
Together on the bodies then did they mat and twist about,
Which seem'd as though with coats of mail they had been clad throughout,
When presently they all fell off like scales of the leprosy,
And left the white naked skeletons most horrible to see.

And, oh, it was a horrid sight to see those monsters creep
 And crawl upon the watery deck, disgorging in the deep;
 Yet pleasant 'twas to think, 'mid this carnage dire and black,
 That what had been devour'd to-day must one day be given back.
 I look'd me at this horrid sight till I was faint to view,
 When the figure of a rotting man before my vision grew;
 He was impaled and lifted upon the remnants of his wreck,
 And his flesh it hung in shreds and flakes to his feet down from his neck;
 As with the tatter'd robe of death he had been clothed upon,
 And bit by bit it dropp'd away, and melted and was gone,
 And thicken'd and troubled the waters so, that I could see no more,
 Like the dirty flakes of snow that fall when the wind blows from the shore.
 Then next I saw two skeletons, with a white stone in their hand,
 And they look'd as white as the righteous ones that shall hereafter stand
 On a sea of glass, when the firmament from the roaring waves shall flee,
 And the righteous Judge shall proclaim aloud—"There shall be no more sea!"
 They seem'd as though when in the flesh, and now as well in bone,
 They were waiting for those latter days when life and death are one;
 And while I stood and gazed, it seem'd that the Spirit of the Lord
 Upon the face of the waters moved, for suddenly a word
 In thunder burst upon mine ears, and the ocean it stood still,
 As if to hearken to the voice of its Creator's will;
 And the flowing tides shrunk back with fear into the bosom of the deep,
 And heaved and panted in her arms into a fearful sleep.
 Cold frothy drops of sweat and foam hung from their trembling breast,
 As hangs the foam and the chilly sweat on the frightened courser's chest.
 Then was there heard a voice, which said, "Come forth, all ye that bide
 Within the chambers of the deep, come forth to meet the Bride."
 And Ocean groaned in her bed, and was in travail sore,
 For that she must be deliver'd now of the charges she had bore.
 And then the waves were roll'd away and gather'd in a heap;
 And I saw the mouldering forms of nations all asleep.
 But soon a rustling boney noise pass'd on my ear, and when
 I turn'd, I saw an angel breathe upon these shapes of men.
 And, lo, they were renew'd afresh, in spirit, flesh, and strength;
 And all were crowding round about, from the sea's remotest length:
 And some were calling to the depths to swallow them again;
 But not a hole did ope its mouth, and silent was the main.
 And some did call upon the clouds to hide them from the eye
 Of Him that sitteth in the skies, but they passed heedless by.
 And some did call upon the rocks, and all the mountains round,
 To fall upon them, but they all returned back the sound.
 And some, I thought, while yet they spake, were carried up on high,
 And then, I thought, the sea and earth were roll'd up in the sky.
 How long this vision had remain'd upon my wilder'd mind
 I know not, but just at this time some leaves moved by the wind
 Came up and woke me; and again, I could not help but think,
 They were the fittest emblems of those scenes which Time shall sink
 In the Ocean of Eternity, when he who gave them birth
 Shall set his right foot on the sea, and his left foot on the earth,
 And dry the fountains of the deep, and crash them like a leaf,
 And shake the pillars of the earth, as the wind would move a sheaf.
 Then may we know that the end is come, and that Nature's death is near,
 As we hear the approach of Winter's step, in Autumn's leaves so sere.

Again the balmy breath of sleep upon my spirit pass'd,
 My thoughts were in the land of dreams, as fearful as the last.
 I thought I gazed on the mighty sun, descending in the west.
 To cool his hot and burning face, in the soothing ocean's breast;
 He sunk beneath horizon's bar, but on the crimson clouds
 I saw a band of glorious ones, array'd in glistening shrouds.

Muffled in garments long and white,—and seated on a throne,
 With crown of stars upon his brow, I saw a mighty One ;
 A thigh-bone sceptre in his hand, a boney foot beneath,
 The scythe and hour-glass at his side, told that his name was Death.
 He pass'd upon the land, and the cries of woe arose,
 And nations fell like wither'd leaves, and on the sceptre goes ;
 Until all fell before him, and then he sat him down
 Upon his throne of dead men's bones, and assumed his starry crown.
 And Death had conquer'd all: then sung the shrouded forms,
 A song as wild as the howling wind, when it drives the midnight storms ;
 And o'er the silent wilderness the strains unearthly ring,
 Proclaiming all the world destroy'd, and Death, dread Death, the King.
 And lo a cry of fear and dread, and the spectre band have gone,
 And he, the conqueror and king, now trembled on his throne ;
 A glorious light shone from the east, the clouds afar were driven,
 " A watcher and a holy one were flying down from heaven !"
 " Watchman, what of the night ?" the glorious spirit cried.
 The watcher stood upon the earth, and look'd afar and wide ;
 Naught do I hear, the watcher cried, save fearful sighs and groans,
 Naught do I see in this sad land, save graves and dead men's bones ;
 But there is one in the distant west, of whom we heard them sing,
 Saying the world hath pass'd away, and Death, dread Death, the king.
 The Holy one is flitted by, like a shadow o'er the land,
 A crown of glory on his head, and a red cross in his hand ;
 And on a shadowy steed, pale as the moon's wan ray,
 Reft of his sceptre and his crown, dread Death is pass'd away.
 I look'd into the distant sky, for a glorious radiance shone,
 And I saw seven lamps of fire, that burn before the throne,
 And he that sat upon the throne was crown'd with a thorny wreath,
 And the glorious hierarchy sung, " Jesus hath conquer'd Death !"
 He comes with healing in his wings ;—to the great and bounteous Giver,
 Be honour, glory, praise, and power, for ever and for ever !

My dream hath pass'd like the dusky clouds, that usher in the day,
 But oblivion's waters cannot wash its memory away.

WILLIAM MASON.

SIR,

By inserting the above in your invaluable Magazine, you will oblige an enemy to the Cockney School of Poetry, and a friend to the genuine inspirations of Shelley, Keats, and Coleridge, of whom the world is not worthy. I am, as is evident by the inequality of some of my lines, a tyro in poetical matters, that is to say, as far as regards the practical part of harmony and polish. That I cannot write harmoniously, I will not say, but I have not the resolution to alter what I have once written ; and after all, I am not aware of the propriety of frittering down a good rough poetical outline by

the glitter of meretricious ornaments. To such as substitute a puling harmony of numbers for vigour of thought, except in things more particularly for music, I cannot say God speed ; indeed, a certain degree of ruggedness has frequently a pleasant effect, rather than otherwise. You have ever approved yourself, in my opinion, a judge of genuine imagination, and without abating one tittle in the application of this epithet to the piece before you, I commit it into your hands. I am,

SIR,

Your obedient humble servant,
 WILLIAM MASON.

THE DUKE OF YORK.

THE death of his Royal Highness the Duke of York has excited the deepest regret in the friends of the Constitution and the Empire. He died at a period when all those lighter parts of character which are cherished in the levity and indulgence of high life, had passed away; when the native manliness and generosity of his spirit were becoming more prominent day by day; and when, of necessity assuming a political rank, he was giving the strongest proofs of that decision of character and soundness of constitutional principle, which are essential to the security of a free monarchy.

No public man of his time had gone through a severer ordeal of national opinion; he had been attacked by the whole bitterness of party; the recesses of his private life had been searched with an inquisitorial zeal and malignity, that, if there had been guilt, must have detected it, and if there had been the seed of human resentment in the bosom of his Royal Highness, must have made him vindictive. But his resumption of office, as it occurred with the highest public sense of his being cleared from all the gross calumnies which had laboured to degrade his official honour; so it found him still the same generous and kindly spirit; utterly incapable of harbouring resentment; rendered only more devoted to the public service: applying, till his latest hour, with exemplary diligence to the duties of his station; and, by the decision and integrity of his last senatorial act, the noble Declaration in defence of the Church, at once illustrating the native qualities of his character, and showing the nation what might have been expected from him, if it had been the will of Providence to give him length of days.

His Royal Highness was born August 16, 1763, the second son of their late Majesties. His boyhood was spent under the eye of his royal father, who maintained, to a remarkable degree, the diligent and pure discipline of English domestic life. The princes and princesses were employed in constant study, and the acquirement of those habits which belong to their high place in society.

His Royal Highness was intended for the army. Prussia was the great school of tactics, and Frederick, the great Captain of the time. His Royal Highness went through a course of military study under the eye of this celebrated master, and at its close returned to take a command in the British forces.

He had been created Duke of York and Albany in Great Britain, and Earl of Ulster in Ireland, November 27, 1784. The title is old, and had been borne by many characters of distinction in the history of England.

It is remarkable that its first bearer was a German, an Emperor, and allied with the present Blood Royal.

A.D. 1190. The first who enjoyed the title of the Earl of York, was Otho, Duke of Saxony, eldest son of Henry, surnamed the Lion, Duke of Bavaria and Saxony, one of the greatest princes of his time, by the Princess Matilda, or Maud, eldest daughter of Henry II. King of England: he was afterwards Emperor of Germany, but died without issue: he was likewise nephew of King Richard I. and King John. It is observable that the youngest brother William, born at Winchester, was the immediate ancestor of his present majesty in a direct line.

1385. Edmund of Langley, surnamed Plantagenet, fifth son of King Edward III., was Earl of Cambridge and Duke of York.

1401. Edward Plantagenet, son of the former, Earl of Rutland and Duke of York, was killed while valiantly fighting at the glorious battle of Agincourt, in 1415, and left no issue.

1415. Richard Plantagenet, nephew of the last Duke, and son of Richard, Earl of Cambridge, who was beheaded for a conspiracy against King Henry V., 1415, succeeded his uncle as Duke of York. He began the fatal contest between the two potent houses of York and Lancaster, and was killed at the battle of Wakefield. His head was placed on one of the gates of York, with a paper crown on it, by way of derision, by Queen Margaret, consort of King Henry VI.

1474. Richard Plantagenet, born at Shrewsbury, second son of King Edward IV., was Duke of York, and

murdered with his unfortunate brother, Edward V.

1495. Henry, second son of King Henry VII., was Duke of York: he was afterwards Henry VIII.

1604. Charles, second son of King James I., was Duke of York, afterwards the unfortunate Charles I.

1643. James, son of Charles I., was the next Duke, afterwards the weak and bigoted James II.

1718. Ernest Augustus, Duke of Brunswick Lunenburg, and Bishop of Osnaburg, brother to King George I., was Duke of York and Albany, and Earl of Ulster.

1760. Edward Augustus, grandson of George II., and brother of George III., was created Duke of York.

His Royal Highness, on his return from Germany, was one of the most popular men in England. His stature and countenance, manly and handsome, reminded the people of the early years of his late Majesty, and the genuine kindness and good-nature of his disposition, breaking out through all the formalities of court life and princely birth, made him equally the favourite of those who had personal access to him, and of the nation at large.

But the public interest was soon excited still more closely by a transaction which made a great figure in the annals of the time.

On the 18th of May, 1789, Colonel Lennox, afterwards Duke of Richmond, sent a circular letter to the members of Daubigny's club to the following effect:—That "a report having been spread that the Duke of York said some words had been made use of to him (Colonel L.) in a political conversation that no gentleman ought to submit to," Colonel L. took the first opportunity to speak to his Royal Highness before the officers of the Coldstream regiment, to which Colonel L. belongs; when he answered, "that he had heard them said to Colonel L. at Daubigny's, but refused at the same time to tell the expression, or the person who had used it; that in this situation, being perfectly ignorant what his Royal Highness could allude to, and not being aware that any such expression ever passed, he (Colonel L.) knew not of any better mode of clearing up the matter than by writing a letter to every member

of Daubigny's Club, desiring each of them to let him know if he could recollect any expression to have been used in his (Colonel L.'s) presence, which would bear the construction put upon it by his Royal Highness; and in such case, by whom the expression was used.

None of the members of the club having given an affirmative answer to this request, and the Duke still declining to give any farther explanation than he had done before the officers of the Coldstream regiment, Colonel Lennox thought it incumbent on him to call upon his Royal Highness for the satisfaction due from one gentleman to another. The Duke at once waived that distinction of rank of which he might have properly availed himself, and consented to give Colonel Lennox the meeting required. The following is the account of the affair, as published by the two seconds, Lord Rawdon (the late Marquis of Hastings) and Lord Winchelsea:—

"In consequence of a dispute already known to the public, his Royal Highness the Duke of York, attended by Lord Rawdon, and Lieut.-Colonel Lennox, accompanied by the Earl of Winchelsea, met at Wimbledon Common. The ground was measured at twelve paces, and both parties were to fire at a signal agreed upon. The signal being given, Lieut.-Colonel Lennox fired, and the ball grazed his Royal Highness's curl; the Duke of York did not fire. Lieutenant-Colonel Lennox observed that his Royal Highness had not fired. Lord Rawdon said it was not the Duke's intention to fire; his Royal Highness had come out upon Lieut.-Colonel Lennox's desire to give him satisfaction, and had no animosity against him. Lieut.-Colonel Lennox pressed that the Duke of York should fire, which was declined, upon a repetition of the reason. Lord Winchelsea then went up to the Duke of York, and expressed his hope that his Royal Highness could have no objection to say, he considered Lieut.-Colonel Lennox as a man of honour and courage. His Royal Highness replied, that he should say nothing; he had come out to give Lieut.-Colonel Lennox satisfaction, and did not mean to fire at him; if Lieut.-Colonel Lennox was not satisfied, he might fire again. Lieut.-Colonel Lennox said he could not possibly fire again at the Duke, as his Royal Highness did not mean to fire at him. On this both parties left the ground. The seconds think it proper to add, that both

parties behaved with the most perfect coolness and intrepidity.

"RAWDON.

"WINCHELSEA."

As soon as this affair of honour was concluded at Wimbledon, two letters were sent express to town, one to the Prince of Wales, and the other to the Duke of Cumberland, giving them an account of the proceedings; and at the instant of the Duke of York's return, the Prince of Wales, with filial attention to the anxiety of his royal parents, set off to Windsor, lest hasty rumour had made them acquainted with the business.

Such was the caution observed by the Duke of York to keep this meeting with Colonel Lennox a secret from the Prince of Wales, that he left his hat at Carlton House, and took a hat belonging to some of the household with him. During the whole of the affair, the Duke was so composed, that it is difficult to say whether his Royal Highness was aware of being so near the arm of death. One remarkable thing connected with this duel was, that the Earl of Winchelsea, the second of Colonel Lennox, was one of the Lords of the Bed-Chamber to his Majesty; and his mother, Lady Winchelsea, was employed in rearing his Royal Highness.

This was the first instance of a prince of the blood in England being challenged by a subject.

Of a transaction so long past and so much canvassed, scarcely any further observation can be allowed, than on the scandalous anomaly of British law, which suffers duelling in any instance, or under any pretext or provocation whatever. All principles of law prohibit our taking revenge into our own hands. It is even to obviate any seeming necessity of avenging our own quarrel that law has been appointed. For, what else is it but the framing of a rule, to which, instead of their own means and passions, the injured shall apply for redress? To the Christian, all revenge is prohibited, no such word exists; he leaves his wrongs to the Great Lawgiver; and being himself, like the debtor in the parable, forgiven offences innumerable, will not dare to pursue his fellow-offender with vindictiveness. But the miserable obliquity of our law, condemning in every case the attempt at

injury, allows murder itself to be guiltless, the moment the murderer comes gravely to the ground attended by an accomplice, and shoots with a pistol, instead of stabbing with a knife. To suppose that the mutual danger of the parties alters the case, that the murderer is less a murderer by his chance of being shot in the attempt; or that his adversary's being formally called upon to stand to be shot; or that his firing a pistol in return can make his own death less the consequence of the challenger's bullet; or can fairly be expected to have any other effect than that of perpetrating two murders in place of one—all are absurdities. If a housebreaker is wounded in the attempt to shoot the man in the house; or if he fairly defies him, bids him fire away, and then sends a bullet through his heart, will he be the less hanged for the ceremony? But duelling is to be tolerated for its use in keeping up good manners, and preventing assassination. How many assassinations were there in Sparta or in ancient Rome?—No more than there were duels. And as to manners, any outcast of society, any ruffian whose life is as little worth as his morals, is entitled to disturb and menace a community by the privilege of the pistol; to force a life, which ten thousand like his would not repay, into the chance, improved by the practice of murder into the certainty, of a death which may leave a family to ruin and extinction, or leave a blank in the state, or in the world. Genius, patriotism, valour, learning rare and irreparable, may be the stake against the existence of a tavern bravo whom society loathes, but who can split a bullet upon a pen-knife.

The crime is in the law. So long as duelling is suffered to pass as the test of personal intrepidity, so long will it commit its murders. Shame is bitter, and men will rather run the hazard of blood than drink this cup. But let the law once plainly command that duelling shall not be considered a test of courage, but an act of murder—as it is so before God, and should be before man—and duelling will be no more. And within a dozen years, men will lift their hands and eyes in astonishment at the criminal apathy of the law which could have suffered it, and the Gothic and barbarian brutality by which it could have been

employed. If there should come forth one solemn and sacred abjuration of the principle of ceremonious bloodshed and pistolling by etiquette—a law that, in *all* cases of duelling, no matter how formal, the parties, both challenger and challenged, should be hanged, and the seconds transported for life—duelling would not be felt to be a necessary test of personal firmness, no more than coining would be of solvency.

Under the circumstances of law, as by human folly it now stands, Colonel Lennox could not avoid demanding some kind of personal *amende*. His Royal Highness at once waived all rights arising from his rank, told the Colonel that, when off parade, he wore a brown coat, and in consequence went out merely to be shot at ; for it was, as it afterwards appeared, his intention not to fire. The Colonel's intention was of a different nature, for his bullet grazed the Duke's temple. Colonel Lennox, however, was not yet appeased, for he demanded a council of the Coldstream officers on the question, "Whether he had behaved in the late dispute as became a gentleman and an officer?" The meeting took two days to deliberate, and at length, after a long and dubious discussion, came to the curiously equivocal resolution—That *subsequently* to the 16th of May, the day of the meeting at the orderly room, Lieutenant-Colonel Lennox had behaved with courage, but, from the peculiar difficulties of his situation, *not* with judgment.

In 1791, his Royal Highness married the daughter of the late King of Prussia. She was a harmless but an eccentric little woman, with an extraordinary fondness for cats and dogs, some indications of the German severity of family etiquette, which gave her household the air of Potsdam, and but a slight share of those attractions which might retain the regards of a husband—young, a soldier, and a prince.

The pecuniary arrangements on the part of the foreign court gave a striking idea of the moderation with which princely marriages are conducted in the land of the Frederica. The whole royal dower furnished by Prussia was L.20,000, and even this prudent sum was, in the case of the Princess's dying before the Duke, to be duly repaid to Prussia. The Prin-

cess was to have L.30,000 besides from England, L.600 to buy jewels, a private purse of L.4000 a-year, and a jointure of L.8000 a-year, with a residence and an establishment. This was a severe bargain, in which England paid as usual for both parties, and from which resulted nothing to the nation nor to the Duke. There were no offspring by the marriage, and after a few years of uneasy and formal intercourse, a separation took place. The Duchess died some years ago. On the occasion of the marriage, L.25,000 a-year were added to the Duke's original pension of L.12,000.

But now a new scene had opened in Europe, in which every man had his share of interest. France, rotten to the core by the long corruption of the court and the nobility—a corruption unchecked, nay, stimulated by Popery, a religion of ceremonial and mockery, of opulent idleness and untenable superstition—became the sudden wonder and terror of Europe. There had risen up in Paris a school of literature, fashionable and dictatorial in its first degree, profligate and sensual in its second, rebellious and atheistic in its third. A pure religion would have defied its attacks by its purity ; but what defence against the scoffer was to be found in the painted and embroidered fooleries of French papistry? what answer to wit and historic research, in legends, pious frauds, and gross, empty, unscriptural pomps and vanities? what overthrow of acute investigation and every-day experience, sharpened by scorn, in the miraculous doings of bones and rags—in the tomb of the Abbe Paris, and the voyages of our Lady of Loretto? The Gallican Church was baffled in all its attempts to repel, even by authority, this incessant pelting of contempt. It dared not appeal to Scripture, for of Scripture it had closed the volume equally on itself and the nation ; it shrank from argument, and the age was too much on the alert for the axe and the fagot. The very infidel carried Scripture in his hand into the controversy, and proved, in the teeth of this decrepit Church, that it was ignorant of the very doctrines which it professed ; that it had abandoned the principles of the Gospel for the fictions of Rome ; that in holy water and incense, purgatories and processions, it had smothered Christianity.

Truth is irresistible, let it spring from what source it may, and here the truth drove the falsehood utterly out of the field. The whole body of the higher ranks were of opinion with the whole body of the literati; and the populace, as ignorant of the Scriptures as either, exultingly followed the example of their masters. But the overthrow of falsehood is not necessarily the establishment of truth. Christianity is to be looked for in the Scriptures alone. In France, the Scriptures had been shut up for a hundred years. The exile of the Protestant Church by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1686—an infringement of religion, humanity, and kingly honour, of the blackest hue almost even in the records of Popery—the death of thousands—the plunder and perpetual banishment of a million and a half of loyal subjects, had given over France to Romanism, and the Bible was thenceforth a sealed book by authority. The scorers of the Romish Church knew no other source of religion, and they became utter infidels. Infidelity is an active principle. It could not lie idle when the plunder of the throne and the nobility lay glittering before its eye; the easiness of the conquest excited the lust of spoil; and Paris, with France in its train, with one accord, and with a single blow, struck down the monarchy. The activity of the infidel spirit was still in full swing. The plunder of France was a prelude to the plunder of Europe. The Republic declared war against property through the world, with "*Guerre aux palais*" inscribed on its banners; it less marched than rushed from battle to battle, where it less conquered than crushed all resistance by its multitude. With one country alone, it exhibited some reluctance to entering into war. That country was England, and that reluctance arose not from prudence, for France was mad at the time, not from principle, for she was a scorner of all fidelity to national compacts; but from a belief that Revolution was already working its way in the heart of England, and that a few years or months more of intercourse would see the British Republic standing side by side in blood and conflagration with the naked fury of France.

Yet England was slow to enter into

war. She honourably and wisely shrunk from giving to the calamities of Europe that immense increase which must be inflicted by the entrance of the power, valour, and indignation of the British Empire into any war-field of human struggle. Bound by old alliance to Germany, which had been attacked; disgusted and shocked as she was, by the cruel indignities offered to the innocent Royal Family of France; conscious of the perils arising from the neighbouring presence of triumphant Jacobinism, and even suffering day by day insults to her Constitution, and injuries to her public interests more than enough to have justified the sternest retaliation, England yet abstained from all hostility, interposed only to mitigate the angry pride of the German Courts, and the furious revenge of France; to save the Royal Family, if possible, from the Revolutionary axe, and to preserve the hope of peace, buried as it was under the ruins of society.

Germany had been at war with France a year before the first hostilities of England. The failure of the Duke of Brunswick's campaign, the work of presumption, ignorance, and perhaps of treachery on the part of some of his subordinates, gave a fatal strength to the Revolution. With a Jacobin, or with a Jacobin government, strength is right; the only question that decides public aggression, is whether there is power enough to carry it through. France, exulting in unexpected victory, now threw down the gauntlet to the world.

Holland was invaded in open and contemptuous defiance of treaty. The close and essential connexion between the Dutch and England was so well known to Europe, that an invasion of Holland differed only in the act, from an invasion of Kent. It was a direct declaration of war against England.

The eyes of the British Empire were at length unbound from that veil which the hands of Jacobinism had been so long twining round them. Liberty and Equality, hallowed names in the ancient language of the Constitution, were found to be the mere watchwords for the infinite impostures and cruelties of Irreligion, let loose with the torch and the dagger in its hands. The rights of man were the privilege of universal robbery and bloodshed; and the Grand pacifica-

tion, was the signal for the seizure and havoc of every State that could be covered and crushed in the grasp of the most remorseless and gigantic shape of ambition that Europe had ever seen.

The entreaty of the States of Holland for assistance was answered with honour and promptitude, and England, bound by treaty to protect the independence of her ally, at length declared war. Her first efforts were successful; the French were driven out of Holland, and in a series of fierce encounters, in which they felt the English intrepidity, that had so often, upon the same plains, made them fugitives before, were driven through Austrian Flanders, and forced over their own frontier. They were followed. The great fortified cities, the "iron barrier of France," erected by Vauban, were besieged and taken, and the road to the capital was laid open to a victorious army of an hundred thousand men.

This was one of the most brilliant campaigns since Marlborough; and, dashed and extinguished as its honours are by the subsequent divisions and ruin of the great enterprise, its memory ought not to be forgotten among the triumphs of England. In March 1793, at the landing of the first British brigade in Holland, the French were masters of almost the whole country north from the Texel. In July, they had been driven from every point of their conquests since the beginning of the war; the invaders were found unable to make head against invasion, and their scattered and dispirited corps looked on and saw their fortresses fall one by one. The siege of Valenciennes, the principal bulwark of France on the north, had been committed to the British, under the Duke of York, and its attack and capture exhibited the native gallantry of the troops in the most distinguished degree.

The personal intrepidity of their commander has never been questioned; but it has been the popular habit to speak slightly of his military skill. It is not our purpose to enter into discussion on such subjects. Yet those who pronounce this judgment should have first looked over the map of that most difficult and extensive country, which the army, headed by his Royal Highness, cleared of an ene-

my's footsteps within three months! The French fought desperately, yet they saw their conquests forced from them in every battle. They were masters of the country: every mill-race, farm-house, rivulet, and village was familiar to them, and turned into a centre of resistance; yet, with all their multitudes, the trained soldiers of the former royal army, with the population of France at their back, and the guillotine recruiting for them in every town of a territory of thirty millions of men, the Republicans were driven back into France, tamed, and tracking every step they took with blood drawn by British steel.

From what has been since known of the state of France at this day, there can be no doubt that the "march to Paris" would then have been the great, as it would have been the practicable, policy. There was no force between Valenciennes and the very throne of the Revolution. Paris lay in helpless terror. The Republican government saw the sword of Europe flashing in their eyes. The peasantry were alienated by the merciless extortions of robbery under colour of law. The friends of the old government, still powerful, were prepared to give weight to the blow that was to crush the head of the tyranny. In England, the voice of some of the leading statesmen, and among them of that distinguished Minister—who has had the fortune to see his early foresight and wisdom so splendidly realized, even under his own administration—was loud for finishing the war by this one consummate blow.

But the appointed time for the deliverance of Europe, and the punishment of the Revolution, was not yet at hand. There was a mightier than human will in the protraction of that deadly struggle, in which revolutionary France, after covering the Continent with slaughter, was to bear the accumulated wrath at once of man and Heaven.

The day that saw the French flag lowered on the works of Valenciennes, was the last of the success of the combined armies. After long discussions in the allied camp on the next step of the campaign, the British were marched to the attack of Dunkirk, whose capture was to have afforded a place of arms and a post for the communication with England. The Bri-

tish formed the siege, covered by an Austrian and Hanoverian corps, to prevent disturbance from the enemy in the field. But that fortune, which is so seldom offered a second time to either men or armies, was past. France had recovered from her terror. The Jacobin government, respite from instant extinction, had roused up all the mad energies of the Revolution. The *Levée-en-masse* was called out, and the Nation took the field.

In the public experience of the late war, when battles were fought on a gigantic scale, we can scarcely comprehend how operations of the magnitude and importance of those required from the Duke of York's army, could have been hazarded with so small a force. His whole strength would scarcely have furnished a rearguard to a modern army. He was probably never in command of 20,000 British. What they had done had been the work of that invincible boldness which has characterised the British soldiery from the days of Crecy and Poitiers. They had forced their way in the campaign, a front of steel and fire, through the enemy's battalions, by the mere shock of compact strength and courage: The burning *nucleus* and head of a vast train of strength, which floated on after them in easy splendour.

But twice their number could not have adequately formed the siege of Dunkirk, one of the strongest towns of the Continent, and memorable for the obstinacy of its defences. The first shell was scarcely thrown, when the French trumpets were heard behind. Hauchard, the Republican General, had burst upon the covering armies, and utterly routed both Austrian and Hanoverian. The British, dispersed and embarrassed by the siege, were looked on as an easy prey. But the experience that was to be so often repeated, here taught the French how little the aspect of British ruin may be connected with French victory. The siege was raised, and the British met the enemy in the field. Hauchard was defeated. The Jacobin government, furious at this discomfiture, ordered him to Paris, and sent him to the guillotine.

The campaign of 1794 opened with a succession of desperate encounters, in which the French were constantly defeated. But the scale was now to

turn; they had adopted a new system of war, bloody and wasteful in the most frightful degree. Contemptuous of military science, and knowing but the single tactique of wearing out the enemy by incessant battle—the tactique of barbarism—but sure to succeed, the *Levée-en-masse* supplied the myriads that were to feed the slaughter; and the French Generals, conscious that the only question asked by Jacobinism was, "Whether they had conquered?" and, with no alternative but triumph or the scaffold, drove their multitudes on the cannon of the enemy. Pichegru now commanded the French in Flanders. He had been educated a monk; had, in the new prospects of the Revolution, thrown off the cowl; and, by intelligence and intrigue, had obtained the evil confidence of his government. The Duke of York, at the head of the British, attacked him. From the firing of the first shot, until the close of the campaign, was almost one unintermitted conflict. From the middle of April to the middle of May, there were no less than six great battles. In the first four, the British were masters of the field. But the whole power of the Revolution was at stake; the French army was reinforced hour by hour; the repulse of to-day was only a signal for an attack with twice the force to-morrow.—Even victory brought its losses. The British, wasted with fatigue and wounds, thinned in their numbers, and despairing of final success in a struggle with fresh thousands that seemed to spring out of the earth, at length decided on retreat, and reluctantly moved towards the coast, fighting at every step, and surrounded by the enemy, exulting in the secure hope of their destruction.

Pichegru had already pronounced them his captives, when he found that a British force had landed, and was in full march to reinforce the Duke. Ten thousand men, under the late Marquis of Hastings, had arrived from England. In that army, we believe, the future conqueror of France and Napoleon made his first campaign. Nothing could have been more fitted for the commencement of a hero's career. The march of this detachment was one of the most brilliant displays of dexterity and discipline in a war abounding with the highest

efforts of soldiership. The country was completely in the hands of the French. Naturally difficult, its difficulty was formidably increased by the presence of an enemy proverbially active, and now flushed with victory. But the British cut their way; and with this reinforcement the Duke of York repelled the advance of the French, and kept the field. The war was protracted through the year, the French still pouring down fresh armies; but the allies were already exhausted, and the British had no alternative but retreat.

In April 1795, they re-embarked in the Weser, and abandoned the Low Countries to an enemy fighting on their own soil, sustained by an innumerable population, and urged on to battle at once by enthusiasm and by revolutionary terror.

In 1799, the extortions of the Republicans in Holland were supposed to have at length excited a desire to throw off the yoke. A new expedition was formed, and in August, a British force of nearly 20,000 troops, with a Russian of 15,000, landed at the Helder. The Russians were brave, but their want of discipline rendered them worse than useless. They had moved on as the vanguard in the first action of the 19th of September, and had driven the enemy before them for some time. Having taken possession of one of the large Dutch villages, and conceiving that the French had wholly retired, they sat down to cook their dinners. The enemy soon received intelligence of this state of things, advanced noiselessly, till they had surrounded the village, and, at a signal, rushed in. The Russians were completely taken by surprise. Their arms were found piled in the streets,—the chief part of the troops asleep,—and none on the alert but those who were employed preparing the dinner. Almost the whole number were made prisoners. That morning was computed to have cost the army no less than 10,000 men. The French now rushed on the British battalions, which, unsuspecting their approach, had to fight their way back to the camp. But a severe revenge was taken in a few days after,—if revenge could be an equivalent,—by a general attack on the French line, in which it was beaten at all points, with a loss of nearly 5000 men. Amsterdam now lay open to the Duke. But the objects of the expedition were al-

ready hopeless. The North of Germany had not stirred,—the country was found passive,—the French were receiving additional strength hourly,—and the British army was without the numbers or the material to advance through a territory; intersected by canals, and fortified at every step. An armistice was agreed on, and the Duke withdrew his army. Eighteen thousand French and Batavians, prisoners in England, were returned; and an expedition closed, which at once gave evidence of the gallantry of the invaders, and the hopelessness of making an impression on France through Holland.

The fruitlessness of these campaigns rendered the Commander-in-Chief unpopular. But they unquestionably had offered no sufficient test of military knowledge. The greatest names of the times, at the head of vast armies, had been foiled by the unwearied fury of the French. The novelty of the war, and the extreme difficulty of the country, would have been trying to the brightest military genius. But the inadequacy of the force was the great embarrassment. Times and tactics are now changed. What British officer would again place himself on the Continent, in the face of France, with but 20,000 men? Whether the Duke of York possessed the ability of a general, is now an unimportant question; but it is not the less true, that he never was fairly placed in circumstances to make the trial,—that no living officer, of whatever genius, would now take the command, under such disadvantages,—and that probably no officer in Europe would have escaped failure, where it was the imputed crime of the Duke of York to have failed.

In 1803, the Duke of York was again brought before the country, in a correspondence with his present Majesty, relative to the military rank of the Heir Apparent. The Prince of Wales's application was made from the natural generosity and gallantry of his character. The refusal proceeded from the ministry, on the intelligible and constitutional principle of not placing the command of any large portion of the military force of the empire, in the hands of the immediate successor to the Crown,—a principle which could never be less invidiously asserted, than at the time when the loyalty of the illustrious personage in question was so much above all imputation.

The correspondence was carried on through the medium of the Duke of York, as Commander-in-Chief. The topic, the rank of the writer, and the spirit and ability of the letters, excited a strong interest, which, as we believe it has not yet perished, we may gratify, by the republication of those of the Duke of York, with the concluding letter of his present Majesty.

"*Horse Guards, Oct. 6, 1803.*

"DEAREST BROTHER,

"NOTHING but an extraordinary press of business would have prevented me from acknowledging sooner your letter of the 2d instant, which I received, while at Oatlands, on Monday evening.

"I trust that you are too well acquainted with my affection for you, which has existed since our most tender years, not to be assured of the satisfaction I have felt, and ever must feel, in forwarding, when in my power, every desire or object of yours; and, therefore, will believe how much I must regret the impossibility there is, upon the present occasion, of my executing your wishes of laying the representation contained in your letter before his Majesty.

"Suffer me, my dearest Brother, as the only answer that I can properly give you, to recall to your memory what passed upon the same subject, soon after his Majesty was graciously pleased to place me at the head of the army; and I have no doubt that, with your usual candour, you will yourself see the absolute necessity of my declining it.

"In the year 1795, upon a general promotion taking place, at your instance I delivered a letter from you to his Majesty, urging your pretensions to promotion in the army; to which his Majesty was pleased to answer, that before he had appointed you to the command of the 10th Light Dragoons, he had caused it to be fully explained to you what his sentiments were with respect to a Prince of Wales entering into the army, and the public ground upon which he could never admit of your considering it as a profession, or of your being promoted in the service. And his Majesty, at the same time, added *his positive command and injunctions* to me, never to mention this subject again to him, and to decline being the bearer of any application of the same nature, should it be proposed to me; which message I was, of course, under the necessity of delivering to you, and have constantly made it the rule of my conduct ever since; and, indeed, I have ever considered it as one of the greatest proofs of affection and consideration towards me on the part of his Majesty, that he never

allowed me to become a party in this business.

"Having thus stated to you, fairly and candidly, what has passed, I trust you will see that there can be no grounds for the apprehension expressed in the latter part of your letter, that any alarm can attach to your character as an officer—particularly as I recollect your mentioning to me yourself, on the day on which you received the notification of your appointment to the 10th Light Dragoons, the explanation and condition attached to it by his Majesty; and therefore, surely, you must be satisfied, that your not being advanced in military rank, proceeds entirely from his Majesty's sentiments respecting the high rank you hold in the State, and not from any impression unfavourable to you.—Believe me ever, with the greatest truth, dearest brother,

"Your most affectionate brother,
(Signed) "FREDERICK.

"His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales."

"*Horse Guards, Oct. 11.*

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"I HAVE this moment, upon my arrival in town, found your letter, and lose no time in answering that part of it which appears to me highly necessary should be clearly understood.

"Indeed, my dear Brother, you must give me leave to repeat to you, that, upon the fullest consideration, I perfectly recollect your having yourself told me, at Carlton House, in the year 1793, on the day on which you was informed of his Majesty's having acquiesced in your request of being appointed to the command of the 10th Regiment of Light Dragoons, of which Sir William Pitt was then Colonel, the message and condition which was delivered to you from his Majesty, and which his Majesty repeated to me, in the year 1795, as mentioned in my letter of Thursday last; and I have the fullest reason to know, that there are others to whom, at that time, you mentioned the same circumstance; nor have I the least recollection of your having denied it, when I delivered to you the King's answer, as I should certainly have felt it incumbent upon me to recall to your memory, what you had told me yourself in the year 1793.

"No conversation whatever passed between us, as you justly remark, in the year 1796, when Sir William Pitt was promoted to the King's Dragoon Guards, which was done in consequence of what was arranged in 1796, upon your first appointment to the 10th Light Dragoons; and I conceive, that your mentioning in your letter my having stated a conversation

to have passed between us in 1798, must have arisen from some misapprehension, as I do not find *that* year ever adverted to in my letter.

"I have thought it due to us both, my dear Brother, thus fully to reply to those parts of your letter in which you appear to have mistaken mine; but, as I am totally unacquainted with the correspondence which has taken place upon this subject, I must decline entering any further into it.—I remain ever, dear Brother, with the greatest truth,

"Your most affectionate Brother,
(Signed) "FREDERICK."

—
"Horse Guards, Oct. 13.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"I HAVE received your letter this morning, and am sorry to find that you think that I have misconceived the meaning of your first letter, the whole tenor of which, and the military promotion which gave rise to it, led me naturally to suppose your desire was that I should apply to his Majesty in my official capacity, to give you military rank to which might be attached the idea of subsequent command.

"That I found myself under the necessity of declining, in obedience to his Majesty's pointed orders, as I explained to you in my letter of the 6th inst.; but from your letter of to-day I am to understand, that your object is *not* military rank, but that a post should be allotted to you, upon the present emergency, suitable to your situation in the State.

"This I conceive to be purely a political consideration, and as such, totally out of my department; and as I have most carefully avoided at all times, and under all circumstances, ever interfering in any political points, I must hope that you will not call upon me to deviate from the principles by which I have been invariably governed.—Believe me, my dear Brother, your most affectionate Brother,

(Signed) "FREDERICK.

"His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales."

—
"Carlton House, Oct. 14.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"It cannot but be painful to me, to be reduced to the necessity of further explanation, on a subject which it was my earnest wish to have closed, and which was of so clear and distinct a nature, as, in my humble judgment, to have precluded the possibility of either doubt or misunderstanding.

"Surely there must be some strange fatality to obscure my language in statement, or leave me somewhat deficient in

the powers of explanation, when it can lead your mind, my dear Brother, to such a palpable misconstruction (for, far be it from me to fancy it wilful) of my meaning as to suppose for a moment I had unconnected my object with *efficient military rank*, and transferred it entirely to the view of a *political station*, when you venture to tell me 'my object is *not* military rank, but that a post should be allotted to me, upon the *present* emergency, suitable to my situation in the State.' Upon what ground you can hazard such an assertion, or upon what principles you can draw such an inference, I am utterly at a loss to determine. For I defy the most skilful logician in torturing the English language, to apply with *fairness* such a construction to any word or phrase of mine, contained in any one of the letters I have ever written on this, to me, most interesting subject.

"I call upon you to re-peruse the correspondence. In my letter of the 2d inst. I told you, unequivocally, that I hoped you knew me too well to imagine, that *idle inactive* rank was in my view—and that sentiment, I beg you carefully to observe, I have in no instance whatever, for one single moment, relinquished or departed from.

"Giving, as I did, all the considerations of my heart to the delicacy and difficulties of your situation, nothing could have been more repugnant to my thoughts, or to my disposition, than to have imposed upon you, my dear Brother, either in your capacity as Commander-in-Chief, or in the near relationship which subsists between us, much less in the expectation of causing you to risk any displeasure from his Majesty, by disobeying in any degree his commands, although they were even to militate against myself. But, with the impulse of my feelings towards you, and quickly conceiving what friendship and affection may be capable of, I did not, I own, think it entirely impossible that you might, considering the magnitude and importance which the object carries with it, have officially advanced my wishes, as a matter of propriety, to military rank and subsequent command, through his Majesty's Ministers, for that direct purpose; especially when the honour of my character and my future fame in life were so deeply involved in the consideration. For, I must here emphatically again repeat, '*idle inactive* rank was never in my view; and that military rank and its subsequent command, was never out of it.'

"Feeling how useless as well as ungracious controversy is, upon every occasion, and knowing how fatally it operates

on human friendship, I must entreat that our correspondence on this subject shall cease here; for nothing could be more distressing to me, than to prolong a topic, on which, it is now clear to me, my dear Brother, that you and I can never agree, &c. (Signed) "G. P.
"His Royal Highness the Duke of York."

Of the unhappy intercourse which, in 1809, attracted the public investigation, we shall say but little. The connexion was one of which no moral mind can speak without censure and regret. But those who would load the Duke of York with obloquy as a criminal above all other men, should recollect how fatally frequent such offences are in society, and how likely, in the temptations that beset the first rank, and peculiarly in the instance of an individual to whom domestic life had come attended with so few recommendations. But the charge of trafficking his patronage was instantly shown to be groundless; and the half-dozen cases in which commissions were disposed of by the object of this unhappy connexion, were proved to be altogether unsuspected by his Royal Highness, and the result of a habitual kindness of nature, however unworthily expended.

As the investigation proceeded, the base and scandalous motives of the accusers were so palpably exhibited—the personages in question were so obviously degraded and malignant—and the portion of the charges affecting the official honour of the Commander-in-Chief was so trivial, that his Royal Highness was acquitted by a majority of 82 in the House. But with this sufficient exculpation he was not satisfied. Having retained his public situation while the charges were going through the Commons, that he might be presumed to shrink from no publicity of trial, he resigned, on the close and the acquittal, May 20, 1809.

His Royal Highness's letter to the House at the commencement of the proceedings shows with what anxiety he must have contemplated this attempted stain on his character as a servant of the state.

"*Horse Guards, Feb. 23, 1809.*

"SIR,

"I HAVE waited with the greatest anxiety until the Committee appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into my conduct, as Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's army, had closed its ex-

aminations, and I now hope that it will not be deemed improper to address this letter, through you, to the House of Commons.

"I observe with the deepest concern, that, in the course of this inquiry, my name has been coupled with transactions the most criminal and disgraceful; and I must ever regret and lament that a connexion should ever have existed, which has thus exposed my character and honour to public animadversion.

"With respect to any alleged offences connected with the discharge of my official duties, I do, in the most solemn manner, upon my honour as a Prince, distinctly assert my innocence, not only by denying all corrupt participation in any of the infamous transactions which have appeared in evidence at the bar of the House of Commons, or any connivance at their existence, but also the slightest knowledge or suspicion that they existed at all.

"My consciousness of innocence leads me confidently to hope that the House of Commons will not, upon such evidence as they have heard, adopt any proceeding prejudicial to my honour and character; but if, upon such testimony as has been adduced against me, the House of Commons can think my innocence questionable, I claim of their justice that I shall not be condemned without trial, or be deprived of the benefit and protection which is afforded to every British subject, by those sanctions under which alone evidence is received in the ordinary administration of the law.

"I am, Sir, yours,

"FREDERICK.

"The Speaker of the House of Commons."

Yet, painful as this ordeal must have been, its results were probably fortunate to the habits and future life of his Royal Highness. He had been reinstated in 1811, the first year of the Regency. The army and the nation were highly gratified by this act of justice. His administration of the army had been from the beginning marked by a zeal for the honour, comfort, and efficiency of the military service of the Empire, forming the strongest contrast with the old system. The appointment of terms of service for every rank of the army—judicious regulations for the sale of commissions—arrangements for the provision of the relatives of those who fell—reforms of the Commissariat, the Medical Staff, and the Military Finance—the appointment of military schools for the cadets and junior branches of the army—the

establishment of orphan schools for the children of the soldiery—with a multitude of minor, yet important regulations, constituting on the whole the most complete system of military education in Europe—entitled the Duke of York to the name, less of Reformer than of Regenerator of the British Army.

We trust that that army will not suffer his memory to pass down unmarked by some great visible testimonial of their respect and gratitude. As a prince, he will lie in the tomb of princes. As a personal friend, a protector, and a most generous, kindly, and honourable member of society, he will be long remembered by his circle. But, as the friend of the British army, his remembrances should be perpetuated by a monument conspicuous to the eye, and grateful to the feelings of the soldier.

But the last act of the Duke of York's public life was the one from which we should best estimate the national loss; the career of manliness and constitutional integrity which has been so fatally interrupted; and the force of heart, which, under all the clouds of his life, lived in his Royal Highness.

The Catholic Question has, within these few years, compelled public attention, by the louder clamour and the more diligent artifice of its agents. But if there be one series of facts in history more unquestionable than another, they are, that Popish councils cannot be councils for the good of a Protestant state; that ecclesiastical tyranny is hostile to civil liberty; and that a religion which suppresses the Scriptures, and burns their propagators, cannot be the religion of freedom, of truth, or of the Scriptures. It is as little to be doubted, that the grand purpose of Popery in power, would be only the more active exertion of the grand purpose of Popery out of power,—the extinction of all opinions that dared to doubt its infallibility, and first, and most irretrievably, the extinction of Protestantism. It is as little to be doubted, that a religion whose whole priesthood declares a prior allegiance to a foreign court, and keeps up a perpetual correspondence with it, is not a safe ingredient in the constitution of any country which may be embroiled with that foreign court; and that the House of Brunswick, being called to the British throne on the express stipulation of

never suffering the entrance of Papal influence into the Constitution, is bound by the most solemn obligations before God and man, to protect us from the evil of a legislation, stained, encumbered, and paralyzed by the admixture of Popery.

Yet, popular delusion, practised to a great extent; the negligence of the usual defenders of the Constitution, probably tired out by the perpetual repetition of the topic; and the ability of some eloquent leaders in the House of Commons,—had brought the Catholic Question forward, in 1825, with more effect than at any preceding time. There were rumours of a change of opinion among some even of those who had been hitherto the most decided public friends of British freedom. Great anxiety was excited; every eye that had been accustomed to venerate the forms of the Constitution, was turned to the final debate of the Senate on this momentous occasion. Rumours had been spread of even the menacing nature, that the throne was friendly to this fatal measure. But, on the 25th of April, his Royal Highness came down to the House of Lords; and relieved the national mind.

“*HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK.*—I hold in my hand a Petition from the Dean and Chapter of the Collegiate Church of St George, Windsor, praying that no further concession may be made to the Roman Catholics. I am sure that any representation from so learned and respectable a body will be received with the attention which it deserves, and therefore I should not have troubled your Lordships with any observations in support of it, if I did not feel that this was an occasion on which any man may well be permitted to address your Lordships. I do this more readily on the present occasion, because, feeling that I am not in the habit of taking part in your discussions, I will not interrupt the progress of the debate on the bill to which the petitioners refer, if it should come into this House. It is now twenty-five years since this measure was first brought into discussion. I cannot forget with what events that discussion was at that time connected. It was connected with the most serious illness of one now no more—it was connected also with the temporary removal of one of the ablest, wisest, and honestest ministers that this country ever had. From that time, when I gave my first vote on this question, to the present, I have never seen any reason to regret or to change the line which I then

took. I have, every year, seen more reason to be satisfied with my decision. When the question comes regularly before your Lordships, it will be discussed much more fully and ably than I can do it. But there are two or three subjects on which I am anxious to touch. One is, that you place the Church of England in a situation in which no other church in the world is placed; the Roman Catholic will not allow the Church of England or Parliament to interfere with his Church, and yet he requires you to allow him to interfere with your Church, and to legislate for it. There is another subject still more delicate, on which I cannot, however, help saying a few words. I speak (I beg to be understood) only as an individual; I desire not to be understood as speaking for anybody else; but consider, my Lords, the situation in which you place the Sovereign. By the coronation oath, the Sovereign is bound to maintain the Church established in her doctrine, discipline, and rights inviolate. An Act of Parliament may release future Sovereigns and other men from this oath, or from any other oaths to be taken; but can it release an individual who has already taken it? I speak, I repeat it again, as an individual; but I entreat the House to consider the situation in which the Sovereign is thus placed, I feel very strongly on this whole subject; I cannot forget the deep interest which was taken upon it by one now no more; and the long and unhappy illness in which—(here his Royal Highness was sensibly affected.)—I have been brought up from my early years in these principles; and from the time when I began to reason for myself, I have entertained them from conviction; and in every situation in which I may be placed, I will maintain them, so help me, God."

The effect of this speech was unbounded. The public doubts instantly vanished. The security thus given by the Monarch, whose sentiments his Royal Highness undoubtedly uttered in conjunction with his own, set the nation at ease. The speech was hailed through the country with the highest gratitude—innumerable copies of it were circulated—it was justly looked on as a royal bond to Protestantism and liberty; and the illustrious speaker rose at once into a rank of public esteem and hope altogether unrivalled.

Yet this exertion was not one which a timid, unprincipled, or an undecided

mind would have readily made. His Royal Highness was well aware that the defeated party would not be sparing in their hate of the man by whom they were overthrown—that private bitterness and public obloquy would be visited on him, as they have been, and will be, on every man who does his public duty with determination—that the whole force of Popery would be roused against his motives while living, and against his character when he should be no more. But a public effort was demanded, and he made it freely, boldly, and effectually; he laid down the principles on which the Constitution is to be defended in all emergencies; he reinstated the wavering public mind on the most momentous of all subjects, and he gave us at once an additional pledge of the Crown to the Constitution, and an additional proof of that wisdom of our ancestors by which that Crown was placed on the brow of the Brunswick line, to the EXCLUSION OF POPERY for EVER!

The details of his fatal disorder are now too familiar to the public for us to enter into them. His frame, naturally robust, felt the first shock about three years ago, when his life was endangered by inflammation. Since that time he declined—the rapid advance of his illness during the last three months defied medicine. He lingered in pain, evincing the greatest fortitude; and exerting himself in public business almost till the day he died.

Public anxiety was visible in the highest degree from the time that his life seemed to be in danger. All ranks crowded to the Duke of Rutland's house, where he had been removed for the attendance of the physicians. His Majesty was almost forced from his bedside, by those who dreaded the effect of his brotherly feelings upon his health. At length all suspense was closed by the Bulletin.

"FRIDAY, JANUARY 5, 1827.

"Whitehall, Jan. 5, 1827.

"This evening, at twenty minutes past nine o'clock, departed this life, after a painful and protracted illness, his Royal Highness **FREDERICK DUK** of York and ALBANY, his Majesty's next brother, to the great grief of his Majesty, and of all the Royal Family."

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VOL. XXI.

A SUBALTERN IN AMERICA.

CHAP. I.

It is not without considerable reluctance, my dear North, that I sit down to comply with your frequently repeated request. The details of the late war in the Southern States of North America have been so vividly and correctly given by your friend the Subaltern, that he who ventures to tread upon the same ground, must make up his mind to endure the reproach of rashness, if not of presumption. Nevertheless, as my journal professes not to enter in any degree into the plans of the different campaigns, farther than as these plans affected my own individual person; and as, in point of fact, I cannot pretend to give anything more than a relation of the accidents and occurrences which befell myself, from the commencement of our military operations in the Bay of Chesapeake, down to the period of their final close in the Dauphine Island; I am willing to be guided by your wishes; not in the spirit of a rival or adversary towards my brother Subaltern, Heaven knows, but as an humble imitator, whose lighter sketches and more private narration may, perhaps, give an additional interest to those grave and scientific details with which he has already favoured the public.

In the "Narrative of the Campaign of the British Army at Washington and New Orleans,"* you will find a sufficiently elaborate account of the embarkation of the troops in the Ga-

ronne, and the passage from thence to the mouth of the Patuxent. Of that account I shall say no more, than that to the minutest tittle, (as far at least as I am a judge) it is correctly given. All went on as the Subaltern has told us; St Michaels and Bermuda were both visited, the Chesapeake was entered on the 15th of August 1814, and on the 18th the fleet began to ascend the Patuxent. It was my fortune, during the progress of this voyage, to be embarked on board of a light, though very comfortable transport. The consequence was, that when the ships of war, and other heavy vessels took the ground, we continued to hold our course, till, having approached within eight miles of St Benedicts, our master deemed it prudent to cast anchor. We had, however, got so far a-head of the rest, that but a very short space of time elapsed, ere boat after boat, loaded with troops, drew up alongside of us; and in a couple of hours our deck, cabin, and hold, were literally jammed with men and officers, making a sort of half-way house of number 375 between their own vessels and the shore.

Day had barely dawned on the nineteenth, when the report of a cannon from one of the frigates lower down, gave notice that all the boats should be hoisted out, and the troops conveyed to land. How it came about I know not, but in my eagerness to reach *terra firma*, I sprang, with five

dozen men and one brother officer into a broad-bowed punt, which, being supplied with no more than a couple of oars, moved against the stream, at the rate of half a-mile per hour. The point of rendezvous had, however, been named; it was St Benedicts, a village distant, as I have already stated, eight long miles from our place of anchorage. We had, therefore, but a gloomy prospect before us,—that of a sixteen hours' voyage under a broiling sun; and the prospect, at one period, seemed not unlikely to be realized. Boat after boat, and barge after barge, passed us by, without bestowing upon us any other notice than a volley of jokes, or repeated peals of laughter; till at last a worthy midshipman took pity upon us, and threw us a line. Under his towage we made way at a tolerably rapid rate; and having quitted the ship at six o'clock, found ourselves snugly on shore, and in full march towards the bivouac, about half an hour before noon.

St Benedicts, like most of the villages on the banks of the Chesapeake rivers, is a small straggling place; the houses of which stand far apart from each other, and are surrounded by neat gardens, and apparently productive orchards. When we landed it was totally deserted by its inhabitants. The furniture, however, had not been removed,—at least not wholly,—from any of the houses, and not a few of the dairies were garnished with dishes of exquisite milk, and delicate new cheeses. I state this fact, because I perfectly recollect the degree of hesitation which was generally experienced, before any one would venture to partake of these luxuries. In order, I presume, to deter the men from plundering, and to keep them from being guilty of those acts of insubordination which the habit of plundering never fails to produce, a report had been industriously circulated through the fleet, that the Americans had poisoned both wines and provisions, which were purposely left in our way. Though I was never much disposed to place reliance in this report, it must be confessed, that the idea hindered, not only a few privates, who followed me into a dairy, but myself also, for several minutes, from applying our lips to a pig of delicious cream, which occupied one of the shelves. Inclination, however, at length prevailed over apprehension.

I drank freely of the perilous liquor; my men followed my example; and none of us suffered the slightest inconvenience from this act of temerity of which we had been guilty.

I have said, that the little detachment of which I was in charge, made good its landing about an hour before noon. Nothing could exceed the degree of exhilaration which was exhibited by persons of all ranks on the present occasion. Of the privates, few had planted foot on firm ground for the space of three months, and of the officers there were several, the low state of whose finances had not permitted them to indulge very frequently in visits to the towns or ports at which we had touched during our passage. To them the prospect of a few days' sojourn upon their own element, was in the highest degree animating and delightful. For my own part, I had omitted no opportunity of breathing the land-breezes, or taking part in such amusements and recreations as our temporary sojourn at St Michael's and Bermuda afforded; yet I firmly believe, that not an individual among them all enjoyed the change more heartily than myself. Once more I felt that the business of my profession was to be carried on. Widely different, indeed, was the style of conducting that business here from that which had attended our campaigning in the Peninsula. We had no tents now to pitch and to repose in; no bat-mule, loaded with portmanteaus and canteens, attended us; nor were our saddle horses ready at a call. Each officer, on the contrary, like the soldiers, carried his baggage on his back, and all had the firmament of heaven to look to as their canopy. It may, perhaps, amuse some of your readers to be told in what plight we, on this occasion, took the field; and, as a fair specimen of the plight of officers in general, I will inform them how I myself was accoutred when I stepped for the first time upon the soil of America.

In the first place, then, I carried, as is usual on such occasions, a perfect equipment of military accoutrements; that is to say, sabre, sash, belt, pistols, and telescope. Strapped across my shoulders was a good cloak, which on many previous occasions had done the duty of a bed, and which I confidently anticipated would be called upon

to discharge a similar duty in times that were yet before me. On my right flank, that is to say, slung over my left shoulder, lay a black leathern haversack, containing a spare shirt, a pair of stockings, dressing utensils, a foraging cap, three pounds of boiled pork, and two pounds and a half of sea-biscuit. On my left breast, again, rested a horn, filled with rum, such as persons usually serve out, whilst a wooden keg, for the conveyance of water, hung over my neck, on the very middle of my back. All these things, the reader will be pleased to observe, were necessary; yet they by no means added to the agreeable nature of our feelings in the mean time; whilst they certainly took away very largely from the personal elegance of such as were laid under the necessity of carrying them. On the present occasion, however, no one regarded appearances. We looked only to such arrangements as might promise to add a little to our comforts; and as all were equally loaded, no man had an opportunity of quizzing or deriding his comrade.

We reached our ground, as I have already informed you, about half an hour before noon; and seldom have I looked upon a more spirit-stirring spectacle than the position presented. Just under the ridge of a gentle eminence, extending, perhaps, about three or four hundred yards from one extremity to the other, were piled in order of open columns the arms of the different regiments, whilst the men to whom these arms belonged were scattered here and there in groups of twenty, thirty, and fifty, over the whole slope. Some were lying at full length upon the grass, basking in the beams of a sultry sun, and apparently made happy by the very feeling of the green sod under them. Others were running and leaping about, giving exercise to the limbs which had so long been cramped and confined on board of ship. Whilst, in the immediate rear of the muskets, numerous fires were blazing, upon which camp kettles and other culinary utensils were placed, and beside which the cooks of the different companies were moving in all the dignity of office. A little apart from the men again, and surrounding each coterie its own small fire, sat many of the officers in parties

of two, three, or four; whilst others were strolling about with the careless step and merry countenances of men, who looked forward to danger as a pastime, and confidently anticipated success. The very summit of the hill, again, was empty, except that three pieces of cannon crowned it, the muzzles of which were pointed towards the distant country; and a few sentries walked their solitary rounds beside them. Such was the general appearance of our bivouac, as it was first established on the banks of the Patuxent.

The Subaltern has informed you, that officers employed upon active service lay aside all idea of a general mess, and live together as the ties of friendship, or a sense of mutual convenience, may dictate. Like your correspondent, I too, had a friend, and one whom I sincerely valued. As he is still in the service, and has risen, as his merits deserved that he should rise, to an elevated rank, you will excuse me, if instead of giving you his real name, I call him, for distinction's sake, Charlton. He was, and is, as good a soldier as any in the army, and at the period to which I now allude, commanded the company to which I was attached as a lieutenant. My first inquiry on reaching the corps was naturally for him, nor did it require a very minute search in order to discover him. I found him sitting under a tree, on a spot of ground considerably removed from all neighbours. A fire was burning hard by, beside which his servant and my Portuguese boy were resting—not idly, but in the act of watching a potful of greens and potatoes, which they had carried off from one of the gardens near. A couple of cheeses, with some pork and biscuit, were spread upon the grass; and a horn drinking-cup stood beside them. This was our dinner, which had been prepared for some time, and was kept waiting only for me. We had breakfasted at five in the morning, and were therefore quite ready for it, even thus early; and we addressed ourselves to it with the promptitude of men, whose appetites were neither sickly nor fastidious.

Having performed this most necessary of all duties, our next business was to take a survey, as far as it might be practicable and safe so to do, of the

nature of the ground on which we were posted, and of the country beyond it. With this view we ascended to the top of the height. The view from that height was extensive; but it introduced to our notice little besides one immense, and apparently impervious forest. Immediately beneath us, indeed, that is, along the descent, and just where the descent ended, the fields had been cleared. One solitary cottage, too, was visible, about musket-shot from the base, which was surrounded, as almost all the houses in Virginia are surrounded, by an extensive orchard; but even it stood in a nook of the thicket, giant trees in full foliage closing it in on every side. There were two roads discernible, one leading away from the right of the position, the other running close beside the left. The road on the right was narrow and broken; it presented the appearance of nothing more than a by-path to some hamlet or farm-house near; that on the left was of a tolerable width, and, though deep and sandy, exhibited symptoms of greater care and labour having been bestowed upon it. But of these, neither could be traced above a mile, because both were lost at that distance in the wood.

We descended the hill, with the intention of pursuing the track on the right, after we should have examined, as prudence required us to examine, the cottage and its out-buildings. It was occupied by a picquet of our own troops, and, as might be expected, was already in a state of dilapidation. Of a couple of pigs, which had occupied a sty on one side of the little domicile, nothing remained now except the hind legs of one, and the half of the other, the rest having been long ago divided among the messes of the corps which furnished the guard. The hen-roost, too, was plundered, at least a quantity of feathers scattered here and there gave proof that some of the fowl-kind had suffered a violent death not long ago. In other respects the cottage was circumstanced as most cottages are which have the bad fortune to fall in with the line of an invading army's out-posts,—that is to say, its shell stood uninjured, but its interior was in ruins.

Having satisfied our curiosity here, and ascertained the direction in which the advanced sentinels extended, we

were proposing to accomplish our original design, and to pursue the path on the right, when the arrival of a brother officer out of breath, and in great haste, deterred us. He had ventured along that road, and having penetrated about a couple of miles, arrived at a farm-house of some size. Taking it for granted that this, like the houses in St Benedicts, must be deserted, he had rashly entered, and escaped being made prisoner by three or four stout Yankees, only through their apprehension that he was not alone. He purchased a fowl from these worthies, and, being permitted to retire, lost no time, as soon as the trees concealed him from observation, in hurrying to the camp. With the account which he gave of matters, we were, at least for the present, perfectly satisfied; so, returning to our place of abode under the tree, we passed the rest of the day in quiet.

As the evening closed in, all the arrangements, customary in bivouacs, were effected. The troops, assembling near their arms, trimmed and enlarged their fires, and sat down by companies and sections on the ground beside them. Their great-coats were all put on, and their accoutrements buckled over them. The knapsacks, likewise, packed and strapped up, were so arranged as that each might be slung across its owner's shoulders at a moment's warning; or, should no alarm occur, supply him with a comfortable pillow for the night. Arrangements not dissimilar were also gone into by the officers. Charlton and myself, for example, having suspended our sabres from a branch, laid our haversacks and pistols within reach, and, wrapping our cloaks round us, seated ourselves, with our feet towards the fire, and addressed ourselves, *con amore*, to the fragments which remained from our noon-day repast. We were neither of us much disposed to sleep; nor, indeed, had the case been otherwise, should we have found it an easy matter to drop at once into a state of forgetfulness. The sun had hardly set, when every leaf of our tree became alive with insects, which sent forth a ceaseless chattering, not perhaps loud enough to break the repose of a sound sleeper, but sufficiently audible to drive sleep from the eyes of persons totally unaccustomed to it, and neither infirm nor weary. It was, how-

ever, upon the whole, an extremely pleasant sound; and it was not the only sound which gave us pleasure. Stores continued to be carried from the ships to the shore long after night-fall; and the cry of the seamen on the decks, the splash of oars in the water, and the heavy noise of casks and carriages, as they were rolled into the bivouac, all had an effect in keeping alive the excitement, which men ever experience on first taking the field, after a long interval of quiet. Then there was the hum of conversation from the bivouac itself; a song, or part of a song, heard from time to time; and, as these died away, the murmur of the river, rolling its large and sluggish body of water towards the sea, and breaking as well upon its own banks as upon the bows of the ships, now at anchor in its tide. Each and all of these made a music to the ear, which the ear could not refuse to take in; whilst, for the sense of sight, the fire-flies furnished ample occupa-

tion, as in numerous clusters they pitched upon the boughs overhead, and shed a soft light through the foliage, such as legends tell once illuminated the hall of Oberon, or Titania's bower. To be grave and serious, these sights and sounds, some of them perfectly novel, and all so different from those to which we had of late been accustomed, long hindered us from making so much as an effort to close our eyes. But the enthusiasm even of soldiers will not resist the encroachments of drowsiness for ever. The sounds of human labour and human voices gradually died away,—those produced by insects and the stream became confused and blended together,—the splendour of the fire-fly became more and more indistinct, and was at last seen no more. Above all, our grog was drunk out, and our cigars expended; so, laying ourselves at length upon the grass, we were soon fast asleep.

CHAPTER II.

It was still dark, when the well-known bustle of troops standing to their arms, broke in upon our slumber. The fires, as a matter of course, had all burned low; ours, indeed, was totally extinguished; and though the extreme mildness of the climate hindered us from experiencing any inconvenience from cold, it cannot be said that we awoke in absolute comfort. A heavy dew had fallen during the night, which, if it hardly penetrated the thick folds of our cloaks and blankets, hung about our hair, neck, and faces, producing a sensation which I cannot easily describe, though I perfectly recollect that it was the reverse of agreeable. Nevertheless we rose in excellent spirits and high good humour, and took post beside our men, in confident expectation that an immediate advance would occur as soon as there should be light enough to direct our steps.

We had waited thus above half an hour, the soldiers standing with ordered arms in close columns of companies, and the officers lounging about near them, before the dawn began to exhibit itself in the eastern horizon. A pale yellow light rushed up, as it were, into the sky, which increasing

in brilliancy every moment, brought the objects around us gradually into notice. The houses in St Benedicts rose first like rocks upon our view, then the vessels in the river were seen like trees and towers, as the feeble light fell upon them; whilst the forests beyond continued obscure and dark long after, till the sun's redder rays began to strike them. It was truly a magnificent spectacle, as the approach of daylight is, under all circumstances and in all situations. But the object which most strongly attracted our attention, was a dense—I had almost said an impenetrable fog, which was now seen to hang over the position of our bivouac. The reader has perhaps stood beside a salt-pan, whilst the process of evaporating the sea-water was carried on,—if so, he can form a pretty accurate notion of the kind of mist by which we were now surrounded, and which very satisfactorily accounted for those stiffened joints and aching bones which had affected most of us when we awoke. As the sun rose, however, the fog quickly cleared away; and when the order to dismiss and prepare our breakfasts was given, it had entirely disappeared.

Our morning meal being consumed,

we began, not unaturally, to indulge in surmises and speculations touching our future proceedings. Contrary to the expectations which had been formed, no hint was dropped about moving, and as we all knew General Ross sufficiently to be aware, that there could be no disinclination on his part to carry on the war with vigour, we looked now for some other cause of a delay, which, on every account, we united in deploring. Long previous to the disembarkation,—as early, indeed, as the entrance of the fleet into the bay,—the several regiments had received instructions as to their order; and to each of the three brigades into which the army was divided, a commandant had been appointed. It could not, therefore, be for the purpose of organizing his troops that our leader abstained from advancing. But there were stores to be landed, a medical and commissariat department to be arranged, and dispositions to be made for a speedy and safe reshipment, in case of any reverse or check in our operations. Besides, it was not quite certain that the end of the debarkation had as yet been determined on. The most prevalent rumour, indeed, spoke of a flotilla of gun-boats on the river; and of the necessity of a co-operation between the fleet and the army, to secure its capture; but whether even now, the general or admiral were not calculating their means for the attainment of a higher object, is, to say the least of it, doubtful. Be this, however, as it may, one thing appeared very certain, namely, that there was but a slender chance of our effecting anything, or making any progress, during the day.

Having remained in the neighbourhood of the position till noon, I determined, in company with a friend, my brother subaltern, whose name was Williams, to proceed upon a foraging excursion up the country. With this view we took the right-hand road, of which I have already spoken, and arrived, after a walk of about a couple of miles, at a farm house. It was the same which another officer had visited during the previous day; and if, as I have no reason to doubt, he really found it uninjured,—marauders had been busy enough between the period of his ramble and ours. It was now thoroughly ransacked. Scarcely an article of furniture remained entire;

and as to living creatures, there was not one to be seen in its vicinity. We left it behind, and went forward. A further walk, of perhaps half a mile, brought us to a poor cottage, situated about a stone's throw from the road, the general style and architecture of which bespoke it as being the residence of some new settler. Even it had not escaped the rapacity of stragglers. Its hogsty was torn down, its poultry-house broken open, and its little garden robbed of almost every cabbage and potatoe that grew in it. There was a wretched old woman here, who began to weep bitterly as soon as she beheld us. With some difficulty we managed to convince her that from us she had nothing to apprehend; and having informed her of what we were in quest, she produced, as she declared, her last fowl; for which she was astonished at being paid by a quarter-dollar piece. This act of barter on our parts restored her to herself, and we were not less gratified than surprised to learn, that she had suffered no injury from the British troops; but that her son, with whom she lived, had himself driven off the hogs, and let the poultry loose into the woods. We likewise learned that there were neither villages nor farm-houses within six miles of her cabin, a space of country which we did not deem it prudent to traverse. So wishing her good morning, we directed our steps backwards, and reached the bivouac unmolested.

On returning to our home under the tree, we found that Charlton and the servants had been far more actively, or rather successfully, employed than ourselves. A pig, a goose, and a barn-door fowl, bore testimony to the zeal and diligence with which they had conducted themselves; and these being all in an advanced state of preparation, we looked forward with satisfaction to the enjoyment of a substantial and delicate repast. But as the poet expresses himself—

“The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft awry;”

an aphorism for the truth of which we could this day painfully vouch. Our messes were just laid upon the grass, and we had taken our seats beside them, when the bugles suddenly sounded. Mortified, as it was but natural that we should be, at an occurrence so ill-timed, there remained for

us only one course to pursue. We took each in his hand as much meat and bread as he believed that he should be able to consume whilst on the march, and the rest was unceremoniously bestowed in our own and our men's haversacks; we buckled on our accoutrements, and slung our baggage on our backs, and hurried off to our stations.

A few minutes only elapsed, before the whole army, consisting of near four thousand men, and divided, as I have already stated, into three brigades, drew up in the order in which it was designed to move. It was my fortune to be attached to the light brigade; which, as forming the advance, took post at the head of the column. This force, which was composed of the 85th regiment, the light companies of the 4th, 21st, and 44th, one company of marines, and a hundred armed negroes, might muster about twelve hundred bayonets, and was commanded by Colonel Thornton. The second brigade again, at the head of which was Colonel Brook, comprised the 4th and 44th regiments; whilst the third, led on by Colonel Paterson, was made up of the 21st regiment, and a battalion of marines. The park of artillery, again, amounted to no more than three pieces, one six, and two three-pounders; and it was rendered doubly inefficient from the total absence of horses. The guns, with their tumbrils and ammunition-waggon, were dragged by seamen; the gunners and drivers followed on foot, and the progress which they made was as tardy as the deep and sandy nature of the roads authorized us to expect.

The different corps had already taken their stations, and were in anxious expectation of the word to march, when, about four o'clock in the afternoon, General Ross, accompanied by his aides-de-camp and staff, rode up. No preconceived plan had been arranged, nor had the slightest wish been expressed on the part of the officers; but his appearance amongst them was hailed by loud and reiterated shouts from the men. The thing was wholly involuntary, and it failed not to cause the gratification which it was calculated to produce. The general pulled off his hat, smiled and bowed to his soldiers; and then addressing himself to the officer in command, desired that he would lead on.

Another hearty cheer followed the delivery of this order, and the march began.

The order in which this inroad was effected has been so accurately described elsewhere, that I deem it quite unnecessary to enter here at any length into the detail. The advanced guard, under the command of Major Brown of the 88th regiment, led the way. It consisted of three companies of light infantry; two of which moved in column along the road, whilst the third extended itself in files both in front and on the flanks. After this body, at a certain interval, came the light brigade, which also furnished a company or two, to scour the woods. Upon the heels of the light followed the second brigade; next came the artillery; and last of all the third brigade, which furnished the rear-guard. Such were the arrangements made by our general, at once to hinder surprise, and guard against ambushes, for a happy application of which the nature of the country afforded every facility. The reader must now bear in mind that we were now about to penetrate through immense forests, scantily chequered here and there with spots of cultivated ground. Though to us these forests seemed pathless, it was hardly to be expected, that there were not many lanes and roads cut here and there by the inhabitants, along which, if any enterprise or talent guided their counsels, bodies of regular troops might be moved; whilst the well-known confidence of the Americans in their rifles, and their overweening estimation of their own skill as marksmen, led to the supposition that we should not proceed far without falling in with one or more parties of volunteers, anxious to give us a sample of their mode of bush-fighting. To-day, however, nothing of the kind occurred. Neither the leading files nor the flank patrols saw an enemy, and the column pressed forward, not only unmolested, but without having its spirits once elevated by the sound of firing.

And, in truth, it was well for us that we were not, on the present occasion, either brought into action, or harassed by any needless formations. For never, perhaps, did an army exhibit such symptoms of deficiency, not in courage, but in bodily strength, as we all exhibited this day. Nor is that a circumstance hard to be accounted for.

In the first place, the soldiers, unaccustomed during three months to the weight of their arms and baggage, found the burden, at present imposed upon them, too great for their enervated condition to endure. Even the oldest and best of our veterans complained; whilst the younger men, and those who had lately joined from England, soon sank under it. In the next place, we, unfortunately, began our journey at the very hour when, in a climate like that of Virginia, the ordinary traveller thinks of resting. The heat was more intolerable than I have any language to describe. There was not a breath of air in motion; the sun was bright, and the sky perfectly cloudless; whilst the deep fine sand, of which the road was composed, not only gave way beneath our tread, but rose in masses about us, filling our eyes, and even obstructing our respiration. It so happened that to-day I was not employed with either the advanced guard or the flankers. My station was with the column; and it was really painful to see those whom I knew to be among the bravest and best soldiers in the army, dropping, one after another, upon the banks by the way side. We passed, in our march, more than one stream of water. As may be imagined, there was no keeping the men in their ranks on these occasions; and, indeed, to speak the truth, I became myself, at last, so completely overpowered, that I not only ceased to forbid their halting to drink, but joined in the act of insubordination, and drank also.

The sun had set, and, as is the case in this quarter of the world, darkness was fast following his departure, when, to the inexpressible satisfaction of every officer and man in the army, the halt was sounded. We had reached a space of ground more open than usual, and just sufficiently elevated to give to us, in case of an attack, the advantage of a rising ground. On the slope of this, and among a few stubble-fields, the different corps drew up. The guns were then, as usual, dragged to the summit, the arms were piled, fires were lighted, and the ordinary preparations for a bivouac gone through; but in these, and in the rest which was to follow them, it fell not to the lot of my friend or myself to take part. As soon as the column halted, we were called upon to muster

our company, and moved off towards the front, where the charge of one of the out-pickets was committed to us.

The post in question was distant about a quarter of a mile from the camp. It was a farm-house, situated near the high-road, surrounded by numerous barns and buildings, and which, strange to say, had not been deserted by its inmates. Of these, however,—at least of the females,—we saw nothing; the father, an old, weather-beaten, rough-spoken personage, alone making his appearance. He was a keen democrat, a thorough Yankee, and abhorred the English with all his heart; a feeling which he took no care to conceal, and which we, of course, resented only by turning it into ridicule. He spoke much of the iniquity of our invasion; but comforted himself by anticipating the utter destruction of those engaged in it, who would, as he asserted, be opposed by the bravest men, and the most expert shots, which the whole world could produce. His two sons, he informed us, had gone off only this morning to join the army, and his principal source of regret appeared to be, that his own age and infirmities hindered him from joining in it also. The reader will easily believe, that we enjoyed the old man's conversation a great deal more, than if he had pretended to sentiments which he could hardly experience, or put on a manner which was not natural to him. Nor, to say the truth, was he more hostile in his language, than he proved himself friendly in his behaviour as a landlord. He produced his bread and cheese and peach-whisky, liberally and freely; and though he drank to our speedy defeat, we willingly joined him, if not in his sentiment, at all events in his potations.

The greater part of our time was, however, spent out of doors. Though there was no enemy in sight, nor, as far as we could learn, any force collected within a day's march of us, we were not on that account the less careful to see that the sentries occupied proper posts, and were attentive to their duty. On the contrary, the circumstance that we knew not where to look for danger, induced us the more cautiously to guard against it; and as it might come upon us from either flank, or from the rear, just as readily as from the front, the whole encamp-

ment was girdled in by a circle of watchmen. These took their ground at the distance of perhaps half musket shot from the different picquets which furnished them. They stood not more than forty or fifty yards apart from one another, and except upon the great road, they stood singly. On the road, again, there were a couple planted together, in order that one might from time to time patrol onwards to ascertain whether all was safe, whilst the other remained stationary. It was our business to see that these respectively fulfilled the trusts reposed in them; and the business was one which could not be otherwise accomplished except by constantly traversing from one extremity of the chain to the other.

For several hours, no other inconvenience attended these perambulations, besides a feeling of considerable fatigue, for which the toilsome march of the day had amply prepared us; but towards midnight the case was different. A mass of black clouds suddenly collected together, and the stars, which but a moment ago shone out brightly in a clear blue sky, were completely obscured. A tremendous storm of thunder, lightning, and rain ensued. There was not a breath of wind, it is true, hardly so much as to move the leaves upon the trees, but the thunder was terrific, and the rain rushed down like a cataract in perpendicular streams. The effect of such a storm, echoed back as it was from the thick woods around, was awful in no ordinary degree; whilst every flash of

lightning gave to the eye a momentary glimpse of scenery, such as no powers of language are adequate to describe. The pathless forests, which on every side formed the back-ground, the few cultivated fields which intervened between them and the house, the very palings and hedges which intersected them, with the curved line of sentinels, standing motionless at their posts—all these, as well as the sweep of the road, were seen for an instant as distinctly as at noonday; and then a darkness, thicker and more impenetrable than before, enshrouded them. No doubt there was much to admire in all this, perhaps sufficient, or more than sufficient, to compensate for the inconvenience of a sound ducking, where a change of habiliments was to be procured; but, on the present occasion, it must be confessed, that we would have willingly dispensed with all that was sublime in the occurrence, in exchange for a little dry weather, no matter how tame or monotonous.

It was not, however, for us to choose. The storm took its course, and having continued with unabated violence during two hours, gradually died away. The rain ceased to fall, the clouds dispersed themselves, and the little stars shone forth again, like the eyes of a beauty whose tears have ceased to flow; and the rest of the night, accordingly, was spent in as much of quiet and comfort as it usually falls to the lot of soldiers upon an outpost duty to enjoy.

CHAPTER III.

IN obedience to the customs of war in like cases, our picquet got under arms, and was drawn up in front of the house, two hours before sunrise. No enemy, however, made his appearance, nor did any rumour of an enemy come in to put us more than previously on the alert; but we continued to preserve our ranks as if an army were in our front, till directions reached us from rear how we were to act. The column, it appeared, was in readiness, and would set out on the first blink of dawn; and as our company already occupied the road by which it was to move, we were ordered to perform the duty of the leading division of the advanced guard.

It was yet but the grey of the morning, when Major Brown made his appearance, and we began our march. The road, like that of yesterday, was deep and sandy; but our men appeared refreshed to a degree which could have hardly been expected, and kept up, as they had been accustomed to keep up, when marches were to them events of every day's occurrence. All, too, both officers and privates, seemed to catch additional energy from the recollection that there was nothing friendly in front of them. It was truly a journey of adventure and discovery; but as the reader may not be aware of the kind of order which the advanced companies of an army preserve, and

the species of feeling which animates the individuals who compose these companies may be strange to him, I shall not, perhaps, run any hazard of wearying his patience, if I endeavour to make him acquainted here with both the one and the other.

Charlton's company, that to which I was attached, consisted of a captain, two subalterns, three sergeants, and fifty rank and file. It was thus distributed:—Along the high road moved first of all two files of men and a sergeant, one file about twenty paces ahead of the other. Parallel with the most forward file, twenty men spread themselves, by pairs, or files, each pair or file keeping about ten paces apart from the others, on each side of the way; by which means the woods or fields were swept on both flanks to the extent of two hundred paces. In rear of the last of the two files, but full twenty paces behind, moved the remainder of the company. About twenty paces, again, behind that small section, the two remaining companies advanced, coming on in compact array, unless, indeed, some alarm chanced to be given, when they, too, instantly extended through the fields. Thus our movement resembled rather that of sportsmen, when, in large bodies, they surround a wood or draw a preserve, than that of soldiers, at least soldiers upon a parade; and perhaps, if the truth be spoken, our feelings were as much akin to those of the first named class of persons as to those of the last. For myself, I freely confess, that I brushed through the underwood, and traversed the enclosures, more in the spirit of one beating for game than looking out for opponents; and if any judgment may be formed from the merry chat and rude repartees of those about, a similar spirit animated the men.

But though our occupation was productive of much merriment and very considerable excitement, it must be confessed, that the fatigue which accompanied it began, before many hours had expired, to counterbalance in no slight degree both the one and the other of these advantages. The woods, be it remembered, were thick and tangled, and the grass that grew under the taller trees seldom reached lower than our hips, and often passed our middles. Besides, no enemy appeared to interrupt our progress; and there

was a sameness in searching continually to no purpose, and in expecting for ever, without having the expectation gratified. Under these circumstances, we were by no means displeased, when, towards noon, our bugles sounded the halt. At this particular moment, I and my section were extended on the right of the road, and occupied part of a wood, which presented every appearance of having continued unmolested since the days of Noah. But as the blast did not call us in, we were at no loss to discover that the halt was merely temporary, and that the ground of encampment for the night could not yet be in view. We lay down, however, where we were, well pleased that an opportunity of resting our weary limbs was afforded, and, unbuckling our haversacks, addressed ourselves with extreme good will to the remnants of such provisions as could still be found there.

It chanced, that in scouring these forests, we had put up, among other animals, a leveret, which a poodle dog, the property of my friend Charlton, chased and caught. The reader will easily believe that poor puss was not a little baffled and confused by the shouts and cries with which our men animated the pursuer, and that nothing like fair play was granted to her in her efforts to escape. Taking advantage of this pause, a few of the soldiers set to work, skinned and cut up the hare, lighted a fire, and were preparing to dress it, when a circumstance occurred, which in an instant called off our attention to other and more important matters. "What is that?" said a corporal, who stood beside me, whilst I was watching the progress of dissecting the leveret. "Do you not see something, sir, moving through those bushes to the right?" I looked instantly in the direction towards which the soldier pointed, and beheld plainly enough a flash, like that which the sudden falling of a sunbeam on bright arms produces. There was no room to doubt from what source that flash proceeded. My bugle sounded the alarm, the men stood to their arms, and we dashed forward to the copse. It was as I anticipated. A body of the enemy, perhaps an hundred and fifty in number, were there. Perceiving by our movement that they were discovered, they instantly opened their fire, and a very pretty and interesting

skirmish began. It was not, however, of long continuance. We rushed on, the men firing as an opportunity offered, and covering themselves all the while, as they easily might, by the trees; whilst the Americans, not waiting for our approach, retreated with all haste through a country manifestly well known to them, and were beyond our reach in ten minutes. In this trifling affair not a single British soldier was scratched, whilst of the enemy, but one solitary dead body was discovered.

Trifling as the skirmish was, it served, as the sound of the bugles in all directions told us, to put the whole army on the alert. Advance was again the order of the day, and advance we did, in higher spirits and better humour than had distinguished us from the beginning. The enemy, we trusted, would sooner or later hazard a battle; and as he had begun the system of disputing his territories with us, we doubted not that he would henceforth act up to it. But the prospect of being every moment hurried into action, even though it be accompanied in the bravest heart with sensations—not perhaps of alarm, but of something remotely akin to it,—is, upon the whole, to a soldier in full march, and surrounded by gallant comrades, one of the most animating and exquisite sensations of which human nature is susceptible. It is not then with him, as it is in the stillness of his tent or bivouac, when he knows that to-morrow's sun must light him to a field of carnage and death. Then, indeed, there is time to think; and no man can think of an impending dissolution, without at least a degree of seriousness which no other thought is capable of producing. But when he is scouring the woods, or advancing through fields and inclosures,—his men all about him, and eager and animated, like huntsmen about a fox-cover,—the officer must be phlegmatic indeed, whose energies are not wrought up to a degree of enthusiasm which causes all apprehension of personal risk to be forgotten, and directs his whole thoughts into one channel—namely, how he is most successfully to discharge his duty when the moment of trial shall arrive. I am not one of those who, writing in my own study, pretend to say, that I should prefer a bloody battle to a snug dinner with

my friends, and a social glass of wine after it; but I confess, that during the remainder of our progress, one wish, and one only, rose into my mind; and that was, that the Americans would afford me an opportunity, with the twenty brave men whom I commanded, to make what impression I could upon any of their ambuscades, however numerous, or however judiciously disposed.

All my eager aspirations after renown were, however, doomed to suffer disappointment. The Americans would not make a stand. We saw them, indeed, again, just as we reached the skirt of the forest, and, falling in once more with the river, wheeled up towards the open country around Nottingham; but it was in full flight, and already at the farther extremity of the town. We saw, likewise, that a few of our mounted officers, Colonel Thornton, Major Brown, and, if I mistake not, the General himself, attempted, in the most dashing and gallant style, to charge their rear, and cut off their stragglers; but the charge of three or four horsemen was easily repulsed, and the stragglers, striking off towards the plantations on either flank, were soon safe from farther molestation. Something vexed that they should have thus escaped us, we were accordingly obliged to halt, where we had been ordered to halt, in the village; and here the rest of the army joining us, dispositions were made to pass the night. The picquets were planted without delay; the different brigades took up their respective grounds; and Charlton, Williams, and I, not a little weary with our excursion, ensconced ourselves under the shade of a large barn, plentifully stored with tobacco.

The reader must be already well aware, that if the purport of the present debarkation really was to seize Commodore Barney's flotilla of gunboats, it completely failed of success. The boats were all gone. They set sail, as one of the few remaining inhabitants informed us, at an early hour this morning, and were now many miles nearer to the source of the Patuxent than we. But this circumstance, whatever effect it might have upon the minds of those at the head of affairs, was the cause of no annoyance whatever to us. We were, on the whole, very well pleased with all which had yet befallen us. We were

particularly satisfied in finding ourselves so snugly housed for the night ; and it added not a little to our gratification, when we discovered that our Portuguese servants had not been remiss in providing the requisites for a sumptuous evening repast. Turkeys and geese had by some chance or another flown into their hands as they proceeded ; and these they now made ready, for their own, and their masters' suppers. And then, with respect to tobacco, that principal delicacy of soldiers upon active service, there was no reasonable cause either for scarcity or complaint. The house which sheltered us was full of it ; and though the broad arrow had been impressed upon the doors, we scrupled not to appropriate to our own use, not only as much as we required at the moment, but a stock sufficient, as we guessed, to supply our wants for several days to come. To sum up all, the quarter-master arriving soon after the halt, with stores of bread and rum, an additional allowance of both was served out, as well to the men as to the officers. On the whole, therefore, a thousand situations may be conceived many degrees less enviable than ours ; when, with a fire blazing before us, and the remains of our supper taken away, we reclined, pipe in hand, and drinking cup hard by, within the porch of the hospitable barn, chatting over the occurrences of the morning, and calculating what might be the issue of to-morrow's operations.

Of the disposition of the army in general, it falls not in with the plan of my present story to say much. Let it suffice to observe, that Nottingham, a small town, or rather an overgrown village upon the Patuxent, was occupied by the light and second brigades ; the third brigade taking post among the out-buildings of a few farm-houses on the left of the road. The picquets, again, extended across the whole front, round the left flank, and so back to the rear ; whilst on the right the river, already covered with launches and boats from the fleet, was considered protection enough. Thus were we amply secured against all attempts at surprise, had it accorded with the military policy of the United States to make them ; and as no man thought of undressing, or even laying aside his accoutrements, we needed only to be

warned of the approach of an enemy, in order to be in readiness to meet and repel him.

In the short course of this narrative, I have more than once had occasion to mention the name of my brother subaltern, Williams. There are circumstances connected with his destiny which induce me here to let my reader a little more into the history of his military life than I might perhaps have been otherwise disposed to do. Williams was the son of an officer ; of a veteran officer, who, by dint of long and arduous service, rose to the rank of a major. He was not, I believe, his father's only son ; but if it were fair to draw an inference from the boy's conversation, he was at all events the favourite. Williams was gazetted into the — regiment of foot, when he had barely completed his sixteenth year ; and he joined us in the south of France, too late to take part in the war, before he had attained to his seventeenth. He was a fine, spirited, generous-hearted youth, ignorant, of course, of what a soldier's duty in the field really is, but anxious, if ever young man was anxious, to become practically acquainted with his profession. Being appointed to our company, he chose to attach himself very warmly to me ; and seeing a great deal in the lad worthy of any man's affections, I readily and willingly met his advances. We were together during the morning, and his gallant and cool bearing throughout the trifling affair in which we had been engaged, certainly tended to strengthen the tie of personal regard by which I already felt myself bound to him. To-night he appeared to be in peculiarly high spirits ; indeed I have never seen a lad exhibit more striking symptoms of happiness than when I mentioned his conduct in the terms which I felt it to merit, to our common friend Charlton. So gratified was the youth by my praises, that he actually shed tears, though, as he himself assured us, they were the sweetest tears that ever wet his cheeks. " Oh, my poor father ! " said he to me, as we were arranging our cloaks, and preparing to lie down, " how delighted would he be to have heard you say what you said to-night ! " I could not answer the boy ; his little speech affected me so deeply ; but I loved him from my heart for his fine

feelings, and I determined to be his friend during the remainder of his military life.

The night could not be farther advanced than eight or nine o'clock, when a consciousness of bodily languor overcoming every other sensation, we made ready to resign ourselves to sleep. As the smell of the tobacco was not offensive, and the plant itself was made up into large sheaves, we unrolled a few of these, and scattered them upon the floor of the barn for our bed. Upon the mattress thus formed, we spread one of our cloaks, and reserving the other two to supply the place of blan-

kets, we lay down, all three together. A little more of the tobacco, raised into a heap, served us for a pillow. Our sabres were within reach, our haversacks and pistols at our heads; the only articles of dress which we laid aside were our boots, and our sashes we untied. Then directing the servants to heap up the fire, so as that it should continue to blaze till the morning, we bade each other good night, and slept, as men generally sleep, whose minds and bodies have been in full exercise for four-and-twenty hours on a stretch.

CHAPTER IV.

THE reader may be informed here, once for all, that General Ross's army, like all other armies in the immediate presence of an enemy, drew up in close columns of battalions, every morning an hour before dawn. In this position we remained, on the morning of the 22d, till daylight had fully broken, when, instead of filing off towards the road, and prosecuting our journey, we were permitted to quit our ranks and return to our lairs. Ignorant of any reasonable cause for this measure, and anxious, as British troops ever are, to press on, we betook ourselves to our respective resting-places a little out of humour; but we soon acquired philosophy enough to believe that all must be for the best, and comforted ourselves with the expectation that the much-desired advance, though delayed for some purpose or another, could not but take place before long. Nor were we disappointed.

We had just time enough allowed to ascertain that Nottingham consisted of four streets, running at right angles through one another, and that it presented every appearance of having been abandoned by its inhabitants only a few moments previous to the arrival of our army, when the well-known bugle-call summoned us to our ranks, and in five minutes after we were in marching order. The same dispositions which had covered our advance on the previous day, were again made. The flankers swept the woods and fields, whilst the leading files marched cautiously along the high-road; but it fell not to our lot

to occupy one or other of these important posts. We formed part to-day of the columns, and like our comrades moved on; ready, indeed, to act, should an opportunity be afforded, but less sanguine than we should have been, had the office of protecting the movement been intrusted to us.

The country through which we travelled presented fewer traces of cultivation than any which we had hitherto traversed. The road, indeed, diverging from the river, struck inwards, so as to cut off an angle formed by its course; and, as every body knows, it is entirely upon the banks of its navigable streams that America can, even now, be said to be inhabited. A few fields there doubtless were, with a house or two here and there, throughout the whole line of march; but after leaving Nottingham decidedly behind, they were rare indeed. One mighty forest was before us and around us, which, if it served no other purpose, at all events screened us from the rays of a sultry sun, which would have otherwise proved in the highest degree inconvenient.

We quitted our ground at seven o'clock, and went on for about a couple of hours, without any circumstance occurring calculated to attract attention, or deserving of notice. A few pigs and turkeys, indeed, which happened to be at large near a farm-house by the way-side, suffered, it is true, the fate incident to mortality; and much laughter was heard from front to rear of the column, as dogs and men either failed or succeeded in the

chase. But of the enemy no traces were discovered, though our guide assured us that several numerous bodies had passed the night in this neighbourhood. About noon, however, we were put a little upon our mettle, and an adventure took place which I record, chiefly for the purpose of showing the temper and disposition of the men with whom we were now embroiled.

The advanced parties having arrived at the more open country which surrounds Marlborough, found themselves suddenly in the presence of two squadrons of well-mounted, and handsomely-appointed cavalry. They were composed, as we afterwards learned, of gentlemen volunteers in the service of their country. To do them justice, the troopers no sooner saw our men, than they made a spirited effort to cut down one or two files, which appeared to be separated from their companions, and at a distance from the wood. But a single discharge from another party which they had not observed, instantly checked them; and they galloped off.

Almost at the same moment when this little affair was going on, some eight or ten riflemen being discovered in the wood on the right of the road, were pursued by Colonel Thornton, and one of them overtaken. When I say that the fellow was overtaken, I mean that he halted of his own accord, and made signs that he gave himself up. The Colonel, satisfied with this, was directing a file of his men to go forward and secure the prisoner, when the American, with the utmost deliberation, levelled his piece and fired. Happily he missed his mark; but that circumstance would have availed him little had he fallen into the hands of our people. Fleet of foot, however, and well acquainted with the country, he soon managed to baffle his pursuers, who, after having wasted a few rounds at him, were compelled to abandon the chase and return to their ranks.

It has been already stated, that our corps experienced very great inconvenience, and was sorely crippled in one of its most important arms, through the want of horses. We had no artillery; three of the smallest pieces ever used, hardly deserve to be termed such; we were without cavalry, and even our staff was miserably pro-

vided. The General felt this, and he did his best to remedy the evil, by causing every horse which was found in the fields or stables near, to be seized and brought in. By this means we were enabled to muster, at the close of the third day, a troop of about forty horsemen; but such horsemen! The men, indeed, were like other British soldiers; they were artillery drivers, and they were commanded by an officer of artillery; but the horses were, for the most part, indifferent enough, whilst the appointments of the troopers proved, in many instances, a source of merriment, not only to us but to themselves. It was not always that saddles could be found for the horses; and when such were totally wanting, recourse was had to blankets, doubled repeatedly, and strapped on the animals' backs. On other occasions, the absence of a bridle was compensated by a halter; very many of the men made stirrups for themselves out of pieces of rope, and a few rode bare-backed. Nor were their weapons more uniform or more graceful than their horse equipage. A few only carried their own sabres; the rest were supplied with the cutlasses which belonged to the seamen who dragged the guns. Yet this irregular and wretchedly-equipped cavalry proved repeatedly of the most essential service to the expedition.

It was one o'clock, when the neat houses, and pretty gardens of Marlborough, presented themselves to our view. I know not whether the scene would strike me now, as it struck me then, were I again to visit it; but at that moment I imagined that I had never looked upon a landscape more pleasing, or more beautiful. The gentle green hills which on either hand inclosed the village, tufted here and there with magnificent trees,—the village itself, straggling and wide, each cottage being far apart from its neighbours, and each ornamented with flower-beds, and shrubberies; these, with a lovely stream that wound through the valley, formed, as far as my memory may be trusted, one of the most exquisite panoramas, on which it has ever been my good fortune to gaze. Though no lover of the American character and nation then, (whatever may be the case now,) I could not behold this peaceful scene without experiencing sincere regret

that it should suffer profanation from the presence of a hostile force ; and I determined that no exertion on my own part should be wanting to hinder the orders already issued against plunder and rapine, from being neglected. To say the truth, however, it was an easy matter to keep our men within the bounds of tolerable subordination and discipline. The attacks which they from time to time made upon farm-yards and pig-sties, were, to a certain degree at least, allowable enough. It would have been unreasonable to expect, that hungry soldiers, in an enemy's country, would sit down to digest their hunger, whilst flocks of poultry and herds of swine were within their reach. But not a single act of wanton mischief was perpetrated ; and when we marched out on the following day, we left Marlborough, not perhaps so rich in live stock, but quite as picturesque and rural, as when we entered it.

In this place we learned, that Commodore Barney, aware of our design, and unable any longer to elude it, had blown up the gun-boats of which we were in pursuit. This piece of intelligence sufficiently accounted for the many explosions which we had heard whilst on the march ; but though it might have caused some disappointment to the heads of departments, by us it was treated as a very dull and uninteresting piece of news.

The first matter about which soldiers interest themselves on arriving at the ground where they are to halt for the night, is to secure as comfortable a sleeping-place as circumstances will allow, and then to provide materials for their supper. Leaving Charlton to select a dormitory, Williams and I, as soon as we had seen to the comforts of our men, sallied forth upon the old quest, in search of provisions. We entered several houses, but found them all unoccupied ; and what was far less satisfactory, very many of them already lightened of their viands. By the help of my Portuguese boy, however, (one of the ablest foragers, by the way, that ever followed a camp,) we succeeded at last in making ourselves masters of five fowls ; with which, and a loaf of bread, a sack of flour, and a bottle of peach-whisky, we prepared to rejoin our friend. We found him very snugly settled ; not in a house, for the position of the

corps was in advance of the village, but under a clump of leafy trees, which furnished a tolerable shelter against the sun, and promised to be equally serviceable against the dew. There our dinner was dressed and eaten ; and here, upon a few trusses of hay, brought from a neighbouring barn-yard for the purpose, we slept soundly and contentedly.

Fresh, and in excellent spirits, we rose next morning ; and having stood the usual time with our men, began to consider how we should most profitably and agreeably spend the day. Of farther movements, nothing was said ; the troops, indeed, had been dismissed as soon as dawn appeared,—we were therefore prepared to treat this as a day of leisure and repose. Nevertheless, as we were quite ignorant of the situation of the enemy, we deemed it by no means prudent to venture far from the camp ; but contented ourselves with strolling back into the village, and instituting a renewed and more accurate search after people, and other living creatures.

The only inhabitant whom we found abiding in his house was a Doctor Bean, a medical practitioner, and the proprietor of a valuable farm in the neighbourhood. The Doctor was, in point of fact, a Scotchman ; that is to say, he had migrated about twenty years ago from some district of North Britain, and still retained his native dialect in all its doric richness. He professed, moreover, to retain the feelings as well as the language of his boyish days. He was a Federalist—in other words, he was hostile to the war with England, which he still persisted in regarding as his mother country. Such, at least, were the statements with which he favoured us, and we believed him the more readily, that he seemed really disposed to treat us as friends. There was nothing about his house or farm to which he made us not heartily welcome ; and the wily emigrant was no loser by his civility. We took, indeed, whatever we stood in need of, provisions, forage, and even horses ; but our commissary paid this man of professions the full value of his commodities. From Doctor Bean, I however scrupled not to accept a present. He offered me all that his house contained ; I took only a little tea, some sugar, and a bottle of milk ; and did

not insult him by alluding to a remuneration.

We were thus situated, when towards noon the General suddenly appeared in the bivouac, and the troops were ordered to fall in. The scruples which had, for a time, affected him, were now overcome, and a push, it was understood, was about to be made against the city of Washington. From various quarters we had learned of the excesses committed by the American army upon the frontier towns of Canada, and the General and Admiral determined, by insulting the capital itself, to convince the Government of the United States that such proceedings were not more barbarous than impolitic. This, at least, was the rumour of the moment; but concerning the causes of their movements, the inferior officers and soldiers of an army seldom trouble themselves by inquiring. It was sufficient for us to know that an enterprise was before us, worthy of our leaders and our own reputation; we cared not from what motive it sprung,—our only thought was to effect it.

In less than a quarter of an hour from the first alarm, the column was in motion. Charlton's company had again the good fortune to form the advance; and it was not long before my young friend Williams was again enabled to exhibit his coolness and courage under fire. We had proceeded about four miles, sweeping and scouring the country as before, when, on arriving at the base of a low green hill, we were saluted by a volley of musketry, from a body of troops which filled a wood upon its summit. It happened that the General was at this moment among us. He had seen the rising ground from a distance, and, anxious to take a survey of the surrounding country, had ridden forward, with the intention of ascending it. It will be easily imagined, that the presence of our leader acted as no clog upon our courage or resolution. We rushed up the height at double-quick time, and, receiving one other volley just as we gained the ridge, dashed into the thicket. Three of our men were wounded, and as yet we saw not the hands which struck the blow; but now they were visible enough. It was the rear-guard of a corps of observation which had bivouacked last night within gun-

shot of our picquets, and which, finding that we were in full march towards them, were retreating. We drove their skirmishers through the wood in gallant style, scarcely allowing them time to load as they retreated; till at last they fairly took to their heels and escaped.

In the meanwhile the rest of the advanced guard pushing steadily along the road, caused the section which was meant to support the skirmishers with whom we were engaged, to disperse and fly in all directions. To the fugitives, it is true, the country was familiar; they therefore easily escaped; but by their flight they enabled us to obtain a view of the column, which it was their business to have masked, and we were consequently made aware that about twelve or fifteen hundred infantry, with several pieces of cannon, were in full retreat before us. The enemy observed us, probably at the same moment that we beheld them, for on our approach they halted, and drew up upon some heights about a mile distant. Of this matter the General was soon informed, and one hundred and fifty additional men arriving to our assistance, we made ready, about two hundred in all, to dislodge them.

With this design one company extended itself in skirmishing array, whilst the rest advanced in column; but Jonathan was too timorous, or too wary, to abide this shock. Their artillery, indeed, opened as soon as we arrived within point-blank range; and to say the truth, the shots were well directed; but we were yet a great way off from the bottom of the rising ground which they occupied, when the infantry broke once more into marching order, and retired. Notwithstanding this, we continued to press on, till we had crowned the heights, when Major Brown, who directed the movement, informed us, that it was not intended that we should advance any farther in this direction.

A halt being accordingly commanded, we lay down upon the grass, and looked about, for the purpose of ascertaining how far we had outstripped the column, and in what manner the column was occupied. Our surprise may be guessed at, when not a soldier appeared in view. A cloud of dust rising at the back of a copse, which

ran parallel with the heights above, served to point out the direction which the army had taken; and even that was so wavering and uncertain in its aspect, as to create some doubts in our minds, whether a retreat were not begun. A short time, however, sufficed to set our minds at rest on this important subject. We had kept our ground perhaps something less than an hour, when Lieutenant Evans, Assistant Quarter-master General, arrived with an order, that we should abandon the post, and keeping so far under the ridge as to screen the movement, defile to our right. The army, it seemed, had taken the road to Alexandria; we were to follow it; and if we did not overtake it before, we should certainly find it bivouacked at a place called Wood-yard, about four miles distant. Such were the directions given to us, and these we prepared to follow.

The evening was closing in when we began to descend the hill, and it was something more than dusk ere we regained the road; but even then, our only guide was the track of those who had preceded us, for Mr Evans could not, and did not wait to conduct us. Nevertheless, we were not afraid to trust to it, and it did not deceive us. Darkness came on, indeed, whilst we were yet far from the camp,

and we could not but feel that had the enemy been as enterprising and active as he ought to have been, perhaps we might not have reached it at all. But we did reach it in safety; though, as far as Charlton and myself were concerned, it was only to be employed upon a duty as harassing and disagreeable for the time, as any I recollect ever to have performed.

About a mile, or a mile and a half from the situation of the camp, and considerably out of the line even of the picquets, stood a large house, built after the fashion of a chateau. It was the residence of a gentleman of extensive fortune, who, probably not anticipating that he ran any risk of a visit from the invaders, had not removed either his family or effects from his house; and now entreated that General Ross would station an officer's guard there, for the purpose of protecting him and them from violence. The General readily acceded to his wishes; and it fell to the lot of my friend and myself to be appointed to this service. As the events arising out of our leader's generosity were to us, at least at the moment, replete with interest, it may be well, instead of entering upon them imperfectly here, to reserve my relation of them for a fresh chapter.

A DEATH SCENE.

As fade the flowers when frowning Winter shrouds
The earth with tempests, and the sky with clouds—
As melt away the snows when Spring comes forth,
And leaves to Frost no empire save the North—
So waned she on the sight, and, day by day,
Like evening sun-light stole from us away;
The shade of what she was, when through the grove
And by the lake, she took delight to rove,
A child of Nature, beautiful, yet meek,
Heaven in her eye, and roses on her cheek.

'Twas evening; scarcely on that lovely face
The silent watcher could sensation trace,
So calm she lay, so statue-like serene,
The slight heave of her breast alone was seen:
Closed were her eyelids, pallid as the snow,
Ere day-break purples o'er the mountain's brow,
And through the long dark lashes, sweetly mild,
She smiled in dreams, or seemingly she smiled,
As if, in blest repose, to her were given
The calm of pardoned souls, and views of Heaven.
Bright o'er her brow the auburn tresses hung;
And loosely by her side one arm was flung,
The fingers held, what? but the shade of him
Whose melancholy fate had made her's dim;
And in her grasp, with youthful aspect mild,
The pictured lines of her dead lover smiled,
Smiled as he wont of yore.

Her opening eyes

Gazed blandly round her with a brief surprise,
As if aroused from thought ; and then she said—
“ Dear mother, seat thee near me by my bed,
And let the curtain-folds be raised, that I
Once more may look on the grand evening sky,
And o’er yon forests, where, on eves like this,
To roam and list the birds was more than bliss.”

A momentary brightness o’er her face
Filled as with light the melancholy place
As forth she gazed. The mighty sun had set
Beyond the hills, whose peaks were glowing yet ;
Blue gleamed the lake ; and, with an emerald pride,
Were seen the forests old outstretching wide ;
And, on an elm hard by, a blackbird poured
His dirge, that, rising, falling, still deplored :—
Far from the mead the cattle’s low was heard,
And, on the window-sill a lovely bird,
The redbreast, lighted, trilling from his throat
A loud, clear, simple, momentary note,
And sudden disappeared :—then trembling rushed
A light wind o’er the leaves, just heard and hushed,
As Twilight stole with silent step serene,
And in her azure mantle wrapt the scene.

“ It is the last time that my eyes shall see
Clouds on the sky, or leaves upon the tree,”
Exclaimed the dying girl,—“ and comes a night,
That never shall for me disperse in light ;
From scenes like these in youth to be debarred,
To happier hearts may seem to savour hard ;
Not so to mine ; life’s passage may be brief,
And, young in years, the besom old in grief,
The springs of memory poisoned, and the breast
Estranged to peace, the dwelling of unrest.—
This little picture—never let us part,
But place it in my grave-ropes, o’er my heart.—
Grieve not for me—th’ unrippled summer sea
Ebbs not more tranquilly—grieve not for me !
Resigned I die, and trust to be forgiven,
Through Him who bled that Man might merit Heaven !”

’Twas past—the strife was over—like a wave,
That, melting on the shore it meant to lave,
Dissolves away ;—like music’s solemn sound
’Mid cloistral roofs reverberating round,
Fainter and fainter ;—like the latest ray
Caught by the hill-top from expiring day,
So fair, so faint she waned ; without a sigh,
Like dew sipped by the sun, ’twas her’s to die ;
And borne on viewless plumes, to nature’s Lord,
From sorrow and from sin her spirit soared.

In tears around her virgin couch they stand,
Kiss the pale brow, and press the chilly hand :
They paused—methought she gently breathed again—
They paused—hung—gazed—and listened—but in vain :
Then found no dimness on the mirror brought
A trace of respiration—she was not !

CHAPTER V.

THE REV. JOSEPH TREVOR TO MR SELWYN.

Adderley, July.

Your packet from Geneva, my dear Selwyn, reached me two days ago: with what heartfelt emotions of pity and sympathy it was perused, I hope I need not waste a word to convince you. My ardent desire to afford you consolation of a more substantial description, induced me, immediately on the receipt of it, (as I had frequently done before,) to ride over myself to the post-office at Welborough, to reiterate my enquiries after foreign letters; for even before you so affectingly described the filial agonies manifested at Geneva, by my darling Constance, I, who have known her from her cradle, could have pawned my life on her having dispatched more than one penitential appeal to your parental tenderness. Notwithstanding the casualties inseparable from foreign correspondence, the total absence of all intelligence of or from your daughter has for some time filled my mind with misgivings, which delicacy might, perhaps, have induced me to conceal, but for the strong confirmation they received only yesterday. Just as I was riding up to the post-office door, a person came out, whose confusion on thus unexpectedly stumbling upon me was too obvious for concealment, although, had all been strictly above board, there was nothing to be ashamed of in a simple enquiry after letters from his "dear lost cousin," as your smooth-spoken nephew chose to style her. You know, Selwyn, I always disliked (I won't say *hated*) this bird of a bad nest; but that very circumstance made me more cautious of communicating or even indulging my suspicions, till his hang-dog look yesterday convinced me he had been, or was at least capable of, tampering with the virtue of poor Dame Meredith. Indeed, the very simplicity of the old post-mistress might have induced her, without scruple, to deliver to your nearest relation, a letter in which he might plausibly claim the tenderest interest; and such, I doubt not, notwithstanding the Dame's somewhat equivocal protestations, has been

the fate of my poor favourite's earlier effusions of filial remorse.

I have, as well as possible, guarded against such violations of the sacred trust in future, by requesting my old ally Collins, the parish clerk, who has a great deal of spare time on his hands, to attend regularly at the opening of the bag, and, on the first glimpse of a letter with a foreign aspect, to set off with it for Adderley, quickening his vigilance by the promise of a crown, and a pot of the best ale in my cellar. God grant he may soon be entitled to claim both; yet we must not wonder, if, receiving no answer to many an eloquent and tear-blotted epistle, our poor stray sheep should grow disheartened, and allow some time to elapse without renewing her importunities. To myself she will probably, ere long, apply for tidings; perhaps, indeed, my letters have shared the fate of those addressed to you. Miss Willoughby, through whom I had fondly hoped we should obtain a clue, has, in a fit of Quixotic affection which neither you nor I will be disposed to censure, accepted an offer to join some friends in a Continental tour, actuated chiefly by a vague hope of meeting her earliest and dearest companion, anxiety about whom had begun to affect her health. Perhaps, though this journey in the meantime cuts off a source of intelligence on which I had founded great hopes, some casual rencontre between the dear girls may lead to the solution of a mystery, which time alone can clear up.

That Constance, in a moment of wounded pride and triumphant passion, should have rashly quitted your protection, I could scarcely bring myself to believe; but that she should have adhered to her resolution of going abroad, after you *had* relented, and sent to Rennell's care, an affectionate invitation to your house and heart, has always appeared to me inexplicably at variance with all I knew of her, and with your partial account of Ludovisi. The rencontre of yester-

day has thrown a ray of light on the affair, which I shall lose no time in following up. The partner or clerk, or whoever he might be, who delivered your forgiving epistle, when claimed by a gentleman on the part of poor Constance, will, no doubt, recollect whether that person answered the description of her husband, or of—you know who—one, too, whom, even if he was personally known to them, they might easily presume to be authorised to act for his cousin on the occasion. If Constance never received a line from you before quitting England, she remains guilty, indeed, and undutiful, but not ungrateful and unnatural. Concluding herself beyond forgiveness, she must have embarked in despair; and yet, poor thing! like you, I would rather imagine her bereft of hope, than devoid of feeling.

In the meantime, would to God we knew where she is to be found, as, perhaps, some do, from whom, I fear, my utmost skill will fail in worming out the secret. Mrs Armstrong, could I get her alone, I think I might succeed in overawing; but primed and supported, as she will be, by her precious son, I despair of either cajoling or bullying her into confession, and had better, therefore, content myself with watching their manœuvres.

Adieu, then, my dear Selwyn; keep up your spirits. By pursuing the double clue providentially afforded

you, by your daughter meeting with her mother's family at Geneva, and her probable visit to that of her husband at Verona, you can hardly fail at length, and perhaps when you least expect it, to stumble upon the very objects of your pious pilgrimage. You will all love each other the more for the trials you have gone through. A child's errors, merely such, never yet weakened a parent's affection; and if your daughter has hereafter a thought to devote but to your comfort and happiness, I think even Ludovisi will not like her the worse for it.

When you are all again together and happy, perhaps I may assume my vocation, and preach, for which your confession might afford an ample text; but in the meantime you are under the discipline of a mightier Teacher; and amid the Heaven-directed lessons of affliction, the puny reasonings of mortal wisdom are indeed like "tinkling brass or a sounding cymbal."

May He who never afflicts causelessly, soon see reason to remove his chastening hand, prays your sincerely attached

J. TREVOR.

P. S.—Your travelling alone is matter of regret and uneasiness to me. Could Previle not have contrived to leave even his multifarious concerns for a short time, to accompany you?

WILLIAM HAMPDEN TO HIS SISTER.

Venice, Sept. 18—

I TOLD you in my last, my dear Fanny, that the ill success of our sanguine hopes of recognising, amid the gay groups at Vevay, my friend Selwyn's fugitives, had inflicted a severe blow on his feelings, and cast a sympathetic damp over the exultation with which I should otherwise have prepared to cross the Alps. It was on a still, grey autumnal day, the sober aspect of which was in unison with our spirits, and with the fading tints of the woods and vineyards, that we drove along the enchanting scenery which extends from Vevay to the extremity of the lake. The picturesque village of Montreux, Clarens, which Rousseau has invested with a poetical charin, denied by nature to its formal

terraces and common-place vineyards, but, above all, Chillon, close to which the road passes, and which, of course, we stopped to visit, lent interest to the drive. Crossing a guarded drawbridge, to even a *ci-devant* state-prison, has in itself something disagreeable to the feelings of an Englishman; and, in addition to this hereditary repugnance, I felt a very poetical chill on entering the dungeon, which, however, I could not help ascribing even more to the "round unvarnished tale" I had recently perused, of the six years' residence there of the patriot Bonivard, than to the well-wrought horrors of Lord Byron's exquisite fiction. It is impossible to pass one's hand through the ring which so

long confined the free spirit of the martyr of Genevese liberty, or to tread in the worn path of his daily footsteps, without feeling in their full force the indescribable ills of captivity.

We emerged, with much pleasure, from this gloomy vault, to behold again the silver lake and the little isle, (the only one the otherwise gifted Leman can boast,) whose few trees, the noble Bard, reversing the privilege of poetical license usually ascribed to poets, has whimsically restricted to three.

Next day's journey was saddened by vestiges of human misery of a more extensive and painful character, than even the sufferings of an individual however distinguished. Our route lay through the district yet bearing too evident marks of the cruel devastation caused last year by the dreadful inundation of the Drance. To form an adequate idea of this calamity, it is necessary to know that the waters of the river, obstructed for some years by the fall of ice from impending glaciers, had formed a lake, a mile in length, and 200 feet deep; and that this lake, instantaneously bursting for itself a passage, traversed in two hours the space of many miles, to join the Rhone, sweeping before it forests, houses, human beings, and cattle, in undistinguishing destruction:—four hundred houses, thirty-five persons, and innumerable animals perished. A similar disaster occurred in 1595; and sorry were we to learn that the wretched inhabitants of this once fertile valley cannot by any human means be secured against a return of the catastrophe, as the lake is again forming. The miraculous escape of two English travellers, who were nearly involved in the torrent, is yet spoken of with wonder by the inhabitants of Martigny.

There was little in the tedious journey up the Valais, to rouse my friend from his dejection, or furnish matter for description, even were the route less thoroughly a *beaten* one. Except the picturesque old town of Sion, with its three fantastic castle-crowned hills, nodding defiance at each other, there was little to compensate the feeling of suffocation which the inhabitant of an open country experiences, in winding up an interminable valley, by the side of a marshy river, shut in by sterile-looking mountains, and annoyed too frequently by those painful spectacles

of Goitre and Cretinism, which physicians seem now inclined to attribute (and I have no doubt with justice) chiefly to a stagnation in the air, which one cannot help fancying palpable.

We were roused from the apathy into which this monotony had plunged us, by arriving towards sunset at the foot of those gigantic barriers, which he must have been indeed a bold mortal who first conceived the idea of scaling; but which, like the giants of romance, only enhance the ardour of adventurers to penetrate to the Hesperian paradise they guard. We retired to rest at the little town of Brygg, full of impatience to begin our pilgrimage,—all my classic enthusiasm returning full upon me, and communicating its influence to the cultivated mind of Selwyn, when it strove strangely with feelings of a private and far different character.

The cold during the night, and the vicinity of the snowy region, had warned us to prepare for an almost Siberian expedition; and when the slow progress of the carriage, even with four additional horses, induced us to prefer walking, the ground, which had frozen, resounded under our feet, and a delightfully bracing air (doubly refreshing after the confinement of the valley) rendered us wholly insensible of fatigue. The prospect of the towns and hamlets we had left behind, and of the road lined with chapels and hermitages, became every moment finer, as the sun rose above the mountains; we soon, however, left behind us all habitations, (except the cottages called *refuges*, stationed for the benefit of travellers at regular distances up to the very summit,) and entered on the wildest scene of forests, rocks, and torrents, that we had as yet encountered. Language is quite inadequate to convey just ideas of the wonders either of the road or the scenery. The former is the perfection of human art and industry; the latter, the sublimest spectacle nature can afford. The gradual transition from the pasture and the woody region, to that of universal desolation, and uninterrupted snows, was very striking; and I never felt more thoroughly *awed*, than when, having left the carriage far behind, Selwyn and I found ourselves *alone*, at the mouth of what is called the Glacier Gallery, hewn through the

solid ice, a precipice of terrific depth at our feet, and nothing but snow as far as the eye could reach; the sun, hitherto bright, becoming obscured with gathering clouds, the wind rising, and the snow beginning to drift in our faces from the *heaps* piled on each side of the road. We were by no means sorry to hail the carriage, and drive smartly down the two leagues of descent, which bring the traveller to the village of Simplon, (still 4448 feet above the sea,) which was to afford us quarters for the night.

The descent next morning on the Italian side, which we began before sunrise, amid the floating mists of a very threatening morning, far exceeded in sublimity and horror the ascent from the Valais. The road wound through defiles, and along precipices wholly indescribable, crossing from one side to the other of a foaming torrent, as but scanty space could be obtained out of the living rock, to invade the solitude of nature with a path she seemed determined to deny. The rocks which frowned above, every moment threaten to revenge the intrusion of man, by crushing him and his puny labours. Waterfalls rush from their very summits with a deafening noise, and one feels as if emerging from the very shades below, when, at the end of a narrow and savage defile, the smiling Val, studded with villages, and embowered with vines, bursts upon the eye as if by enchantment. The coup d'œil afforded by the splendid bridge and whitened towers of Crevola, I shall never forget. The magical effect of thus being at once transported from Cimmerian darkness into the smiling lap of Italy, is, in my opinion, infinitely finer than if (as one is apt to imagine) it were, from the summit of the mountains, possible to feast one's eye with that distant prospect of its fertile plains, with which Hannibal is said to have animated his soldiers. Nowhere, perhaps, could the transition be more strikingly made than at the foot of the Simplon, to scenery decidedly and peculiarly Italian. Domo D'Ossola, with its castles, convents, and villages, adorning every eminence, and embosomed in vines and mulberries, realizes all that Fancy pictured of Italian landscape; and the rich sonorous tones of its harmonious language, and countenances doubly beautiful from contrast with the humilia-

ting objects of the Valais, complete the charm.

It had for some time full power, even over the corroding anxiety of my amiable companion; though on his account I less regretted the torrents of rain which deprived us of the temptation to linger on the shores of the Lago Maggiore, and visit its far-famed islands, of which, however, we had a tolerable view during intervals of fair weather, as the road for miles closely skirts the lake. Its banks, even from the imperfect glance we had of them, must be romantic and beautiful in the extreme. But we were too fresh from sublimity to be in the best mood for relishing beauty, and had, besides, a magnet before us, which would have triumphed over more powerful attractions.

We had a letter to a person high in office at Milan, which at once enabled us to ascertain that the object of our search had passed through, some time before, in the direction of Verona. Thither we of course proceeded, after a survey of the few Roman antiquities Milan affords, and of that matchless cathedral, the completion of which, and the formation of the Simplon road, shield the head of the Corsican from many a merited imprecation. The Duomo is like a work of enchantment. Its innumerable pinnacles of fresh Carrara marble glitter in the sun like the frost-work of a Russian winter; and I could not help recalling, when I saw them, the icy palace of the Empress Anne, whose site was pointed out to me at Petersburg. Its interior has precisely the Gothic gloom congenial to devotional feelings; and I question if the gorgeous brilliancy of St Peter's will produce on my imagination an effect half so powerful.

The manuscripts of the Ambrosian Library, its small, but exquisite collection of the works of Leonardo and his school, attracted attention even from Selwyn, who, exhilarated by the hope of finding at Verona the object of his parental researches, endured with astonishing patience the delay occasioned by a necessary repair of the carriage, and insisted on my profiting by it to see every object at all worthy of curiosity, particularly one which the painful ideas, connected with the uncommon musical powers of his stray daughter, would not permit him to encounter. This was the celebrated

theatre of La Scala, the largest in Europe, and next, in brilliancy of decorations and perfection of orchestra, to the unrivalled St Carlos at Naples. I was unlucky in the opera, which boasted no singer of eminence; but the ballet was one admirably fitted to display the peculiar capabilities of this *gigantic* stage, of whose dimensions you may form some idea, when I tell you its exterior has twenty-seven windows. Nothing could be more superbly got up than the ballet of the *Titans*, in which the scaling of Heaven by these ambitious personages, and their subsequent confinement in Tartarus, were represented with prodigious effect. The piling of the rocks to the very roof of the theatre, and a scene representing the assembly of the gods, were the ne plus ultra of mechanism and splendour. It seems to be the genius of the country, to waste much classic lore on these productions; the *programme* of the *Titans* savoured more strongly of pedantry than anything I ever saw, and for every turn of a dancer's toe, and incident of a pantomime, quoted *Hesiod*, *Homer*, and *Herodotus*, with a grave absurdity which could only have been tolerated where the opera forms, as it does here, one of the chief affairs of human life.

To heighten my own sense of the ludicrous, an English acquaintance carried me, for the sake of contrast, between the acts of the *gigantic* exhibition, to a little fancy theatre occupied by the *Marionettes*, who divide with their boasted Scala the affections of the Milanese, and whose performance, I could not help thinking, savoured of an intentional burlesque on that formidable rival. With pedantry not a whit inferior to that of the larger theatre, puppets two or three feet high spouted, in blank verse, the history of Deucalion and Pyrrha, while a very imposing deluge swallowed up the residue of the human species. The dolls then threw stones behind them in a very mythological manner, and other dolls forthwith arose to people *puppetland*. The Lilliputian Court of Jove, in tinsel and majesty, trod on the heels of the Brobdignagian Olympus, and I began to think, as Gulliver did on a similar occasion, that "there was some waggery in the little creatures."

My impatience to set out next morning by day-break, fully equalled my

friend Selwyn's; nor was my disappointment much inferior, when, on arriving at Verona, and instantly hurrying alone (for he was too much agitated to accompany me) to the residence of his son-in-law's relations, to make inquiries, I received from a supercilious-looking Count Merosini, (married to a sister of the runaway bridegroom,) the astounding intelligence, that the young couple, after a residence of a few weeks under his roof, during which they had experienced every attention, had suddenly decamped, without apprising him or any of his family, of their motives or destination. I could not help thinking that a certain coxcomb of a Count Tibaldi, (son-in-law to the old man,) who happened to be present, looked somewhat conscious, and could, if he pleased, have thrown some light on the *former*; but as the *latter* was all it imported me to know, I forbore to make useless inquiries, contenting myself with ascertaining that there was, in a neighbouring convent, a favourite sister of Ludovisi's, who might *possibly* be more in his confidence than these unprepossessing relatives. To her, therefore, (truly averse to return to my poor friend, then cruelly destitute of a clue to guide his further pursuit,) I instantly hastened; and found as much to conciliate in her manner and appearance, as I had been repelled by the other members of the family. Sœur Rosalie told me with tears, that though in the secret of her brother's abrupt departure, its cause was only *suspected* by her, and that the letter he had promised to write on attaining a fixed place of abode, had never yet arrived. She however knew, that as the season was not yet safe for visiting Rome, her brother's plan was, if possible, to embark at Venice, and proceed from thence by sea to Naples, where a return of consumptive symptoms, with which he had been first attacked in England, induced her to implore him to pass the winter months. Of his young bride she expressed herself in terms of enthusiastic admiration, as well as sisterly affection; and hoping poor Selwyn's disappointment might receive the only alleviation of which it was susceptible, by an interview with one who had so recently seen and so fully appreciated his lost treasure, I easily procured her permission to bring him to the *parkur* in the afternoon, where her avocations, these

of devotion and education, would leave her more at liberty to converse with him. How to return to him in the mean time, I knew not. So completely did I sympathize with his paternal affliction, that I forgot I was in Verona, till my guide began talking about the amphitheatre, and set me down for an Ostro-Goth, for speeding straight back to the inn without going to see it.

I reserved this powerful stimulus, to administer it to my poor friend with some faint hope of success, when the first acute sense of disappointment should have subsided. He was eagerly watching me from the window; and reading the result of my mission in my downcast look and hesitating step, saved me the pain of personally inflicting the blow. He bore it, however, with a calm resignation, which I think affected me more than the most vehement emotion. He pressed my hand warmly in his, and said, with a glistening eye, but steady voice, "My daughter and I will meet in Heaven. We have neither of us suffered enough yet to expiate our mutual transgressions; and till then our meeting upon earth is frustrated by One who knows what is good for man.—Ay," added he, "and who in the middle of chastisement remembers mercy; for, in depriving me of a daughter, has he not given me in a stranger the tenderest of sons?"

I hastily interrupted these affectionate effusions, by informing him of all I had gathered, and dwelling on the impossibility of much longer losing sight of those whom we had in a manner traced to the extremity of Italy. To follow them back appeared to me the most eligible plan, as, in addition to the information often afforded by the books kept at inns and police-offices, as to the period when these have been visited by strangers, should any unforeseen event have detained them short of their destination, we had thus the *chance* at least of profiting by it to anticipate the reunion.

It was easy to lure back Hope, where her presence was so indispensable: we talked ourselves into tolerable spirits; and I seized the favourable moment to beguile returning dejection by the wonders of the amphitheatre; and I was rewarded (for indeed a very involuntary act of self-denial) by finding not myself alone, but even my companion, for a while completely transported in-

to a magical circle of classic reminiscences, which, delightful as they are in themselves, surely derive half their potency from being inseparably blended with the buoyant recollections of early youth. I could perceive, that with Selwyn, as with myself, the towering fanes and majestic theatres of Rome, mingled in one dim and distant, but cloudless horizon, with the Gothic towers of Eton and of Cambridge. Had the study of the classics no other beneficial effect than the simple one of giving all well-educated men (ay, Fanny, and, by a side-wind, all well-informed women,) an inexhaustible fund of elegant ideas in common, which it requires not a day's, nor an hour's previous acquaintance to bring into play, I should think the ancients deserved all the devotion which has for ages been their portion. Men have left off (fortunately for you ladies) the pedantic habit of speaking Latin when they wished to be universally intelligible; but let an Italian, a Russian, and an Englishman meet in the amphitheatre of Verona, and each will know as accurately the sensations which are passing through the breast of the others, as if they were embodied in language. There is only *one* study, which in this, as in every other and higher respect, has the advantage over general literature; for at Jerusalem the ideas of the prince and peasant would be as completely in unison, as are in Rome those of the educated of every nation.

After an affecting interview with the amiable and still lovely nun, whose resemblance to her brother rendered it more trying to my poor friend, while her eloquent encomium on his lost daughter, half soothed, half embittered his disappointment, we lost not a moment in pursuing our route to Venice. The decaying magnificence of the Palladian edifices of Vicenza might extort a sigh from minds less tuned to melancholy than ours now were; and the desolate and forlorn appearance of the once learned and flourishing Padua, proved that even science is not exempt from the caprices and mutations which stamp, with characters of vanity, even the best pursuits and noblest institutions of man. We were beguiled of some admiration by the gorgeous brilliancy of the Church of San Giustina, a chef-d'œuvre of Palladio, (at least as far as relates to in-

ternal decoration, the outside being that of a huge brick barn;) and it was amidst its splendidly decorated chapels, inlaid with a profusion of rich marbles, its faultless symmetry of proportions, and rare distribution of light to set off the whole, that I felt confirmed in the decided predilection for the congenial gloom and venerable antiquity of Gothic devotional edifices, which most Englishmen, I believe, cherish even after seeing the glories of St Peter's. A feeling more decidedly British, suspended even Selwyn's anxieties, as we paced together the immense hall of justice, (rivalling in size and associations our boasted one at Westminster,) and marked the place appropriated for the advocates, (then styled *Doctors of Law*,) while our mind's eye saw it filled by the sage Bellario, "second Daniel," of our creating bard, rendered, by his being a Doctor of Padua, at once an adequate umpire between the Christian and the Jew. I looked in vain, amid the gaily-dressed Sunday population, which somewhat enlivened an extent of streets, "a world too wide for their shrunk souls," for any fit representative of the gay and adventurous Petruchio; but in the keen black eyes and lively expression of more than one damsel, the spirit of Kate seemed subdued, not extinguished.

It is certainly no small drawback on what Madame de Stael calls "*le triste plaisir de voyager*," that while some few privileged scenes and objects more than realize the liveliest promise of the imagination, a thousand other fondly cherished illusions are destined to fade for ever before the cruel realities of even the most classical or sentimental pilgrimage. The Alps may, by their gigantic sublimity, far outdo the loftiest efforts of creative fancy; the Arno may flow between banks as rich and lovely as ever Tuscan poet celebrated; but truth obliges me to confess, that the Brenta, by the courtesy of bards termed *silver*, might be more appropriately designated as *lead*. To its ominous natural resemblance to a Dutch canal,—the innumerable villas, or rather boxes, which line its banks, also contribute; and though enlivened, as we passed, with all the characteristic gaiety of an Italian Sunday afternoon, the benches before the numerous wine-houses, thronged with groups little resembling the sluggish

inhabitants of the lust-houses of Amsterdam, I was disposed to quarrel with such a scene of cockney recreation, as an avenue to a city which, like the swan whose territories she once usurped, has only now to sing her own funeral anthem. A more appropriate vestibule to this temple of melancholy, had, however, as I soon found, been provided by nature, for the last few miles of *terra firma* (if such it may be called,) presented a spectacle of hopeless and heartless desolation; nothing but willows, gigantic reeds, and rank patches of tall maize, rising above the waters, and indicating a feeble straggle with the invading elements, and affording, perhaps, a sad specimen of what the hundred isles of Venice have been, and again shall be.

As we approached the place of embarkation at Fusina, the Ocean Queen burst at once upon our view; her long line of spires and domes illumined by the very last ray of the setting sun, and appearing to rise, as if by magic, from the very bosom of the waters. 'The *coup d'œil* was most striking, and my imagination had previously been worked up to a pitch, which can only be exceeded when the hills of Baccano shall give me the first glimpse of imperial Rome.

The usual scene of bustle, roguery, and extortion, at the Douane of Fusina, threatened to break the spell; and it required the still and soothing influence of a moonless, nay, even starless *trajet*, across the placid Adriatic, for the first time in a long-dreamed-of gondola, to tranquillize our ruffled spirits. We had no reason to regret the apparently unfavourable obscurity of our passage, as it served to enhance, in a tenfold degree, the brilliancy of one of those night scenes at Venice for which the city is even yet unrivalled. The transition from the almost sepulchral-looking chamber of the gondola, and from a silence interrupted only by the dripping of the oars, to the Sunday evening aspect of the Place St Mark, with its throng of gay pedestrians of both sexes, its brilliant coffee-houses, swarming with loungers, among whom, Turks in long beards and caftans, as they were the most singular, were the only *silent* occupants, was quite indescribable.

Though, perhaps, inferior in brilliancy to the Palais Royal, yet the

sombre and Saracenic character of the surrounding architecture, the trophies of past glory, the imposing background of the sea, contributed to give something to the motley group infinitely more piquant than the mere resort of Parisian idlers can pretend to.

From this scene of gay confusion, the turning of a single corner introduced us to another contrast, nearly as striking as the one which had preceded. In the deserted Piazzetta all was silence and repose, save when the dash of the waves (on which the moon was now rising) came soothingly on the ear. There stood in Barbaric pomp the palace of a line of haughty Doges—there the winged lion of St Mark, an idle emblem of departed sovereignty. Before us, a more melancholy spectacle still, the idle quays and deserted harbour of the emporium of the civilized world! This, after all, is the only rational ground of melancholy,—for, with the Bridge of Sighs in full view, and the Lions' mouths within a stone's throw, it is yielding to the influence of a name, and the seductions of ages of glory, to waste a sigh on the stern aristocracy or slavish populace of Venice. Yet the condition of the former is sunk to a degree which, however occasioned and deserved by ages of previous degeneracy, must, even on the score of the vanity of human greatness, extort feelings akin to regret from the most cynical moralist. From an old grey-headed *laquais de place*, who had seen something of the better days of Venice, I gathered instances of reverse that almost exceed romance. The twin-brothers of a noble family, which, to get rid of its superfluous wealth, once built the richest church in Venice, now sell small wares on the quay!!! The last scion of a race of Doges has married a *dancer*, to live by her talents; another, after being in prison for forgery, has sold his princely palace for a *quarry*. If ever Jacques' art of "extracting sermons from stones" could be successfully practised, it would surely be at Venice, where the long line of dilapidated edifices that sepulchre her departed glory, needs no monumental in-

scription to inform us that *power* and *wealth* cannot subsist in the absence of virtue and freedom; and that as imperial Rome died plethoric from very excess of conquest and dominion, so aristocratic Venice pined into an atrophy, from the slow influence of abject servitude and unbridled profligacy.

Selwyn has ascertained that no vessel sailed from hence lately for Naples, nor is likely soon to do so. The fugitives must therefore have pursued their journey by land; and we have a strong motive for immediately tracing their route. We quit Venice to-morrow, and without regret, though a longer visit might have found ample employment in the survey of its magnificent churches, and its splendid collections of pictures. Yet to have trodden the Rialto, (an ugly bridge enough, as every traveller has told you,) and the Bridge of Sighs, (now, thank Heaven, no longer leading from prison to judgment;) to have seen the horses of Corinth, and the lions of the Pireus, and traced in their wanderings the vanity of conquest, and the mutations of empire; above all, to have recalled before the Priuli palace the sorrows of Belvidera, and, in the senate-house, the wrongs of Othello, is, of itself, worth the pilgrimage to an Englishman, were it more distant and laborious.

Not having had leisure to weary of the luxurious indolence of our gondola, we had proposed performing in it the five-miles passage to Fusina, to rejoin our carriage; but the nearly fatal accident which occurred only two days ago to a young couple, who were upset in a squall, from a similar imprudence, and narrowly escaped drowning, makes our grey-headed old *laquais de place* insist on a larger boat, and four stout rowers. The autumnal rains, I am sorry to say, have set in, and the roads to Bologna, by Ferrara, &c., are represented as wretchedly bad, and promise to baffle our impatience to get forward to Florence, whence you shall again hear from me.

Yours, &c.

W. H.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Genoa, Sept.

WHEN I last wrote to you from Venice, my dear Fanny, I little foresaw that any combination of circumstances could at present give me an opportunity of visiting, and dating from her ancient and powerful maritime rival, a city which as far exceeded my expectations, as most other renowned objects have fallen short of them. I know not whether the boasted bay of Naples may realize all that fame has rumoured of it, but the far less extolled site of Genoa appears to me nearly the *ne plus ultra* of beauty and magnificence combined.

The city itself, too, though by no means the Genoa la Superba, which it was in its days of aristocratic and commercial splendour, is still far less dilapidated than Venice, and its port has an appearance of considerable activity; while its grand natural features, the rocks which frown proudly over its white edifices, and its capacious and beautiful harbour, must ever remain to give dignity to the picture.

But you will be anxious to know what wind blew us here, apparently so far out of the direct course we were steering when I last wrote. My poor friend Selwyn, and, I may freely add, myself also, have since then experienced one of those tantalizing occurrences, which though by no means unfrequent in real life, almost wear the air of fiction; and after being, as it were, on the very brink of re-union with the objects of so arduous a pursuit, both his health and spirits have been naturally affected by the disappointment.

We travelled as rapidly from Venice to Bologna as the wretched condition of the roads would permit. The swollen state of the rivers made the various ferries disagreeable, and indeed dangerous; and it was with no very comfortable sensations that we drove along the raised dykes which confine (and not always very successfully) the formidable Po within a bed full thirty feet higher than the country through which it runs. Boats are an indispensable appendage to every farm and hamlet; and the country, at this season at least, had a melancholy

and desolate appearance. Ferrara, with its wide and handsome streets scantily peopled, and its air of lone magnificence, seems expiating, by ages of obscurity and decay, the captivity of Tasso, whose gloomy cell I visited with feelings none but Byron could adequately express. The transition to the chair of the lively bard of the Orlando was refreshing, and the sight of a handsome monument erected to his memory some years ago, showed that genius is differently appreciated at Ferrara since the days of the stern Alfonso, whose gloomy palace frowns nearly opposite to the hospital of St Anna, the eternal opprobrium of the house of Este.

We arrived late at night at Bologna, and Selwyn's anxiety to get on was too natural and ardent to allow me to regret losing the view of its celebrated collections, which I shall enjoy more at leisure at some future period. We left it early, with scarce light enough to discern its leaning tower, a mean and ugly brick pillar, very different indeed (as I have since found) from its graceful rival the Campanile of Pisa. For the first stages the ascent of the Appenines is beautiful, and realizes, in some degree, the anticipations which the magic of their name has conjured up. But they soon assumed an aspect of peculiar and tame dreariness, doubly striking to one recently from the Alps; and as we wound slowly up the barren heights of Pietra Mala, in the dim twilight of an autumnal evening, no object beguiled the tedium of the journey, except the little shady flame, not much exceeding in size or brilliancy the light in a cottage window, which for centuries back has issued from the same spot of ground on the opposite side of the valley, and in whose origin and character, whether volcanic or phosphoric, philosophers are not agreed. The Douane on the Tuscan frontier proved a tax on our patience, which even the customary one on our purse could not entirely evade; and on arriving some time after at the caravansera-like inn of Coviglianis, the usual rendezvous of all travellers between Bologna and Florence, it was

matter of more regret than surprise to find that numerous parties who had arrived before us, had already monopolized the best apartments, and devoured, or at least bespoken, all the eatable contents of the larder. Albeit unused to the fretting mood, we were surveying with more of the English fastidiousness than usual the wretched choice of rooms which yet remained for us, consisting, *first*, of a strange cell-like dormitory without windows, scooped as it were out of the side of the huge *salle à manger*; *secondly*, of an attic chamber, provided indeed with a window, whose chief office seemed at present to be the free admission of rain, which began to fall in torrents; and *thirdly*, of a waste and ghastly barrack, considerably resembling an hospital ward, containing no less than four beds, spacious as that of Ware, when our deliberations, like those of more than one modern congress, were wonderfully accelerated by the arrival at the door, of a lumbering vehicle, whose inmates might possibly be less difficult to please. Recommending, therefore, to my invalid companion to endure the negative evils of the airless dormitory, and resigning myself to the more positive ones of the inundation above stairs, we left the newly arrived guests to settle among themselves their claims to the occupation of the dreary barrack; which was of course assigned to the females of the party, while the gentlemen (intelligent foreigners) joined our supper table, (scantily furnished, by the by, with some ragouts of very "questionable shape," which brought Gil Blas' famous *olla podrida* to my memory,) and their agreeable conversation subsequently induced me to join their bivouac round the huge fire-place, rather than climb to my always aerial and now aquatic domicile.

The spectacle afforded by the vast hall in which we supped, during the earlier part of the evening, was a very grotesque one; and often did I wish for the pencil of Wilkie to pourtray the groups which occupied its corners, and the individuals who fitted in and out of the various apartments all built round, and opening into this central abyss. At various tables, parties of travellers of all descriptions were supping in every variety of wayfaring costume, all partaking more or less of the negligence of foreign habits, while Frenchmen jabbered,

Germans smoked, and Italians gesticulated, in all the genuine license of a *Table d' Hôte*. Meanwhile, to supply the wants, and obey the behest, of more fastidious and retired English families cloistered in the privacy of their sleeping apartments, smart couriers, sleek English footmen, and neat abigails, passed and repassed in mingled confusion, with vetturini, postillions and camerieri, making altogether a Babel of the salloon, till the noise subsided by degrees, into the sonorous snore of some half dozen of the latter gentry, who had unceremoniously sought repose on benches at the lower end of the hall.

Selwyn, fatigued, and too much pre-occupied to derive amusement from the scene, withdrew very early; and it was after he left us, that my eyes were saluted by a vision of rare loveliness, in shape of a beautiful creature, English I was sure by her dress and appearance, who just put out her head for an instant at the half-opened door of an adjoining apartment, to give some orders to one of the landlord's daughters, smart girls, who officiated as extra waiters on this bustling occasion. I had seldom been more struck by a countenance, and it haunted me all the rest of the night in a manner which mere beauty could hardly have done. There was an air of dejection, yet of resignation on it, which took hold of my imagination; but strange to say, not a suspicion of the truth ever glanced across my mind.

At the first peep of dawn, the bustle around me recommenced; and those travellers who were subject to the inexorable fiat of a vetturino, prepared to resume their journey. Among these, the very first who started, were a genteel-looking couple, the gentleman thin and apparently delicate, his fur cap almost entirely concealing his features; on whose arm leaned a figure which, though completely muffled up in a travelling cloak and black veil, I instinctively knew to belong to the fair face I had caught a glimpse of some hours before. They passed, of course, rapidly through the apartment filled with strangers, and dimly lighted by a half expiring lamp; and, in vain hopes of again stealing a glance at the beatific vision, I flew to the window just in time to see them step into a light calash, and take the road to Florence.

The exclusion of light from Sel-

wyn's apartment, combined with previous fatigue to prolong his slumbers far beyond their usual period, and forbidding Pierre to disturb him, as the journey to Florence was so short as to be easily accomplished before dinner, I wrapped myself in my cloak, and enjoyed an hour or two of repose. Every thing thus conspiring to retard our movements, it was not till after a breakfast infinitely later than common, that on preparing to quit the inn, the *livre des voyageurs* was brought to us (which we had as usual eagerly inspected in vain the night before,) and on taking up the pen to inscribe our names, judge of our feelings when we read in characters, whose ink was scarcely dry, those of our dear fugitives, who had thus passed the night only separated from us by a thin partition, whom I now became convinced of having seen, nay, whose garments had almost brushed mine, as they passed rapidly from their chamber! My singular interest in them seemed now accounted for; but I felt it more difficult to forgive myself for not recollecting that though they had left Venice some days before ourselves, yet, that with a vetturino and two sorry jades, they must have found doubly tedious the roads, which we had crawled through with four post-horses.

Selwyn, though the disappointment was of course severe, behaved with his usual mild benignity, and did all he could to reconcile me to myself for what I must ever consider as the stupidest action of my life. Nothing now remained for us, but to drive on, with all the rapidity the hilly nature of the country would permit; but the six hours start they had of us, and the lightness of their vehicle, precluded all hopes of overtaking them before reaching Florence. The approach to that city is all that Tuscan poets have sung, and to them I must refer you for the loveliness of the Val d' Arno; which, though perhaps it did not smile the less in our eyes for promising to realize many a "hope deferred," yet was too completely a secondary object to be minutely scrutinized.

Inquiries were vain at all the principal hotels, then teeming with English visitants; but after a series of arduous researches among those of a secondary class, we at length learned (pity me, Fanny, I am sure you may) that the couple in question, dismissing their vetturino, had proceeded,

after a slight and hasty meal, with post-horses to Leghorn, anxious, it was believed, to be in time for the sailing of a vessel bound for Naples, of which they had here found intimation awaiting them.

Gladly would we have followed instantly, worn out as my friend was, in mind as well as body; but much time had necessarily been consumed in our researches, and it became impossible for us to reach Leghorn without travelling half the night, and arriving at an unseasonable hour, when nothing could be gained towards ascertaining the fate of the fugitives. We therefore ordered horses for day-break, and spent the interval in fruitless attempts at repose. I think, the sense of my late blunder made me fully the most impatient to repair its possible consequences; and I left behind me the unseen *Venus de Medicis*, with as much philosophy as if I had never heard of *Praxiteles* in my life.

By ten o'clock we were in Leghorn, just in time, Fanny, to catch a distant view of the vessel containing our golden fleece, which had weighed anchor the evening before, not two hours after the arrival of the gentleman and lady we described. The *Signore*, we heard with sorrow, seemed "*infermo assai*," but the cares of his *bella sposa*, and the sea voyage, the good host hoped, would soon bring him round.

You may be sure every sort of wild idea, such as hiring a boat and pursuing the vessel, flashed through our minds; but this the distance and increasing swell made hopeless; nor was another vessel likely to sail for Naples in less than a month.

Selwyn now, of course, proposed retracing our steps as far as Pisa, and performing the journey by land, by the usual route through Rome, &c, but various circumstances concurred to make me regard this alternative with uneasiness and apprehension. Selwyn's strength had already given way so much under the rapidity and excitement of the last few stages, that the idea of his continuing such exertions during a journey of several hundred miles, would at any season have been formidable. But the passage through the Campagna and Pontine marshes thus early in autumn, considering my companion's extreme predisposition to low nervous fever, presented a more serious obstacle; and the recent case

of some amiable individuals taken ill at a desolate post-house of the Campagna, far from all human aid and comforts, had determined me strongly to urge a delay of two or three weeks at least, when the master of a felucca, just arrived from Genoa, informed Pierre that an English merchantman would sail from that port for Naples in the course of a fortnight at farthest.

This seemed a blessed expedient for obviating all my anxieties, and the advantages of performing the voyage in a British ship were already sufficiently apparent, though, fully to appreciate them, our subsequent purgatory on board a felucca was requisite. To shorten as much as possible the latter species of "durance vile," we resolved, instead of embarking at Leghorn, to proceed to Lerici, the nearest point to Genoa, by which our voyage would be limited to 24 hours, at most.

The journey, (in the course of which we re-passed through Pisa, and now allowed ourselves leisure to admire its constellation of beautiful marble edifices, and sigh over its depopulated quays) was an interesting one, through a romantic and picturesque country; and when, after passing the celebrated quarries of Carrara,—whose vicinity was indicated by the glittering materials of the very high-road, and whose wines only require to be known to acquire equal celebrity—we descended to the little port of Lerici, a scene burst upon our view, nearly unequalled, I should suppose, in the world. The noble bay of Spezzia, (destined by Napoleon to contain fleets which existed only in his gigantic purpose,) with its islands and promontories, the majestic chain of the maritime Alps, with the picturesque site of the village beneath us, were not the less rapturously admired for not having been previously extolled by common fame, that capricious goddess, who unaccountably buries in oblivion many a praiseworthy object.

The filth, roguery, and extortions of the inhabitants bore (as is not unfrequently the case in Italy) a full proportion to the charms of their domicile; and it was with more of indignation than surprise that, (after hiring at an exorbitant rate, for our sole use, the only felucca in the harbour,) we found it pre occupied by the baggage of two other parties, by each of whom it had in like manner

been separately paid for. There was, however, as the boatmen well knew, no other resource, save the more dreadful alternative of a second night at the inn of Lerici; and together we all embarked towards noon of a sombre and squally day, during which the disagreeable motion of the vessel, and the evident timidity and unskilfulness of the boatmen rendered our situation by no means enviable. Towards night, the weather improved, but a new enemy, not confined, it would appear, to the *terra firma* of Italy, assailed us, and completely murdered the sleep which we sought on the well-peopled mattresses spread for our accommodation. Sunrise, and the approach to the magnificent harbour of Genoa, indemnified us for our past hardships; and the sight of innumerable large vessels, some of them British men-of-war, was by no means, to the eye of Englishmen, the least inspiring feature in the scene.

We have found here a hotel of almost English comfort and cleanliness, and have contrived to await, with more of patience than I thought possible, the somewhat protracted movements of our captain, who, however, promises to be off in two or three days.

What has materially contributed to Selwyn's peace of mind under the detention, has been the step he instantly adopted of inclosing a truly parental letter to both his children, under cover to the banker on whom Ludovisi has the credit at Naples, directing him to deliver it on the first application for money, and, should that be delayed, requesting him to spare no exertions to discover the persons to whom it is addressed. This soothing measure, and the consciousness of having now fairly, if I may so express it, *carthed* the objects of this arduous chase at the very extremity of Italy, has greatly tranquillized his mind; though the illness of Ludovisi, and his daughter's consequent anxieties, sit heavy on his spirits. His own health, however, has profited greatly by the reviving breezes of Genoa; and he was even able to accompany me in a delightful morning ramble round the fortifications on the heights above the town, where the prospect is superb, while the bird's-eye view thus afforded of the flat roofs of Genoa, many of which are formed into gardens, gave to the city a sort of oriental aspect, and would have afforded, as

the rising sun gradually threw light on them,—admirable scope for the good offices of the *Diabole Boiteux*. We have been introduced by our captain to one or two English merchants here, who live most hospitably in the vast palaces of the former Genoese nobility; and the sight of the almost forgotten English luxuries of carpets, sea-coal, &c., gave an air of comfort as well as splendour to the spacious apartments, while the usual appendages of an English table in cut crystal and Staffordshire china; struck me as absolutely magnificent, after being so long accustomed to the coarse green glass, and wretched white ware, in which food and drink are partaken of in the best inns of France and Italy. I shall keep this open till we are about to sail, lest any thing should occur.

Our sailing, my dear Fanny, has been delayed by one of the most striking and awful natural phenomena I ever witnessed, and which I feel half grateful to circumstances for affording me the rare opportunity of beholding. The night before last was uncommonly calm and serene, and I remember admiring the moonlight as it slept placidly on the groves of tall masts immediately under the windows of our hotel, and on the still waves beyond them.

About midnight I was aroused by the greatest possible confusion of sounds, ringing of bells, shouting and vociferation in the streets, mingled with shrieks and lamentations from female voices, and the chanting of litanies, all apparently just under the windows, accompanied by deep heavy sounds, as of the dash of mountain waves, where from its landlocked position there is scarcely ever a ripple on the water.—I flew to the window, and shall never forget the spectacle that presented itself. The moon still shone brightly, and no cloud obscured its surface, no breeze even agitated the air; but the phenomenon called a *mare moto*, or seaquake, was heaving the waters of the harbour with a violence before which the stoutest vessels were as frail canoes, and which was successively dashing those nearest the quay against its thirty feet high stone parapet, till that massy bulwark yielded with a tremendous crash, and some of the deeply laden vessels, so secure and safely moored at sunset, were actually thrown, bottom upward, on the ele-

vated surface of the quay, while their rich lading of oranges, oil-flasks, and other light goods, covered the face of the waters. There was something in the absence of storm and tempest, and all the usual accompaniments of such havoc, infinitely awful, and the rarity of the phenomenon added to the consternation inspired by the tremendous loss of property and scene of devastation on sea and land. After continuing a considerable time, the swell gradually subsided, but it will be long ere affairs resume their former aspect in the usually well-arranged and commodious harbour.

The inhabitants suppose some connexion to exist between this prodigy and an eruption of Vesuvius: I may therefore, perhaps, be indebted to this misfortune for another sublime though painful spectacle.

Our vessel, though fortunately lying pretty far out, having completed her cargo, has sustained some damage, by being run foul of by others, and we must reconcile ourselves to another week's delay. Were the road over the Bocchetta less execrable, we might beguile it by a visit to Tunis; or were a felucca less detestable, by a trip to Nice. A year or two hence, the roads projected and begun in both directions will obviate such obstacles. The desolation in the port has made a residence here quite painful. I begin to find that three weeks in a place whose peculiar site extremely limits the range for exercise, is quite long enough. We lounge in the churches and Doria Gallery, visit the *Albey dei Poveri*, a noble establishment for *industrious* poor, who attend voluntarily to exercise their various professions in its spacious halls; and enjoy much satisfaction from frequent visits to a school for deaf and dumb, on the admirable plan of the *Abbé Sicard*. Such are the *comforts* of the institution, that a youth was shown to us, who, to enjoy them, had, for many months, successfully counterfeited the privation of hearing and speech, and was at length accidentally detected by the occurrence of a circumstance too ludicrous for even his powers of self-command. You see I am reduced to mere gossip by our forced inaction. The topic of Genoa is exhausted. I will no longer detain this, trusting that my next will announce reunion, reconciliation, and felicity.—Yours,

W. H.

ON THE CORN LAWS.

No. II.

WE resume our examination of Mr M'Culloch's Article.

The Abolitionists dilate so extravagantly on the ruinous consequences which fluctuations of price cause to farmers, that we must say a little more before we pass from this part of the question.

Twice, and only twice, in the last thirty or forty years, have the farmers of this country been distressed by fluctuations in the price of corn. The first period of their distress commenced at the cessation of hostilities in 1814. For a long term of years corn had been very high, rents and taxes had been greatly raised, and wages, with most things that the farmers had to buy, had risen more in proportion than corn. Foreign corn was admitted into the market at a very low rate, upon an abundant stock of our own, and prices became frightfully ruinous. This admission of foreign corn, though it was greatly aided by other things, was still the main cause why the fall was so large and so rapid. The corn laws had nothing to do with either the dearness or the cheapness, as they were not in existence.

The second period of distress took place after the dear years, 1817 and 1818; the Corn Laws, as we have shown, were here blameless.

The high prices, therefore, which preceded the first period, took place when the trade in corn was free; those which preceded the second period were manifestly caused by bad harvests and speculation, and not by the Corn Laws. Had these laws been in existence, the fall of prices in the first period would have been gradual, and probably never ruinous; and if they had not existed, the fall in the second period would have been so great, as to have ruined almost every farmer and landowner in the three kingdoms.

As it is manifest that the corn laws have never yet produced high prices, let us ask what high prices they are capable of producing. According to Mr M'Culloch himself, our farmers ought not to sell their wheat for less than 53s. or 54s. per quarter; the laws in question open the market to foreigners

when it rises to 70s. It is here of the first importance, not to confound a rise of prices caused solely by these laws, with one caused by a bad harvest. If the former rise open the ports, the deficiency cannot be other than trifling; the bonded and imported wheat will be certain to cause a large and almost immediate reduction of price, and to ward off deficiency for at any rate two or three years, should no bad harvest take place. The rise in 1825 was of this description. When Mr Huskisson released the bonded wheat in that year, he said he did it to prevent the laws from opening the ports and glutting the market. Four hundred thousand quarters of such corn as he liberated, were sufficient to cover the deficiency, and a much smaller quantity of good corn would have done it. It is manifest, that if the ports had been opened by the laws, the supply would have been far greater,—would have been twice as much as he released in both 1825 and 1826,—and would have caused at once a large reduction of prices.

We applaud the caution displayed by Mr Huskisson, and wish he would always display as much, but we think he was in error. If, without being acted upon by speculation and bad harvests, prices rise so as to open the ports, the market, we think, will always bear as much foreign corn as could be thrown upon it in three months, without being glutted. Putting bad harvests out of sight, it is scarcely possible for the Corn Laws to open the market for wheat, and other kinds of grain, at the same moment; and if other grain and stock maintain their prices, the farmers can hold their wheat if it fall much below what it ought to be. It is a general glut which makes prices ruinous; and one of the great merits of the Corn Laws is,—they render such a glut almost impossible. If these laws, in 1825, had been suffered to take their course, and had opened the ports, wheat could scarcely have then fallen below 60s. or 55s., and there would have been no necessity for tampering with the laws in 1826. As much foreign wheat

would have been admitted, as with average crops, would have rendered the stock abundant, but not excessive, for many years to come.

Putting bad harvests out of the question, it is impossible for wheat under the existing laws to remain long so high as 68s. When it reaches this price, the farmers and factors know that it is about at the highest, and that it is in danger of an immediate fall. This impels them all to sell at the same moment, and, if there be no deficiency, the price is speedily sent down; if there be such deficiency, the ports are soon opened, and this at once causes a great reduction.

Under the existing laws, therefore, with average crops, wheat cannot rise to 70s. without being speedily sent down again. It cannot reach what may fairly be called a high price. If the ports be opened, they are opened under restrictions which make it almost certain, that the supply will be abundant without being excessive. The ports can scarcely ever be opened except when there really is a deficiency; they can scarcely ever be opened for more than one kind of grain at the same time, and they can scarcely ever produce glut, or render prices ruinous. Wheat must generally fluctuate between 58s. and 63s., and its occasional and extreme fluctuations must be confined between 53s. and 72s. Assuming the average of wages to be 18s. per week for each workman, and that one-fifth is expended on bread, the extreme fluctuations would only make a difference of about sevenpence per week in each individual's wages. They would not be felt by a vast portion of the manufacturing labourers of England, Scotland, and Ireland, because these labourers do not eat wheaten bread.

And now, what fluctuations have we here to be ruinous to the farmers? The highest price will sanction no advance of rent, because it is sure to be of only temporary duration. Mr M'Culloch declares, that the most boundless freedom in the corn trade, would not sensibly reduce rents below what they have been while the Corn Laws have been in operation; and this doctrine is held by the Abolitionists generally. However false it may be, it still proves, that in the judgment of the Abolitionists themselves, the Corn Laws do not raise rents above what wheat at 58s. or 60s. would warrant.

The highest price can have no sensible effect in raising wages, merchandise, and manufactures, to the farmers. If, therefore, wheat reach it for a few weeks or months, the advance is almost all profit to the farmers; and if it fall to 60s. or 56s. this deprives the farmers of profit, but subjects them to no material loss. In the periods of distress we have mentioned, *all kinds of grain* fell so much, that the farmers could not pay their rents and expenses; but under the Corn Laws, it is almost physically impossible for prices upon the whole, to fall so far as to do the farmers much injury.

Let us now turn to a rise caused by a bad harvest. Mr M'Culloch asserts, that in such a case, the Corn Laws cause corn to be dearer than it would be, were they abolished. We need only say, in reply to this, that in our last Paper, we proved, from his own doctrines, that, with free trade, our own production must be diminished, in proportion to our imports; and that, in the event of a bad harvest, we could not possibly procure a sufficiency of corn from abroad at any price. The Corn Laws, therefore, keep prices lower in times of scarcity than they would be with free trade. And now for the fall after such a rise. The laws in question close our ports when corn falls to moderate prices, and therefore they render it almost impossible for prices to sink so far as to be very injurious to the farmers. With free trade, and an abundant harvest after a year of scarcity, the abundance of the whole world would be thrown upon us. The supply would be excessive, nothing would exist to regulate it, and it would at once reduce prices to a most ruinous figure.

As the unerring Economist's doctrine, that the Corn Laws enhance prices in times of scarcity, is false, upon his own showing, his doctrine is equally false, that they give an improper stimulus to production, by causing high prices. The farmer, under them, cannot expect, with fair crops, to receive more on the average for his wheat than from 58s. to 63s.; and he cannot hope for more than a proportionate price for his other corn. Oats and barley, so far as corn is concerned, form the chief produce of the light lands, and when the crop of these is good, he knows that he must be content with prices much below those at which foreign corn of the same kinds is admitted. No matter how high prices

may be raised by scarcity, he knows that the first good crop must bring them down again,—he knows that it is utterly impossible, with moderate crops at home and abroad, for them to be kept so high as the legal ones which admit foreign corn. Where then is the improper stimulus which the Corn Laws give to the application of capital and the culture of bad land? It exists only in the dreams of Mr M'Culloch and his brethren. It is of course false that such a stimulus raises production so much after a period of high prices, that the first abundant crop plunges the farmers into ruin. What abundant crop has ruined the farmers in the twelve years during which the Corn Laws have had being? Mr M'Culloch appeals to the low prices of 1822. It is demonstrable, that the low prices of 1822 and 1823 were not produced by abundant crops arising from the application of an improper stimulus to production. One of the causes of these low prices, as we have already said, was the derangement of the money concerns of the country, which sprung from the change of currency. Another powerful, and perhaps the most powerful cause, was, the very large import of Irish corn which the change of law occasioned. What are we to think of the science and political economy of that individual who overlooks the operation of causes like these? If even the previous high prices had given an improper stimulus to production, we have shown conclusively that the Corn Laws had no share in producing them; the low ones would not only have taken place, but they would have been lower than they were, if these laws had not been in existence.

The doctrine, that laws which bring a very large extra supply into the market before prices rise to high ones, and which reduce supply to the very lowest point before they sink below moderate ones—which, putting out of sight the exception to the general rule, render it almost impossible for the fluctuations in the quarter of wheat to exceed from 5s. to 10s. between harvest and harvest, and which effectually confine the quarter of wheat to a price not exceeding 3s. to 6s. under or over, of what it ought to be—the doctrine that laws like these cause ruinous fluctuations in prices,

is so grossly at variance with common reason and everyday experience, that we wonder how even the new Economists could venture to publish it. It is perfectly consistent in such people to maintain, as in reality they do, that, if the surplus corn of other countries were in ordinary years necessary for our consumption, prices could never be high in years of scarcity—that if the import of foreign corn were always permitted, no matter how low prices might be, our farmers could never be injured by low prices—that the more corn we grow, the greater will be our deficiency after a bad harvest, and that the less corn we grow, the greater will be our stock of surplus corn! These are the Infallibles—these are the Transcendentals—these are the only people in the land who know anything of Political Economy—these are the sages who are to invent principles, and dream systems, and spout and scribble dogmas, of which the truth is never to be questioned. Again we say—Poor England!

We will only say farther on this part of the question, that it is almost impossible for our market to be glutted with corn of our own growth. Our land is so far cultivated that average crops, notwithstanding any stimulus given by the Corn Laws, are only about sufficient for our consumption. The surplus of a very abundant crop could be held without its doing any mischief. Two or three such crops in succession might render prices very low, but their taking place is scarcely possible. Were the Corn Laws abolished, the market would be yearly exposed to glut of the most ruinous character.

The famous Infalible next proceeds to estimate the pecuniary loss which the country annually sustains from the Corn Laws. Our readers are aware that, not only the Abolitionists, but actually men high in office, declare that these laws practically tax the nation; and his object is, to discover the precise amount of the tax thus imposed. He here out-M'Cullochs M'Culloch in a manner the most amazing. He assumes that the Corn Laws in late years have caused all descriptions of corn to be 8s. per quarter higher than they would have been with free trade; and he then discovers by means of Hume's—and

not Cocker's—arithmetic, that 8s. per quarter on 48,000,000 quarters, amount to L.19,700,000. We say Hume's arithmetic, because, according to the arithmetic used in schools, 8s. per quarter on this number of quarters only amount to L.19,200,000. The blunder can scarcely have been made by the printer, because Mr M'Culloch gives his sum in small capitals, and then gives it again in figures. He from this opines, that in round numbers the Corn Laws cause a loss to the country of twenty millions annually.

Our readers are aware that the forty-eight millions of quarters include all the corn consumed by the farmers, as well as all that they sell; they include all the seed, and all the corn eaten by the cattle and families of the agriculturists. Now, if the 8s. per quarter really form a tax, by whom is it paid? By the consumers of the corn, replies Mr M'Culloch. Of course, the farmers and landlords pay the tax on the corn they consume, as well as the rest of the community. He admits that the seed takes one-seventh of the quantity, or nearly 7,000,000 quarters; and if we assume that the land-owners, farmers, and husbandry labourers, consume in one way or another one-third of the remaining 41,000,000 quarters, we then have in round numbers 20,000,000 quarters as the consumption, including seed, of the agriculturists. These agriculturists must therefore pay L.8,000,000 of the L.20,000,000 of tax.

If this sum of 8s. the quarter on the corn that he consumes be really a tax upon, and loss to, the farmer, it must necessarily add its amount to his expenses, without affecting his receipts; if it swell the one as much as the other, it cannot be a loss or tax to him; if it increase his receipts far more than his expenses, it must be, not a loss, but a profit—not a tax but a bounty. How stands the fact? The farmer cannot be subjected to this tax on the corn he consumes, if he do not obtain 8s. per quarter more for all the corn that he sells. Mr M'Culloch must admit that the farmer sells more corn than he consumes; and if the latter do this, the 8s. per quarter must be a source of profit. If he consume 20, and sell 30 quarters, the case will stand thus—the tax will amount to

L.8, and the gain to L.12; for every L.8 of tax that the farmer has to pay, he draws from its existence L.12 to pay it with. We wish heartily that Ministers would tax us in this manner; we wish they would immediately clap a house-duty of L.1000 per annum upon us, on condition of giving us L.1500 per annum to pay it with.

Taking the Economist's assumption to be true, that the 8s. per quarter on the sales cause the corn consumed by the farmer to be 8s. per quarter dearer to him, it is manifest, that the sum cannot subject him to loss. But we pronounce the assumption to be grossly false on the unerring Mr M'Culloch's own doctrines. He merely contends, that when corn rises, the expenses of the farmer are proportionally increased. Let us suppose that a farmer sells every grain of corn that he grows, and buys every grain that he consumes, the money is merely the instrument of barter, and in reality he merely exchanges quarter for quarter of corn, at the same barter price in the same market. If the corn he receives be rated at L.5 per quarter, he rates what he gives at the same price; and it makes no difference to him whether the price be L.1 or L.100. The case is in effect the same if he consume the corn he grows; he practically buys off, and sells to, himself. It cannot be urged that the cost of producing the corn consumed by the farmer is increased by the advance of price, because Mr M'Culloch admits that the advance of price obtained on the *surplus corn sold* is sufficient to cover the increase in the farmer's expenses.

If the 8s. per quarter on the corn he consumes be really a loss or tax to the farmer, it is a most monstrous thing in Mr M'Culloch to propose a duty of 5s. or 6s. on foreign corn, as a *protection to him*! He ought rather to propose a huge bounty on importation. If the farmer should be taxed to pay the bounty, he would be recompensed by the cheapness of corn; whereas the duty would make the corn he consumes dearer to him, without yielding any countervailing benefit. What an unerring Economist is this Mr M'Culloch!

We will for a moment content ourselves with proving, that so far as

concerns the farmers, the 8s. per quarter on the corn they consume did not operate in the least degree as a loss or tax to them. And now, touching the husbandry labourers—Does this increase of price on the corn, they eat operate to them as a tax or loss? Let Mr M'Culloch reply. He declares that when corn rises, their wages rise in exact proportion; and, of course, it is impossible for the increase of price to cause them the loss of a farthing.

And now touching the landlords—are the eight shillings a tax or loss to them? Let the infallible Economist reply once more. He declares that, instead of this, the sum puts five millions annually into the pockets of the landlords.

Putting benefit out of sight, of which we shall speak presently, we thus have it under Mr M'Culloch's own hand and seal, that a vast part of the consumers of corn, to wit, the landlords, farmers, and husbandry labourers, are not in the smallest degree taxed, or injured, by the additional eight shillings per quarter. It cannot be asserted that the other members of the community pay the tax upon the corn consumed by the agriculturists, or upon any corn save that consumed by themselves. Taking our estimate of the consumption of the agriculturists to be correct, we therefore have eight millions of the tax or loss utterly annihilated; it is demonstrable on the celebrated Infallible's own doctrines that the tax or loss cannot exceed twelve millions.

Of these twelve millions, five, as he says, are transferred to the landlords; therefore to the nation at large, the tax, or loss, only amounts to seven millions. Although at the first he assumes the loss to be twenty millions, he, a page or two afterwards, deducts the sum gained by the landlords, and states the annual loss to the public to be fourteen or fifteen millions. On his own doctrines, therefore, this loss or tax cannot be more than six or seven millions.

If these seven millions be lost at all, they must be chiefly lost by the manufacturing and trading classes; if these classes lose the sum wholly or partly, then their wages and prices cannot possibly be influenced by the price of corn. If the wages of mechanics, artisans, and town labourers in

general, fluctuate as corn fluctuates—if their wages rise or fall, in proportion as corn rises or falls—then it is manifest to every one that they are not in the least degree taxed or injured by the additional eight shillings per quarter. If the master manufacturers and tradesmen raise their prices in proportion to the rise in the price of corn and in the wages of their workmen, then it is clear to every one that they cannot be taxed or injured by the eight shillings. To solve this point we must appeal to Mr M'Culloch. He declares that wages are regulated by the price of necessaries, and in this he is supported by his brethren; they all proclaim that a high price of corn makes wages proportionally high, and that a reduction in this price will produce a corresponding reduction in wages. To produce a fall in wages is avowedly one of their great objects, in calling for the abolition of the Corn Laws. It is, therefore, indisputable, upon the principles of these infallible persons, that the eight shillings per quarter cannot possibly be in any degree a tax or loss to the labouring population of towns. And now touching the master manufacturers and traders. Mr M'Culloch declares that if wheat become stationary at 50s. or 55s. the rent, wages of labour, and other outgoings of the farmer, will all be proportionally adjusted; and if wheat is raised to 80s. rent, wages, &c. *will sustain a corresponding increase.* His brethren declare the same; they maintain that the farmer cannot profit from high prices, because his expences must rise as corn rises. Of course, as corn rises, the price of all that he buys, of woollens, cottons, iron, timber, sugar, &c. &c. rises in proportion; the master manufacturers and traders advance their prices in proportion to the advance in corn. It is therefore indisputable, on the doctrines of the unerring Mr M'Culloch and his brethren, that the eight shillings per quarter cannot operate in the smallest degree as a tax or loss to the manufacturing and trading classes.

Thus far we have made Mr M'Culloch debate the matter with his own doctrines. If Mr M'Culloch be utterly discomfited and demolished, the fearful mischief has been done by the arm and weapon of Mr M'Culloch; and we have merely endeavoured to preserve fair play in the mortal con-

flict between the doughty Infallible and himself. With his own pen he annihilates the whole of the twenty millions. He declares that the additional eight shillings per quarter subject the consumers of corn to an annual tax or loss of twenty millions, and then he practically declares that these consumers do not lose a farthing by the eight shillings—that this sum adds as much to, as it subtracts from, their incomes, and that if corn were eight shillings per quarter cheaper, their means for buying it would be reduced in proportion. He does more than this; while he in reality asserts that none of the consumers are injured by the eight shillings, he maintains that the landlords gain from the sum five millions annually. Of course, upon his own doctrines, the eight shillings per quarter, instead of causing a loss to the nation at large of twenty or fifteen millions, *yield it a clear profit of five millions a year.*

We should say no more on this point, if no one had asserted that the Corn Laws practically impose a heavy tax on the nation, save Mr M'Culloch. But the assertion has been made so often in and out of Parliament, and it has been repeated by men of such high character and station, that its truth seems to be generally believed in. Almost every one seems to admit that, whatever may be the case with the agriculturists, the cheaper corn is, the better for the rest of the community. We must therefore subject the point to a little farther inquiry.

If men, instead of listening to the crazy dreams of the Economists, would only look a little at actual life—at glaring every-day fact—the point would not now be a controverted one. It has been submitted to the most ample experiment. Those countries in which corn is the cheapest, are the most poor and distressed ones; and those in which it is the dearest, are the most wealthy and happy ones; in those where corn is the dearest, the manufacturing and trading classes are, in regard to both numbers and extent of business, beyond all calculation more rich and prosperous, than they are in those where corn is the cheapest. This has been the case always. In the long series of years which ended with the war, when corn fetched double, nay, almost treble, the prices it in general fetched previously, this country made

the most astonishing progress in wealth, trade, and manufactures. If the Corn Laws now tax the nation to the amount of 20,000,000 annually, the high prices of corn during the war taxed it to the amount of from 60,000,000 to 100,000,000 annually. It matters not whether high prices flow from a law, or any other cause; and it matters not what the price of corn may be in other states: if the difference between high prices and low ones really operate as a tax, and if the Corn Laws practically tax this nation to the amount of a penny, then it is incontrovertible that the high prices of the war did in reality tax it to the amount we have stated. Will any man say that these high prices did so operate, when he looks at the history of the country during their continuance? Will any man say that the country could have borne such a tax in addition to its stupendous load of actual taxes for a single year, without being plunged into bankruptcy? No! the very Mr M'Culloch himself would choke before he could assert it. Ask the manufacturing and trading classes how the high prices of the war operated upon them, and they will reply, We have never known good times since the war ended. For a long time a wish for war has been entertained by the mass of the community; and this wish has been prompted by the belief, that war would raise greatly the price of everything, corn included, and thereby bring prosperity.

If a man, therefore, put abstract principles out of sight, and judge from the whole of experience without troubling himself touching the why and the wherefore, he can arrive at no other conclusion than that reasonably high prices of corn are immensely beneficial to a nation as a whole, and to its trading and manufacturing population.

We, however, must look at the why and the wherefore. That in the long series of years which ended with the war, corn was commonly at prices far higher than the "famine prices" of the Economists—that it was commonly at prices which, upon every principle of what is at present called Political Economy, ought to have utterly ruined the community, individually and collectively—and that when it was thus dear, the country enjoyed an unexampled share of general abundance, carried on the most expensive war on record, paid an almost incredible

amount of taxes, and made the most gigantic advances in riches, manufactures, and commerce. That when corn was thus dear, the country, taking into account the difference in population, paid almost double the taxes that it now pays when corn is cheap, and still enjoyed more abundance and prosperity, and possessed more wealth and trade, than it has ever done since it obtained cheap corn—these are facts which cannot be touched by controversy. They stand before the eyes of the whole nation—every man's experience can attest that they are facts—the evidence that they are facts, eternally flashes upon the Ministry and the Legislature from the records of the Cabinet and Parliament—and if they be facts, they *ALONE* are sufficient to prove that the dogmas of Mr M'Culloch and his brother-infallibles are, from beginning to end, gross, vulgar, senseless, and destructive falsehoods.

Why did these facts happen? Was there anything peculiar in the circumstances of the country to prevent the dear corn from producing the fatal effects charged upon it by the Economists? No! Upon every principle of Political Economy, the circumstances of the country were such as ought not only to have caused the dear corn to produce its utmost measure of evil, but to have ruined the country without it. The taxes were raised to a height, which, according to the Economists, ought to have produced universal bankruptcy. Foreign trade was subjected to the greatest burdens, restrictions, and vicissitudes. We were constantly prohibited from trading with various foreign parts, with which we now carry on a large trade—for several years we had no trade with America—for several years we had no trade with the chief part of the Continent, save what we carried on by means of smuggling—the most valuable of our colonies were frequently in great distress from the low prices of their produce—subsidies to foreign powers were repeatedly making large subtractions from our riches—and the raw produce, from which several of our leading manufactures are fabricated, was often extremely dear, and scarcely attainable. It has been said, that during the war we were not exposed to foreign competition, as we have been since it ended. We deny it.

Raw produce of most kinds was much cheaper to foreign manufacturers than to our own; the carriage of goods across the ocean was in many cases much the cheapest to the foreigner. Our maritime supremacy was so far from giving us a monopoly of foreign markets, that scarcely an open foreign market was left us. Our own manufacturers were so far from being protected from the competition of foreign, that they were rigorously excluded from most of the important foreign markets. These markets were monopolised by the foreign ones; and when the peace took place, the manufacturers of the Continent and America were reduced to the greatest distress by the admission of the manufactures of this country.

Why then did the facts happen? We need not prove that the dear corn greatly improved the revenue of the landlords, because the Infallibles admit it. We will, however, say—if it be true as they assert, that the farmer cannot profit from high prices, because his expenses must rise in proportion as corn rises; it must be equally true, that the landlord cannot profit from high prices, for his expenses must in like manner rise as his rent rises. It is ludicrous for people, who make a distinction like this between the landlord and the farmer, to pretend to be scientific and philosophical. It is universally declared, that the dear corn did greatly benefit that part of the community which consists of the landlords.

With regard to the farmers, we might appeal to the more expensive mode of living they adopted, to the great accumulation of capital they made, and to the sarcasms which were general in town and country touching their wine-drinking, the boarding-school education of their children, their riding over their landlords, &c., to prove that they profited far more from the dear corn than the landlords. That men at this time can be found to assert, with the history of the farmers during the war before them, that, putting fluctuations out of sight, high prices of corn cannot benefit, but must even injure, farmers; that men can be found to assert this, and to call the assertion an unassailable principle of an unerring science, forms one of the most matchless specimens of stone-blind ignorance, or bluishless

imposture, that erring and depraved human nature ever exhibited. Such men are found in profusion; therefore, to prove, that the farmers did profit from the dear corn, we must prove that high prices must always benefit them.

We will assume, that a farmer

grows yearly 400 quarters of corn, and that, instead of selling it, he gives it in payment of the claims against him. We will divide these claims in the following manner, and suppose the price of corn to be 30s. per quarter, on the average, of all descriptions:—

	Quarters.
Mr M'Culloch holds, that the landlord receives one-fourth, or	100
Consumed by the farmer in seed, food, &c.	120
Direct taxes, taking them at L.15,	10
Wages and rates, taking them at L.90,	60
Tradesmen's bills, L.90,	60
Interest of his capital, assuming it to be borrowed, L.75,	50
	400

If corn be doubled in price, what is the consequence to this farmer?

He gives his landlord the same corn as before, and he consumes the same as before. On these items the advance makes no difference to him.

A rise in corn produces no rise in taxes. Half the corn will, therefore, now pay the taxes; and on this item he gains from the advance five quarters, or L.15.

With regard to wages, we have supposed that he boards the chief part of his servants; if he do not, a part ought to be deducted from the corn he consumes, and added to the item for wages. On this point it would make no difference to him, whether his servants should eat the corn in his kitchen or their cottages. We will suppose that half their wages is expended in providing bread for their wives and children, and the other half in providing groceries, clothes, &c. The rise in corn, in its legitimate operation, could only raise groceries and clothes in a very trifling degree. Tea is made ready for use by foreign capital and labour, and half its price consists of duty. The rise in corn could not affect the foreign capital and labour, or the duty. Sugar is in nearly the same circumstances. Tobacco is almost all duty. Raw cotton is prepared for market by foreign capital and labour, and, to a great extent, brought to this country by foreign ships. The case is the same, in a considerable degree, with sheep's wool, timber, tallow, &c. &c. The rise in corn could only, in its legitimate operation, raise that part of the

price of merchandise and manufactures, which consists of the wages of British labour and capital. Assuming that the price of the pound of tea is on the average 8s., and that one-fourth of it consists of such wages; the doubling of the freight, and the profit of the importer and retailer, would only add twenty-five per cent to the cost of tea.

If we concede, which is very far above the truth, that one-half the wages of the town-working classes is expended in bread and animal food, and that the price of the latter would be doubled by the doubling of the price of corn; then such a rise in corn ought only to add one-half to the wages of these classes. Most manufactured articles of moment are fabricated more or less by machinery, the expense of which is but little affected by the price of food. In various of these articles, the addition of one-twelfth, or one-sixth, to the price, would double the master's rate of profit, and the wages of the workmen. The doubling of the price of corn would not warrant such an addition; we believe an increase of one-twentieth would be sufficient to counter-balance it. We will, however, assume that to prevent manufacturing and trading wages and profits from sustaining any real diminution, the prices of clothing, groceries, &c. ought to be raised one-fourth when the price of corn is doubled. By this we concede more than in justice we ought, but we wish to give the Infalibles every imaginable advantage.

We have put the wages and rates

together, but we will now divide them, and take the former at L.70, and the latter at L.20. Allowing half the wages of the farmers' servants to be expended in bread and animal food, and that it ought to be doubled if the price of corn should be doubled, we therefore raise this-half the wages to L.70. Allowing that the other half ought to have one-fourth added to it, on account of the advance in groceries and clothing, we raise it to L.44. We raise the whole wages to L.114. Some of the rates would be very little affected by the advance of corn, but we will add one-fourth to them on account of it. We now have the rates L.25, and them and the wages jointly, L.139. The corn, in consequence of the rise, is worth L.180, therefore here the farmer gains L.41, or nearly fourteen quarters.

What we have said is applicable to the tradesmen's bills. Allowing that one-fourth ought to be added to these, it will raise them to a fraction more than L.112: the corn is raised to L.180. Here the farmer gains about L.68, or more than twenty-two quarters.

The interest is not in the least affected by the rise in corn; half the corn will therefore now pay it; and on this item the farmer gains twenty-five quarters, or L.75.

Assuming, then, that his rent is doubled, and that everything he buys is raised to the full proportion, still the farmer draws from this doubling of the prices of corn *a nett annual gain* of L.199. Taking what we have called interest to be his previous profit, it is raised to L.274;—it is almost quadrupled.

Of course, if we suppose the farmer to sell every grain of his corn, and to pay the different items with money, it has the same result. A smaller rise in corn will be beneficial to him in proportion. Some of our items may be too large, and others too small, but in the material ones we are near the truth. With regard to rent, we go with Mr M'Culloch. He assumes that the landlords practically receive one-fourth of the produce; and he maintains that they cannot possibly profit from a rise in corn, beyond the amount of the advance on this one-fourth.

And now, what becomes of the doctrine, that if corn rise, all the farmer's outgoings are raised in proportion?

What becomes of the doctrine, that dear corn is positively injurious to the farmer, by compelling him to eat dear bread, and to pay high wages? What becomes of the doctrine, that the farmer cannot reap the least advantage from an advance in the price of corn? Ye powers—what wonderful men are these Infallibles! Every one may see that if the price of corn be doubled, the price of tea, sugar, woollens, cottons, &c. &c. must be doubled—taxes must be doubled—duties must be doubled—and the interest of money must be doubled, or the farmer must benefit very greatly from the rise in corn. And every one must see that such a rise in corn could not possibly produce, and would not justify, such a rise in the other things. Who would argue that taxes, duties, and the price of cloth, silks, tobacco, tea, sugar, wine, &c. ought to be doubled, if the price of corn should be doubled? If Mr M'Culloch be right on this point, it is most preposterous in him to argue, as he does, touching the foreign agriculturists, that corn can fall below the cost of production; and it is alike preposterous in him to argue, as he does, that dear corn operates fatally on the trading and manufacturing classes. If the farmer's outgoings must rise or fall to the exact amount in which corn rises or falls, it can make no difference to him whether the quarter of corn be worth tenpence, or ten pounds; while, to the trading and manufacturing classes, cheap corn must be most destructive, and dear corn most beneficial. The wondrous Economist here again mercilessly strikes his weapon through his own vitals.

The fact is, as most of our readers know, that the landlords receive their rents in money, and not in produce; their rents do not regularly fluctuate with the value of produce, and they scarcely ever receive what is equal to the same proportion of produce for two half years in succession. Putting leases out of sight, there is only one time in the year in which a landlord can give a discharge; few landlords think of raising their tenants if the rise in corn be not more than 5s. or 6s. per quarter; the rise must be considerable, and it must have two or three years steady duration, before it will produce any general advance of rents. We say this with reference to a rise in corn; some landlords raise

their tenants though corn remains stationary; they do this because judicious management has so far increased the fertility of their land as to justify the advance.

When, therefore, a great and permanent rise takes place in the price of corn, the farmers who have leases receive for several years the landlord's portion of the benefit, as well as their own; and for two or three years the farmers in general receive the landlord's portion. When at length rents rise generally, scarcely any two landlords raise them in the same degree. The small landowner once more screws up his tenant to rack-rent; he almost doubles what was previously a very high rent. The middling owner lays a fair advance on what was previously a fair rent; and the large owner lays a trifling per centage on what was previously a low rent. On some large estates rents are not raised at all.

As the cost of production does not vary in the same degree, in which the price of corn varies; the proportion of produce practically received by the landlords varies very greatly with the variations in the price of corn. When corn is very low, it will scarcely afford any rent at all; the worth of one-sixth of the produce of a farm is a rack-rent; when it is very high, the worth of one-third of the produce is scarcely a rack-rent. If corn should only on the average sell for 20s. the quarter, fifty quarters would be a heavy rent for a pretty large farm; if it should sell for 40s., 100 quarters would be a lighter rent for such a farm. The landlord, therefore, who keeps his rents constantly at the highest point, practically receives a much greater portion of the produce when corn is dear than when it is cheap; and he who keeps his rents constantly very low, receives in reality a much greater portion of the produce when corn is cheap than when it is dear.

The quantity of produce varies very greatly with the price of corn. When corn is very low, it will not afford the purchasing of nearly as much manure and labour as when it is dear; the land, therefore, yields considerably less corn, and supports considerably fewer sheep and other live stock. Most farms consist partly of poor light land; this land will scarcely pay for regular cultivation, and therefore very little produce of any kind is extracted from it when

corn is very low. But when corn is dear, it will pay amply for regular cultivation, which at the first adds to the quantity of produce, and which keeps yearly increasing this quantity, by increasing the land's fertility. To illustrate this, we will suppose that a farm consists of 300 acres; 200 acres are rich land, which, when corn is low, would let for 20s. per acre, if let separately; 100 acres are poor light land, which, with corn at low prices, would not let for more than 4s. per acre, and would scarcely let at all if offered separately. The landlord will make no separation, and the tenant takes the whole at 15s. per acre all round. The latter, so long as corn continues low, cannot cultivate the bad land, save at a loss; therefore he draws no corn, no winter food for stock—nothing whatever, save a little inferior summer food for sheep, from it. But if corn become dear, this land will leave him a good profit on an outlay upon it in manure and labour; he puts it under regular culture, and by this he adds considerably to his growth of corn, while this very land, by means of artificial grasses and turnips, taking summer and winter together, supports more sheep than it supported previously, and moreover affords a portion of food for other live stock. It in addition keeps regularly increasing in fertility.

A greater quantity of produce is therefore raised on both rich and poor land when it is dear than when it is cheap. If the landlord constantly receive one-fourth of the produce, he will receive a greater quantity when prices are high, and still leave an increased portion to the tenant. If the produce of a farm be raised from 400 to 500 quarters of corn, the landlord ought to receive 125 instead of 100 quarters; and still the tenant will have 375 instead of 300 quarters. A landlord lets a farm for £200 per annum, the produce of which sells yearly for £800. The price of produce is doubled, and through this the quantity is increased by one-fourth; in consequence, the produce sells yearly for £2000. If the landlord merely double his rent, he only receives one-fifth, instead of one-fourth of the produce; and, in reality, his rent is lower to the tenant than it was before the advance. If he raise his rent, so as still to receive one-fourth, he will receive £500 instead of £200; and the te-

nant's share will yet be L.1500 instead of L.600. If we suppose that the tenant expends yearly L.150 in extra manure, &c. to obtain the increase of produce, that his rent is thus increased one hundred and fifty per cent, and that everything else which he has to buy or pay is doubled, he still gains from the rise of produce L.150 per annum. If the landlord only add fifty per cent to his rent, when produce is thus increased in price and quantity, he in reality receives only a little more than one-seventh of it, instead of one-fourth; he receives L.300 instead of L.200, and the tenant receives L.1700 instead of L.600. If all the tenant's outgoings be doubled to him, excluding rent, and if he expend L.150 per annum additional, as we have stated, he still gains L.350 annually from the rise of produce.

Our readers will bear in mind, that, in speaking of dear corn, we mean dear corn with nearly average crops—such dear corn as we generally had during the war. We do not mean dear corn raised by very bad harvests. The Infallibles declare, that the Corn Laws keep corn generally dear, even with average crops; they rail against these laws for making corn dear independently of seasons; and it is on this ground we are meeting them.

During the war, the price of corn was doubled, the price of other produce was more than doubled, and the quantity of produce was almost doubled. The advance of rents upon the whole kept considerably behind the advance of produce. The farmers, for two or three years, and many of them for much longer, pocketed the landlord's share of the profit as well as their own; and this enabled them to increase their quantity of produce so much, that, when the advance of rent came, this increase was almost sufficient to cover it. On some large estates, rents were never raised at all; on other large estates very low rents had fifty per cent added to them; and on other large estates, very low rents were at different times doubled. On the smaller estates, and some of the large ones, rents were raised still more; but, putting out of sight the new farms formed from waste lands, and looking at the country as a whole, we are pretty sure that they were not on the average doubled. The reason why the farmers benefitted so greatly from dear corn

during the war, notwithstanding the increase of taxation, &c. cannot need any farther explanation. That they did so profit, is a fact of universal notoriety.

And now, did the husbandry labourers reap no benefit from the dear corn during the war? Their wages rose more in proportion than corn, and were nearly doubled; in many cases, these wages were more than doubled. In addition to this, work was multiplied so much, that it was always abundant. The labourers, therefore, not only obtained a higher price for their labour in proportion when they could sell it, but they were enabled to sell a considerably greater quantity of it. A man willing to work was never compelled to be idle. More than half the farmer's servants are unmarried, and in various parts of the country he provides the unmarried ones with board, lodging, and washing in his house. These servants had nothing to buy save clothes, which were raised but little in proportion to the rise in wages; and they drew from the dear corn a clear annual profit, amounting to one-fourth or one-third of their wages. The servants, married and single, who had to provide themselves with board, were enabled, by the rise in wages, and the increased demand for labour, to draw a large annual profit from the dear corn. When wheat became dear, the families of the husbandry labourers expelled the rye or barley loaf for the wheaten one.

It is thus unquestionable—it is a fact alike notorious and unassailable—that the dear corn, during the war, did very greatly benefit that part of the population of the United Kingdom which comprehends the landlords, the farmers, and the husbandry servants of all descriptions. Let us now inquire what effect the dear corn had upon the remainder of the population.

First, with regard to the manufacturers. Their profit arises from a per centage on the amount of their sales; and to obtain the greatest annual amount of profit, they must not only obtain the highest per centage possible, but they must sell the greatest quantity of goods possible. It matters not what their prices may be, or what the cost of food and labour may be; that state of things is the best for them which will raise their sales and rate of profit to the greatest height. If it

be true that the richer a man is, the more clothes and other manufactured articles he consumes, and the higher price he pays for them—if it be true that the difference in property and income between the rich man and the labourer, is the reason why the one buys so many more manufactured goods, and pays so much higher prices than the other—it must be equally true, that the richer the customers of the manufacturers are, the more goods these manufacturers will sell, and the higher rate of profit they will obtain. Suppose the latter to be personified by a single individual named Thomas Broadcloth; and suppose their customers to be personified by another individual named John Bull. It is clear that Mr Broadcloth cannot sell a farthing's worth of goods beyond what Mr Bull may be able to buy; and it is equally clear that the purchases of the latter gentleman must be limited by his income. Mr Bull has L.10,000 per annum; the half of this he expends with Mr Broadcloth, and with the other half he buys such articles as the latter does not sell: he has a large family, and can only afford to buy plain, common, low-priced commodities. His income is raised to L.20,000, and, in consequence, he expends with Mr Broadcloth L.10,000, instead of L.5,000; and buys genteel, rich, and high-priced articles. Mr Broadcloth's sale is therefore greatly raised, and his rate of profit is raised likewise.

The agriculturists, landlords, farmers, and husbandry servants, must include more than half the population of the United Kingdom. If we suppose that the rents of the whole kingdom, before the rise in the war, amounted to L.16,000,000, and that they took one-third of the amount of the farmers' sales, then the agricultural body sold produce annually to the value of L.48,000,000. If we suppose further, that in the rise the quantity of produce was increased one-half, and prices were doubled, then the body sold produce annually to the value of L.144,000,000. The income of the body was trebled. If we assume that in both cases the agricultural body expended half the amount amidst the manufacturers of all descriptions, then before the rise they expended L.24,000,000, while after it they expended L.72,000,000,

thrice as much, amidst the manufacturers.

But then it is said, that from the doubling of prices, the manufacturers had to give almost twice the quantity of manufactures for the same quantity of agricultural produce. Well, how did this operate? Let us again place before us Mr Bull and Mr Broadcloth. The former farms his own land, he cannot increase the extent of it, and he can only extract a certain quantity of produce from it yearly. If the price of his produce remain unaltered, while that of manufactures is doubled, he at the best can only buy half his wonted quantity of manufactures. Is Mr Broadcloth similarly circumstanced? No. To be so, he should, if a cotton manufacturer, grow his cotton, dyes, &c. on a limited quantity of his own land, and he should be disabled from selling more than a certain quantity of cotton goods, however high agricultural produce might be. He is under no such restrictions. He practically buys raw produce and labour, to sell them again in a different shape at a certain rate of profit, and he can procure them in any quantity.

If Mr Bull's prices be doubled, an advance of one-fourth, as we have already shown, in those of Mr Broadcloth will be sufficient to raise the percentage of the latter to what it was before the doubling of Mr Bull's prices. This gentleman buys annually 10,000 yards of cloth for L.10,000; and Mr Broadcloth gains annually two shillings per yard upon the cloth, or L.1000 on the whole quantity. Mr Bull's means for buying cloth are doubled, but in consequence of it, Mr Broadcloth must have 2*s.* per yard to obtain the same profit; he must now gain 2*s.* 6*d.* per yard to obtain the same percentage; and the additional 5*s.* enable him to do it. The same number of yards now costs one-fourth more, therefore Mr Bull can obtain only 16,000 yards for his L.20,000. The doubling of Mr Bull's prices, therefore, enables him to wear 16,000 yards of cloth, instead of 10,000, while it not only enables Mr Broadcloth to sell 16,000 yards instead of 10,000, but it enables him to double his profit; it enables him to raise this profit to L.2000. We say this on the assumption that Mr Bull will buy the same quality of cloth in both cases; if he buy finer cloth in the one case than in

the other, it will cause the difference in the number of yards to be less, but it will cause the increase of Mr Broadcloth's profit to be greater, because fine cloth leaves a greater profit in proportion, than coarse.

Let us apply this to the bodies. The agricultural body was enabled to expend 72,000,000 annually, instead of 24,000,000 with the manufacturing body; but in consequence the latter was compelled to add one-fourth to its prices, in order to obtain the same per centage of profit. The agricultural body, therefore, bought far more than twice the quantity of manufactured goods, while the net profits of the manufacturing body on its purchases were trebled. Assuming the former to have bought goods of finer quality, the net profits of the latter were far more than trebled.

The manufacturing body, however, had foreign customers, in respect of whom it had to compete with foreign manufacturers—how then did the rise operate here? The vast majority of the manufacturers exported nothing of moment, but depended on the home trade; these could not suffer from foreign competition. In so far as the rise operated upon the raw produce used by the manufacturers who did export, it raised it in most cases as much to their foreign competitors, as to them; their increased expense, therefore, in regard to these competitors, was chiefly confined to labour. Their goods were, to a considerable extent, fabricated by machinery, and in consequence their prices were affected in a very trifling degree by the proper rise in wages. They kept wages down when they could not raise them without sacrificing their trade and profits. They sustained little, or no loss on this point, in regard to their per centage.

If the manufacturing body were thus able to retain its per centage on the *value* of its exports, how did the rise operate in regard to the *quantity* of these exports? The vast additional consumption of the other body in both manufactures and merchandize, created a demand for a vast additional quantity of different kinds of foreign produce; this produce was in a great degree paid for with manufactured goods, therefore the exports of the manufacturing body were very greatly raised in regard to *quantity*. As quantity

was raised, the amount of profit was raised.

The various kinds of manufacturers are customers to each other, and the enlarged purchases of the agriculturists enabled each kind to add considerably to its purchases of the other kinds. This made a very great addition to the home sales and profits of the manufacturing body, and it made likewise a great addition to its foreign sales and profits.

What we have said relates to the master manufacturers; we will now turn to their workmen. It is notorious that the wages of these were raised more in proportion, than the price of necessaries. The wages of a few were perhaps kept down from the inability of their masters to raise their prices in foreign markets, but their number was a mere drop in the bucket to the whole. The price of labour was generally raised so much that the workmen were able to buy a greater portion of necessaries and luxuries after these were raised, than before; and in addition to this, the demand for labour was perhaps trebled.

And now touching the merchants and shopkeepers. They buy commodities to sell them again at a certain per centage of profit; and generally speaking, they get the same per centage, whether they buy at a high price or a low one. We of course must here put out of sight the temporary irregularities caused by fluctuations. As a body, they obtained the same per centage of profit, while from the vast increase in the consumption of the raw produce worked up by the manufacturers, colonial produce, &c. the quantity of their sales was perhaps increased sixfold, and perhaps the amount of these sales was increased tenfold. If the amount were thus increased, their profits were increased tenfold.

We speak of the manufacturers and traders as bodies, to put the subject in the clearest light possible. In the manufacturing body, we include all manufacturers of all kinds—the manufacturers of shoes and garments, as well as those of woollens and cottons. It matters not, if this or that individual did not increase his trade; or if the profits were divided amidst a greater number of people. The questions are—1. *Did the dear corn of the war increase or diminish the AGGREGATE*

QUANTITY of raw produce and manufactured goods of all descriptions sold by the traders and manufacturers of this country, both at home and abroad?

2. Did the dear corn of the war increase or diminish the AGGREGATE AMOUNT of the profits of the traders and manufacturers? 3. Did the dear corn of the war increase or diminish the AGGREGATE QUANTITY of labour employed in trade and manufactures, the AGGREGATE AMOUNT of wages paid for this labour, and the means of the individual workmen for buying necessaries and luxuries?

Let it be remembered that we are not speculating touching the future; we are merely endeavouring to discover the cause of EFFECTS which were witnessed by every one—we are merely attempting to account for FACTS which cannot be questioned even by the Infallibles. Whether our explanations be, or be not, erroneous, it is still an *unquestionable fact*, that the dearness of agricultural produce during the war did yield immense benefit to the landlords, farmers, and husbandry servants—it is still an *unquestionable fact*, that when such produce was thus dear, the goods and labour of the traders and manufacturers were rendered still dearer in proportion; the aggregate sales of the traders and manufacturers were prodigiously increased; the number of workmen they employed was prodigiously increased, and the aggregate amount of their profits was prodigiously increased. It is an *unquestionable fact*, that the dearness of agricultural produce enabled the agriculturists as a body to consume an immense additional quantity of merchandize and manufactures; and that while they did this, the traders and manufacturers, as bodies, were enabled to consume an immense additional quantity of merchandize and manufactures. It is an *unquestionable fact*, that during the dearness of agricultural produce, trade and manufactures increased in an unexampled manner; and that they thus increased in spite of enormous additional duties, taxes, freights, and sea-risks—in spite of the impoverishment and loss of foreign markets—in spite of such a combination of burdens, obstructions, and injuries, as was calculated to destroy them utterly. And it is an *unquestionable fact*, that, while no cause can be discovered for their unexampled increase save the dearness of agricultural

produce, this increase can be satisfactorily traced to such dearness by means of authentic history and arithmetic.

And now, what becomes of the doctrine that the Corn Laws practically tax the country by causing corn to be dearer than it otherwise would be?

Let us now examine the matter put forth by Mr M'Culloch, to prove that the abolition of these laws will benefit every interest in the community.

He says—"It is true that if we were to purchase our food in the cheapest market, a considerable number of persons now engaged in the cultivation of bad soils would be thrown out of *that* employment. But it is no less true, that they would be employed in some other way. If the consumers of corn were able to obtain the same supply of that necessary for two-thirds, or three-fourths of the sum which it now costs, they would most unquestionably have the other third or fourth of this sum to expend on something else. The *total effective* demand of the country for the produce of labour, and consequently the rate of wages, and the power of obtaining employment, would therefore continue the same; while its wealth would be augmented by the produce of the labour of all the hands which had been set free from the production of corn. Suppose we require under the existing system the labour of two millions of people to raise forty-eight millions of quarters of corn; and that by throwing the ports open, we obtain a large supply by the labour of *one million and a half*; then, as the means by which the consumers paid the labour of the two millions of hands could not be diminished in consequence of the increased facility of production, it is clear to demonstration, that after the fall of prices, the surplus of half a million of hands would be employed in some other pursuit; and consequently that the produce of their labour would be so much clear *gain*—so much of *positive addition* to the previous wealth and riches of the country."

Oh, Jove and Jupiter, what an amazing Infallible! Hold—hold thy dreadful hand, all-slaughtering M'Culloch! Slay the whole world beside, if it please thee, but massacre not in this savage manner thy own unerring self!

If the price of corn be reduced one-

third, the consumers will have the same sum to buy it with which they had before the reduction; the prices and wages of the traders and manufacturers will sustain no diminution. This is declared by the very Economist—by the very Infallible—who in the same article declares that if corn rise, the farmer's wages and other outgoings are raised in exact proportion; and that the price of corn regulates prices and wages in regard to other commodities! It is therefore one fundamental principle of Political Economy, that the price of corn does not affect, in the least, prices and wages amidst the traders, manufacturers, and labourers; and it is another fundamental principle of the same Political Economy, that these prices and wages are governed by, and rise and fall with, the price of corn! Political Economy is a most marvellous science.

If the price of corn be reduced one-third, the sum received by the agricultural body for corn must, of necessity, be reduced one-third. If we suppose this sum to be only L.90,000,000, the reduction would take L.30,000,000 from the receipts of the agriculturists. How do the latter employ the L.30,000,000? They expend nearly the whole in merchandize and manufactured goods. The traders and manufacturers would therefore lose the sale of nearly thirty millions' worth of goods annually; their prices would remain unaltered, therefore they could not increase their foreign sales by means of lower prices; their rate of profit and wages would continue the same, but then they would lose the whole of the profit and wages arising from the sale of the thirty millions' worth of goods, and yet they would have the same sum to buy corn with after the reduction, which they had before!! A shoemaker and his eighteen workmen expend yearly L.300 in corn; corn is reduced in price one-third, but that which reduces it takes away one-sixth of his business, and consequently strips him of one-sixth of his profits, compels him to discharge one-sixth of his workmen, and leaves him and his workmen only L.200 to buy corn with. Nevertheless, this reduction of business, profit, and employment makes no difference in the income of the shoemaker and his hands! What a profound investigator is Mr M'Culloch!

Let us go a step deeper. Suppose the eighteen journeymen shoemakers have each 16s. per week, and expend 6s. per week each in corn. Three are discharged, and fifteen remain at the same wages. These fifteen have each, from the reduction in corn, 2s. per week more to expend. They have practically, and in the whole, 30s. more, but the discharged ones have 45s. less to expend weekly. Now for the master. Assuming that he expends 18s. in corn, he gains from the reduction 6s. weekly; and assuming further, that his profits only amount to L.6 per week, he loses by the loss of business L.2 weekly. The case, therefore, stands thus with the master and men—there is a gain on the one hand of 36s., and there is a loss on the other of 85s. weekly; there is a dead loss of 49s. per week. As it is with the individual, so it must be with the body.

If corn were reduced one-third, and thirty millions were subtracted from the annual sales of the traders and manufacturers, the latter would still charge the same prices, give the same rate of wages, sell the same quantity of goods, employ the same number of workmen, and gain the same amount of profit. They would not only do this, but the reduction in corn, and consequent loss of business, would enable them to employ a vast additional number of workmen, and add largely to their trade and profits! Was there ever such an astounding thing heard of as this Ricardo Political Economy?

If we at present employ two millions of hands in raising corn, and if by the opening of the ports the number should be reduced to one million and a half, then the quantity of corn raised by them would be one-fourth less, assuming the land to be equally fertile. Allowing that from difference in fertility the quantity should be only one-eighth less; then with this reduction of quantity, and another of one-third in price, the receipts of the agricultural body would be brought down from ninety, to about fifty-two millions. This body would expend about thirty-eight millions less with the traders and manufacturers. Granting that the deficiency in quantity would be covered with foreign corn, that this foreign corn might be paid for with manufactured goods, and that the

foreign producers of it might even be in all shapes as profitable customers for merchandize and manufactures as the ruined British ones; still the foreigners would barely buy what these British ones could no longer buy; the merchants and manufacturers would gain half a million of foreign customers, but they would lose half a million of British ones. They would still have 30,000,000 subtracted from their sales, and, instead of being able to employ the ruined agriculturists, would be compelled to discharge a large number of their workmen. Nevertheless, according to the infallible Mr M'Culloch, the total effective demand of the country for goods and labour would remain the same! Now, assuming that this demand should remain the same, the country would employ half a million, or a quarter of a million of foreign agriculturists, instead of half a million of its own. This he asserts. The foreigners would merely supply the corn, previously supplied by the half million of Englishmen; and, at the best, they would only buy the merchandize and manufactures which the Englishmen could no longer buy. The demand for labour would be the same, and there would not be the least demand for the labour of the Englishmen, displaced, as it would be, by that of the foreigners. Yet the Economist asserts that the produce of this labour, thrown, as it would be, upon a market having not the least demand for it, would be all clear gain to the country! This he declares to be matter of demonstration. He has wonderful notions touching the nature of demonstration.

If therefore the consumers of corn should not have the same money to buy it with, after the reduction, as before—if they should not obtain the same prices and wages, and sell the same quantity of goods and labour—then, according to Mr M'Culloch himself, the half million of ruined Englishmen could not procure employment. It is demonstrable that they could not have this sum—it is demonstrable, that if they could keep up their prices, they could not keep up their sales. Granting that the ruined Englishmen would still need food and clothing, the value of these would have to be furnished gratuitously by their brethren, from whose

purchases for themselves it would form a further subtraction.

But who will believe that the traders and manufacturers could keep their prices and wages unaltered, were one-third or one-fourth to be struck off the price of corn? Would a diminution of thirty, or twenty-two millions in their sales cause no stagnation and glut, no bankruptcies and forced sales, no ruinous depression of demand and prices? Is not the abolition of the Corn Laws expressly called for on the ground that it will produce low prices and wages? If the traders and manufacturers should reduce their prices and wages in proportion to the reduction in corn, they would not have a single additional farthing to buy other things with, even though their *quantity* of business and employment should remain unaltered. It must be remembered that to keep this quantity of business and employment from diminution, their foreign sales would be increased so far beyond the value of the imported corn, as to balance the falling off in the aggregate purchases of the agriculturists. Such an increase would be an utter impossibility.

We need not speak farther on this point.

Mr M'Culloch maintains that—“When the rate of wages is raised, in consequence of a rise in the price of raw produce, *the rate of profit is universally reduced.*” This is one of the grand “abstract truths” of the Political Economy taught by the Infallibles. It is asserted, not as an opinion, but as a fact—as an unquestionable fact drawn from experience. Now, gentle reader, what says experience to the matter? What was the rate of profit during the war when corn and labour were so exceedingly high? Ask the farmer, the shipowner, the merchant, the manufacturer, and the shopkeeper, and they will say—the rate of profit was then generally higher than they ever knew it. To corroborate their testimony, look at the immense amount which was annually paid as taxes, at the immense amount which was annually lent to the State, and at the immense amount of new capital which was annually thrown into agriculture, manufactures, and trade—Could this enormous mass of profit have been annually realized by the country if the rate of profit had been universally at the lowest

point?—if it had not been universally extremely high? No! Now, what has been the case during the peace, whenever corn and wages have been low? The rate of profit has been low likewise. Wheat, animal food, and wages, are much lower at present, than they were two years ago; the rate of profit is so far from being higher in consequence, that it is universally at the lowest point.

If prices could not rise with wages, a rise in the latter would doubtlessly depress the rate of profit; but this is so far from being the case, that a rise of prices generally precedes a rise of wages; and if the price of an article cannot be raised, it is commonly impossible for the labour employed in this article to raise its wages. But then, say the Infalibles, a rise in prices can afford no remedy. The Ricardo theory is, that the price of every commodity consists *solely* of profits and wages, and either must fall as the others rise. Thus a rise in corn produces a general rise in wages; a manufacturer may raise his price 10 per cent, because the advanced wages of his workmen make his goods 10 per cent dearer to him; but then in reality he exchanges his goods for other goods, the rise in wages is universal, therefore all the goods he receives for his own are raised 10 per cent; he obtains only the same quantity of goods for his own as before; his money returns are of course increased, but his profit is not; he receives only the same aggregate of profit upon increased aggregate money returns, consequently his rate of profit is lowered. This gross and monstrous error is held by the Infalibles to be a truth which cannot be controverted, and they stigmatize all who dissent from it as people destitute of common understanding!

It is said that the fall of profits is *universal*, we must therefore look at the *whole* community. That the profits of the landlords are greatly raised, is denied by no one; but then the Infalibles will not have anything to do with rent, and they will not allow that the landlords belong to the community. We have already shown that what the farmer exchanges his commodities for is not raised in proportion, and that his profits are very greatly increased in both rate and amount. But then, cry the Infalibles,

if his profits be above the average, they will soon be brought down by the introduction of fresh capital. This is one of the false assumptions upon which they stand throughout. If it be true, it must be equally true that new farms consisting of land of average quality, can be formed to any extent at pleasure—that it is as easy to form an additional farm as to form an additional cotton manufactory. The falsehood of it is evident. The land of this country is already occupied; if new farms be formed, they must consist of land which will only yield the lowest profit; and if new capital be introduced, it must be introduced by the present occupiers, or others in lieu of them, but not by additional ones. We of course speak generally, and the exceptions are of no importance. The operation of such capital is limited by nature; it can only add to production what the increase of population needs, therefore putting rent out of sight, such capital cannot reduce the farmer's rate of profit.

And now touching the merchants and shopkeepers:—Suppose the articles they deal in are raised to them 10 per cent; the purchase of goods now costs them L.110, which previously cost only L.100. Their rate of profit is 10 per cent, and they have been accustomed to buy the package for L.100, and to sell it again for L.110, thus gaining L.10 upon it. How do they act now? Do they give for the package L.110, sell it again for L.120, and still gain but L.10 upon it? No: They still lay 10 per cent. profit upon the cost of the package, and they now gain from it L.11 instead of L.10: The same quantity of goods leaves them a pound more of profit, solely because its price to them has been raised. If a grocer buy goods annually to the value of L.20,000, upon which sum he has 10 per cent profit, his yearly profits amount to L.2000. If the same goods be raised to him 10 per cent, they cost him L.22,000, and, in consequence, he has a profit upon them of L.2200. The same quantity of goods leaves him L.200 more of profit, solely because it costs him 10 per cent more. This grocer practically buys tea and sugar with tea and sugar, money being the instrument; and his rule is to rate the tea and sugar he gives 10 per cent above the tea and sugar he receives, no matter

what the price of the latter may be. Here is manifestly no reduction in this case in the rate of profit.

And now touching the manufacturers:—Suppose a cotton manufacturer sells a bale of cottons for L.100, the price of which is to him as follows: One-fourth labour, one-fourth the raw articles, one-fourth duties, one-eighth carriage in this country, warehouse rents, &c. and one-eighth profit. How is he acted upon by a general rise of 50 per cent in wages?

Before the Advance.

Labour	.	.	L.25	0	0
Raw articles	.	.	25	0	0
Duties	.	.	25	0	0
Carriage, &c.	.	.	12	10	0
Profit	.	.	12	10	0
			L.100	0	0

After the Advance.

Labour	.	.	L.37	10	0
Add 1 per cent to raw article	.	.	25	5	0
Duties	.	.	25	0	0
Carriage, &c.	.	.	15	12	6
Profit	.	.	12	10	0
			L.115	17	6

Here the manufacturer must have L.115, 17s. 6d. for the same quantity of goods, instead of L.100, and still he will only gain the same profit; of course his rate of profit will be reduced. Let him then raise his price to L.118; and his rate of profit will be higher than it was before the advance; as the advance of eighteen per cent on cottons will not only cover the advance of 50 per cent on wages, and the advance on such other articles as the manufacturer has to buy, but it will raise his rate of profit.

The blunder of the Infallibles on this point is, they confound what the manufacturer buys for the consumption of his family with what he buys for his trade. They say, if he raises his cottons, he will only obtain the same quantity of silks, woollens, &c. for them as before, because the price of these will be equally raised, or perhaps he will obtain a smaller quantity. The truth is, he buys no such goods with his cottons; he buys labour, raw produce, receipts for duties, &c. and a certain portion of money as profit, with them. He buys silks, woollens, &c. with his profit, but not with his cottons; and if the price be raised, his profit is raised likewise. Putting labour out of sight, the things which he buys with his cottons can only be affected in a very trifling degree by the rise of wages.

To render this more intelligible, we

will begin at the beginning. We have shown, that if wheat were raised from 40s. to 80s. the quarter, and other agricultural produce were doubled, the rate of profit of the farmers and landlords would be prodigiously raised, though wages to them should be nearly doubled, and every commodity they buy should be on the average raised one-fourth.

If a workman, his wife, and two children, consume each a quarter of wheat yearly, the cost of wheat to them before the advance will be L.8 annually; if we suppose they consume animal food of the same value, the cost of both will be L.16 yearly, or something more than 6s. weekly. We will assume, that the family earns 12s. per week. If wheat and animal food be doubled, and the other articles bought by the family be raised one-fourth, the wages ought to be raised to something more than 19s. 6d. per week. With such wages, the family could buy as many necessaries and luxuries after the advance as it bought before. Raise the wages to 21s., this will be only an advance of 75 per cent, and yet the family will be able to buy more necessaries and luxuries than it bought before food was doubled.

Some married workmen have more than two children to maintain, but some have none—some have only one, and the children of some support

themselves. We take this family as the mean in regard to the married workmen.

The majority of servants are not married. To a single one, having 12s. weekly, the advance in corn and animal food makes a difference of only L.4 per annum, or something more than 1s. 6d. per week. The whole advance increases his expenses little more than 3s. per week, while 9s. per

week are added to his wages. The servants not full grown do not benefit so much; but the unmarried servants, as a whole, profit immensely from the advance.

If a manufactured article consist half of labour, one-fourth of foreign raw produce, and one-fourth of duty and profit, L.100 worth of it will be thus affected:

<i>Before the Rise.</i>				<i>After the Rise.</i>			
Labour	.	.	L.50 0 0	Labour	.	.	L.87 10 0
Raw produce	.	.	25 0 0	Produce	.	.	25 0 0
Duty and profit	.	.	25 0 0	Duty and profit	.	.	25 0 0
L.100 0 0				L.137 10 0			

Assuming the manufacturer to get ten per cent profit, he must add L.3, 15s. for profit; with an advance of a trifle more than 41 per cent, this article will leave the manufacturer the same rate of profit as before. The precise quantity of goods, which, before wages rose, left him L.10 profit, now leaves him L.13, 15s.

If a manufactured article consist one-fourth of human labour—one-half of the labour of machinery, which is raised 5 per cent—and one-fourth of raw produce, duty, and profit, the case will stand thus:

<i>Before the Rise.</i>				<i>After the Rise.</i>			
Human labour	.	.	L.25 0 0	Labour	.	.	L.43 15 0
Machinery	.	.	50 0 0	Machinery	.	.	52 10 0
Produce, &c.	.	.	25 0 0	Produce, &c.	.	.	25 0 0
L.100 0 0				L.121 5 0			

To get his 10 per cent the manufacturer must add L.2, 2s. 6d.; with an advance of L.23, 7s. 6d. per cent, this article will leave the same rate of profit as before.

If a manufactured article consist, like tobacco, perhaps one-fiftieth of labour, and the remainder of duty, produce, and profit, the case will stand thus:

<i>Before the Rise.</i>				<i>After the Rise.</i>			
Labour	.	.	L.2 0 0	Labour	.	.	L.3 10 0
Duty, &c.	.	.	98 0 0	Duty, &c.	.	.	98 0 0
L.100 0 0				L.101 10 0			

An advance here of L.1, 13s. per cent will leave the manufacturer the same rate of profit as before.

If a manufactured article consist nine-tenths of labour and one-tenth of profit, the case will stand thus:

<i>Before the Rise.</i>				<i>After the Rise.</i>			
Labour	.	.	L.90 0 0	Labour	.	.	L.157 10 0
Profit	.	.	10 0 0	Profit	.	.	10 0 0
L.100 0 0				L.167 10 0			

To get his 10 per cent, the manufacturer must add L.6, 15s.; with an advance of L.74, 5s. per cent, he will obtain the same rate of profit as before.

If our readers will examine every article consumed in a family, they will perceive that an advance of twenty-five per cent on the average would enable the manufacturers and traders to preserve the same rate of profit should agricultural produce be doubled, as we have said, and wages be universally raised seventy-five per cent.

Granting that all manufactures are raised in the same proportion, and that a given quantity of any manufactured article will exchange for only the same quantity of other manufactured articles after the advance, as it exchanged for before—what does it prove? Granting that, when this is the case, the manufacturer's returns in money are greatly increased, while he only sells the same quantity of goods, what does it establish? Is the value of one manufactured article to be measured solely by the value of other manufactured articles, without any reference to raw produce, duty, and money? Is the manufacturer's rate of profit determined by the yard or hundredweight without any regard to its cash-value? Once more, we say, the manufacturer does not exchange his goods for other manufactures; he exchanges them in the first place for wages and profits, by which they are consumed; and with these wages and profits he buys labour, raw produce, and receipts for duties. We mean by the term profits, the profits of other people which are expended on his goods, and not his own.

And now, to ascertain whether the manufacturer's rate of profit be really reduced, let us *separate his profits from his capital*, and examine their value in both money and commodities. We have shown that he retains his rate of profit—that he obtains the same per centage on the *value* of his goods—and that he gains a greater amount of profit on the same *quantity* of goods. Before the advance, he sells goods yearly to the value of L.20,000, on which he gains 10 per cent, or L.2000: the goods are raised one-fourth; he now sells them for L.25,000, and gains on the same quantity L.2500. If he sell only the same quantity of goods, his

profits are raised one-fourth in amount. If he expend L.1000 of his profits yearly on his family, and form the remainder into capital, and if the article consumed by his family be increased one-fourth in price, he has his L.1250 to buy the same articles with, and still he has L.1250 instead of L.1000 to add to his capital. If he expend the whole of his profits on his family, only a comparatively small part is expended in bread and the articles which are raised the most. If a family expend L.2000 per annum, a considerable part goes for direct taxes which are not raised at all, another large part goes for foreign and domestic luxuries, which consist chiefly of duty, and which are raised very little; and another large part goes in pleasures, amusements, charities, &c. which are but slightly advanced. Taking the advance at one-fourth all round, he has an increase of one-fourth in his profits to meet it. The exchangeable value of his profits remains the same.

But then it may be said, additional capital will be necessary to manufacture the same quantity of goods. Well, the advance creates a large part of this additional capital by the additional value it gives to the stock on hand. But in truth, such capital will not be necessary. That part of the community which pays ready money for what it consumes, consists principally of the farmers and working classes; the other part, to a very great extent, buys what it consumes more or less on credit. When wages and agricultural produce are high, money for payments is abundant; when they are low, it is very scarce, and the same capital will do one-fourth more business when money is abundant, than when it is the contrary. Were a manufacturer to begin business after the advance, the abundance of money, caused by the high wages and agricultural produce, would enable him to make a return of L.25,000 as easily as he would have made one previously of L.20,000, with the same capital. There will then be no additional capital necessary. The same amount of capital which, before the advance, left L.2000, leaves after it L.2500: it therefore leaves a great increase in the rate of profit, looking merely at money. But granting that more capital is requisite, how is it obtained? By the borrowing of money which is idle, and earning nothing;

or, which is far more likely, by the creation of capital through bills, &c. which otherwise would never have existed. In either case, the additional capital left no profit before the advance, and the same amount of capital leaves one-fourth more profit after than it left before.

We have merely shown, that it is possible for the manufacturers to raise their prices so far as to retain the same rate of profit, if agricultural produce be doubled, and wages be universally raised seventy-five per cent. But our readers will see that they might raise them still more—that they might raise them one-third—that they might raise their rate of profit from ten to fifteen per cent., and still leave the agriculturists and working classes a greatly enlarged command over necessities and luxuries. If, therefore, a manufacturer should find that the advance laid on his goods would not keep his profits at their exchangeable value, he could easily increase it. If—which is not possible—his article should contain no labour at all, but should consist of ingredients not affected by the advance, it would, without being raised, exchange for the same quantity of these ingredients, and leave the same rate and amount of profits; but then these profits would not bring him the same quantity of necessities and luxuries. If his returns should be £20,000, and profits £2,000 before the advance, they would be the same after, while everything bought with these profits would be raised to him. In this case he might add two and half per cent to his price, and this would add one-fourth to the amount of his profits.

We have spoken as though the manufacturers would sell only the same quantity of goods after thus raising their prices; but our readers will see that the agriculturists and working-classes would be able on the whole to add one-third or one-fourth to their purchases of merchandize and manufactures. If their increased consumption, in its direct and indirect operation, should enable the manufacturer to sell one-fourth more goods, how would this affect his yearly profits, assuming him to obtain the same per centage on the amount of his sales? This amount would be raised from £20,000 to £31,250; and his profit upon it would be raised from £2000 to £3125.

Is there anything in the circumstances of the country to prevent profits from thus rising with corn and wages? The merchants and shopkeepers are exposed to no foreign competitors, and they can raise their prices at pleasure. The vast majority of manufacturers export nothing; they could easily be protected from foreign opponents, and they might easily raise their prices. The price of manufactures exported to independent countries must be governed by the markets of these countries, and it cannot be raised, because corn and wages here may be raised. It must be remembered, that a large portion of the manufactures we export is sent to our own foreign possessions, the market of which we could monopolize at any price.

The manufactures we send to foreign nations are to a great extent fabricated by machinery from raw produce, of which the price is governed by the general market of the world; their price, therefore, can be but little affected by the rise in corn and wages. The rate of profit might here be depressed; but it would be so in a very trifling degree. The manufacturer will have his profit; he can keep his wages down in spite of dear corn, and he will never raise them to deprive himself of this profit. It is declared by the Infallibles, that dear corn produces dear labour; and that this dear labour depresses profits, and drives capital into foreign countries. Colonel Torrens has lately repeated this in the House of Commons as a thing unquestionable. The very same people declare likewise, that the price of labour is mainly governed by supply and demand. Such is that mass of contradictions, which is called the *Science of Political Economy*. Has then the master no influence in bargaining with his workmen? Are wages ever high when trade is depressed? Is nothing necessary to produce high wages save dear corn? No matter what the price of corn may be, wages never can be high, except when trade flourishes—they never can be high, except when the profits of the manufacturers are great. Yet, forsooth! the manufacturer is to leave this country when trade flourishes, and profits are great, solely because he has to pay high wages! Parliament may make itself easy on this point; for it is a physical impossibility for high wages to have any

effect worth noticing in driving capital out of the country.

If a man will look through this country, he will think that nothing could well be more absurd, than the doctrine that wages are regulated by the price of food. He will find, that husbandry-wages are nearly double in one agricultural county of what they are in another, although rents and the price of corn are about the same in both counties. He will find wages in one trade 10s. per week—in another 20s.—in another 30s.—in another 40s.—and in another 50s. He will find these variations all in the same town or city, where the price of food is the same to every one. He will find that those trades which pay the lower wages, require as much intellect and skill in the workman, as those which pay the high ones; and that they are often more laborious, slavish, and hazardous, than those which pay the high ones. These variations exist always.

The exporting manufacturer would, therefore, keep down his wages, rather than submit to more than a trifling reduction in his rate of profit. Such a reduction, however, would enable him to advance his wages considerably. Granting that his rate of profit might be somewhat diminished on his foreign sales, this would be far more than counterpoised by the vast increase in the amount of these sales caused by the vast increase in the consumption of foreign produce; and by the increased rate of profit on, and the greatly increased amount of, his home sales.

It is, in truth, very idle, in speaking of the profits of trading capital, to look merely at the rate, without noticing the amount. The rate of profit varies very greatly, even in the same trade. The village grocer lays on a rate of 10 per cent; the town grocer is content with one of 5 per cent. What causes the difference? The village grocer has a small trade which he cannot enlarge; he has a slow sale, which he cannot quicken; and his ten per cent will only enable him to subsist. The town grocer has a large trade and quick sale, and his 5 per cent enables him to realize a fortune. The one can sell as many goods in a week, as the other can in a year. Two manufacturers shall begin business with exactly the same capital; the one shall begin in this country, where he can have a large and quick sale, ample credit for the raw

produce he buys, and abundant aid from his banker; the other shall begin in a poor foreign country, where he will have a small and slow sale, short and narrow credit, and scarcely any assistance from a banker. The former will do four times more business than the latter. We will assume that he can only do twice as much, and that the rate of profit to both is 10 per cent on their returns; if the yearly returns of the English one be L.40,000, those of the other will be L.20,000; the same capital will yield to the one a profit of L.4000, while it will yield to the other only L.2000. For both to make the same amount of profit annually, the rate of the one ought to be double that of the other; if the rate of the one in England be 10, that of the other ought to be 20 per cent.

This will show the absurdity of the doctrine, that capital will emigrate, solely, because the rate of profit is higher, and labour is cheaper than in this country. A manufacturer looks at these matters, but he looks at many others likewise. He might in such a country as Poland, obtain a rate of 25 per cent, and buy labour at half the price it commands here; but then, if he could sell only few goods at home, if he could scarcely obtain payment for these goods, if he could not export without paying a heavy amount of extra carriage, and if, for a considerable part of the year he could not export at all, what advantages would he possess over the manufacturer in England, having a rate of only 7 or 8 per cent, and paying double price for labour? None whatever. Give the agriculturists high prices, and the working classes high wages, and the manufacturers of this country will make a greater amount of yearly profit, from the same capital, with a rate of 10 per cent, than foreign manufacturers will be able to make with a rate of 20 per cent. Bring down wages and prices to the lowest point, fill the land with poverty, strip the banks of deposits and balances, and the merchants and manufacturers of discounts; and then, the same capital will yield the manufacturer less yearly profit, with a rate of 20, than it yielded him eighteen months ago, with a rate of 10 per cent.

We have not space to inquire into the origin of a low rate of profit. In

our judgment, the lowest link in the chain of causes to which it is owing, is competition. What produces the competition? Abundance of capital. What produces the abundance of capital? Great profits. What produces the great profits? Not a high rate, but flourishing trade, quick sales, quick payments, the facilities afforded by credit, banks, &c., and large returns. What produces these? Great consumption. What produces great consumption? High prices of agricultural produce, and high wages throughout the community.

We have said sufficient, we trust, to show the falsehood of the doctrine, that when wages rise, profits fall; and when profits rise, wages fall. We hope we have proved, conclusively, that both can rise and fall together; and that high wages, and high prices for agricultural produce, must necessarily add immensely to the yearly amount of trading and manufacturing profits. If our readers be not yet convinced, we beseech them to return to facts. Let them remember, that if the doctrine be not true, in regard to actual, real, every-day life, it is not worth a snap of the fingers; and that it has already been subjected to the most decisive experiment. Let them look at what profits were, in rate and amount, during the war, and at what they are at this moment.

If the Infallibles say that their doctrine applies to the world as a whole, we will reply that it is still false. It never can be true, saying nothing of other reasons, so long as heavy taxes and duties exist in the world. But they protest that it is true when applied to this country in its present circumstances. It must be remembered, that their doctrine means—that both the rate, and the aggregate yearly amount of the profits of capital, must be reduced as wages rise. To prove its truth, they must first prove, that if wheat were reduced to 10s. per quarter—other agricultural produce were reduced in proportion—wages were universally reduced to 2s. per week, for each workman—and nineteen-twentieths of the whole population were placed in such a condition, that they could buy no foreign produce, no decent clothing, nothing but bread, and the least possible portion of the coarsest articles of dress—then the profits of trading capital would be in both rate and yearly

amount, six times greater than they now are. If the Infallibles cannot prove this, their doctrine is demonstrably false. We need not say—can they prove it?

We have devoted much space to this point, because the question turns in a very great degree upon it. We must be very brief in what we say farther.

On the strength of this doctrine, Mr M'Culloch asserts, that the Corn Laws, by raising wages and reducing profits, were the great cause why so much money was lent to foreign countries, in, and before 1825. Were then trading profits very low in rate and amount in 1825? Did their lowness cause the abundance of idle capital? Were those who vested their money in foreign stock, anxious to employ it in trade and manufactures; and prevented from doing so, solely by the lowness of trading and manufacturing profits?—Poor Mr M'Culloch! what demon possessed him, when he so far forgot himself, as to wander through the country proclaiming himself competent to instruct it in Political Economy?

The unerring Economist, to win the landlords, assures them that they cannot benefit from the Corn Laws, because rents cannot be steady. What is to prevent rents from being so? The “ruinous fluctuations” in the price of corn! We have shown that these fluctuations exist only in the ignorance or dishonesty of the Abolitionists; therefore we need say nothing touching fluctuations in rents. Whether rents have been steady or not in the last few years, is a question with which the landlords are better acquainted than Mr M'Culloch. He assures them farther, that with steady prices, rents will be steady; and their estates will “not be ruined by over-cropping, and by the breaking up of old grass land and meadows in high-priced years.” The simple man! Does he not know that the tenants are bound by lease or agreement to a specified system of cropping; and are thus effectually prevented from over-cropping and taking out old grass land, whether prices be low or high?

First, he declares that the landlords gain four or five millions a-year from the Corn Laws, then he declares that they gain nothing, and now he maintains that the abolition would be great-

ly and signally beneficial to them! Bravo, most unerring Mr M'Culloch! What are the great and signal benefits to flow from? In the first place, "from the general improvement that would infallibly result from the freedom of the Corn Trade." Would their rents be raised? No! The Infallible Economist admits, as we have shown, that prices must be one-fifth lower than they have been in late years; and that this reduction of prices, if it fall wholly on rent, must nearly annihilate it. Would the same extent of land yield a greater quantity of produce? No, it would yield a smaller quantity. The reduction of price and quantity of produce would amount to more than the rent. Then again, he admits, that the abolition must put a large portion of their land wholly out of culture. In the teeth of all this, he asserts, that the landlords will reap great and signal benefits from a free trade in corn. Was there ever such an Infallible heard of?

But then, such a free trade will annihilate the poor-rates! How? If wheat could be kept at a shilling or two per quarter above its present price, able-bodied labourers would never need parish relief! What a marvellous science is Political Economy! Mr M'Culloch admits, that a large part of the light land must be put out of culture; of course, a vast number of husbandry labourers must be stripped wholly of employment; no work, as we have shown, can be provided for them in trade, one-fifth of the labourers now employed by the best land, will be employed no longer; and yet, the poor-rates will be abolished!!!

The great Infallible next makes a "discovery," which, in his judgment, is, of itself, sufficient to settle the question. This is—the high price of corn gives a stimulus to the consumption of potatoes. He believes, that the cultivation of potatoes has been *tripled* since 1795,—that is, in the last thirty-two years. Well, has the cultivation of corn remained stationary? Has population remained stationary? Have potatoes been constantly confined to the same uses? If our readers will look at the increase of population,—at the large influx of Irish labourers,—and at the vast quantity of potatoes now used in the feeding of cattle, the adulteration of baker's bread, and the preparation of several articles of trade;

they will not think such an increase in the cultivation of potatoes any proof that the people of this country feed, in a greater degree, on the root, than they did formerly. That there has been such an increase, rests entirely on Mr M'Culloch's assertion.

If the dearth of corn compel a people to feed on potatoes, how does it happen that the inhabitants of this country live so much on wheaten bread, while those of Ireland, with cheaper corn, live so much on potatoes? How does it happen that the people of Poland, Prussia, &c., seldom taste wheaten bread, but live, in a great degree, on potatoes? How did it happen, that during the war, the people of England, instead of exchanging bread for potatoes, substituted wheaten, for barley bread? To what incomprehensible causes is it owing, that a man, with Mr Jacob's Report, and former publication before him,—with the state of England and Ireland before him,—and with the history of the war before him,—can seriously say, that if corn should be dear, for four or five years together, "the stimulus it would give to the use of the potatoe, would be so great, that it is doubtful whether our prices would not be, in consequence, permanently sunk below the level of those of the continent?" Incredible as it may seem, the unerring Economist actually says this, and he says it seriously. He actually intends it to be, not an enormous jest, but a grave and mighty argument!

If Mr M'Culloch and his official worshippers wish to know what will compel the people of England to feed on potatoes, we will tell them. Bring down the price of corn until the lowest rent is a rack-rent; this will cause a general bankruptcy among the farmers, and annihilate farming capital: farms will then be cut up into potatoe-gardens, the agricultural population, like that of Ireland, will not be half employed, and it will be constrained to live on potatoes, to abandon the use of groceries, &c. and to be clothed in rags. When the agriculturists are brought to this condition, there will be three times more workmen in trade and manufactures than will be able to find employment, and the town-working classes will in consequence be brought to a potatoe diet. Ministers may assure themselves that we are right, if they will only

look at Ireland; and if they will look at Poland and Prussia, they may be convinced that low prices are far worse for exacting ruinous rack-rents, than even Irish landlords.

The great Economist protests that the farmers have a great interest in petitioning for the abolition, and that high prices are very injurious to them. Why? Because high wages reduce profits. The marvellous man says, that this is "absolutely certain." Wages, therefore, will not only be raised in proportion to the rise in corn, but they will be raised so as to take more from the farmer than the additional sum he receives for his corn! Mr M'Culloch is not over well satisfied with his own exertions on the point; therefore he calls to his succour Mr Drummond, a brother Infalible, who dives to a deeper and mud-dier depth than himself in error and absurdity. If Mr Drummond be no better a banker than he is a Political Economist, woe to those who keep accounts with him! Mr Drummond, with immense solemnity, vouches for the truth of his unerring colleague's dicta, and asserts that a high price of corn is positively injurious to the farmer, by compelling him to consume dear, instead of cheap corn, and to pay high wages to his workmen. We have already shown the falsehood of this; and we may add, that if it be true, high wages would at once bring every farmer in the land to bankruptcy, should corn rise to L.10 the quarter; and low wages would soon give to every farmer in the land a huge fortune, should corn fall to 6s. the quarter. It is astonishing that the high prices of the war did not utterly ruin every farmer in the three kingdoms!

Ye men of England, Scotland, and Ireland, who are still honest and right-hearted, we have been greatly abused to small purpose for the strong language we have applied to the arrogant Empirics who put forth these wretched dogmas. Now, if we could exchange the unhappy warmth of our temperament for the flinty stoicism of a thorough-bred Economist, would it be possible for us to speak calmly of them, when sophisms like these are made the basis of legislation for the British empire?

Opposed as we are to any change in the principle of the Corn Laws, it is not necessary for us to inquire what duty

ought to be laid on foreign corn. We must, however, have a word on this point with Mr M'Culloch.

The Ricardo theory of rent is, that rent does not enter into the cost of production. Rent, says Mr M'Culloch, "consists of the excess, or the value of the excess, of the produce obtained from the superior soils under cultivation, above that which is obtained from the worst." Wonderful man! If, therefore, the land of this country were all of exactly the same quality, it would not, though of the very richest quality, yield a farthing of rent. Omniscient Political Economy! how amazing and incomprehensible are thy discoveries!

That this doctrine is false is demonstrable, because the poorest land in this country that is cultivated pays a rent. Land that will not pay rent is never cultivated. No landlord will suffer a tenant to have his land for nothing. If Mr M'Culloch be right, of what does the rent of the worst land consist?

He maintains that rent does not enter into the cost of production, but is a surplus over and above such cost. Land, therefore, is not capital; if a man expend his all in buying land, though it may be L.20,000, he no longer possesses any capital, and he has no right to obtain any interest for his money. If land had no owners, and cultivators could fix themselves upon it without being called upon for any rent, then rent could not enter into the cost of production; there would be no capital vested in the land to justify any addition to the price of produce for rent. But land cannot be so obtained in any civilized country; in the United States, Canada, &c., the cultivators must buy their land; they pay a sum of money, or the interest of a sum of money for it, independently of the capital requisite for its cultivation, or they cannot obtain it. A government may make a grant of land, but this is the same as making a grant of money. Could these cultivators produce corn without the money they buy their land with? Is not this money as truly capital employed in the production of corn, as the money they buy seed and cattle with? Why then ought they not to receive interest for this capital?

Let us begin at the beginning. Our readers are aware, that in all new countries the land has to be cleared before it can be cultivated. If a settler get

his land for nothing, he must be at an expense in clearing it, and he must be at an expense in erecting a farmstead. Suppose that both cost him what is equivalent to five pounds per acre, this is entirely independent of the expenses of mere tenantry, and is he to have no interest for it? If a farmer take a farm in this country, of what does his rent really consist? Partly of the interest of money which has been expended in buying merely the land; partly of the interest of money which has been expended in forming the fences; and partly of the interest of money which has been expended in building the farmstead. He finds the farm surrounded and divided by quick fences, which have been formed at a great outlay, and which save him in wages, temporary fencing, &c. L. 100 per annum: he finds an excellent farmstead, which has been erected at a cost of L. 1000 or L. 1500, and which saves him in preserving his corn from waste, sheltering his cattle, lodging his family and servants, &c. at least L. 100 per annum more. Now, putting convenience entirely out of the question, the landlord, by a great outlay of capital, saves the tenant L. 200 annually in the cost of production: this outlay makes the cost of production L. 200 per annum less to the tenant than it otherwise would be. Does not rent here enter into the cost of production? The capital thus employed by the landlord is as essential for producing corn at the price, as the capital employed by the tenant in stock and utensils. Land, buildings, and fences, are as essential for the production of corn as horses, ploughs, seed-corn and labourers. The capital, however, for providing the latter, is to have interest, but that for providing the land, &c. is to have none. Such is the Political Economy of Mr M'Culloch! What, in the name of common sense, will next be called *Science*?

We must not forget to observe that the doctrine would be perfectly erroneous, if nothing but the first quality of land should be cultivated. A sum of money must be expended on the richest land in clearing it, building and fencing; and no man would cultivate it if the price of his produce would not leave him interest for his money, IN ADDITION to the interest for money employed in seed-corn, utensils, &c.—employed as tenant's capital.

From this false assumption, the un-

erring Economist draws the false deduction, that such taxes as fall exclusively on rent, might absorb it entirely without affecting the price of corn. Taxes could not absorb the rent, without driving the land out of cultivation. If a landlord could obtain no rent for his land, he would not suffer the plough to be put into it; he would know that laying it down would improve its quality, and raise corn to a price that would yield him rent. The worst land that is cultivated, pays a rent, and it ever will pay one, so long as it shall be cultivated. Rent, therefore, does, and ever will, enter into the cost of production.

What are Mr M'Culloch's notions touching protection to the agriculturists? If they be merely taxed in an equal degree with the rest of the community, they have no right to a protecting duty. They may have such a protecting duty as will render the duties affecting their produce equal to the duties that affect the produce of the manufacturers; but not a higher one.

Suppose a manufacturer, from advantages in machinery, capital, fuel, and geographical situation, is able to undersell the whole world; and suppose a farmer, from difference in manner of living, climate, &c. can be undersold by the whole world: if the duties affecting the produce of the two were equalised, what would follow? The manufacturer, in regard to the duties, would not be affected by the foreign competition; he would have a flourishing trade, and his workmen would maintain their standard of living; the farmer and his servants would be plunged into ruin and starvation. Putting out of sight right and justice—putting out of sight the horrible crime and wickedness of making a distinction like this between man and man—has the State no interest in the matter? Would the empire profit from the plunging of ten or fifteen millions of the population into beggary and want, merely to produce this equalization of duties? Political Economy!—call it political idiocy—political frenzy—political theft and confiscation—political cruelty and iniquity—political pestilence! but prostitute that honest, straightforward, invaluable, old English word—Economy, in this manner no longer!

The famous Infallible argues that

the burdens on land are chiefly paid out of rent; and, therefore, the farmers have no right to a protecting duty, or at least, have a right to no higher one than will cover their own share of these burdens. If tithes, rates, land-tax, &c., were wholly paid out of rent, the farmers would have no right to protection, though foreign corn should be sold in this country at 10s. per quarter. Miraculous Mr M'Culloch!

Having established this, the unerring Economist argues, that, as the opening of the ports would have no influence on the burdens which have been long imposed on the landlords, and under which the latter acquired their estates, the landlords have no right to a protecting duty. If foreign corn could be sold in this country at a price that would strip the landlords of every farthing of income, and of nearly every farthing of property, they would have no right to a protecting duty. Miraculous Mr M'Culloch!

Before we take our leave of this individual, we must observe that he puffs Mr Huskisson in a very outrageous manner; and calls what has been said and written against him and his innovations—libels. An attack on Mr Huskisson as a *Minister*, and on his *destructive ministerial innovations* is an unpardonable libel! So says the ex-editor of the *Scotsman*!—so says the *Edinburgh Review*!—so says that work which published Mr Brougham's interminable series of interminable articles on the law of libel! Is not this loathsome? Did the most abject slave ever make a deeper plunge into servility? Whence the dirty sycophancy—whence the beggarly attempt to bring the vengeance of the law upon the opponents of the *Minister*?

The Infallibles accuse our light land of the unpardonable offence of causing food to be far dearer than it would be, were our best land alone cultivated, and the deficient corn supplied from abroad. We must not omit to notice a matter of such immense importance.

Putting out of sight small parcels and extreme cases the rent of the best land in England is perhaps about three pounds per acre. This land in fair years will perhaps yield four quarters of wheat per acre. Assuming that wheat is 60s. per quarter, and that the landlord receives one-third of the mo-

ney received by the farmer for the corn he sells, the rent causes wheat to be 20s. per quarter dearer than it would be if no rent were paid. Will any man say that rent ought to be wholly annihilated? We think not. We will, however, throw it aside altogether. Although it must be clear to every one that the capital vested by the landlord in buildings and fences, causes corn to be several shillings per quarter cheaper than it otherwise could be, we will not notice it.

Well, then, wheat from our best land could be sold for 40s. the quarter, if no rent were paid. Each member of the community would gain from this 20s. yearly, or a little more than 4½d. weekly, assuming that each eats a quarter of wheat annually.

If all other corn were low in proportion, as it ought to be according to the Infallibles, almost half the land of this country would go out of culture. Then, cry these unerring people, how cheap beef and mutton would be! Of all the preposterous errors that were ever sent into this erring world, this doctrine that our poor land could be converted into rich pasture, is the most preposterous. Grass requires as rich land as corn to thrive upon, and only our rich land could form rich pasture. Our light arable land at present produces a surplus of horned cattle; it remotely, if not directly, sends a considerable quantity of beef to market: if it were laid down permanently, it would do this no longer, for, after the first year or two, it would afford neither hay nor pasturage for horned cattle. It now keeps immense numbers of sheep; in truth, the supplies of mutton and lamb are in a very important degree drawn from it; for much of the richest wheat-land grows no turnips and supports very few sheep. If it were laid down, it might afford inferior summer food for about as many sheep as it keeps at present; it would do little more. But it would not produce a vestige of winter food. The gigantic mass of turnips and clover which it now yields, it would yield no longer: and no substitute could be provided for them. Who would keep sheep in summer, with the knowledge that he could not find winter food for them in the country? No one. This land, therefore, would not rear more than perhaps one-third of the sheep it

rears at present. Mutton and lamb would probably be doubled in price, and beef would be greatly raised.

If we suppose that each member of the community consumes a quarter of a pound of butcher's meat daily, then if such meat should be raised fourpence per pound, the additional cost to each member would be 7d. weekly, and 30s. 5d. yearly.

Of course every member of the community would gain 20s. on the one hand, and lose 30s. 5d. on the other: Would sustain a dead loss of 10s. 5d. annually from the cheap corn.

We have not specified bacon, because it might be imported; a very large import would be necessary to keep it from being very dear. An immense number of swine is now reared on this light land, which would be reared no longer. Hogs, in the farm-yard, cost scarcely any thing until they are put up to feed; but if they had to be kept by people having to buy food for them from first to last, bacon ought to be much dearer than it is to pay the cost of production, however cheap corn might be.

What brought the light land into, and what has kept it in, cultivation? The high price of wheat? No. A very large part of this land is never sown with wheat, it will not grow it; and the other part will only grow it once in six or eight years. This land was brought into cultivation by the high price of barley, oats, sheep, and wool. The corn enabled the farmer to provide turnips and other winter food for his sheep, and these enabled him to get good crops of corn. The market is ruined for wool, and open ports would ruin it for oats and barley. The low price of all these, and not of wheat, would drive the land out of culture.

That the cultivation of the light lands has been the means of keeping animal food at about half the price it otherwise would have risen to, is, in our judgement, perfectly certain. Mutton and lamb comprehend so large a portion of the animal food consumed in this country, that if they were very dear, this of itself would cause other kinds of such food to be dear. Speaking of food as a whole—and it is preposterous to represent that bread forms, wholly or chiefly, the food of a nation like this—the cultivation of the light lands has caused it to be

cheaper, and not dearer. The country has gained more from such cultivation in regard to animal food, than it has lost in regard to bread.

That the Infallibles—the men who believe that the most light and barren of our land could, in a moment, be converted into rich pasture—should speak, as though bread constituted the sole food of the British people, is very natural; but that the Ministry and Parliament of Britain should so speak, is alike wonderful and lamentable. Away with cheap bread, if we cannot have it without losing our roast beef! Away with cheap bread, if it must take from us our honest and well-flavoured legs and shoulders of mutton! Away with cheap bread, if it will not suffer us to eat lamb with our green peas! Give us a beef-steak, or mutton-chop, with potatoes to dinner, and we will never repine because we cannot exchange them for a dinner of dry bread!

But if it were true that the culture of the light land had caused food to be considerably dearer, it would be false to say that the additional price has been all loss to the nation. The Infallibles speak as though this land could never be improved; but the truth is, good management, in ten, fifteen, or twenty years, makes it land of average quality. Let a man enclose a garden from the lightest and poorest land he can find; let him dig and manure it well, and in five or six years he will make it rich and fertile. The high prices of the last thirty years have changed millions of acres of worthless land, into land of average fertility; they have practically given to the nation for ever millions of acres of fertile land, *in addition to what it previously possessed*; and they have moreover greatly increased the fertility of the whole land of the country. Has this yielded no benefit to the nation? Granting that each member of the trading part of the community may pay annually 10s. more for his quarter of wheat than he would pay were its price 43s. instead of 53s.; and that this may amount in the aggregate to L.5,000,000 yearly, still, if in its whole operation it have the effect of giving to the nation half a million additional acres of fertile land yearly, who will say that it produces national loss, or that it does not produce immense national benefit?

We intended to say much on this

point, but our limits will not permit us; we shall perhaps return to it again in a paper on Emigration.

Upon the whole then, if the prices of agricultural produce were brought down as the Infallibles wish—if only one fourth of them were struck off, the receipts of the agricultural body would be diminished one fourth. If we take these receipts at L.160,000,000 annually—and we are confident they amount to far more—they would be L.40,000,000 less than they now are. The body would lose L.40,000,000 of its present income.

Where would be the gain to the traders and manufacturers? Each individual would find his quarter of wheat 13s. or 15s. a-year, or about 3d. a week, cheaper to him, *provided he could keep his income from diminution*. Could he do this? No. It is proclaimed that prices and wages must fall with corn, and every one knows that competition would bring them down. The workman would have no more money to buy corn with than he has at present, and the master's rate of profit would not be raised.

Allowing for every thing, forty millions sterling at least would be subtracted from the home sales of the traders and manufacturers. Could they increase their foreign sales so as to balance this? It would be a physical impossibility. A large part of their foreign sales depends on that portion of sugar, rum, cotton, coffee, &c. which the agriculturists would consume no longer; this they would lose, and the imported corn would scarcely afford a balance to it. They could only make a very trifling reduction in their prices; and if they could make a material one, it would be met by increased duties in foreign countries. Every thing in reason warrants the belief, that it would be utterly impossible for them to preserve their foreign sales from serious diminution.

The immense subtraction from the sales of the traders and manufacturers would reduce greatly their amount of profits, and throw vast numbers of their workmen out of employment; this would cause a very large farther diminution of their sales. The glut would run down their prices and wages so much, that food would be really twice as dear to them as it has lately been.

If we assume that the land yields three per cent interest on its value, and that the annual rental of the whole is L.30,000,000; then the value of the whole is L.1,000,000,000. Land can be mortgaged to half its value, therefore here are the means of investing capital on loan to the amount of L.500,000,000, or in purchase to the amount of L.1,000,000,000. If the value of produce be reduced, the value of land must be reduced likewise; and a reduction of one fourth would sweep away at once L.250,000,000 in land alone; and a gigantic additional sum in farming stock. It would make a corresponding reduction in the means of investing capital.

The landlords would be left almost without income—the body of country gentlemen would exist no longer except in name—England's boasted yeomanry would be annihilated—the structure of village society would be reduced to ruins—our country population would be rendered like that of Ireland—and the constitution of Parliament would be wholly changed.

We now place what we have said before the friends of their country. Whether they be Agriculturists, Merchants, or Manufacturers, we implore them to examine facts, weigh arguments, look at the experience of the past, and judge on this momentous question conscientiously. Let them not be guided by either the Ministry or the Opposition—let them not be led by what we say, or by what the Whigs or Benthamites say, or by what the apostate Tories say—let them turn from party, interest, and friendship, make themselves thoroughly acquainted with all the bearings of the question, and then decide according to the dictates of their own understandings. Their decision will form the salvation of their country, or the greatest curse that ever befel it. If we plead in vain—if the landlords be unworthy of notice—if the interests of the empire, as a whole, must be disregarded—still let them listen to the millions of their fellow subjects, whose bread, peace and comfort are drawn from the cultivation of the soil; and not consign them to beggary and hunger, without giving them an impartial hearing, and the benefit of every doubt, according to English justice and equity.

ON THE THEORY OF RENTS.

To the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine.

SIR,

Few philosophical opinions of our time have attracted more notice, or been received with a greater and more general favour, than what has been termed the Theory of Rents. Scattered hints respecting this doctrine, had appeared in the works of several writers; but it has been generally supposed, that until the publication of the very ingenious essays of Mr Malthus and Sir Edward West, the doctrine itself had never been fully developed in its principle and consequences. This, however, is an error. Great as are the talent and merit of these two gentlemen, one of whom has long stood in the first rank of writers on such subjects, neither is entitled to claim the honour of discovery, as regards the theory of rents. This is due to an unknown writer, who, more than thirty years ago, had explained the system at length, and what is worthy of note, had explained it with a clearness and precision which have not since been surpassed: and not only did this writer elucidate the principle of this doctrine, now so celebrated; but in the conclusions which he drew, he avoided those errors to which the too rash generalization of more recent authors has given rise. His essay appears in a periodical work, published in Edinburgh in the year 1791, termed the *Bee*. It will be found in the sixth volume of that work, under the title of a "Disquisition on the connexion that subsists between Rent and the price of Grain, and their mutual influence upon each other." The following extracts comprehend the greater part of this essay.

"Grain can in no case be raised, without a certain degree of labour and expense, the price of which must be repaid to the grower, otherwise he cannot afford to produce it. This may be said, in the strictest sense, to constitute its *intrinsic* price.

"Money being accounted the common measure of value, this price will be affected by the quantity of money that can be obtained for labour, in general, in that place at the time. The farmer must give those he employs wages in proportion to what they can get in other employments; so that if

these wages are high, the farmer's charge must be high also. And the *intrinsic price* of his corn must rise, as the rate of this expense is augmented.

"The intrinsic price of grain, however, all other circumstances being alike, must vary with the fertility of the soil on which it is produced. On a rich soil, less labour and less seed will produce a given quantity of grain, than they will do on a soil that is less productive; so that, strictly speaking, the intrinsic price of corn, when considered only in this point of view, will be different on almost every different field. How then, it may be asked, can its intrinsic value be ascertained over a vast tract of country, possessing a diversity of soils, of various degrees of fertility? and how shall matters be so managed, as that all the rearers of it shall draw nearly the same price for their grain, and have nearly the same profits?

"All this is effected in the easiest and most natural manner, by means of rent. *Rent* is, in fact, nothing else than a simple and ingenious contrivance for equalising the profits to be drawn from fields of different degrees of fertility and of local circumstance, which tend to augment or diminish the expense of culture. To make this plain, a few elucidations will be necessary.

"In every country where men exist, there will be an effective demand for a certain quantity of grain: By *effective* demand, I mean a demand which must be supplied, that the inhabitants may all be properly subsisted. It is this demand which in all cases regulates the price of grain; for the quantity of grain required in this case must be had, and the price that is necessary for producing it must be paid, whatever that may be. These calls are of such a pressing nature, as not to be dispensed with.

"For the sake of illustration, we shall, in the present case, suppose that all the soils are arranged into classes according to their degrees of fertility; which classes we shall at present denote by the letters A, B, C, D, E, F, G, &c. Let those comprehended in the class A, be the richest; those in

the class B, the second; and so on, decreasing one degree in fertility for each class, as you advance towards G. Now, as the expense of cultivating the least fertile soil is as great, or greater, than that of cultivating the most fertile field, it must happen, that if an equal quantity of grain, the produce of each class of fields, can be sold at the same price, the profit on cultivating the most fertile field will be greater, if no precaution were taken to guard against it, than could be obtained by cultivating those which are less fertile. And as this profit will continue to decrease, as sterility increases, it must at last happen, whatever be the price of corn, that the expense of cultivating some of the inferior classes of soils must equal or exceed the value of the whole produce.

"This being admitted, let us suppose that the effective demand was such as to raise the price of grain, say, to sixteen shillings per boll; and that the fields included in the class F, could just admit of defraying all expenses, and no more, when corn was at that price; that those in the class E could admit of being cultivated, when the price was only fifteen shillings per boll; and that, in like manner, the classes D, C, B, and A, consisted of fields which could have barely paid the expenses of cultivation, respectively, when the prices were at fourteen, thirteen, twelve, and eleven shillings per boll.

"In these circumstances, it would happen, that those persons who possessed the fields in the class F, would be able to afford no rent at all, nor could any rent be afforded in this case, for those of G, or other more sterile fields *for the purpose of rearing* corn; but it is also evident, that those who possessed fields in the class E, could not only pay the expense of cultivating them, but could also afford a rent to the proprietor, equal to one shilling for every boll of free produce; and in like manner, those who possessed the fields D, C, B, and A, would be able to afford a rent equal to two, three, four and five shillings per boll, of their free produce, respectively. Nor would the proprietors of these rich fields find any difficulty in obtaining these rents; because farmers finding they could live equally well upon these soils, after paying such rents as they could afford to do upon the fields in the class F,

without any rent at all,—they would be equally willing to take these fields as the others. Thus it is, that rent equalises the profit on different soils, in the most natural and easy manner, without tending, in any degree, to affect the price of grain.

"Let us, however, once more suppose, that the whole produce of all the fields in the classes A, B, C, D, E, and F, were not sufficient to maintain the whole of the inhabitants of that district. In that case, one of two things must happen: either the price of grain must rise to seventeen shillings, so as to induce the owners of the field in the class G to bring them into culture; or a supply must be brought from some other place, to answer that demand. In the first case, the fields G, being brought into culture, those in the class F would now be able to afford a rent equal to one shilling per boll, of free produce; and all the other classes could admit a similar rise. Here then, we clearly perceive, that it is the price of grain that affects the rent, and not the rent that affects the price of the grain, as has been very often mistakenly alleged.

"The natural consequence of such an increased demand for grain, and augmentation of price, is the converting of barren fields into corn lands, which never otherwise could have become such. A much greater quantity of grain is thus produced, than would otherwise have been possible; and a more spirited agriculture everywhere takes place. By these exertions, the fields which originally ranked in the class G, pass into that of F, and, by a gradual progression, they slide successively into the classes E, D, C, till at length they even reach the class A itself. In consequence of every one of these steps, a prodigious augmentation in the quantity of corn reared, is produced. The farmer is also enabled to sell it at a lower price than formerly, although he affords a higher rent; so that every member of the community is benefited by the change.

"I must not, however, conclude this paper, without taking notice of one particular, which was purposely kept out of sight not to embarrass the demonstration. In the foregoing observations, I have taken notice of land that might produce corn without affording any rent; but that, though a physical possibility, cannot practically happen

Land, in every case, while in pasture, can afford some rent; and when the pasture is rich, among a luxurious people, it can afford more rent in many circumstances, than while in corn. This rent must always be deducted, therefore, whatever it be, before such land comes to the state in which our reasoning above is philosophically just. If, therefore, the price of grain be unreasonably depressed by injudicious regulations, while the price of live stock increases, a wonderful diminution in the quantity of grain reared may take place, so as to occasion phenomena, that may appear very inexplicable to short-sighted men, and occasion alarms that are altogether unfounded. The effects, however, of such regulations, are highly pernicious, because they stop improvements in their very origin. The actual quantity of vegetable production, whether for the food of man or beast, can only be augmented in any country by the culture of corn crops, in the first instance. A barren heath, if left untouched by human culture, would continue a heath for ever. But by the industry of man, that heath may soon be converted into corn, and artificial grass, and all the variety of useful crops suited to the climate. It is by encouraging agriculture alone, therefore, taking the word in its strict and literal sense, 'that ever two stalks of corn can be produced, or two blades of grass be made to grow, where one only grew before.' Nor are its powers limited to the narrow sphere that Swift in this sentence assigned it; both grass and corn, and every other useful vegetable production, may be made to grow in abundance, not only where never one plant of these did grow; but even where never one of them would have grown, without the fostering aid of man."

It will be seen, from these extracts, that this ingenious writer, whose name it is to be trusted the kind recollection of friends yet living may enable us to rescue from unmerited oblivion, lays down the doctrine in regard to rents in a manner somewhat different from that in which it has been maintained in our day. He does not contend, as Mr Ricardo does, that rent cannot exist unless there be different degrees of fertility in the soil; but he merely shows,

that where such degrees of fertility do exist, there will be a rent on the more fertile lands. He does not contend that only one cause produces rents, namely, the greater expense of cultivating less fertile soils; but he admits that rent will exist where there is no cultivation whatever, namely, on land producing the common grasses: and we hear nothing from him of that most strange, and, in my opinion, most erroneous inference, that the expenses of producing corn on the least fertile lands, regulate the price of all corn. He teaches us, on the contrary, that these less fertile lands are cultivated because the demand of the consumers has caused prices to rise, but not that prices have risen because these less fertile lands have been cultivated; and all his practical conclusions, in regard to the effects of increasing, by the application of capital, the fertility of a country, are essentially the reverse of those which Mr Ricardo and his followers have drawn.

The theory of rents, as laid down in the propositions of Mr Ricardo, and as reasoned from with a heedlessness of facts and consequences, rarely found in modern science, has been frequently attacked in its conclusions and minor points. But in a recent pamphlet* the argument has been considered from its beginning, and an attempt made to show that this argument is utterly fallacious both as regards the premises and the conclusion. The writer, indeed, leaves his argument incomplete, for while he takes down, he makes not the slightest effort to build up again. He admits the fact known to all men, of the different degrees of fertility in soils, and the fact also of the decreasing productiveness of capital when applied to the same land; but he draws not from these admissions a single inference of his own, and seems to consider it as perfectly sufficient for his present purpose, to show that the proposition of Mr Ricardo, as regards the causes and nature of rent, is unfounded, and so must be rejected.

First, He endeavours to show, that even granting that one of the causes of rent may be a diversity in the productiveness of soils; this is not, and cannot be the only cause of rent; and that, therefore, to reason on the sup-

* Remarks on certain Modern Theories respecting Rents and Prices. Blackwood, Edinburgh. 1827.

position that it is the only cause of rent, is to reason on a false hypothesis. This error is termed by logicians an *imperfect enumeration*, and its effects are thus illustrated in the pamphlet. "The mineral called lime, applied to the soil, is capable of making it more productive; but if we were to argue that lime, and nothing but lime, was capable of making the soil more productive, we should argue erroneously and absurdly. Such, precisely, is the error in this argument on the causes of rents. A gradation of soils we see, or believe, to be capable of separating rents from wages and profits, and thus a gradation of soils may be one of the causes of rents; and, therefore, we argue that it is the only cause of rents, and that nothing but this gradation of soils is capable of producing rents. Our argument, as in the case of the mineral, is founded on the same false hypothesis, namely, that what is true in part is wholly true, and must, in like manner, lead to a conclusion that is false."

Secondly, He shows that, taking the very data upon which the Political Economists themselves found their theory, they have entirely mistaken the cause, and consequently the nature of rent:—that the produce from which rent is paid, and the rise of price which gives a certain value to that produce, are neither of them a consequence of the cultivation of inferior soils; but exist before, and independently of the cultivation of such soils; from which it follows, as an unavoidable consequence, that the cultivation of inferior soils is not the cause of rents.

Thirdly, He shows that, independently of the direct refutation, the whole argument is disproved by what is termed a *reductio ad absurdum*;

that is to say, it is disproved by leading us directly, and of necessity, to conclusions that are false; and so the premises from which we reason cannot be true.

In treating of these things, the author has indulged in a tone of sarcasm and ridicule which might well have been spared. Whatever he may think of the reasoning employed by others, he ought to remember that many of the most ingenious men of this country have entertained, and do entertain, those very opinions which he seeks to confute; and if respect for the living will not, a tenderness towards the illustrious dead, should have made him restrain within the bounds of temperance, strictures upon a mere difference of opinion. This spirit of ridicule is out of place in science; it leads to dogmatism in those who yield to it, and it tends neither to the advancement of truth, nor the honour of letters.

It is one thing to destroy, and another to form anew. If the propositions of Ricardo, in regard to the nature and causes of rent, must be abandoned, what is that which is to be received in their stead? Are the propositions of Malthus and West also erroneous, or with what limitations may they be admitted? The problem is one of peculiar interest, and until it is satisfactorily solved, it is to be feared that much of that perplexity and contradiction, which have so unfortunately distinguished the researches of Modern Political Economy, will continue to detract from the credit of the science, and to embarrass alike the student and the teacher.

I am, Sir,
Yours, &c.

D.

CIVILIZATION OF AFRICA—SIERRA LEONE.

To R. W. HAY, Esq. Under Secretary of State, &c. &c.

SIR,

I HAVE been again induced to address you on the subject of Sierra Leone, and that important question, the civilization of Africa, in consequence of farther information which I have lately obtained regarding that place, and my anxious wish to see the great work of civilization undertaken by my country upon rational and steady principles; but more particularly, my attention has been called to these subjects, from reading in the last Report (the 20th) published by the African Institution, the following passage at page 83:—

“Every day furnishes proof of the influence which the character of Sierra Leone is progressively establishing. The encouragements of a peaceful commerce are bringing strangers from *distant nations* to the Coast, of WHOM THOSE who have visited the markets in Senegal and the Gambia, agree that Sierra Leone is the MOST CENTRAL AND THE EASIEST OF ACCESS, provided only the present paths are kept open.”

Similar and fatal errors are inculcated and advanced in other parts of the same report. At page fifty-two it is denominated “that CENTRAL part of the Great African Continent,—a basis upon which we may at once proceed to build.” And at page fifty-three we are informed that Sierra Leone “is a convenient station, already provided with copious means both of defence and SUBSISTENCE!”

To multiply quotations is unnecessary. These extracts now adduced are a few of the numerous and erroneous statements made regarding Sierra Leone in particular, and Africa in general, which, during a period of thirty-five years, have misled and deceived this country, and shipwrecked all her efforts, to do good to Africa. They form so many unanswerable proofs that no experience nor advice will be permitted to teach or to influence those individuals who have hitherto arrogated to themselves the right and the judgement to do her good; and looking at matters in this point of view, it becomes necessary to revert to times that are past, and to bring under review the system of deception and de-

lusion which has been so fatally and so successfully practised upon this country, in all things wherein the British settlements in Africa were and are concerned.

That Sierra Leone, a settlement upon a river which is not navigable for one mile into the interior, is a more eligible settlement, from which to open up a communication with the interior of that continent, than the Senegal, which is navigable for nearly 900 miles, may be advanced by a *Timance*, and be believed by a Hottentot, but by no one else among the children of Adam.

“The Sierra Leone Company,” said the Lord Chancellor Thurlow in the House of Lords, July 5th, 1799, “had done, under the *mask of piety and humanity*, those things that other persons would be ashamed of.” The following narrative, extracted from the second part of Major Moody’s official Report, published by order of the House of Commons last year, will show the truth of his Lordship’s observation in a very striking manner:

“I never did, and God grant I never may again,” says Mrs Falconbridge, “*witness so much misery* as I was forced to be a spectator of here (Sierra Leone). Amongst the outcasts were *seven of our countrywomen*, decrepid with disease, and so DISGUISED WITH FILTH AND DIRT that I should never have supposed they were born white; add to this, almost *naked* from head to foot; in short, their appearance was such as, I think, would extort compassion from the most callous heart: but, I declare, they seemed insensible to shame, or the wretchedness of their situation, themselves; I begged they would get washed, and gave them what clothes I could conveniently spare. Falconbridge had a hut appropriated as an hospital where they were kept separate from the other settlers, and by his attention and care they recovered in a few weeks. I always supposed these people had been transported as convicts, but some conversation I lately had with one of the women has partly undeceived me:—she said, the women were mostly of that description of persons who walk the streets of London, and support themselves by the earnings of prostitution; S

that MEN were employed to collect and conduct them to Wapping, where they were *intoxicated* with liquor, then inveigled on board of ship, and MARRIED TO BLACK MEN WHOM THEY HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE; that the morning after she was married she really did not remember a syllable of what had happened over night, and when informed, was obliged to inquire WHO WAS HER HUSBAND!! After this, to the time of their sailing, they were amused and buoyed up by a prodigality of fair promises, and great expectations, which awaited them in the country they were going to. Thus, in her own words, to the *disgrace* of my mother-country, upwards of ONE HUNDRED unfortunate women were *seduced* from England to practise their iniquities MORE BRUTISHLY IN THIS HORRID COUNTRY.!!!"

To deepen the horrors of such a picture as is here exhibited, is altogether impossible. To expect anything rational in a settlement so founded, is vain and hopeless.

When the slave trade was abolished by this country, the most extravagant anticipations were indulged in, and the most extravagant hopes formed, of the good which that event was to do to that vast continent. The civilization thereof was proclaimed as certain—as immediate—as secured. Governor LUDLAM, an intelligent officer, and who appears to have been justly and intimately acquainted with Africa, the character of her people, and the proper mode to reclaim them, took the earliest opportunity to dispel the fatal errors so loudly proclaimed and so widely circulated in Great Britain. In a letter addressed to Mr Zachary Macaulay, which every statesman who wishes to benefit Africa should read, he shows that the mere abolition of the slave trade by Britain would do Africa no good whatever, but rather the reverse. In a communication like this, I regret that I can only bring forward a few extracts from the letter in question.

"In the first place," says Governor Ludlam, "the abolition itself will not prevent the Africans from still remaining a savage and uncivilized people. To

abolish the slave trade, is not to abolish the VIOLENT PASSIONS which now find vent in that particular direction. Were it to cease, the MISERY OF AFRICA would arise from other causes; but it does not follow that Africa would be less miserable: she might even be less miserable and yet be savage and uncivilized. This will doubtless be acknowledged: and it may be asked why I repeat so obvious a truth. I answer, because the *writings* of the abolitionists have a contrary impression. They speak of the *darkness* in which we have kept Africa, and of the happiness which she may now look forward to, as if it were an unquestionable fact, that Africa would have been civilized had it not been for the slave trade; nay further, that civilization, Christianity, and happiness, are now to be looked forward to as the *natural effects* of abolition.† They say not this in direct terms; to do so would sufficiently expose the absurdity; but it is an obvious, and sometimes an unavoidable conclusion from what they do say."

"I mention it therefore on two accounts: First, That the friends of Africa may recollect the true nature and effects of abolition. They *must* remember, that it does not actually set us FORWARD ONE STEP in our course. It removes an *artificial* barrier, which could not otherwise have been forced; but all the NATURAL OBSTACLES to the improvement of a savage people, remain as great as ever. Secondly, That warm and unthinking people may be cautioned against a disappointment that might lead to unfortunate consequences. In the next place, I would observe, that the administration of every African government *must* become extremely severe, if not EXTREMELY BLOODY. When so effectual a punishment as slavery is done away, which yet, as it sheds no blood, is readily executed on petty criminals and in doubtful cases, *severe* punishments and MORE terrible examples must be introduced. Every ancient institution, the power of every hereditary chief, *must* now be sustained by BLOOD, instead of slavery. It is true, that through the Slave Trade the punishment of many small crimes has been *raised* into slavery; but it is no less true, that the punishment of some great ones has been *SUNK* in it. At present, an injured chief catches the people of his

* Two Voyages to Sierra Leone, during the years 1791, 1792, and 1793, page 64.

† "Those who are more cautious, speak as if a friendly intercourse with the Africans must naturally take place after the abolition, and as if civilization would naturally follow from a friendly intercourse. It is much nearer the truth to affirm that a *self-interested* intercourse will take place; and that injuries, retaliations, wars, and conquests, will be the natural effects of *any* intercourse. That civilization will follow conquests, I more readily allow."

neighbourhood, and thus compels the aggressor to *talk the palaver*, as otherwise his people would be sold. When it is no longer worth while to catch them by surprise, and hold them as a *pledge of justice*, the injured party must make war; and KILL his neighbour's people for revenge, since he cannot *sell* them for satisfaction."

"I would observe, *thirdly*, that notwithstanding all that has been said about the taste the Africans have acquired for European commodities, there is little reason to expect they will *exert* themselves in the way of regular industry, in order to obtain these commodities. I rather think that they will *SINK BACK* to their former state, which is still the state of the nations two or three hundred miles inland. They will weave their own cloth, raise their own tobacco, smelt their own iron, and resume their bows and arrows. Be it remembered, that the greatest demand for their rice, (the 'staple of the country') is to supply the slaves white kept in factories, or during the middle passage. The collection of rude produce is not industry; and if it were, how contemptible is its quantity, and how easily is the market overstocked with every sort except ivory. What inducement, then, can they have to regular industry! Its present self-denial is *torture*: its future advantages THEY have no relish for."

"*Secondly*, the abolition will *retard* the progress of cultivation within the colony; for it will render cultivation *more* hazardous, and trade *more* profitable." "THE COLONISTS, at least the Nova Scotians, always averse to cultivation, *catch eagerly* at every pretence of hazard to excuse their neglect of it. Many years' experience has shown us how easily our *Grumettas* have been driven away by every alarm; and without a constant supply of labourers, cultivation cannot succeed. It follows, I think, that the abolition will be of little benefit to Africa, unless some plan for its improvement and civilization be vigorously acted upon."

The truths here brought forward are undeniable, and fortunate it would have been for Africa had the counsel here given been attended to. Instead of this being the case, however, Mr Macaulay, to whom the letter was addressed, from philanthropic feelings no

doubt, but from erroneous views, not only suppressed the letter till the year 1815, when it was dragged to light during a contention betwixt him and Judge Thorpe, but he actually replied to Governor Ludlam, beseeching and cautioning him not to write any more letters of this description. The document is a very remarkable one in the annals of Sierra Leone correspondence, and from the copy, as published by himself, I select the following more important parts thereof:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—A word in private respecting the African Institution. I cannot help regarding it as an IMPORTANT ENGINE. We have many zealous friends in it, high in rank and influence, who, I am persuaded, are anxious to do what can be done both for the Colony and for Africa. Mr Perceval and Mr Canning are with us decidedly. Lord Castlereagh, with whom our business more immediately lies, is good humoured and complying; but his secretary, Mr Cooke, is, I fear, hostile to the whole thing, and may be disposed to seize any circumstance which will put it in his power to do us mischief. You will see how very important it is to be aware of this in your communications with government. Indeed, in all the *ostensible* letters you write, whether to Lord Castlereagh, the African Institution, or myself, it will be right to consider the effect of what you say on lukewarm friends, and in the hands of secret enemies, for such will unavoidably mix with us. Your own mind will suggest to you the guards, limitations, and exceptions with which what I now say should be received. I have no doubt that Government will be disposed to adopt any plan which we may propose to them, with respect to Africa, provided WE WILL but SAVE THEM THE TROUBLE OF THINKING. This you will see to be HIGHLY IMPORTANT!!"†

To save a whole administration "the trouble of thinking" was a bold attempt, and to succeed in the object was what few, very few could have anticipated. After this *exposé*, who will say that deception has not been practised in all things concerning Africa? It was impossible that success could attend the formation of any

* See Macaulay's Letter to the Duke of Gloucester, App. pp. 48—57. Port Thornton, Sierra Leone, April 14, 1807.

† Letter, Macaulay to Ludlam, "London, November 1, 1807."—ENDORSED SECRET.

settlement ruled by instructions like these. It is full time that this *imperium in imperio* was annihilated. It is unconstitutional, it is dangerous, it is disgraceful, and cannot be tolerated in any right-ordered community.

I am, however, unwilling to believe that those who had or who assumed the direction of African affairs in Great Britain, wilfully deceived this country; but from ignorance or obstinacy they certainly did so. They continued the deception in face of the most pointed information to the contrary, and when, without the aid of such testimony, their total want of success and their known failure in every agricultural scheme and pursuit, and in every attempt to spread knowledge beyond, nay within, the narrow limits of the colony, should have taught them that they were either wrong or that they were deceived. But they could not bring their minds to acknowledge their error. The deception continued—the delusion increased—day after day, month following month, and year succeeding year, the mischief proceeded, the mania raged—falsehood was propagated—truth concealed. Sierra Leone was described as a paradise, where wickedness and ignorance were unknown,* the slave trade was nearly annihilated, and Africa was already civilized, when lo! the veil is torn asunder, and it is found, that the slave trade, instead of being diminished is QUADRUPLED—Africa stands the same as it stood forty years ago, and Sierra Leone with the blacks congregated there, and maintained at a vast expense by this country, produces nothing from its soil—in fact, it has no soil fit to produce any valuable produce,† while pestilence so irresistible and destructive dwells in the place, that no skill can baffle it, no medicine can cure it, and no human constitution can withstand it! The civilization of the settlement is found to be a phantom, its improvements so

many dreams, its industry an idle tale, and only the extravagance of its expenditure true. From authority which cannot be controverted, from information which cannot be contradicted, while truth is adhered to, the facts here stated have been placed before you and before the public.

It would be endless, and would occupy too much of your valuable time, to advert to the numerous instances in which the Reporter of the African Institution has deceived, or has been deceived. The following (see the 18th Report, App. page 203) extracted from a narrative published by an honest unsuspecting Quaker, who had visited Sierra Leone in 1821, is adduced in proof: "GEORGE CAULKER, a native man of rank, is translating into another dialect of the *Bullom*, some parts of the Scriptures." George, however, it would appear, did not long continue at this laudable employment, for in the 20th Report, page 86, we find it stated, that "the inhabitants of the Peninsula (extent twenty-six miles by twenty!) were SEIZED AND SOLD by the Caulkers;" and by the treaty concluded between General Turner and the petty chiefs whom he had attacked and vanquished, (concluded September 25th, and ratified October 5th 1825,) we find that this same "George S. Caulker, a native man of rank," was "Chief of Tasso and Plantation Islands," and one of the most notorious slave-dealers and catchers on that part of the coast! His name stands amongst the names of the other chiefs affixed to the treaty, he being the only one of the number who could write!!

That the elements of commercial and agricultural labour abound in Africa, is unquestionable. The African Institution, in their 2d Report, enumerate these as follows:—"Cotton, with the mode of raising which tree the natives of the western coast

* "From the testimony of numerous and impartial witnesses, it appears that the poor uninstructed natives, who were rescued from the holds of slave ships, and planted in THAT LAND OF LIGHT, AND TRUTH, AND LIBERTY, are promptly and amply rewarded the benevolent labours of their instructors; and in the enjoyment of the blessings of a British Constitution both in CHURCH AND STATE, transplanted for the first time into the soil and climate of Africa, are, from the root of Christian principle, bringing forth the blessed fruits of honest industry, and of social and domestic comfort."—16th Report African Institution, p. 48.

† A Box of this soil has, I am informed, been brought to the Colonial Office. You may therefore ascertain the fact.

of Africa are almost universally acquainted." "Indigo, which grows wild in almost every part of the African coast; coffee, rice, sugar-cane, palm-oil, bees-wax, ivory, dye-woods of various kinds, timber of valuable descriptions, potash, gum² Senegal, Malaguetta pepper, Cayenne ditto—ginger, castor oil, musk, arrow-root, tapioca, tobacco, nutmeg, cinnamon, Indian corn, hides, &c. &c., and fruits innumerable. Cochineal and silk might also be reared there; and gold dust is abundant in various parts." All these things are unquestionably to be found in various quarters of tropical Africa; and according to the 1st Report of the Institution, pages 50 and 51, "as the settlement of Sierra Leone has shown that not only provisions, but the various articles of export which we now bring from the West Indies, may be reared on the African coast;" and as "it has demonstrated that negroes in a state of freedom may be induced to labour in the field;"—so it was to have been expected that all those productions, so much coveted by the natives of the temperate zones, would have been produced abundantly.

With such an unbounded field and full scope before us, however, still nothing has been done. It is a lamentable fact, that our trade with the African coast, exclusive of the traffic for slaves, so far back as the year 1790, was greater than what it is at present. The African Institution Report for 1826, at page 81, states the import of gold dust from Sierra Leone in 1825 at L.20,000; and a writer in the Sierra Leone Gazette of June 17th 1826, states, the gold dust exported from the coast of Africa to Britain at from L.80 to L.100,000. The average imports from the whole western coast for four years, ending 1825, is L.124,337, (Parl. Papers 1825 and 1826), which gives the total present value of the trade at L.224,336. From the Report of the Committee of the Privy Council of 1789, on the African Slave Trade, we find that the imports from Africa were then in gold dust L.200,000, and in various articles, such as ivory, &c. &c. about L.106,000 more, together L.306,000, or above L.81,000 more than it is at the present day. Thus Africa has been im-

proved! Thus our commerce with her has been increased!

Why is this? "WANT OF CAPITAL AND LEISURE," says the African Institution Reporter in the 20th Report, page 80, "keeps back the progress of agriculture, notwithstanding the favour shown to it by General Turner; and among the many other demands on the limited means of the Colony, SUFFICIENT MEANS have not hitherto existed of locating the villages and opening plantations in the villages under experienced cultivators, capable of devoting and superintending the growth of tropical exports." "Want of capital!" This is impossible, when we remember that a "TROPICAL FREE LABOUR COMPANY," with a capital of FOUR MILLIONS, was formed nearly three years ago, in order to carry on agriculture in this their favourite spot! Want "of leisure!" What mockery! Why, they have taken thirty-five years to repose and to think upon it, which is surely "leisure" sufficient!

It is impossible that capital can be wanting in a place so patronised,—in a place where cotton grows abundant, and which, according to the 7th Report, p. 25, when brought to England, "sold at a very fair price," and for which article there has always been a most extensive demand. Capital could not be wanting to carry on cultivation in a settlement where indigo, a most valuable article of commerce, is so abundant, that it grows wild even in the streets of Freetown; and which, when once planted, can scarcely ever be rooted out. Capital could not be wanting to employ in a settlement, where, according to the 2d Report, p. 12, "several varieties of COFFEE, one of a kind not inferior, it is supposed, to the Mocha, are found growing wild in the mountains of Sierra Leone,"—so superior to other coffee, in fact, that (see 7th Report, p. 25) in the British market "it brought a very high price—101s. per cwt. or 50s. higher than the best Jamaica!" Yet, notwithstanding this, the writer in the Sierra Leone Gazette already alluded to, candidly admits, that the only coffee ever exported from "Sierra Leone, and its immediate neighbourhood," about two years ago, to Liverpool, was so bad, that it was

sent back to the settlement by the same ship which brought it home.!!*

It is quite impossible, we repeat, that capital can be wanting in an English settlement, possessing advantages, and offering such profits as these. The real want in Sierra Leone is industry, and judgement to direct it. The truth is, the black population will not work. This is the chief cause of the want of capital, and the application thereof, in Sierra Leone.

The timber trade, so much boasted of by certain persons, is, in reality, not the trade of Sierra Leone, nor the production of that settlement. It is all cut without its limits, and not one individual in that place has any concern in the laborious parts thereof, in any manner whatever. "The establishments which carry it on," says the Report of the Slave Commissioners to Mr Canning, May 15th, 1824, are "between twenty and thirty miles from Freetown. These employ a considerable number of black persons—natives of the River and Kroomen, Africans, whose country is situated on the western coast, about the fifth degree of latitude, in the different labours attendant on the trade—such as squaring the timber, and putting it into a shape proper to be shipped, rafting the timber to the timber-ships, and working in boats and canoes. On board of the timber-ships, employment is also found for many natives and Kroomen; but Kroomen are mostly employed to assist the sailors in the labour of taking in the timber. The natives generally unite in parties to fell the timber, to prepare it, and to raft it down for sale to the different establishments. Sometimes a dozen natives will unite for these pur-

poses. At other times, a chief, or head man, will direct as many dependents and DOMESTIC SLAVES as he may have, to fell timber. Of the timber felled in this manner, a part is reserved for the dependents and SLAVES, and sold for their benefit; the most considerable part, of course, is reserved for the chief."

The fact, then, stands undeniable, that the Sierra Leone timber is cut where a state of slavery is general, and by slaves; and the following extract, taken from *Sir George Collier's* second Annual Report, will shew that this trade, as it is now carried on, occasions an enormous destruction amongst our gallant seamen. "Of the crews of the timber-ships visiting *Bance* Island, many died; for these people were *unaided by that relief* their Lordships so properly and so liberally afford his Majesty's ships, by the invaluable services of our Kroomen, and UNPROTECTED BY THOSE HUMANE LAWS which were formerly in force, when exposed to the same climate, in carrying on the slave trade, by which the master was compelled to hire a certain number of Kroomen, or native Africans, to relieve his crew, alike from the effects of the sun, as from the pouring rains. The sailor in the merchant-ships, is now frequently compelled to work at all hours, on all days, and in all weathers; and lastly, unfurnished as the King's seaman is with a blanket-dress, perspiration is suddenly checked by a tornado, or the periodical rains; fever is thus generated, and death ensues. Merchant seamen have appealed to me, not only at *Sierra Leone*, but to leeward, for redress to well-founded complaints of hard usage and overwork. I could

* The following list of exports by the Duchess of Richmond from Greenock, February 9th, will show that COFFEE is exported from this country to the place, and also show us the nature of the exports to it from this country:—

"Feb. 9. Duchess of Richmond, M^r Glashan, to Sierra Leone, with 14 casks com. 4½ barrels strong ale (bottled), 8 casks 45 cwt. cod fish, 6 hhds. 7411 lbs. tobacco, 10 bags 1146 lbs. COFFEE, 2 pipes 4 puncheons 16 hhds. 943 gallons rum, 230 gallons brandy, 158 gallons geneva, 90 gallons French red wine, 30 casks 48. 2. 18. crushed lump, and 24. 1. 25. bastard refined sugar, 84 packages 4480 lbs. gunpowder, 11 crates 1 case 70 chests 140 casks 1 bale 204 hampers 31 boxes 3 trunks 10 firkins, 5. 1. 2. flint glass, 12½ barrels strong ale (bottled) 100 cwt. potatoes, 1314 yards printed cottons, 277 lbs. paper, 6733 lbs. soap, 120 cwt. salt, 7 galls. pickles, 400 gross tobacco pipes, 400 lbs. slops, 200 lbs. tinware, 2610 pieces earthenware, 150 empty jars, 12 cwt. bacon and 9 cwt. mutton hams, 4 cwt. cheese, 6 cwt. butter, 40 lbs. mustard, 800 lbs. haberdashery, 30 lbs. corks, 3 dozen hats, 15 brls. red and 50 firkins white herrings, 10 barrels pork, 7 horses, 3 boats, loose 50 tons coals."

only refer the cases of these men to the consideration of the magistracy of Sierra Leone, where it seemed to me, that *private connexions or interest with the trade* had no small influence in the JUDGEMENT GIVEN! Such are the magisterial decisions given in this land "of light, and truth, and liberty"!!

It has been shown, that in an agricultural, in a commercial, in a geographical, and in a political point of view, Sierra Leone is the most injudicious spot that could have been pitched upon in the Western Coast of Africa, from which to spread industry and civilization throughout that vast continent. It is completely shut up from any communication with the more powerful civilized states and cultivated countries in the interior. ST MARY'S, on the Gambia, is a more commanding station in every point of view. Still it is vastly inferior to any point in, or near, the Bight of Benin and Biafra, and, in point of insalubrity, it is inferior only to Sierra Leone. "The Island of St Mary's," says Sir George Collier, "upon which Bathurst, the capital, is rising, is a *barren sandy spot*, in many places scarcely above the level of the sea; indeed, a large proportion of it is evidently thrown up by the force of the surf on the sea-shore, and appears composed of large beds of shells, principally the African cockle. The Island of St Mary's is divided from the mainland by one or two swampy creeks, which overflow during the season of heavy rains. Of the healthiness of St Mary's, I am not disposed to say any thing." Such are the spots in Africa in which we have unfortunately pitched our tents! Instead of flying from dens of disease, we seem to seek them out as our proper places of abode.

For the Reporter of the African Institution to speak about the healthiness of Sierra Leone, is really an insult to human understanding. The fearful mortality of the last few years is most hideous, most distressing, and most appalling. According to a return lately published by order of the House of Commons, (Par. Pap. No. 7, present session,) 1607 Europeans had been sent out between December 24, 1823, and December 24, 1825. To the end of 1825, the deaths amongst them amounted to 922, while the last year was still more fatal. Sir George Col-

lier, who wishes to say every thing that is favourable of the place, is compelled to speak thus of it (Second Report):—"The climate of Sierra Leone is always bad," and to confess, that "of the non-commissioned officers arriving from the West Indies, few escaped death." "A swamp," says he, "of considerable extent, lies to the west of Freetown (the capital), and produces exhalations in the sickly season, *most destructive of health and life*;—it may be considered too much to speak of Sierra Leone as ever absolutely healthful. After a heavy fall of rain, and the sun striking on the ground with his vertical power, the vapours from the vegetable matter overrunning the streets is so perceptible, that in drawing breath, *I have felt I was inhaling a vapour which I could but compare to GAS FROM COAL.*"!!

To look for health in a spot like this is madness. From what cause it proceeds, I know not; but the pestilence generated in Sierra Leone is of the most deadly and irresistible kind. Indigo, when it becomes putrid, is known to be most pernicious to human life; and this plant grows wild and in abundance in the streets—if streets they may be called—of Freetown. The poison of some vegetables, and of some snakes, kills by dissolving the blood of the unhappy victims. It would appear that the pestilence generated in Sierra Leone is a poison of this description, for so it acts, and so it acted in that fatal fever, which, brought from its fatal shores to Grenada in the year 1792, by the ship *Haukey*, desolated all the West Indies, and the United States, under the name of the yellow fever. The blood dissolved, and death rapidly ensued; and so inveterate was the disorder, that after losing her crew—three or four times replaced—the vessel was burnt in the river Thames. A similar fate had nearly befallen his Majesty's ship *Bann* only a few years ago, from a similar cause. Once fixed in a place, this pestilence cannot be eradicated—no medicine can cure it, and no constitution can withstand it.

I have been induced to notice this part of my subject in a very particular manner, from a dark attempt which was lately made by an individual, Mr M. FOSTER, London, connected, it is presumed, "by the ties of blood and interest" with the spot, to deceive and

to mislead (but whether from ignorance or design, I know not,) a very active and intelligent member of Parliament (Mr HUME) in every thing connected with the place, and who, with and on the authority of his Sierra Leone correspondent "C," a "rum-proof" settler in the colony, has ventured to state, that the numerous deaths which have lately taken place amongst our brave troops were occasioned by their dissipated conduct, and more especially by "DRINKING RUM."

A more scandalous libel on the memory of brave men, who have fallen victims to an irrational philanthropy, was never penned, and the libel comes with aggravated insult from the pen of that anonymous correspondent, who, there is reason to believe, supplies the troops with that rum, which, it is asserted, kills them so fast. The officers, it is well known, were all young men of character and consequence, who were deceived by the gay descriptions of the settlement inserted in the various philanthropic periodicals which are chained to its cause; but every syllable of which, fatal experience, as some of the survivors have told me, taught them was false.—These officers had volunteered from regiments of the line. Some of the privates were indeed recruited from convict depots, or were individuals who had been guilty of venial offences in different regiments, and whose punishment was commuted to a service in Sierra Leone: still both descriptions of characters were too good for the place. But by far the greater number of privates were volunteers from regiments of the line, such as the 8th or King's regiment. The Queen's regiment, the 7th or Royal Fusileers, &c. &c., all men of excellent characters, and who had fought the battles of their country, bled and conquered at Salamanca, Vittoria, and Waterloo; and who, finding themselves thrown amidst a miserable population of savages, who looked down, and are taught to look down, upon all white men with contempt and disdain, died of broken hearts under the first attack of the pestilence of the place.* Often, says an informant, has the tear

stood in my eyes when I perceived the tear standing in the eyes of those British soldiers, while, sinking under disease, they looked around and remembered what they had been and what they had become.

As disease cut off the parents—father and mother alike, and at the same time, the situation of the orphan white children became horrible in the extreme. The number of these was very considerable, because, when the Royal African Corps went out, they were permitted to take the same proportion of females with them that is allowed for regiments going to India, which is double what is permitted on any other service. When deprived of their mothers, the soldiers in the barracks, on many occasions, acted as dry nurses, and repeated instances occurred, where these poor orphans were during the night laid down at the doors of the officers' quarters, who, to their honour, did everything that was possible to relieve them, and, on many occasions, more than they could well afford. By subscriptions collected amongst them, black nurses were hired at very high wages; but if these were not paid to the hour, the children were found exposed before the officers' quarters; and in consequence of the indifference and carelessness of these black females, by far the greater number of the orphans died. One sergeant had a wife and two fine children, both girls. He caught the fever. In a few hours after he was taken to the hospital he died. His wife quickly followed him to the grave. The two young children were left totally destitute. They were given out to blacks to nurse, generously supported by the officers, but, according to my information, in a short time they both died, the black females only regarding them as a source of making money; yet, for the sad fate of those wretched whites not a sigh is heard nor a tear shed in Britain. Their fate is never heard of. Their miseries are passed over as undeserving of notice. The human being must be *black*, to rouse the sympathies of Sierra Leone, and of those who dote on the place.

One cause of this great sickness and

* The black population of Sierra Leone believe and state that the DEVIL is WHITE, exactly of the size of a full-bodied white soldier of the Royal African Corps; and at their select meetings, they brag how they can crush and trample the Devil under their feet!

mortality amongst our troops, was the wretched state of the barracks, if these deserve the name, constructed for their accommodation. The money which had been set aside for building them, had, like other sums of public money, been squandered or misapplied to other purposes, the consequences of which were, that the building for the accommodation of the troops was in such a dilapidated state, that during the wet season their abode was ankle-deep in mud! When the reinforcements with General Turner arrived, it was impossible to find accommodation for them, and 150 men were, in consequence, despatched to the Gambia. New barracks were hastily erected, the materials for which had been sent out from this country, but even these were by no means abodes fit for such a climate. In a room perhaps about twenty-four feet by twenty, two officers would be found pigging together, their beds regularly drenched during the night by the torrents of rain; and as they could not manage without a fire, their grate was a wheelbarrow made of iron, placed in a room without any visible aperture for the smoke to escape. In a lower room, next the one set apart as a canteen-room, *twenty-two white soldiers* were quartered. In the short space of six weeks, not one of them remained alive! Such fearful scenes of mortality were carefully concealed from the eyes of the people of this country, who continued to be amused, and delighted, and gulled, with feeling narratives about the conversion and the faith of sisters Julia, and Lucinda, and Charlotte and Josephine, who were sufficiently knowing to counterfeit a devotion which they never felt, and to profess a belief in terms which it was beyond their limited conceptions to comprehend, trudging about idle, as sister Julia did, with a child slung on her back, the father of which she honestly acknowledged she never professed to know!

Deluded and deceived, as I have already stated, by false and fabulous narratives, several respectable officers took out with them their amiable wives, white ladies of feeling and education. How fearful was their disappointment, when they found themselves thrown into the midst of a parcel of stinking African savages, with-

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out almost a single rational idea, but who, nevertheless, looked down upon these British ladies with contempt, and as beings of an inferior race! Several of them died miserable, and others, whose husbands could afford it, if they survived a few days till an opportunity offered, were sent back by them to England. Thus, for example, Mrs Waring came out with her husband, in the Romney, of fifty guns. In three days afterwards she was fortunately enabled to fly from the place. Her husband is since dead. Poor Mrs Morgan's fate was more lamentable. Her husband and herself were cut off almost at the same time, leaving a young infant friendless and unprotected. Of the misery into which these unfortunates were involved, I adduce the following instances, suppressing names, that I may not open anew the wounds of weeping relatives. A young gentleman, about seventeen years of age, an ensign in the 2d West India regiment, had, in July 1825, been missed from parade for two days. On inquiry, it was stated that he was unwell. One of his soldiers became guide to his quarters in Freetown. There the poor boy was found lying in a corner of a small room, on a thin mattress; no bed, his dressing-gown being his only covering,—destitute of everything. A careless black woman attended on him as nurse, at the rate of 7s. sterling per day, his own pay being 5s. 3d.! He was in a delirium of fever, and not expected to survive another night. His situation was immediately made known to that good and excellent man, Staff-Surgeon Stuart, who had him promptly removed, and taken care of. He recovered. One week's attendance of his black nurse would have swallowed up his whole wardrobe. Lieut. ——— lost his wife. They were both ill together. The unfeeling nurse who attended them insisted upon payment of her wages, at the rate of 7s. per day, before the BODY OF THE POOR LADY WAS COLD!! Such is a feeble outline of the sufferings of the sons and daughters of Britain, for and amidst African Free Labour!

To show the ravages of disease on that fatal and worthless coast, I adduce the names of officers who died there between October 1824 and March 1826. The army list will show who

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ther I am correct or incorrect.* But these are not all. The army list for December, and the public prints, add the following names to the fatal scroll of officers cut off, viz.:—Morgan, Gregg, Nett, Godwin, Wise, Cooke, Macdonnell, Perceval; and besides all these, there died at Sierra Leone in the course of a few months subsequent to March last year, no fewer than *seven* medical gentlemen! viz.:—Dr Cartan, physician; Dr Cahill, M.D. dep. assist. surg. R.A.C.; Assist. Surg. Regan, do. do.; Hosp. Assist. John Boag; do. do. Mark Stewart; Assist. Surg. Creighton,—and another!

Look at this appalling list, and let the boldest champion of pestilence and death say what advantage either this nation or Africa reap from this horrid waste of human life! Most of these brave men thus prematurely cut off, were the chief or the only support of parents,—widows, helpless children, and helpless sisters. To obtain the means to support these, they were tempted to accept promotion, and to proceed to this fatal coast.

It has been denied, in a tone the most arrogant and in terms the most confident, that the whip is used as an incentive to labour amongst the libe-

rated Africans in that princely settlement. But wherever they labour it is so. Those, indeed, who have been any length of time in the place, know their "*rights*" too well to do any work, but those who are newly caught and lately landed work under the rod. What I state is capable of proof. During the early part of 1826, I am informed, by one who witnessed the fact, that a white superintendent and two men belonging to the African corps, with subordinate black drivers under these, *all armed with whips*, such as are used in the West Indies to punish slaves guilty of offences, stood over the liberated Africans employed on the Government works, and compelled the blacks to labour, by applying the whips to their backs, and with much severity, whenever they began to idle; nor would these blacks labour without such coercion. The names of the superintendent and the white drivers, I hold in my possession; nor is my information confined to one instance. What was carried on in Sierra Leone for many months, can scarcely be a secret. The work which these Negroes were set to perform, was carrying upon their heads bricks, iron pillars, timbers, &c. for the new

	Age.	Time in Africa.
* James Chisholm, Major, R. A. C.	32	10 years.
Thomas Burton, Lt.	28	4 months.
P. J. De Baruellir, Capt.	30	7 do.
Patt. Cannody, Ensign,	19	6 do.
Robert Smith, do.	18	6 do.
Charles Lizars, Lt.	22	8 do.
——— Uniacke, Ensign,	20	5 do.
Jonas Oxley, Lt.	40	7 do.
Colin Oxley, Volunteer, son,	17	5 do.
H. Wm. Graham, Lt.	34	7 do.
George Foss, Lt.	19	9 do.
John Stapleton, Lt.	20	7 do.
Philip Splain, Lt.	24	8 do.
William Ross, Capt.	27	12 do.
Duncan Robertson, Lt.	20	13 do.
Charles Gordon, Ensign,	20	4 do.
Charles Turner, Major-General,	53	13½ do.
——— Turner, Lt.	17	—
Donald Turner, Volunteer,	15	—
Thomas Inglis, Deputy Inspector,	42	7 do.
Henry Paterson, Hosp. Staff,	24	5 do.
——— Williamson, do. do.	22	6 do.
J. W. Grant, h. p. Act. B. Major,	27	5 do.
Lt. W. O. Aitchison, R. Matineas,	28	13 do.
J. W. Whily, D. Com. Gen.	26	4 do.
J. Munro Kennedy, Com. Clerk,	19	9 do.
——— Jabbott, ditto,	25	3 do.
——— Cartwright, Lt. K. A. C.	25	2 do.
George Huntley, Ens. R. A.	17	4 do.

barracks, from the shore up to the top of a hill, a distance of about one mile and a half; the latter part of which distance, beyond Fort Thornton, rises probably with an elevation of 55 degrees. This labour was performed from morning to night each day, the drivers constantly following them, each in his respective station.*

Besides the application of the whip as an incentive to labour, flagellation, without any law to limit the application, is the common punishment for Negroes offending in the place. They are tied to a cart's tail, and whipped through Freetown, or bound to a stake at a particular spot, and generally with an enormous cat-o'-nine-tails. Besides this, the liberated Africans who have neglected their duty, or committed petty thefts, are formed into gangs, chained two and two together by the neck, and in that situation compelled to labour under the whip, the persons following them being dignified with the name of "CONSTABLES," that they may be separated and distinguished from West India sinners! Nor is this all. A large new church was some time ago built in Freetown. It stands unfinished, with only the roof and the bare walls. In this state it has nevertheless cost this deluded country above L.50,000! This building, this church, is converted into a common market-place, wherein the blacks of all classes assemble to hold their markets and to sell their provisions and their wares; and *within* the walls of this spacious building, Negroes guilty of minor offences are daily tied up and publicly flogged, while its walls resound with their cries! The hour when those punishments are inflicted, is generally before ten A. M. Independent of this horrid profanation of a building intended as a TEMPLE to GOD, I must remark, that it is a building rather too expensive to turn into a whipping area and public market-place!

Would I could have stopped at this point; but more remains to be told. While those in this country the most deeply connected by "the ties of blood

and interest" with the sinless place, were loudly and daily railing against foreign nations, for purchasing Negroes and carrying away these from their native country, and falsely accusing the free population of our West India colonies, of violating the laws of their country by carrying on a slave trade, —while these champions of the Sierra Leone "interest" were busily engaged in such work, it is a fact, that a real slave trade was carried on in Sierra Leone, and its dependencies, by the purchasing from the native chiefs in the interior, young and beautiful African black girls, by great men in these settlements, to make concubines—slaves to their lust. In numerous instances this has been the case. It is nothing thought of. The price is about thirty dollars each, paid for in rum, gunpowder, beads, baft, &c. taken very likely from the retail shop of the calumniator of our brave troops, the anonymous correspondent "C.," who writes in the Gazette of the place. The liberated African girls are generally so very ugly, that the great think them below their regard, and consequently Africa, to a distance, is ransacked by slave merchants, for girls of the description above alluded to, to gratify the pleasures of some of Africa's mighty lords. Start not, sir—such is the fact. In the place established to put down the slave trade, in that alone, of all the British dominions, has a *bona fide* slave trade been carried on, since that traffic was declared illegal by the laws of our country! I am well aware that the Puritans of the place will deny the facts, or call such purchases "ransoming natives," in order to civilize them; but names cannot alter facts, nor denial obliterate truth; and as to the system of prostitution which the few goodly captured African girls are subjected to, both within and without that horrible place, it is too odious and disgusting ever to be named.

That you are to meet with such details in official despatches to Government, and in despatches and returns laid before Parliament, is not to be

* The fact that a Missionary flogged a Negro boy to death; that the Reverend Mr Johnson flogged most severely a fine boy, a son of the King of Sego, placed under his care, and that a person in authority flogged another Negro boy so severely that he died—facts notorious in Sierra Leone—prove most incontestably that the whip is a legal instrument of punishment in Sierra Leone; for we cannot for a moment suppose that individuals moving in the rank of the gentlemen just mentioned, could act illegally.

looked for. The actors in such scenes cannot be expected to be the first to make them public. Where British laws and moral principles are so violated, we cannot surely be surprised that concealment and deception are added to the black roll. What will the British Legislature say to proceedings like these—to conduct like this?

Interest chiefly leads men to this fatal spot, and immediate personal interest and gain; but the general interest of the place, or of this country, is not the object always and only kept in view. Unbending uprightness soon becomes disgusted with the spot, and leaves it as soon as it possibly can. Governor Ludlam, in his letter already quoted, by warning us against what ought not to be, tells us, in very forcible language, the system which had prevailed in the place previous to 1807: "If unprincipled men," says he, "be sent out to make a fortune, partly by *oppressing* the people, partly by *FLEEING* the public; if we be allowed to remain so weak, and the influence of the government so *LOW*, as occasionally to revive the hopes of our foreign and domestic enemies, it is evident that the money and lives that have been, and *may hereafter be*, spent upon the colony, will be wasted in vain."—General Turner, nearly twenty years afterwards, shows us that a similar pernicious system was still at work, and still ruled in Sierra Leone. In one of the last despatches which he wrote, (Jan. 25, 1826,) he proceeds thus: "I must also submit to your Lordship's consideration, the very *inadequate provision* which is made for *CONTROLLING* the expenses of this establishment (liberated Africans); I am obliged to approve, sign, and become responsible for all the expenditure and accounts of these people, and it is quite impossible that I can examine into these matters, which are so *very voluminous*. Your Lordship will perceive from the annexed account, that even with the *little time* which I have been able to devote to it, I have been able to accomplish a *SAVING OF ONE-HALF* upon the average of five years, or upwards of L.7000 a-year, upon the money *alone issued here*, without reference to the stores from England, although the numbers in the colony must be greater than in any former year, as 2400 *new NEGROES* were landed from the slave ships during the year, a number far exceed-

ing any of the years quoted. Your Lordship will also perceive, that I have reduced the number receiving rations *ONE-HALF*. I feel greatly anxious about the *responsibility* of my being considered public accountant to this department!"

All comment on these words would be superfluous. He who runs may read, and learn from them what passes in Sierra Leone; and why such a sink of extravagance, and a system of imbecility and folly, are supported and defended by individuals in Great Britain, is not difficult to discover. In the late contest with the Ashantees, beef received for the supply of the troops was charged, as I have been informed, as high as 16s. and 17s. per lb.! Owing to the want of judgment and foresight, the vessels carrying the bullocks would be detained by winds and currents for months, when probably not three out of forty survived, and the troops were required to pay the selling-price of the forty for the three killed for their use!

The undeviating object and aim of the leader of the African Institution was, as we learn from their Second Report, p. 28, "to consolidate the whole of our African settlements under one government, and to constitute a Presidency," which was to be fixed in Sierra Leone. The fatal advice was followed, and the consequences of which instantly were, that we were involved in a bloody war with one of the most powerful and barbarous tribes in Western Africa—the result of which has hitherto tended to disgrace, not to honour this country, and to endanger all our power in Africa. Associated with savages, we have been compelled to witness, and to support, scenes of cruelty and horror unequalled in the history of the human race. In our late battle with the Ashantees, in which we claim the victory—"No prisoners," says an eye-witness, "were taken, but as they fell they were put to death. Happy those whose sufferings were short. In vain the gentlemen implored them to hold their hand, or at least to kill them outright. *SOME WERE RIPPED UP AND ACROSS THE BELLY, AND PLUNGING THEIR HANDS IN, THEY TORE THE HEART FROM ITS SEAT, pouring the blood on the ground as a LIBATION TO THE GOOD FORTUNE OF THE ENGLISH!!* Others, when they saw their own friends weltering in their blood, would give

them a blow on the breast or head to terminate their misery!" Wearied with butchery, our black allies reserved some thousands of the Ashantee captives, whom they sold as slaves to the foreign slave ships. The Sierra Leone Gazette of the 25th of November admits these damning facts. Our allies, says that black oracle, "merely chased the enemy clear off the field of battle, and then returned to the plunder—MURDER—and consigning to slavery those wretched victims;—it does not appear that we had sufficient control to prevent even the selling into slavery those of their prisoners left, after satiating themselves with the BUTCHERY which succeeded the action!"

If such a system as this succeeds in civilizing Africa, then I am sadly mistaken. Yet such as we have contemplated it, is the system which has hitherto been pursued in our African establishments, in order to accomplish that desirable end; and which system is alike injurious and degrading to our knowledge, to our character, and to our power as a nation. Instead of attempting to raise the brutal and the ignorant savage to the rank of civilized man, the primary and strenuous efforts pursued in Sierra Leone, and by the system which has so long disgraced and degraded it, are to reduce civilized man to the rank of the savage, by teaching the latter that he is equal to the former in every respect. The wild ferocious African, but yesterday engaged in eating human flesh, and who openly avows his desire in a Sierra Leone court of justice to eat the white jurors appointed to try him for eating his companion!—the man who worships the "*Fetish*," and he who adores a "*Snake*," are, the moment that they are caught and put ashore in Sierra Leone, taught to believe that they are equal in rank, rights, privileges, and power, even to that superior race of men who are sent from Great Britain to rule over them: and above all, these savages are taught that they will be fed, and clothed, and housed, whether they labour or not. In consequence of this insane system, the little civilization which arises in the place retrogrades, and threatens to be wholly extinguished by savage feelings and savage life.

How can it be otherwise? In the place, there is no white female society—no possibility of men marrying and

becoming the fathers of white families, and thereby feeling the endearments of domestic life. Those whites who are fortunate enough to survive a few years, acquire all the slovenliness and much of the indolence and extreme vulgarity of the African female house-keepers whom they are compelled to employ, and with whom alone they can associate in hours of relaxation. No union between a white man and an unlettered African negress can ever take place, but such as saps, not consolidates, the basis of human society and of social order. There is not in Sierra Leone even the impulse to such a union which avarice gives. Mrs Falconbridge has shown us how the natives of our own country, fallen though they were, could fall still lower—become still more degraded, till not only their minds, but even their skins, become almost black in the Sierra Leone Lagoon. On Africans themselves the demoralizing and imbecile system acts with a still more powerful effect. The soldiers of the West India regiments, after being for many years (above twenty years in the army) accustomed to civilized life, but disbanded and settled in some of our African settlements, have already retrograded to their former indolent and savage manner of life. Those settled in the Isle des Loos are particularly so. They have taken to themselves a plurality of wives, after "*de country fashion*," whom they compel to labour for them, while they loiter away their time in idleness, drinking palm-wine, (agricultural labour, in particular, they detest, and they shun,) in which their pensions, paid by this country, are wholly expended. On the authority of one who very lately witnessed the fact, I state, that these men, like other African savages, have abandoned all matters of dress, go completely naked, except a small covering to those parts which nature teaches even the most savage that it is proper to conceal. In this state they came to the commanding officer to receive their pensions, and it was only when threats of military punishment were held out to them if they continued this practice, that they, but on such occasions only, condescended to act differently.

Ask your servants stationed in these parts, and if they tell you the truth, and the whole truth, they will tell you what I now do; and the fact is important, inasmuch as it proves to a

demonstration that constant coercion by the arm of civilized man can alone reclaim the savage, or, where he may have advanced in the path of civilization, prevent him from retrograding to his previous savage state.

The scenes which this senseless equality established at Sierra Leone occasions, are sometimes, though insufferable, nevertheless, extremely ridiculous. When the troops who went out with General Turner reached the place, the cabins of the vessels in which the officers were, and at their dinner-hour too, were quickly filled with negresses, washerwomen and prostitutes, who made themselves quite at home, and when civilly requested to retire on deck while the officers dined, pointedly refused, stating, "*we all de same here, massa,*" while the effluvia from their dear bodies shortened the meal, and almost rendered emetic or ipecacuanha unnecessary, for a Sierra Leone clearance! General Turner made his appearance in the *Posthumus*, on the morning following the day on which the transports with the troops had arrived. He landed before nine o'clock, which is the hottest time of the day, being without a breeze. The troops and officers previously landed turned out to meet and to receive him. About 9000 of the inhabitants of Freetown and the adjoining parts rushed down along with the officers, to the water's edge, to stare at the sight. The General, with his suite, landed, and with some difficulty made his way through the crowd of blacks, most of whom were naked. The heat and the squeeze kept up by the blacks made the General quicken his steps, followed by the officers, *each holding his nose*, in order to prevent suffocation by the intolerable stench emitted from the black perspiration around and in their rear! The pencil of Hogarth could only do justice to such a scene! In the name of our country, are the heroes who fought and who bled under Wellington, and who chased Napoleon from the carnage-covered field of Waterloo, to be herded with and insulted by such stinking savages as these!

If we really wish to do good in Africa, we must teach her savage sons that white men are their superiors. By this charm alone we can insure their obedience. Without they remain obedient, we never will succeed in rendering them industrious,

or in instructing them in any useful branch of knowledge. White men cannot labour in that climate; black men only can labour there. But unless we can command the labour of the latter, so as to direct it to some purpose beneficial alike to themselves and to us, we never can reclaim Africans from their present state of barbarity and ignorance, nor succeed in raising that quarter of the world from its present extremely debased and demoralized state.

The world believes, and has been taught to believe, that a slave trade and slavery were created by Europeans in Africa, and that the ignorance, degradation, and misery which prevail in Africa are the results of the former evils. Legislators believe and act accordingly. The consequences have been, and are, most fatal to the interests of Africa. And while we continue to believe that a slave trade and slavery do not proceed from Africa herself, we shall fail in every attempt to do her any good, and continue to wander from the path, by advancing in which, only, we can render her any essential service; and, what is worse, proceeding in a wrong course, we shall infallibly do mischief where we intended to do good.

It is impossible for any European power to obtain or to hold military possession of all Africa, or retain by force even any considerable portion of it, but at an expense of blood and treasure, which no improvements in, or advantages to be obtained from, that country could ever repay. The foreign slave trade can only be cut off by bringing personal slavery in Africa to become the first step to a better order of things. To accomplish the latter, we must teach the native princes not to sell their criminals and prisoners of war to foreigners, but to set them to cultivate the ground, in order to raise those tropical productions, and to procure those tropical commodities, which Europeans covet, and which the African people will give in exchange for those European productions which Africans covet, and which they cannot produce. We cannot root out evil in Africa in a day, or by the lump; but we may, by judicious measures, make some of those evils, which are too deeply rooted in society in Africa to be plucked up at once, or by external force, subservient to our views in forwarding a better

state of things; and when we can gain, as we may gain, the ear of the African princes, and succeed in opening their eyes to their true interests, the protection of their people and the encouragement of agricultural industry, then the great work is commenced, which must progressively advance to its completion; and they, you may be assured, if properly directed, will do the business better than we can, because we make it their interest to do so.

"Travelling merchants who come to Sierra Leone are agreed, that the facility of travelling is regulated by the distance from the coast," says the Reporter of the African Institution, 20th Rep. p. 85; and which "facility," he asserts, "is owing to the greater prevalence of the slave trade system on the coast, than in the interior." This is an error. The fact and the cause are sufficiently explained in his preceding page, (84,) where he states, that "The want of a LEADING POWER amongst the petty native tribes into which the country round *Sierra Leone* is broken, is the MOST SERIOUS OBSTACLE in that direction!" The same tribute or duty paid by the merchant to any of the great powers in the interior, will secure the "travelling merchants" protection and security for 200 miles, that cannot secure them safety for one mile amongst "the petty native tribes round *Sierra Leone*." This fact of itself clearly demonstrates that this settlement is most improperly chosen and kept up as our head-quarters in Africa. The greater number of slaves are brought to the coast from the powerful nations in the interior. Sir George Collier, in his communication to Government, (I write from memory as to the authority,) or the Slave Commissioners, mention this fact in their letter to Mr Canning, when they state, that upon a momentary cessation of the slave trade, the slaves received from the interior were sent back from the coast to the interior.

A commanding position chosen on the coast of Africa, would secure an immense trade to this country—a trade which would annually increase, as the wants of the Africans increased; for they would take in exchange all our staple manufactures for their valuable raw materials, without the smallest risk of these Africans ever becoming

rivals or competitors in manufactures for their own market. A healthy spot on or near the mouth of the great rivers which penetrate deeply into the African continent, and by which alone heavy goods can find their way into the interior, is the point to choose for a select settlement. FERNANDO Po is the point to choose. It commands the mouth of those mighty rivers which traverse the most valuable and productive parts of all Northern Central Africa. The whole, and the very great, trade which the Moors and the Arabs carry on with Soudan from Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, and Egypt, would instantly fall into our hands. We could carry to Timbuctoo by water for 20 per cent. those articles which cost them to carry across the Great Desert 200 per cent, throwing altogether out of the question the delay and the danger which attend such journeys. That trade, with other branches which must become ours, is, I have reason to believe, at present not less than L.3,000,000 annually in exports and imports, and it might be tripled—QUADRUPLED!

This trade, decision and energy (which I feel confident will not be wanting,) on your part, and choosing clear-headed honest merchants, instead of enthusiasts, as your guides, may at once throw into the hands of Great Britain. As I stated before, this glory may be yours—the immense advantages will belong to your country.

In resuming, pursuing, and following out this subject, I have no personal interests to serve, and no resentments to gratify; nor have I any wish to throw blame upon the Government of my country, or censure, for the sake of censure, upon any body of men whatever. I would merely state facts, and point out errors which have been committed, that the former may be attended to, and the latter avoided in our future proceedings; and conscious when doing so, of doing my duty to my country and to Africa, I treat with scorn and contempt all the abuse which is poured out upon me, and the clamour which is raised against me by ignorance, enthusiasm, and malevolence, because I venture to attack and to expose *Sierra Leone*, its baneful climate, and its more baneful system. I am, &c.

JAMES M'QUEEN.

Glasgow, 12th February 1827.

VISITS TO THE HARAM.

VISIT FIFTH.

"You have lately had strange doings in the *Underoon*," said a friend to me one day, while I was smoking my *kalleou* in his *Balla Khoneh*, and reflecting on the very matters which were then stimulating his curiosity—"one does not know what to believe. There are so many reports abroad, and they are so unlike one another, and all of them so extraordinary, that I confess I can make nothing of them."

"What have you heard?" said I; "I should like to know what is said amongst the people?"

"I have heard," he repeated, "a great deal that one cannot believe; but the substance of the whole, so far as I can understand it, is this, that one of the king's wives has been poisoned, by a slave girl, who intended to have served half-a-dozen others in the same way, had she not been detected."

"Nay," said I, "you must tell me more of these reports.—What do they say about me?"

"They say," replied my friend, "that the moment your finger touched her pulse, you declared that she had been poisoned, and pronounced her incurable. Moreover, that you named the precise drug, which, it afterwards appeared, had been administered, and foretold the minute at which she would die, with such precision, that one might have set his watch by it."

"Good," returned I; "and did you hear nothing of the two other women, who had partaken of the same mess, but who have recovered?"

"I heard," answered he, "that there were two other women ill; but," with a provoking grin, "one of my informants said they were both dying; that their stomachs were on fire; that you had not been able to do much for them; and that probably this evening, or at all events to-morrow morning, their bowels would be consumed to a cinder."

"Very good," said I; "you may tell your informant, that they are both recovering; and that I—I take upon myself to answer for their perfect recovery."

"Enough," said my friend; "we all know how to appreciate such an assurance from you, Meerza. The fact is, that the person who circulated this unfavourable report, was Meerza Messee."

"If it was Meerza Messee, the son of a dog," returned I, "you must swear by my head, that you will not deceive him. Let him spread the report over the world, that I may have the satisfaction of showing the whole Court what a liar—what a deceitful, worthless, envious scoundrel—what a low, shameless cheat and mountebank the fellow is. The animal has the insolence to call himself a doctor, and criticise my practice.—Let it be—One town cannot contain us both; and if the Shah does not choose to send this fellow away, I shall leave the capital and the king at the mercy of such asses and fools as this same Meerza Messee."

"Why, it was only last year that the fellow bled a man in the heat of a raging fever; and when I was providentially called, and saved the poor devil in spite of his blundering stupidity, he had the effrontery to assert, that the bleeding had saved the man, and not my medicines!"

"How often must I expose these fellows, and this one in particular? Will people never open their eyes to the folly of employing idiots and impudent, uneducated, unexperienced upstarts to prescribe for them—fellows who bleed in the height of a fever? Do they think that I have nothing to do but to cure them after they have been brought to the point of death, by the quackery of these ignoramuses? I am getting old now, and it is quite enough for me to cure people of their natural diseases. I really have not time to occupy myself in putting to rights all people choose to put wrong. Let them look to it. If they choose to give themselves to be killed, it is nothing to me."

I was induced to offer this exposition of my sentiments to my friend,* (whose name, for the sake of not exposing him, I shall conceal,) because

* The person for whose reputation the Meerza shows so much tender regard, was Meerza Mahommed Alles Sheeragee, one of the greatest wags in Persia, and cer-

I had been informed, that he had lately contracted an intimacy with Meerza Messce, and had actually taken his prescriptions on one occasion at least—a symptom of weakness and folly, which I believe he is now aware it would not be to his credit to make public.

Observing that my friend was a little embarrassed, and made no reply, I dropped the subject, only remarking, that if Meerza Messce were even a good physician, instead of an ignorant pretending quack, it was incumbent on every good Moosleman, to forbid him his house, for that he was well-known to be a confirmed and accursed Sooffee.

“Let Meerza Messce go to the devil,” said my friend; “I wish to hear something about this business. Tell me what was the girl’s motive for it? Had her mistress used her harshly? Or had she threatened to do so? Or was there a man in the case? Or was the dose intended for some one else?”

“You have put questions,” replied I, “which involve important considerations. Her mistress had ever used the girl kindly. She was one of the best dressed slaves in the Haram; and was indeed a companion rather than a slave to her mistress. It was something more serious than any individual feeling of revenge. It was a deep-laid plot of fearful magnitude, which was intended to involve many other persons. I saw the wretch to-day. She is a magnificent-looking creature;—not a trace of any evil feeling is to be found in the soft but elevated expression of her fine features. Though the proof against her is full and unequivocal, it is impossible to look upon her and not believe her innocent. I remember often to have seen her in the Underoon. Oh! the wanton, what an eye she had! I wish to God she had been ugly, for then she might have gone to the devil for aught that I care. But my heart somehow or other leans favourably towards a pretty girl. On this occasion, I have a mixture of horror, pity, and admiration in me, which perplexes me miserably. And then to think that to-

morrow she must die such a dreadful death, and to-night suffer torture! She will disclose something curious. This is not the doing of a slave. Greater people than she have urged her to it, poor creature. Yet she must be a depraved wretch, though few countenances ever lied more beautifully.

“When I saw her, she was sitting in her fine clothes on a dirty mat in a corner of the room, in which she had been confined. She did not weep, and there was no expression of deep anguish in her countenance—neither could I say that it betrayed any signs of fear. Her large dark hazel eyes (what things I have seen rolling about in them!) were fixed on the opposite corner of the apartment. She was pale, and some disorder of her hair, and of her dress, showed that she had suffered violence, and told that she was a prisoner. You might have taken her for a pensive lunatic, or for an imprudent girl who had been detected in forbidden company, but never would you have guessed that she was a prisoner for murder. So much calmness with her dejection. How softly her long black eyelashes seemed to repose on her fair cheek as she sat with her eyes half closed—How delicate, and downy, and smooth, the pale cheek on which those eyelashes rested—How beautiful the whole countenance—How fine the expression—with much in it of pride, and more of gentleness. Can it be that such a creature is a murderer? I fear—I fear it is too true. What lovely skins some snakes are allowed to wear! What bewitching shapes the devil gets into! God curse him.”

“You seem to be strangely moved, Meerza,” said my friend, “for this worthless creature. I wonder to hear a man of your sense, and sound principles, regretting that justice should be enforced against a shameless wretch whom you believe to be guilty, whom you know to be guilty of a most abominable crime—a crime which shakes every one’s confidence in those about them. Who can feel secure in his own house, if a slave, who has been uniformly well treated, is found to have

tainly one of the wittiest men about Court. He took great pleasure in exciting the Meerza’s jealousy; and by making himself a bone of contention, succeeded in getting medical advice from the rival physicians for nothing. About the time that this was written, he had borrowed money from our Doctor, which attached him permanently to his party.

poisoned her indulgent mistress? Do you feel sure that there is no one in your own family capable of doing as much for you? Will you eat your meals now with the same confidence as before this affair took place? Will no feelings of doubt and fear come along with every morsel that you eat? Will you not, after every meal, instead of feeling refreshed and satisfied, sit watching your inward sensations with anxiety and alarm? Will not the slightest feeling of uneasiness, which, at any other time, could attract no attention, excite in you fearful misgivings? Will you venture to reprove your servants as freely as before, when they commit any fault? Will not every thing you do in your own house be tinctured with the fear of poison?"

"For God's sake have done!" said I, "you have destroyed my peace of mind and body for a month at least. What you say is too true. I shall go to witness the execution, for the express purpose of relating it to my family. What endless misery a man is doomed to suffer from his women! But it is near sunset, and I must visit my patients—God be your protection. As you have no women, I shall come back and dine with you."

With this I took my leave, impressed with the truth of what my friend had stated, and not at all comfortably confident as to the state of matters in my own house; for, only a few days before, I had assisted my wife to punish the woman who cooked for us.

I proceeded to the Underroom, where every one was in consternation. Women, who had not, during their whole lives, entered a cooking place, or prepared a pilau, were busily occupied in the kitchens cooking their own dinners. Every kind of confidence was destroyed. Half the women had felt, or fancied they felt, some uneasy sensation, which their fears had magnified into dreadful symptoms. Every face was pale and haggard with anxiety. No one admitted to their apartments or kitchens any but the servants in whom they had most confidence. Suspicion was in every look. Those for whom I prescribed, begged that I would seal their packets of medicine with some other seal than that which I had been in the habit of using. Even the children seemed to be unhappy and dejected. Groups of older persons were collected in several of the

courts, speaking earnestly in an under tone of voice. There was an air of misery about the whole palace which went to my heart, heavy, and cold, and oppressive.

When I had finished my professional duties, I determined to visit, once more, the accursed slave girl, who had caused so much sorrow and uneasiness; and having been fully awakened to the worst view of the case, I went armed against every soft and tender feeling, and in a frame of mind which would almost have fitted me to become her executioner.

When near the room in which she was confined, I perceived some commotion about the door, and heard the sound of harsh voices. As I crossed the threshold of the ante-room, a shrill scream pierced me through, and made my heart flutter with agitation.—Still I joined in the execrations which were poured upon the prisoner. Before I had yet got within sight of her, (for the crowd was considerable,) I could hear a low, indistinct, suppressed moaning. Pushing forward a little farther, I saw two men bending over the culprit, who lay prostrate on the floor.—One of them held firmly, with his left hand, the ear of the wretched girl, and in his right brandished a large knife, which from time to time he applied to her ear, or to her throat, to extort from her answers to the questions he had put to her. One of his knees was planted on her tender neck, and ever and anon he threw his whole weight upon it, till I thought it must have broken under him. I shut my eyes in disgust, at a spectacle so revolting, but had scarcely done so, when another scream forced me to open them.—The first thing that met my sight, was her delicate white ear, now sprinkled with blood, which the merciless man had severed from her head, and held up in triumph, with a fearful smile of self-complacency.—I looked down, and saw the horrible wound, the blood pouring from it down her neck, and over her cheek and long locks. The mangled head was still pressed down by the knee of the executioner; and though I could not see her face, there was an expression of even more dreadful import at such a time in the convulsive movements of her frame.

They deliberately rolled her over on the other side. Her hair was hanging loose, and her countenance was so co-

vered with it and with her blood, that I could distinguish nothing of her features; but the struggling, suffocating oppression of her breathing was unendurable. Some tried to keep up their ferocity by ejaculations of the coarsest kind, but few joined them; and I could hear the shortened breathing of every one around me.

The knife was again brandished.—Many questions were put, but no reply was given. "Are you so obstinate?" demanded the executioner; "are you determined to answer none of my questions?"—Then Bishmillah ul Bakhman ul Raheem," (In the name of God, the most merciful, the most benevolent;) and as he uttered the words, a single stroke of his knife separated the other ear from her head; but no scream, no moan followed, no struggle could be perceived,—some said she was dead, some that she had fainted,—I hoped the first was true, but I was mistaken. Slowly she began to revive, after her hair had been removed from her face and a cup of water thrown over it;—they raised her up, and she sat for a time bewildered; at length a checked respiration marked the return of consciousness,—I saw it, and felt at that instant a pang which I had never felt before.

I knew that the sentence which had been passed upon her had not yet been fulfilled, and that she had yet much to suffer before she was led to end the last scene of her existence. She knew it too, and my heart bled for her, though I tried to fortify it by painting to myself her crime and her depravity in the most revolting and irritating point of view; but it would not do,—and I felt, that had the power been in my hands, her punishment would now have ended;—I felt, too, the wisdom of the ancient custom, according to which, all offenders should receive their punishment in the presence of the judge who has condemned them to suffer it, whether he be king or governor, and lamented that in this instance it had been set aside, for I knew that the Shah had a merciful heart, more merciful than any prince who ever sat on the throne of Persia, though his servants, alas! had no pity in their bosoms.

They returned to their work,—one of them thrust his knife between her teeth and forced open her jaws; she

tried to struggle, but she was faint and weak, and even had she not been so, any resistance she would have made would equally have been in vain. Her mouth was forced open, and then they fixed an iron hook in her tongue, and drew it out,—her bosom heaved as if it would have burst, a cold sweat stood upon her brow, her eyes glared wildly, and she uttered an agonizing cry like the laugh of a maniac,—it was but an instant; and then, that portion of her tongue which protruded, was cut off, and hung like a bit of cold raw flesh upon the hook.

Her tortures were now over for a time, and I felt relieved; but when she asked for water, the hollow mumbling which issued from the bloody empty cavern of her mouth, was to me more heart-rending than all I had seen her endure.

With a composure which calmed us all, she washed her own wounds and her hair, and hastily arranged her disordered dress; then returned to the mat on which I had seen her seated in the morning. Her countenance gradually resumed the expression it had then borne, and as the handkerchief which she threw over her head covered her wounds, you could have discovered nothing, but the blood upon the floor, by which to guess at what had happened.

I returned home, exhausted with the excitement, and with the heat and pressure of the crowd, and related to my assembled family, with an air of indifference, and even of triumph, the punishment of the wretch who had poisoned her mistress. My women lavished upon her every opprobrious epithet they could think of, and almost provoked me to say something in her behalf; but I thought it more prudent to dwell on the horrors of the punishment, which, whatever might have been the feelings of my listeners, extracted from them nothing but assurances that it was well merited—assurances which I could not help suspecting were intended rather to screen themselves from suspicion, than to express what was in their hearts.

Finding myself at home, with no appetite for dinner, I did not go, as I had promised, to my friend's house; and taking up a book, I amused myself with it, till sleep overcame me, and drove me to bed.

It might have been about the middle of the night when I was visited

by a vile dream, which greatly disturbed me, and, in its consequences, caused me much annoyance.

I fancied myself in a fine palace, which I had never seen before, surrounded by innumerable beautiful objects, and attended by a princely train of domestics; but some things vexed me sorely. I imagined that a stream of cold water was running over both my legs, and that I was bound by some spell, which put it entirely out of my power to remove myself from it, or to cause it to be removed from me. I fancied that a delicious repast was placed near me, and that, though pinched with hunger, some invisible power prevented me from stretching out my hand to partake of it.

Then the scene shifted, and I fancied myself in another apartment, suffering from the effects of deadly poison. I felt my limbs growing cold—my heart faint, and my strength rapidly sinking. My fears were so strong that they awoke me, and my first impulse was to feel my feet, and satisfy myself that my dream was without foundation. But imagine my horror when I put down my hand and found them as cold as ice. I examined my inward sensations, and discovered a disagreeable feeling of gnawing at my stomach;—I started up in alarm, and when fully awake, discovered that the cold of my feet had been caused by their having been thrust from under the lahoff, (quilted bed-cover,) and that the uneasiness of my stomach was neither more nor less than ravenous hunger.

This discovery gave me the greatest satisfaction; but my hunger was intense, and the chance of my being able to procure, at this time of night, anything with which to appease it, was small. The fear of poison had not been in any degree diminished by the alarm which my dream had occasioned; and to call up my people and demand something to eat, was a proceeding which, under such circumstances, appeared to me to be of doubtful propriety. After some deliberation it occurred to me, that if I could find anything eatable in the apartment occupied by the girl who cooked for us, any little portion which she might have laid aside for herself, it would not only be the most convenient, but by much the most secure mode of proceeding to content myself with.—I

accordingly sallied forth, and having made my way into the cook's sleeping place, though not without having broken my shins on a large pot which stood half full of dirty water at the door, I commenced my search, and found, tied up in a handkerchief which was not of the cleanest, a mess of boiled rice and kebobs, and a few pieces of crisp bread. I seized the prize, and was bearing it off with some satisfaction, and many precautions against the renewed injury of my shins, when just as one foot was planted beyond the pot, and the other was about to follow, I heard the jingling of small bells at my heel, then a short snarl, and in an instant my leg was seized. Making an exertion to extricate myself from this situation, my foot slipped on a greasy spot, where water from the kitchen had been poured out, and I fell into the gutter. The abominable reptile of a dog continued his attacks on my heel. The cookmaid awoke, and called out "thief!" as loud as she could roar; and to complete my consternation, just as I was again fairly on my legs, and about to make a precipitate retreat with my prize, which by some instinct I had never quitted, my wife rose like an apparition before my eyes, standing on the very ground over which I must have to pass, and screaming all the domestics to her aid. A new fear now came upon me. The men who were sleeping in the outer court might come in, and in the height of their valour and zeal to preserve my property, and the sanctity of my Haram, might, when they found me alone and unarmed, make minced meat of me without asking any questions. I thought the shortest way to appease my wife and every one, would be to make myself known; but in this I was woefully mistaken, for she had no sooner heard my voice and recognized it, than she poured upon me a torrent of the most obscene abuse, and accused me in plain terms of an intrigue with the cookmaid, of which, I swear by the head of the prophet, I was as innocent as my grandfather.

It was in vain that I remonstrated and explained, and told my dream, and pointed to the handkerchief, and dwelt on the necessity of taking every precaution against poison, and recommended her to be careful of her precious life. She stormed, and raged, and bullied, till, remembering that I

had no beard to spare, I slunk off to my bed again, wondering what the devil had induced me to marry the woman.

When I got safe into the court of the *Khulvat*, (private apartment,) in which I had been sleeping, my first care was to deposit my mess of eatables, which had cost me so much, on the *selle* of the window, which was open; and my next to apply myself to the *house*,* and cleanse myself of the impurities which I had collected on my excursion. I then called one of the *feroshes*, (inferior house-servants,) who, with an enviable exemption from all uneasiness, had slept soundly, in spite of the rumpus which had called all the neighbours to their house-tops; and having, by his aid, procured a light, I dismissed him to renew his slumbers, and set myself to examine my heel and shin, neither of which had suffered so much as I had feared. But when I turned to my estates, the fruit of so much pain and endurance, I found that my appetite was quite gone again. To have suffered so much, and to find it all in vain—to have accomplished the object I had proposed to myself—and to find, when it was attained, that a change within myself had deprived it of the power of giving me pleasure, was certainly distressing; but I consoled myself with the reflection, that such is the world; and had not done moralizing on this theme, when day broke, and the *Azân* summoned me to morning prayer.

As soon as I had completed my devotions, and dressed myself, I set out, thankful that I had escaped a morning visitation from my wife, and took my way towards the palace, to visit my patients. The occurrences of the night had driven from my mind all recollection of the scene I had witnessed the evening before; and it was not until I found myself wedged in between a crowd of idle people and the ditch of the ark,† that I thought of demanding why they were collected. My servants replied, (somewhat surprised at the question,) that it was to see the execution.

I had been obliged, in a great mea-

sure against my will, to witness the horrors of the preceding evening; and it now seemed probable that I should be forced in the same way to be present at the execution this morning. To avoid so unpleasant an occurrence, I pushed on; and having succeeded in crossing the bridge, began to congratulate myself on my escape; but just as I got under the gateway, I saw the head of a band of *feroshes* and *nussukchees*‡ advancing rapidly with much noise, driving before them, with their sticks and axes, a party of people who had the misfortune, like me, to meet them in their advance. Not caring to have my shoulders belaboured by the *feroshes*, or my skull clove by a *nussukchee*, I retreated with all speed. But the noise of their approach had collected the crowd to the gateway, so that the bridge was to me impassable; and there seemed to be no alternative but to stop and face the sticks and axes, or to leap into the ditch; either of which afforded no very satisfactory prospect of sleeping in a whole skin. When the matter seemed to be on the point of coming to a crisis, and the advancing party was just upon me, I was fortunately recognized, and escaped personal injury, though to pass into the ark, as I had intended, was quite out of the question. The certainty of being obliged to witness the execution, now appeared to me to be a much smaller evil than I had at first considered it, and my whole attention was directed to preserving myself from being thrown down and trampled to death by the crowd, which carried me along with it.

We had not, however, far to go; for, as everybody knows, the place of execution is not twenty paces from the gate of the ark. When we halted, I found myself inclosed in a dense ring of spectators; in the midst of which stood a great brass mortar, raised on a mound of earth, and beside it, stuck in the ground, was a linstock with a lighted match. The *nussukchees* ranged themselves on each side of this horrible engine; and it was not without some difficulty that I succeeded in gaining a position which appeared to

* A basin of water, which usually occupies a considerable portion of every court in Persian houses of the better class.

† The inner fortification or citadel, in which the palace is situated.

‡ Inferior officers of the executive.

me to secure me from the danger attending the explosion, and its consequences when it should take place. Having taken my station, I began to look around me, and saw the officers of justice still pouring into the circle, which was widened for their reception by dint of blows. After them, or rather between two of them, came the prisoner. She was enveloped from head to foot in a black robe, which also covered her face. Her step was firm, and her carriage stately. She frequently spoke a few words to a eunuch who accompanied her; but the noise was so great, that I could hear nothing of their discourse. As she approached, the spectators became more quiet; and when she had reached the mortar, not a sound was to be heard. Taking advantage of the silence, she spoke aloud, with a distinctness and composure that astonished every one, and made her words intelligible to all.*

"I am a tool, (she said,) and suffer for a crime which was not originated by me. I have been deceived, but I have sworn to be secret, and I scorn to betray my friends. Tell the whole Haram that tortures have extracted from me no confessions, and that the near approach of death, in its most appalling form, has not shaken my soul."

"I know that they whose characters I have preserved at the price of my life, are at this moment longing for the sound which will announce that I am no more, and trembling lest I should redeem my life by sacrificing theirs. It is no matter. They

will know better what I was when all is over.

"Tell the king, that had he used me more gently, I might have been induced to warn him of dangers from which he cannot now protect himself. But I thank him for his cruelty. Had he left me a life better worth preserving, I might have been tempted to redeem it, even by betraying my accomplices; but he has taken from me the wish to live, and, king as he is, he cannot now tempt me to be false."

The officers, perceiving that her wild address made some impression on the multitude, here interrupted her. She made no attempt to proceed, but resigned herself into their hands. They led her in front of the mortar, and yet her step never faltered—neither did she speak or implore, as it is common for even men to do in her situation—neither did she curse, as some do—neither did she weep. They told her to kneel down with her breast against its muzzle, and she did so. They put cords round her wrists, and bound them to stakes which had been driven for the purpose—still she showed no signs of emotion—she laid her head upon the mortar, and waited her fate with a composure which a soldier might have envied. At length the signal was given—the match was raised—it descended slowly—and at the moment when it was about to touch the powder, an audible shudder ran through the crowd. The priming caught fire—a moment of

* This statement, made even by so respectable a person as the Meerza, is somewhat startling. We can scarcely, in this country, imagine a lady whose tongue had been cut out in the evening, addressing a crowd the next morning, with an articulation which made her quite intelligible. Yet there can be no doubt that this woman actually did so.

Instances of persons speaking intelligibly, whose tongues have been cut out, are numerous in Persia. It is singular enough, that those who have lost only the tip of the tongue are often unable to make themselves understood, while those who have lost a much larger portion speak almost distinctly. This circumstance is so well known, that a second amputation of a tongue, which has been sparingly dealt with by the executioner, is often resorted to.

We turn with horror from these barbarous punishments, to admire our own more humane laws; but it should be remembered, that even amongst ourselves torture was inflicted at no very distant date; and further, that these mutilations are often inflicted when, according to our law, the life of the offender would be forfeited—while, in Persia at least, there are few criminals who would not rather submit to be so mutilated than to be put to death. It is but justice to add, that such punishments have been comparatively rare during the present reign in Persia; and that this (recorded by the Meerza) is the only instance, (I believe,) during that time, in which a woman has been publicly executed.

sickening suspense followed—a groan burst from the spectators—the smoke passed away—no explosion followed—and the unfortunate wretch raised her head to see what had happened.

A faint hope glimmered in my own heart that perhaps this was a device to save her life, but it was not permitted to live long. It had scarcely begun to rise within me, when I saw the priming renewed and the match raised again. The condemned wretch laid her head once more on its hard pillow, and uttered a low groan, as if her spirit had parted. It had scarcely been uttered when the explosion took place, and the smoke covered everything from my view. As it gradually cleared away, it drew a veil

from over a horrid and revolting spectacle. The two bodiless arms hung, with their mangled and blackened ends, from the stakes to which they had been bound; and a few yards distant lay a scorched and shattered foot and leg. No trace of body or of head remained, and a few tattered remnants of clothes were all besides that were left.

The arms were unbound from the stakes; and two women, who had issued from the ark at the sound of the explosion, rushed to the spot—seized them up—and, concealing them under their veils, hurried to the Haram with these proofs that the demands of justice had been fulfilled.

LETTER FROM AN INDIAN.

Ramnuggur, July 21, 1826.

MY DEAR NORTH,

FORGIVE my boldness; but in India we have a fashion which it is difficult to get rid of—of addressing people we have never seen, and know nothing about except from report, by their names. Besides, as I am going to consult you on a matter of the first importance to myself, I am willing to begin by considering you as an old friend, which in truth you are, though I have never to my knowledge had the honour of meeting you.

Assuming, then, a privilege to which nothing but your good nature and philanthropy can give me a claim, I shall take the liberty to lay before you some account of the matter in regard to which I entreat your advice.

I have now been twenty-three years in India, and have attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel. I am not *rich*, in the sense in which that word is applied to Indians; but I have some money, and might pass for a rich man in almost any country town in Scotland. I have, however, an antipathy to country towns, which I brought from home with me, and which I find nothing diminished by my long absence. On the other hand, I have a pleasing recollection of Edinburgh, and your Magazine has induced me to think that the race of good fellows is not entirely extinct in that capital. I am not a literary man, Mr North, as I fear you will too readily discover; but I have no objection to the society of literary

men, when they are also reasonable people. Blue-stocking ladies I am more afraid of; but I dare say I could speedily convince them that I am too stupid for their society, and so escape further persecution. In short, after fully considering the matter, I have decided that Edinburgh is the fittest place for me to reside in, on my return home; and now to the point.

I wish to know what income will suffice to enable me to live comfortably, supposing that I should pass the winter six months of every year in Edinburgh, (say from November to April inclusive,) and appropriate two-thirds of my income to defray the expenses of that half year. And that we may fully understand one another, I shall explain to you in detail the manner in which I should wish to live.

First, then, I should like to have a house to myself in some clean respectable street. Your Edinburgh common stairs are an abomination; there is something inexpressibly mean, and dirty, and uncomfortable associated in my mind with the remembrance of a common stair. I always think of porters carrying up coals, and maids carrying down filth, and children in the corners, and *'prentice boys* at night, and the caution which is required to enable you to descend in the morning! I should, therefore, like to have a house to myself, (from top to bottom, they used to call it,) or at least a door to myself; for, as I am still a bachelor,

I do not require a large house. I should like to have, on two floors, a dining-room, a drawing-room, a bed-room, with a dressing-room attached, and if possible a small bath. I should like, moreover, to have a den of some kind to retire into when I may happen to be churlish, or when it rains, and I have the blue devils, or when I take a fancy to my books, an offence of which I am not very often guilty. I should like to have a good kitchen, &c. &c. in the under storey, with (in the very centre of the house, alike imperious to heat and cold,) a roomy cellar, fit to contain and preserve wine for two generations. Such a house, from top to bottom, I would have no objection to purchase; but if it was below any other man's house, I could only bring myself to rent it till I could find a better.

I should like to have this my house furnished in a plain, substantial, rather handsome way—with a proviso in my agreement with the upholsterer, that it should not contain one rattan-bottomed chair—for the greatest inferior miseries I have endured in India, have been from this miserable contrivance. I verily believe my body will go to the grave diced and stamped with hexagons and octagons. Neither will I have hair-cloth bottoms to my chairs, which, so long as they are entire, demand a constant exertion of your legs to keep you from slipping off them; and when they are worn, you might as well sit down on a reversed pincushion. I will, therefore, have leather-bottomed chairs, and no others, in my dining-room, and den, and bed-room; and I will have silk-damask bottoms to those in my drawing-room. My bed must be very large, and I choose to sleep upon a thin elastic hair mattress with two feather-beds under it. For the rest, I shall leave the detail to your own taste and judgement, Mr North. I shall bring home with me (if your answer should induce me to leave this country,) Persian carpets for my dining-room, bed-room, and den.

I should like to have a good manservant in the house, besides Bappoo, who accompanies me from this country; a groom to look after my two Arab horses in the stable; an elderly respectable woman as housekeeper, a good cook and a chambermaid. I do not believe that I should require more.

My horses I would not trust to any man living. I must, therefore, have them under my own eye, and this reminds me that my house must have a stable attached to it.

I like to breakfast about nine o'clock, and cannot get on without fish or cold meat, or both. I have a most savoury recollection of a thing called mutton-ham, and I intend to bring home a supply of Bengal humps, not buffalo humps, for buffalos have no humps, but Bengal bullock humps; eggs too are indispensable. For the rest I am not particular, except that, for the first six months or so, I would have a pot of Mrs Weddell's marmalade set before me. My tea will consist of two parts Gunpowder, and one part Pekoe—and (which I look forward to with the greatest anxiety,) I must have at least three newspapers, unopened, laid on my breakfast-table every morning. My breakfast would, of course, be sufficient for two, in case a friend should come in.

I never take tiffin—it spoils one's dinner, and is in itself no compensation.

I hate dining alone—besides which, the wine is difficult to manage. I should like always to have a friend to dine with me and discuss half my pint of Madeira, and half my bottle of claret. I understand sherry is much in fashion now, but I have never seen any in this country that comes within a mile of my own Madeira, and it would break my heart to part with, or put aside the six fine pipes I have been coaxing and filling up for the last seven years—indeed, ever since I got my Majority. Once every week I should like to have two or three friends at my house; and on these occasions, I might give them a glass of red Constantia; but neither this nor the Madeira would be considered in your calculation.

I am not aware that there is any thing else, in this department, which it may be necessary for me to specify more minutely.

Then again, in the possible event of my changing my state, (for a man cannot answer for himself at my age,) why then, my two Arabs are converted into carriage horses—my groom into a coachman. My house requires no immediate change. My friend's place at breakfast and dinner is occupied by a person still dearer to me. My bottle of claret changes to a pint. My housekeeper goes, and in her stead

seems a lady's maid, and perhaps a nursery-maid, (I do not see that there is anything either absurd or improper in a man's anticipating what is perfectly natural in the case supposed.) My hookah is laid aside. Bappoo becomes the lady's footman, and every thing goes on as regularly as before, with no additional expense.

Your reply must decide whether I am now to leave India, or whether I must wait till I get my regiment—an important matter, Mr North, not to me only, but to several junior officers who are looking for the step. My case is not a singular one, and I know at least half a dozen officers in the service who will wait for your answer, with as much impatience as I shall myself.

There are one or two other points on which I should like much to be favoured with your own private opinion, and I entreat you not to withhold it. I wish to know how a healthy, ruddy-complexioned man, with a liver as sound as a bell, who wears Irish linen instead of calico, never spoke of a *Kutcherry* or a *Bungalow*, or *Tippoo Sahib*, or the *Pindarees*, or *Mahrattas*, or even of the *Deccan prize-money*, and never walked alone, or took the shady side of the street all the time he was at home, could be discovered by every one to be, "*an old Indian*," (as they called him, though he was scarcely forty;) and I wish, moreover, to know why girls at home always smile (as I am informed they do) in a sneering kind of way at the attentions of "*an old Indian*," as if there was something ridiculous in his paying his court to a young woman; and why they call him an *old Indian*, when, God wot, he is often much younger in every respect than many who escape that epithet, so disagreeable and (allow me to say) ill-bred, when applied to an unmarried man about forty. I must also beg of you to inform me, why, the moment a man is set down as "*an old Indian*," he is invested with all the attributes of all the oldest Indians who ever returned to England or Scotland.

I should feel infinitely indebted to you, Mr North, if you would have the kindness to throw some light upon this subject, so interesting to your numerous readers in this country. The account which Major Strong, who has just returned from furlough, has given

us of these matters is very distressing; and unless you will be kind enough to assist me, I really do not know from whom I can obtain the information requisite to enable me to guard against the peculiarities which it would appear follow us into every society, and the misrepresentations to which we are subjected from the prejudices of others. Do not imagine, however, that I am ashamed of being what is called an Indian. There is no division of British society to which I would rather belong; and whatever may be the peculiarities or the foibles of Indians, they have, I believe, as many substantial virtues and good qualities, with at least as much polish, as their neighbours.

Believe me to be,

My dear North,

Yours very faithfully and obediently,

AN INDIAN.

P. S. —My friend Captain Slight, who has for some years been in a miserable state of health, notwithstanding several voyages to China and the Persian Gulf, and a residence of six months at the Cape, feels, he assures me, quite satisfied, that he will ultimately be obliged to quit the service; and he has begged me so urgently to put to you one question for his benefit, that, though I feel ashamed of the liberty I have already taken, I am quite unable to resist his entreaties.

Slight, poor fellow, has not saved much; but with his prize-money and a lucky hit in the lottery, he has been able to put a small sum into his agent's hands, with which he proposes to retire, if he can live like a gentleman, on the income it will yield. He would be content with a neat furnished lodging (a bed-room, dressing-room, and parlour) in a genteel street. He is indifferent about wine, for his health has been such as to make his doctors forbid him the use of it; but he would like, if an old friend came in his way, to be able to give him a bottle of Port. He would like to have a boy to wait upon him, and he would choose, of course, to be as well dressed as any man in Prince's Street.

Now, pray, Mr North, have the great kindness to let us know on what income Slight could do this in Edinburgh?—I may mention, that Slight, though an excellent, sensible fellow, is by no means a good manager.

A. J.

The foregoing is one of several dozen letters on the same subject now in our Balaam-box, which have come to us from the East, and for which we are indebted to our great popularity all over the Indian Peninsula. It is with pride we state the fact, that Maga is read on the banks of the Ganges, and the Euphrates, the Nile, the Niger, and the Macquarrie; and it is with a confidence deliberate and most assured, that we await the coming day, when her storied page, rich with the spoils of time, shall be unfolded on every shore laved by ocean, and fanned by the winds of Heaven. Other Periodicals, we presume, "fit audience find though few,"—be ours the glorious distinction, to be read with delight in every region of the habitable globe, and, bursting the geographical barriers which would narrow our flight, and consequently circumscribe our utility, to be hailed in a thousand tongues as the Miscellany of Universal *Man*. We are no boasters—we despise all puffery; and while we do not pretend to be unconscious of the great and enduring benefits we have conferred on mankind at large, we willingly quit a subject on which it might appear like egotism to dilate.

In reply to our correspondent, and to others similarly circumstanced, it gives us great pleasure to afford all the information in our power; which shall be compressed into as few words as possible.

We think such a house as the Colonel mentions, in a fashionable street of the New Town, might be purchased for something about L.2000, and might be rented for about L.150 a-year. With regard to the expense of furnishing, it is impossible to say anything very definite, since we ourselves have done nothing in this line for many years; but we shall procure an estimate from Mr Trotter, and forward it by an early conveyance to our correspondent at Ramnuggur. In his aversion to cane-bottomed chairs, we quite agree with him, and unite in all the fundamental objections he makes to this uncomfortable description of sedentary appliance. We cordially recommend any gentleman furnishing a house, whose breeching is softer than that of a cannon, to avoid all articles of this description. He may rely on it, that whatever convenience he may *a priori* find in their comparative cheapness, will be afterwards more than compensated by the *a posteriori* punishment he will find himself condemned to suffer. Cane-bottomed chairs strike at the very root of domestic enjoyment.

Articles of living, we think, are in Edinburgh rather cheap than otherwise. The price of bread and meat, we presume, is much the same as elsewhere. Fish is moderate. You may get a capital turbot for half-a-guinea; and if you go to market yourself, and choose to higgie with the fishwife, you may get it a shilling or two cheaper. Poultry may be had in Edinburgh for about half the price it costs in London. Game is cheap and plentiful, and during the sporting season, our worthy friend Mrs Young is never without a prodigious supply of grouse, ptarmigan, pheasants, hares, and partridges. The dealings of this respectable matron are on the largest scale; and we are informed that she is now in treaty for the purchase of a large estate in the Highlands, which she intends to devote solely to the propagation of game for the supply of the Edinburgh market. We rejoice in her prosperity, for she deserves it; and think she cannot fail to find this a profitable investment for her capital. We hope soon to hail her by her territorial title, and doubt not that, in return for our compliments, she will, with her usual liberality, toss a pheasant, or a brace of grouse, into the basket of our attendant caddy.

In proceeding, however, from particulars to generals, we fear we are not able to afford much light to our correspondent. In our own state of sober celibate existence, and with habits very different from those of our Indian friend, we have no data on which to found any estimate of the general cost of such an establishment as he describes, more especially as matrimony clearly enters into the good Colonel's projections for the future. If, however, an account of our own mode of life, and the expenses attending our own editorial ménage can be of any use to him, it is quite at his service.

The revenue of us, Christopher North, therefore, be it known, amounts only to a trifle more than £3000 a-year. Of this we receive £2000 in our quality of Editor of Blackwood's Magazine,—rather a niggardly return for our labours, if we consider that it is only £500 a-year more than Mr Jeffrey

receives for the Edinburgh Review, and barely equal to that enjoyed by the editor of the Quarterly. Besides this, we are of course paid for our writings in *Maga*, at the rate of 20 guineas per sheet, by which we annually bag several hundreds; and the remainder of our income arises from the interest of about £15,000 we hold in bank stock and navy 4 per cents, and the rent of a small estate of which we are proprietor in Peebles-shire. So much for the ways and means; now for their appropriation.

We are gouty, and dislike stairs, therefore we live in a flat. It is situated in one of the most agreeable spots of the New Town, and commands, though it is on the ground-floor, a fine view of the Firth of Forth and the Fife hills. Our establishment consists wholly of females, and the very prettiest to be had for love or money. We have no old harridan of a housekeeper to domineer in our household, but a gay and smart young widow, who makes our coffee in a morning, and can amuse us in an evening by reading out a new novel, while we lie extended on our own comfortable black-hair sofa, made on a plan of our own to our own order. The rest of our establishment consists of a cook, and two clever chubby-faced girls, who act as housemaids, and wait upon us at table, dressed in a sort of smart female livery, in which they appear to great advantage. My age, for I am now 76, precludes any scandal from the attraction of my attendants; and, as much as lies in my power, I act as a sort of guardian to them, and keep them out of harm's way. This care is not unnecessary, for my house is the centre of attraction to a set of young dissipated fellows, whom I send rather roughly about their business whenever I catch them hovering near my doors. Such is my establishment. My mode of life is as follows:—

At six in the morning, winter and summer, I have a cup of chocolate brought me in bed, by one of the sweet-smiling damsels aforesaid. Having sipped this, I think of rising, and get into the shower-bath; and then, after about an hour spent at my toilet, I enter my study, where I find the widow has already made coffee, and buttered a couple of muffins, which are toasting on a cat before the fire. Breakfast over, I commence the business of the day: Write an article if I find myself in the humour, and if not, look over the articles sent in by the different contributors, and arrange the programme of the next forthcoming *Maga*. Thus time passes till two o'clock. Then I take a walk in Prince's Street, read the papers in Blackwood's, and either dine out, or pick up a friend or two to dine with me at home. There is nothing I pique myself so much upon as my dinners. My table is never disfigured by large clumsy joints, but is, I flatter myself, better managed and more recherché than the tables of bachelors in general.

Our taste in Cookery is rather French, and we delight in the *Consommés* (our teeth are nearly all gone,) and those exquisite "*Sauces Piquantes*," which might almost create an appetite under the ribs of death. Our cook, who has been with us fifteen years, is, considering she was educated according to the exploded tenets of that barbarous old beldame, Mrs Glasse, a good one. We never touch jellies or pastry, but we will back her in any other department of the *Ars Culinaria*, against any cook in Scotland, in fives, tens, ponies, fifties, or hundreds. We do not believe there is another north of the Tweed who can toss up an Omelette Soufflée in proper style.

Now for our cellar; and that we must take leave to say is, for a man of our income, tolerably good. There are larger cellars in the world, no doubt; higher prices have been paid for wine than we could afford; but relying on the taste and judgment with which our stock was selected, we would not fear to put our wine in competition, so far as it goes, (we have not above a thousand dozens altogether,) with that of any man in the three kingdoms. We admit no sweet wines within our walls. We heartily dislike Malmsey, Constantia, *et hoc genus omne*, and despise the man who can find pleasure in drinking such sweet and sickly stuff.

Whether we have company, or dine alone, there is always a flask of Champagne on our dinner-table; not the nasty, frothing, luscious, and detestable Champagne, which one generally meets with in this country at "good men's feasts," and which foams and bubbles up like ginger beer, but Sillery or Aî, the only varieties of the wine which are at all tolerable. Of these we lay in but a small stock

at a time, for Champagne does not keep, and soon becomes sour and ripy. With what exquisite contempt have we not in Paris heard our Yabobs of countrymen calling at Very's or Beauvilliers for *Old Champagne*! and never were we so much inclined to blush for our country, as when we beheld the sneer of ridicule on the face of the waiter as he placed the wine before them. But enough of Champagne. On that wine we do not pride ourselves, but we do so on our Hock. We bought about thirty dozens at Mr Whitbread's sale many years ago, and have still some of it in our cellar. But, besides this, we have four different Hocks, all excellent. Two of these we bought ourselves in Germany in 1815, and know them to be the genuine *Johannisberg*, not now to be purchased by gold. In *Claret* we yield to no man. We have some *La Fitte* of 1812, impossible to be surpassed. Our *Margoux*, which we reserve for summer, and keep at *Buchanan-Lodge*, is first-rate; and we have a batch of *La Rose* of 1818, which is most satisfactory to the palate. Of all the *Vins de Burgogne*, we like only *Clos Vogeot* and *Chambertin*. We have some of the former of 1802, worth its weight in gold. We would not sell it at that price. But we are getting tedious on the subject of our wines, and our readers must give us credit for having a tolerable stock of *Port*, *Sherry*, and *Madeira*.

We have been thus minute in our details, that the Colonel may form some idea of the mode and style of our living in town. But, thank God, we do not live in town all the year. No. Early in May we regularly emigrate to the country, and take up our residence for the summer months at *Buchanan-Lodge*. There we think it necessary to keep up rather more style in our establishment than we do in town, being a person of some consequence in the neighbourhood, and a Deputy-Lieutenant of the county. At *Buchanan-Lodge* we sport horses to our old tub of a carriage, built in the year ninety-seven, in addition to the pair for equestrian purposes, which we are never without, either in town or country. For above twenty years we, and our groom, were carried by two first-rate animals, which, as a proof of our political predilections, we christened *Pitt* and *Grenville*. *Grenville* some years ago became fat and pury, broke his wind, and eventually died of the glanders. *Pitt* was a Highflier, and made nothing of a five-barred gate; but he fell with us one day on the road, and his knees were so much broken, that he was never after fit for use. Our present stud, which, from our respect for two great living statesmen, we have named *Eldon* and *Bexley*, are less frisky than their predecessors, and therefore better suited to our declining years. *Eldon* is a capital roadster, master of any weight, a little obstinate sometimes, but without vice, and though rather slow in his paces, perfectly surefooted. *Bexley*, which is rode by our groom, is blind as a bat, and indeed was so before we purchased him. Notwithstanding this defect, he gets on pretty well while on a beaten track, and seldom stumbles; but attempt a short cut either to the right or the left, and he stands stock-still. No administration of whip or spur will induce him to deviate a yard from the road. Notwithstanding this, we have a regard for the animal, and would not part with him on any account.

At *Buchanan-Lodge* we see a good deal of company, and all the young ladies in the neighbourhood have great delight in visiting us. It is necessary, therefore, that we carry on things on a somewhat larger scale than in town, indeed, so large, that were we to live there all the year, our income would scarcely stand it. But we kill our own mutton the whole season, and a couple of bullocks about *Martinmas*, for a winter's stock of corned beef. This somewhat diminishes the expense of our country establishment.

Our character stands so high in the neighbourhood, that we are often quite overwhelmed with business as a Justice of the Peace. We are the great composer of differences, and arbiter of disputes within a circle of ten miles, and inconvenient as we find such duties to be, we are too kind-hearted and patriotic to devolve them on a less qualified person, by declining to discharge them ourselves.

We have generally either *Tickler*, *Hogg*, or *O'Doherty* with us from May till November. *O'Doherty* we never mean to invite again. We caught him kissing one of our waiting-maids, who, to say the truth, was not making all the outcry that might have been expected from her in such circumstances,

However, we trust the admonition we thought it proper to administer, produced good effect, for we have since detected in her no symptoms of levity.

Such is our style of living, and our friend the Indian Colonel may perhaps gain some information when we tell him, that all we have already described is done for L.3000 a-year. Of course, in many items his expenses will exceed ours, while in others they will probably be less. In all cases, a man's expenditure is modified by his idiosyncrasy; no individual is without some peculiarity of taste, in which he differs from those around him. It is impossible, therefore, to measure men's habits by square and rule, or to convey much applicable knowledge by any general aphorisms on the probable expenses of an unknown individual.

This, however, we will say to Indians in general. If they are not rich, they had better stay where they are. Nobody visits an Indian, and listens patiently to stories of Tiger Hunting and Bungalows, &c. &c. without the temptation of a good dinner. Returned Indians have no ideas in common with the society of this country. They have all their lives been growing indigo, collecting taxes, or fighting black men, in a country at the other extremity of the globe; and it is one penalty of so long an exile, that they are necessarily alienated from the manners and habits of the country to which they return, and have seldom either tact or versatility of character sufficient to become naturalized in a new society, with which, from the nature of things, they can have nothing in common. Nothing indeed can be more pitiable than a Nabob in the better circles of society in England. With too high an idea of his own importance to remain silent, what is it possible for the poor man to say? Let him talk of Hookahs, Sirdars, or his Indian adventures, and he is shunned as a bore, and it is soon evident that the company have not the smallest curiosity to learn his exploits at Nagpoore or Lucknow.

Then your Indian is generally an epicure, and an epicure of the most vulgar description. He can never get over his partiality for Curry, Mulligotawny, and Madeira, and is sure to be set down as a contemptible sensualist, from some unlucky allusion to Tiffin or Sangoree. All this, which is perfectly *comme il faut* at Calcutta, is decidedly below par in the mother country; yet this it is impossible for your Nabob to understand, for a man with two or three hundred thousand pounds in his pocket is mighty slow in making the discovery that the world consider him a bore, or that anything he can say or do can be considered vulgar. These peculiarities, though they may be tolerated in a rich Indian, will certainly not be so in a poor one. The plate, the wines, and the French cook, are all necessary to make us swallow the dose, and therefore we would advise no Indian whatever to return to this country with anything under a plum. If he does, we can only say that he shall not number us, Christopher North, among his guests;

Yet we have a great regard for returned Orientalists in general. They are kind, warm-hearted, and generous; their foibles are those perhaps necessarily attached to the circumstances of their life; the qualities we like are their own. We cannot read what we have already written of them, but if we have said anything severe, we already repent of it. By the by, we dine this very day with our friend G. M., one of the cleverest and best-hearted Indians we have ever known, and entirely free from all the peculiarities which generally mark his tribe.

C. N.

Noctes Ambrosianae.

No. XXXI.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
 ΗΛΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

2.

PHOC. ap. Ath.

[This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
 An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
 Meaning, "'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
 "NOT TO LET THE JUG FACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIFFLE ;
 "BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."
 An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
 And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]

C. N. ap. Ambr.

SCENE—AMBROSE'S Hotel, Picardy Place, Paper Parlour.

NORTH AND THE SHEPHERD.

NORTH.

How do you account, my dearest Shepherd, for the steadiness and perseverance of my affection for thee, seeing that I am naturally and artificially the most wayward, fickle, and capricious of all God's creatures? Not a friend but yourself, James, with whom I have not frequently and bitterly quarrelled, often to the utter extinction of mutual regard—but towards my incomprehensible Brownie my heart ever yearns—

SHEPHERD.

Haud your leein' tongue, ye tyke, you've quarrelled wi' me mony thousand times, and I've borne at your hands mair ill usage than I wad ha'e ta'en frae ony ither mortal man in his Majesty's dominions. Yet, I weel believe, that only the shears o' Fate will ever cut the cords o' our friendship. I fancy it's just the same wi' you as wi' me, we maun like ane anither whether we wull or no—and that's the sort o' freendship for me—for it flourishes, like a mountain-flower, in a' weathers—braid and bright in the sunshine, and just faulded up a wee in the aleet, sae that it micht maist be thocht dead, but fu' o' life in its cozy bield abint the mossy stane, and peering out again in a' it's beauty, at the sang o' the rising laverock.

NORTH.

This world's friendships, James—

SHEPHERD.

Are as cheap as crockery, and as easily broken by a fa'. They seldom can bide a clash, without fleelin' intil flinders. O, sir! but maist men's hearts, and women's too, are like toom nits—nae kernel, and a splutter o' fushionless dust. I sometimes canna help thinkin' that there's nae future state.

NORTH.

Fie, fie, James, leave all such dark scepticism to a Byron—it is unworthy of the Shepherd.

SHEPHERD.

What for should sae mony puir, peevish, selfish, stupid, mean, and malignant creatures no just lie still in the mounds among the ither worms, aneath their bits o' inscribed tomb-stones, aiblins railed in, and a' their nettles, wi' painted airn-rails, in a nook o' the kirk-yard that's their ain property, and naebody's wushin' to tak' it frae them—What for, I say, shouldna they lie quate in skeleton for a thousand years, and then crumple, crumple, crumple, awa' intil the yerth o' which Time is made, and ne'er be reimmaterialcezed into Eternity?

NORTH.

This is not like your usual gracious and benign philosophy, James; but, believe me, my friend, that within the spirit of the most degraded wretch that ever grovelled earthward from caudle-day to corpse-day, there has been some slumbering spark divine inextinguishable by the death-damps of the cemetery——

SHEPHERD.

Gran' words, sir, gran' words, nae doubt, mair especially "cemetery," which I'm fond o' usin' mysel, as often 's the subject and the verse will alloo. But, after a', is't mair poetical than the "Grave?" Deevil a bit. For a wee, short, simple, stiff, stern, dour, and fearsome word, commend me to the "Grave."

NORTH.

Let us change the channel of our discussion, James, if you please——

SHEPHERD.

What! You're no feared for death, are you, sir?

NORTH.

I am.

SHEPHERD.

So am I. There, only look at the cawnle expiring—faint, feeble, flickering, and just like ane o' us puir mortal human creatures, sair, sair unwilling to die! Whare's the snuffers, that I may put it out o' pain. I'm tell't, that twa folk die every minute, or rather every moment. Is na that fearsome to think o'?

NORTH.

Ay, James, children have been made orphans, and wives widows, since that wick began to fill the room with its funeral odour.

SHEPHERD.

Nae man can manage snuffers richt, unless he hae been accustomed to them when he was young. In the Forest, we a' use our fingers, or blaw the cawnles out wi' our mouths, or chap the brass-sticks wi' the stinkin' wicks again' the ribs—and gin there was a pair o' snuffers in the house, you might hunt for them through a' the closets and presses for a fortnight, without their ever castin' up.

NORTH.

I hear that you intend to light up Mount Bengier with gas, James. Is that a true bill?

SHEPHERD.

I had thochts o't—but the gasometer, I find, comes ower high—so I shall stick to the "Lang Twas." O man, noo that the cawnle's out, is na that fire unco heartsome? Your face, sir, looks just perfectly ruddy in the bleeze, and it wad tak' a pair o' poorfu' specks to spy out a single wrinkle. You'll loeve yet for ither twa hundred Numbers.

NORTH.

And then, my dear Shepherd, the editorship shall be thine.

SHEPHERD.

Na. When you're dead, Maga will be dead. She'll no survive you ae single day. Buried shall you be in ae grave, and curst be he that disturbs your banes! Afore you and her cam out, this wasna the same warld it has been sin syne. Wut and wisdom never used to be seen linkin' along thegither, han' and han' as they are noo, frae ae end o' the month to the ither,—there was na prented a byuck that garred ye break out at ae page into grief, and at anither into a guffaw—whare could ye foregather wi' sic a canty crew o' chieks as O'Doherty and the rest, passin' themselves aff sometimes for real, and sometimes for fictitious characters, till the puzzled public glowered as if they had flung the glamour ower her—and oh, sir, afore you brak out, beautiful as had been many thousan' thousan', million, billion, trillion and quadrillion nights by firesides in huts or ha's, or out by in the open air wi' the starry heavens resting on the saft hill-taps, yet a' the time that the heavenly bodies were performing their stated revolutions—there were nae, nae NOCTES AMBROSIANAE!

NORTH.

I have not, I would fain hope, my dear James, been altogether useless in my generation—but your partiality exaggerates my merits—

SHEPHERD.

A man would require an oss magna sonaturum to do that—Suffice it to say, sir, that you are the wisest and wittiest of men. Dinna turn awa' your face, or you'll get a erick in your neck: There's no sic a popular man in a' Britain the noo as Christopher North. O, sir, you'll dee as rich as Cræsus—for every day there's wulls makin' by auld leddies and young leddies, leaving you their residiatory legatee, sometimes, I fear, past the heirs, male or female, o' their bodies lawfully begotten.

NORTH.

No, James, I trust that none of my admirers, since admirers you say the old man hath, will ever prove so unprincipled as to leave their money away from their own kin. Nothing can justify that—but hopeless and incurable vice in the natural heirs.

SHEPHERD.

I wush I was worth just twenty shousan' pounds. I could leeve on that—but no on a farden less. In the first place, I would buy three or four pair o' tap-boots—and I would try to introduce into the Forest buckakin breeks. I would neist, sin' naeboddy's gien me ane in a present, buy a gold musical snuff-box, that would play tunes on the table.

NORTH.

Heavens! James—at that rate you would be a ruined man before the coming of Christmas. You would see your name honourably mentioned in the Gazette.

SHEPHERD.

Then a gold twisted watch-chain, sax gold seals o' various sizes, frae the bigness o' my nieve amaisit, down to that o' a kitty-wren's egg.

NORTH.

Which O'Doherty would chouse you out of at brag, some night at his own lodgings, after the play.

SHEPHERD.

Catch me at the cairds, unless it be a game at Birky; for I'm sick o' Whust itsel, I've sic desperate bad hauns dealt to me noo—no an ace ance in a month, and no that unseldom a haun' without a face-caird, made up o' deuces, and trays, and fours, and fives, and be damned to them; so that to tak the verra weakest trick is entirely out o' my power, except it be by main force, harling the cairds to me whether the opposite side wull or no; and then at the close o' the round, threepin' that I had twa honours—the knave and anither ane. Sic bad luck hae I in a' chance games, Mr North, as you ken, that were I to fling dice for my life along wi' a hail army o' fifty thousand men, I wud be sure to be shot; for I would fling aces after some puir trumlin' drummer had flung deuces, and be led out into the middle o' a hollow square for execution.

NORTH.

James, you are very excursive this evening in your conversation—nobody is thinkin' o' shootin' you, James.

SHEPHERD.

And I'm sure that I hae nae thochts o' shootin' mysel. But ance—it's a lang time syne—I saw a sodger shot—dead, sir, as a door-nail, or a coffin-nail, or any ither kind o' nail.

NORTH.

Was it in battle, James?

SHEPHERD.

In battle?—Na, na; neither you nor me was ever fond o' being in battle at any time o' our lives.

NORTH.

I was Private Secretary to Rodney when he beat Langara, James.

SHEPHERD.

Hand your tongue!—What a crowd on the Links that day! But a' wi' fixed whitish faces—nae speakin'—no sae muckle as a whisper—a frozen dumbness that nae wecht could break!

NORTH.

You mean the spectators, James.

SHEPHERD.

Then the army appeared in the distance; for there were three hail regiments, a' wi' fixed beggonets; but nae music—nae music for a while at least, till a' at ance, mercy on us! we heard, like laigh sullen thunder, the soun' o' the great muffled drum, aye played on, ye ken, by a black man; in this case, an African neegger, sax feet four; and what bangs he gied the bass—the whites o' his een rowin' about as if he was glad, atween every stroke!

NORTH.

I remember him—the best pugilist then going, for it was long before the days of Richmond and Molineaux—and nearer forty than thirty years ago, James.

SHEPHERD.

The tread of the troops was like the step o' ae giant—sae perfate was their disciplen—and afore I weel kent that they were a' in the Links, three sides o' a square were formed—and the soun' o' the great drum ceased, as at an inaudible word of command, or wavin' o' a haun, or the lowerin' o' a banner. It was but ae man that was about to die—but for that ae man, had their awe no hindered them, twenty thousan' folk wad at that moment hae broken out into lamentations and rueful cries—but as yet not a tear was shed—not a sigh was heaved—for had a' that vast crowd been sae mony images, or corpses raised up by cantrip in their death-claes, they couldna hae been mair motionless than at that minute, nor mair speechless than that multitude o' leevin' souls!

NORTH.

I was myself one of the multitude, James.

SHEPHERD.

There, a' at ance, hoo or whare he cam frae nane could tell, there, I say, a' at ance stood the Mutineer. Some tell't me afterwards that they had seen him marchin' along, twa three yards ahint his coffin, wi' his head just a wee thoct inclined downwards, not in fear o' man or death, but in awe o' God and judgement, keepin' time wi' a military step that was natural to him, and no unbecoming a brave man on the way to the grave, and his een fixed on the green that was fadin' awa for ever and ever frae aneath his feet; but that was a sicht I saw not—for the first time I beheld him he was standin', a' unlike the ither men, in the middle o' that three-sided square, and there was a shudder through the hail multitude, just as if we had been a' standin' haun in haun, and a natural philosopher had gien us a shock o' his electrical machine. "That's him—that's him—puir, puir fallow!—Oh! but he's a pretty man!"—Such were the ejaculations frae thousan's of women, maist o' them young anes, but some o' them auld, and grey-headed aneath their mutches, and no a few wi' babies sookin' or caterwailin' at their breasts.

NORTH.

A pretty girl fainted within half-a-dozen yards of where I stood.

SHEPHERD.

His name was Lewis Mackenzie—and as fine a young man he was as ever stepped on heather. The moment before he knelt down on his coffin, he seemed as fu' o' life as if he had stripped aff his jacket for a game at foot-ba', or to fling the hammer. Ay, weel micht the women-folk gaze on him wi' red weeping een, for he had loed them but ower weel, and mony a time, it is said, had he let himsel down the Castle-rock at night, God knows hoo, to meet his lemans—but a' that, a' his sins, and a' his crimes acted and only meditated, were at an end noo—puir fallow—and the platoon, wi' fixed beggonets, were drawn up within ten yards, or less, o' whare he stood, and he himsel having tied a handkerchief ower his een, dropped down on his knees on his coffin, wi' faulted hands, and lips movin' fast, fast, and white as ashes, in prayer!

NORTH.

Cursed be the inexorable justice of military law! he might have been pardoned.

SHEPHERD.

Pardoned! Hadna he disarmed his ain captain o' his sword, and ran him through the shouther—in a mutiny of which he was himsel the ringleader?

King George on the throne durstna hae pardoned him—it would hae been as much as his crown was worth—for hoo could King, Kintra, and Constitution thole a standing army, in which mutiny was not punished wi' death?

NORTH.

Six balls pierced him—through head and heart—and what a shriek, James, then arose!

SHEPHERD.

Ay, to hae heard that shriek, you wad hae thought that the women that raised it wad never hae lauched again; but in a few hours, as sune as night-fall darkened the city, some o' them were gossipin' about the shootin' o' the sodger to their neighbours, some dancin' at hops that shall be nameless, some sitting on their sweethearts' knees wi' their arms roun' their necks, some swearin like troopers, some doubtless sitting thochtfu' by the fireside, or awa' to bed in sadness an hour sooner than usual, and then fast asleep.

NORTH.

I saw his old father, James, with my own eyes, step out from the crowd, and way being made for him, he walked up to his son's dead body, and embracing it, kissed his bloody head, and then with clasped hands, looked up to heaven.

SHEPHERD.

A strang and stately auld man, and ane too that had been a soldier in his youth. Sorrow, not shame, somewhat bowed his head, and ance he reel'd as if he were faint on a sudden—But what the deevil's the use o' me haverin' awa' this way about the shootin' o' a sodger thretty years sin syne, and mair too—for didna I see that auld silvery-headed father o' the mutineer staggering along the Grass-Market, the verra next day after the execution, as fou' as the Baltic, wi' a heap o' mischievous weans halloooin' after him, and him a' the while in a dwam o' drink and despair, maunderin' about his son Lewis, then lyin' a' barken'd wi' blood in his coffin, six feet deep in a fine rich loam.

NORTH.

That very same afternoon, I heard the drums and fifes of a recruiting party, belonging to the same regiment, winding away down towards Holyrood; and the place of Lewis Mackenzie, in the line of bold sergeants with their claymores, was supplied by a corporal, promoted to a triple-bar on his sleeve; in consequence of the death of the mutineer.

SHEPHERD.

It was an awfu' scene yon, sir; but there was naething humiliating to human nature in it,—as in a hangin'; and it struck a wholesome fear into the souls o' many thousan' sodgers.

NORTH.

The silence and order of the troops, all the while, was sublime.

SHEPHERD.

It was sae, indeed.

NORTH.

What do you think, James, of that, by way of a toasting cheese? Ambrose calls it the Welshman's delight, or Davies' darling.

SHEPHERD.

It's rather teuch—luk, luk, hoo it pu's out, out, out, and better out, into a very thread o' the unbeaten gold, a' the way frae the ashet to my mouth. Saw ye ever onything sae tenawcious? I verily believe that I could walk, without breaken't, intil the tither room. Luk, hoo it shines, like a gossamer-filament, a' threaded wi' what Allan Kinnigham would ca' dew-blobs, stretching across frae ae sweet-brier bush to anither, and breaking afore the step o' the early lassie tripping down the brae, to wash her bonny face, yet smiling wi' the glimmerin' light o' love-dreams, in the bit burnie that wimples awa' as pure and stainless as her ain virgin life!

NORTH.

Sentiment—divine sentiment, extracted by the alchemy of genius from a Welsh-rabbit!

SHEPHERD.

Noo that I've gotten't intil my mouth—I wush it ever may be gotten out again! The tae end o' the line is fastened, like a hard gedd (See Dr Jamie-

son) in the ashet—and the ither end's in my stammach—and the thin thread o' attenuated cheese gets atween my teeth, sae that I canna chow't through and through. Thank ye, sir, for cuttin't. Rax me ower the jug. Is't yill? Here's to you, sir.

NORTH.

Peebles ale, James. It has a twang of the Tweed.

SHEPHERD.

Tweed! Do you ken, Mr North, that last simmer the Tweed ran dry, and has never flow'd sin' syne. They're speakin' o' takin' doon a' the brigs frae Erickstane to Berwick, and changing the channel intil the turnpike road. A' the materials are at haun', and it's a' to be Macadameezed.

NORTH.

The Steam-Engine Mail-Coach is to run that road in spring.

SHEPHERD.

Is't? She'll be a dangerous vehicle—but I'll tak my place in the safety-valve. But jeestin apairt, do you ken, sir, that mony and mony a wee well among the hills and muntains was really dried up by the drought o' three dry summers—and for them my heart was wae, as if they had been ance leevin' things! For were na they like leevin' things, aye sae calm, and clear, and bright, and sae contented, ilka ane by itself, in far-awa spats, whare the grass runkled only to the shepherd's foot, twa three times a-year, and, a' the rest o' the sun's annual visit roun' the globe, lay touched only by the wandering light and shadows!

NORTH.

Poo—poo—James—there's plenty o' water in the world without them.

SHEPHERD.

Plenty o' water in the world without them? ay, that there is, and mair than plenty—but what's that to the purpose, ye auld haverel? Gin five thousand bonny bairns were to be mawn down by the scythe o' Death during the time that I'm drinking this glass—(oh man, but this is a grand jug, aiblins rather ower sweet, and rather ower strong, but that's twa gude faults)—there wad be plenty o' bairns left in the world, legitimate and illegitimate—and you nor me micht never miss them. But wadna there be just sae much extinguishment, or annihilation like, o' beauty and bliss, o' licht and lauchter, o' ray-like ringlets, and lips that war nae sweeter, for naething can be sweeter, than the half-opened buds o' moss-roses, when the Morning is puttin' on her claes, but lips that were just as sweet when openin' and shuttin' in their balmy breath, when ilka happy bairn was singing a ballant or a psalm, baith alike pious and baith alike pensive; for a' the airs o' Scotland (except a gae hantle, to be sure, o' wicket tunes,) soun' aye to me mair melancholy than mirthfu', spirit-like, and as if of heavenly origin, like the bit lown musical souns that go echoing by the ear, or rather the verra soul o' the shepherd leaning on his staff at night, when a' the earth is at rest, and lookin' up, and ower, and through into the verra heart o' Heaven, when the lift is a' ae glorious glitter o' cloudless stars! You're no sleepy, sir?

NORTH.

Sleepy! You may as well ask the leader in a tandem if he be sleepy, when performing the match of 28 miles in two hours, without a break.

SHEPHERD.

Ae spring there is—in a nook known but to me and anither, a bit nook greener than ony emerald—or even the Queen Fairy's symar, as she disen-tangles it frae her feet in the moonlight dance, enclosed wi' laigh broomy rocks, amaisht like a sheep-fauld, but at the upper end made loun in a' weathers by ae single stane, like the last ruin o' a tower, smelling sweet, nae doubt, at this blessed moment, wi' thyme that enlivens even the winter season, —ae spring there is—I say—

NORTH.

Dear me! James—let me loosen your neckcloth—you are getting black in the face. What sort of a knot is this? It would puzzle the ghost of Gordius to untie it.

SHEPHERD.

Diinna mind the crauvat.—I say, Mr North, rather were my heart dried up

to the last drop o' bluid, than that the pulses of that spring should cease to beat in the holy wilderness.

NORTH.

Your emotion is contagious, James. I feel the rheum bedimming my aged eyes, albeit unused to the melting mood.

SHEPHERD.

You've heard me tell the tale afore—and it's no a tale I tell when I can help it—but sometimes, as at present, when sittin' wi' the friend I love, and respect and venerate, especially if, like you, he be maist like a father, or at least an elder brither, the past comes upon me wi' a' the power o' the present, and though my heart be sair, ay, sair maist to the verra breakin', yet I maun speak—for thought big and great griefs are dumb, griefs there are, rather piteous and profound, that will shape themselves into words, even when nane are by to hear, nane but the pair silly echoes that can only blab the twa three last syllables o' a secret!

NORTH.

To look on you, James, an ordinary observer would think that you had never had any serious trials in this life—that doric laugh of thine, my dear Shepherd—

SHEPHERD.

I hate and despise ordinary observers; and thank God that they can ken naething o' me or my character. The pitifu' creturs aye admire a man wi' a lang nose, hollow cheeks, black een, swarthy cheeks, and creeshy hair; and tauk to ane anither about his interesting melancholy, and severe misfortunes; and hoo he had his heart weel nigh broken by the death o' twa wives, and the loss o' a third evangelical Miss, wha eloped after her wedding-claes had been taen aff at the haberdasher's, wi' a play-actor wha had ance been a gentleman; that is, attached to the commissawriat deapartment o' the army in the Peninsula, a dealer in adulterated flour and mule-flesh sausages.

NORTH.

Interesting emigrants to Van Diemen's Land.

SHEPHERD.

A man wi' buck-teeth, and a cockit nose, like me, they'll no alloo to be a martyr to melancholy; but because they see and hear me lauchin' as in Peter's Letters, scoot the idea o' my ever giein' way to grief, and astitimes thinkin' the sweet light o' heaven's blessed sunshine darkened by a black veil that flings a correspondin' shadow ower the seemingly disconsolate yerth.

NORTH.

Most of the good poets of my acquaintance have light-coloured hair.

SHEPHERD.

Mine in my youth was o' a bricht yellow.

NORTH.

And a fine animal you were, James, I am told, as you walked up the trans o' the kirk, with your mane flying over your shoulders, confined within graceful liberty by a blue riband, the love-gift of some bonny May, that wou'd among the braes, and had yielded you the parting kiss, just as the cottage clock told that now another week was past, and you heard the innocent creature's heart beating in the hush o' the Sabbath morn.

SHEPHERD.

Whiaht, whiaht!

NORTH.

But we have forgotten the Tale of the Haunted Well.

SHEPHERD.

It's nae Tale—for there's naething that cou'd be ca'd an incident in a' that I cou'd say about that well! Oh! sir—she was only twa months mair than fifteen—and though she had haply reached her full stature, and was somewhat taller than the maist o' our forest lasses, yet you saw at ance that she was still but a bairn. Her breast, white, and warm, and saft, and fragrant, as the lily, whose leaves in the driest weather you'll never find without an inklin' o' Heaven's dew, no perhaps what you wou'd ca' a dew-drap, but a balny freshness, that ever breathes o' delight in being alive beneath the fair skies, and on this fair planet, the grectest sure by far o' the Seven that dance around the Sun!

NORTH.

Too poetical, James, for real feeling.

SHEPHERD.

Wha that ever saw—wha that ever touched that breast, would not hae been made a poet by the momentary bliss! Yet, as God is my judge, her mother's hand busked not that maiden's bosom wi' mair holy love than did I place within it, mony and mony a time, the yellow primroses and the blue violets, baith o' them wi' but single leaves, as you ken, amang the braes, but baith alike bonnier far—oh—bonnier, bonnier far when sometimes scarcely to be seen at all between the movings o' her breast, than when she and I pu'd them frae amang the moss and tufts o' lang grass, whisperin' saft and dreamlike thochts, as the hill-breezes went by on a sudden, and then a' was again as loun as death.

NORTH.

My dear Theocritus—

SHEPHERD.

Whisht. I was a hantle aulder than her—and as she had nae brither—I was a brither to her—neither had she a father or mither, and ance on a day, when I said to her that she wad find baith in me, wha loved her for her goodness and her innocence, the puir britherless, sisterless, parentless orphan, had her face a' in ae single instant as drenched in tears, as a flower cast up on the sand at the turn o' a stream that has brought it down in a spate frae the far-aff hills.

NORTH.

Her soul, James, is now in Heaven!

SHEPHERD.

The simmer afore she died, she didna use to come o' her ain accord, and, without being asked in aneath my plaid, when a skirring shower gaed by—I had to wise her in within its faulds—and her head had to be held down by an affectionate pressure, almost like a faint force, on my breast—and when I spak to her, half in earnest half in jest, o' love, she had nae heart to lauch,—sae muckle as to greet! As sure as God's in heaven, the fair orphan wept.

NORTH.

One so happy and so innocent might well shed tears.

SHEPHERD.

There, beside that wee, still, solitary well, have we sat for hours that were swift as moments, and yet each o' them filled fu' o' happiness that wad noo be aneuch for years!

NORTH.

For us, and men like us, James, there is on earth no such thing as happiness. Enough that we have known it.

SHEPHERD.

I should fear noo to face sic happiness as used to be there, beside that well—sic happiness would noo turn my brain—but nae fear, nae fear o' its ever returnin', for that voice went wavering awa' up to heaven from this mute earth, and on the night when it was heard not, and never more was to be heard, in the psalm, in my father's house, I knew that a great change had been wrought within me, and that this earth, this world, this life was disenchanted for ever, and the place that held her grave a Paradise no more!

NORTH.

A fitter place of burial for such an one is not on the earth's surface, than that lone hill kirk-yard, where she hath for years been sleeping. The birch shrub in the south corner will now be quite a stately tree.

SHEPHERD.

I visit the place sae regularly every May-day in the morning, every Midsummer-day, the longest day in the year, that is, the twenty-second o' June, in the gloaming, that I see little or nae alteration on the spat, or onything that belongs to it. But nae doubt, we are baith grown aulder thegither; it in that solitary region, visited by few or none—except when there is a burial—and me sometimes at Mount-Benger, and sometimes in here at Embro', enjoyin' mysel at Ambrose's—for, after a', the world's no a bad world, although Mary Morison be dead—dead and buried thirty years ago, and that's a lang portion o' a man's life, which is, scripturally speakin', somewhere about three-score and ten.

NORTH.

Look here, my dear James, don't say that you have not as exquisite a perception of beauty, and all that sort of thing, now, as thirty years ago. There, my man, there is the Paphian Bower, composed by Phillips, from a picture by Martin, saw ye ever any thing more perfectly lovely?

SHEPHERD.

Never since the day I was born. Dinna tell me wha thae Three Female Figures are—for it's a' ane whether they be the Three Muses, or Three o' the Nine Graces, or Venus and twa o' her handmaids, or ony ither Three o' God's fairest creatures, for whom that wee, winged, kneeling Cupid is pluckin' flowers for them to wreathe round their heavenly hair; dinna tell me what they're doin', hae been doin', or are gaun to do, for it's delightfu' for the imagination to sink awa' into its ain dreams amang thae lang withdrawing glades, and outower the wood-taps, if sae ane feel inclined, to flee awa' to yonder distant hills, and from their pinnacles to take a flight up to yon pavilion-clouds, and lay a body's sell doon at full length on the yielding softness!

NORTH.

Look at Her with the frame-enveloping veil, James, and wish yourself a Pagan of the olden time, James, when mortals loved immortals, and Venus herself did not disdain to meet the Shepherd—

SHEPHERD.

As sure's I'm leevin' there's the same three Goddesses, and the same bit Cupid, standin' on their heads in the water amang the floatin' lilies!

NORTH.

Martin has a soul both for beauty and grandeur.

SHEPHERD.

He has that—and it's a wonderfu' thing to think that the same genius that saw yon sublime vision o' Belshazzar's Feast, an endless perspective o' Babylonian buildings, should delight to wanton thus with Nature in her prime—for were it no for the pillared roof o' that palace peering aboon the tree-taps, ane might believe themselves in ane o' the woodland and waterland glades o' paradise!

NORTH.

I don't think, James, that you do much now-a-days with the pencil?

SHEPHERD.

No me. I've gien owre the paintin' noo a'thegither—for I canna please mysel in the execution. But it's a fine art—and I'm giein' lessons to my calant—

NORTH.

Right, James. Of all the accomplishments of a gentleman, I do not know one superior to that of being a good draftsman. He who can use his pen and his pencil can seldom or never be at a loss in this world. One half the time often lost in learning to play the beautiful but pernicious game of billiards, would be sufficient to give a youth mastery over that other elegant and useful art. Yet how few gentlemen can draw or paint well!

SHEPHERD.

Sketchers are gaen apt, howsomever, to be wearisome wi' their critical cant, and even to talk o' nature hersel, as if she were only worth studying for the sake o' art.

NORTH.

Very true, James. There was a painter, some twenty years ago, of the name of Havel—dead now I suppose—who really painted with some spirit and splendour. He was all an' all with an amateur friend of mine; and I remember once contemplating a glorious sunset among mountains with the said amateur friend, when after a "syncope and solemn pause," he exclaimed to himself in soliloquy, "Havel all over! Havel all over!" He complimented the sunset, James, Nature's own midsummer-sunset at the close of a thunderous day, James, by likening it to, or rather identifying it with, a bit of oiled canvass run over by the brush of a clever Cockney!

SHEPHERD.

That beats a', and is a capital illustration o' my meaning. Sketchers'll often no alloo the sun to set in his ain way, nor a mountain to haud up his

head as he chooses, without takin' baith the ane and the ither to task for their clumsiness or awkward demeanour. The sea wide-rolling in his verdant lustre, or a' a-foam wi' fury, that daunts not however the wing-tips o' thae bonny creatures the sea-maws, that think naething o' floating on and awa, Willie, on waves that seem big and fierce aneuch to dash a veshel again the rocks—Sketchers, I was gaun to say, 'll criticize the old sea, without ony o' that reverential awe o' which Wudsworth so finely speaks—fin' fault wi' him for no being black aneuch here, and white aneuch there, and purple aneuch yonner, and green aneuch ower ayont, and yellow aneuch where the sunlight smites, and red aneuch whare the lightning shivers the mast o' the ship skuddin' under bare poles, wi' ten thousand million o' white-maned waves pursuing her, as if gaping and roaring for their prey.

NORTH.

You poets are just as bad as painters.

SHEPHERD.

That's a lee, sir. For we poets deal in general sketches o' Nature—and alloo her great latitude in a' her conduct wi' the elements. We do not tie her down like the painters, to ony set rules o' behaviour, sae that she but behave like hersel; and we defy her to come wrang ony hour, or in ony mood, before our spirits, provided only she be na wrapt up a'thegither in a vile, cauld, nizzling, mizzling, drizzling Scotch mist, that utterly obliterates the creation, and reduces it to warse than Naething.

NORTH.

Have you been at the Exhibition, James, this season?

SHEPHERD.

The directors didna open't, till they knew I had come to town, and they presented me wi' a perpetual ticket, that'll answer for a' this century. Let's hear your opinion, Mr North. Speak out, man, and dinna be feared for me, for I'll mak allowance for your never having studied the airts o' paintin' and poetry, as I hae done; and you'll be keepit frae ganging verra far wrang in your judgement by your ain natural taste and genius.

NORTH.

Landscape or Portrait?

SHEPHERD.

Portrait—for I canna let you think o' takin' the landscapes out o' my ain haun—Wha's best in the line o' portraits?

NORTH.

Need you ask?—John Watson Gordon. In three years more—if he goes on thus—he will be equal to Raeburn. Indeed, Raeburn himself, although the greatest portrait painter Scotland ever produced, never painted, at John Watson's age, a better picture than that artist's Dr Hunter.

SHEPHERD.

It's no in this Exhibition, is't?

NORTH.

No—but Lady——

SHEPHERD.

Ay—that is a maist beautiful wark o' airt. Sae composed and dignified that leddy sits—yet without ony tincture o' pride; for what's rank to them that hae rank. They never think about it. Its only your upstart madams, that haud their heads heich and haughty.

NORTH.

I have not seen any portrait of you, James, in any late Exhibition?

SHEPHERD.

Nor me o' you, sir. What for doesna Watson Gordon immortalize himself by paintin' a Portrait o' Christopher North? But oh, sir! but you hae gotten a kittle face—your een's sae changefu' in their gleg expression, and that mouth o' yours takes fifty shapes and hues every minute, while, as for your broos, they're noo as smooth as those o' a lassie, and noo as frownin' as the broos o' a Saracen's head.

NORTH.

There is nothing uncommon in my face, James?

SHEPHERD.

O, sir, you hae indeed a kittle kittle face, and to do it justice it should be

painted in a Series. Ane nicht ken something o' your physiognomy in the coorse o' a Gallery.

NORTH.

"The Stirrup-Cup," painted by James Stewart, the engraver, is exceedingly clever and characteristic. I have not seen an old gentleman enjoy a caulker more intensely since the peep I had a few minutes ago of myself in that glass, when turning up my little finger to Ambrose's incomparable Glenlivet.

SHEPHERD.

The powney, too, seems unwilling to start—no that he's sorry to return hame ony mair than his maister; but somehow or ither the ribs o' the rack fitted the nose o' him unco snugly, and the aits were o' a peculiarly fine flavour. The laird's man, too, looks as if he wad fain hae anither hour's conversation wi' that yellow-haired lassie, that's giein' him a partin' keek frae ahint the door-cheek; "but fare thee well, and if for ever, still for ever fare thee well!" sighs out Jock, till the bubbles floatin' o'er the brimmin' quaich disappear like a vapour.

NORTH.

Now, James, that you have permitted me at such great length, and without any interruption, to describe to you the merits of many of the best portraits, let us have your opinion of the landscapes.

SHEPHERD.

That young chiel' Gibb hits aff a simple scene o' nature to the nines—a bit dub o' water, aiblins—a foot-path—a tree—a knowe—a coo, and a bairn; yet out o' sic slender materials, the chiel' contrives to gie a character to the place in a way that proves him to hae the gift o' genius.

NORTH.

Mr Thomson of Duddingston is the best landscape painter in Scotland. The man's a poet.

SHEPHERD.

I dinna like that picture o' his at a' o' Loch Catrine frae the Gobbilin's Cave. The foreground is too broken, spotty, confused, and huddled—and what is worst of all, it wants character. The chasm down yonner too, is no half profound eneuch, and inspires neither awe nor wonder. The lake itself is lost in its insignificance, and the distant mountains are fairly beaten by the foreground, and hardly able to haud up their heads.

NORTH.

There is truth in much of what you say, James—but still the picture is a magnificent one.

SHEPHERD.

I wudna gie the Bass Rock for a dizzen o't. You may weel ca' it a magnificent ane—and I wud wish, in sic weather, to be ane o' the mony thousan' sea-birds that keep wheeling unwearied in the wind, and ever and anon cast anchor in the cliffs. Still, solitary, and sublime—a sea-piece, indeed, worthy of being hung up in the Temple o' Neptune.

NORTH.

Kinbane Castle is just as good—and Torthorwald Castle, Dumfries-shire, is the best illustration I ever saw of Gray's two fine lines—

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds.

SHEPHERD.

Mr Thomson gives me the notion o' a man that had loved natur afore he had studied art—loved her and kent her weel, and been let intil her secrets, when nane were by but their twa sells, in neuks where the wimplin burnie plays, in open spats within the woods where you see naething but stems o' trees—stems o' trees—and a flicker o' broken light interspersing itsel among the shadowy branches—or without ony concealment, in the middle o' some wide black moss—like the moor o' Rannoch—as still as the shipless sea, when the winds are weary—and at nightfall in the weather-gleam o' the settin' sun, a dim object like a ghost, stanin' alane by its single solitary sell—aiblins an auld tower, aiblins a rock, aiblins a tree-stump, aiblins a clud, aiblins a vapour, a dream, a naething.

NORTH.

Yes, he worships nature, and does not paint with the fear of the public before his eyes. It is a miserable mistake to paint purposely for an Exhibition. He and his friend Hugh Williams are the glory of the Scottish landscape school.

SHEPHERD.

It's impossible to excel Williams—in his ain style—but he should leave the ills and keep to water-colours. In his water-colours, so soft and hazy—sae like the aerial scenery that shifts afore the half-closed een when a midsummer dream has thrown its glamour ower a body sinkin' down to slumber in noon-day, within a fairy-ring on the hillside—no a man in Britain will get the heels o' Hugh Williams; and as for the man himsel', I like to look on him, for he's gotten a gran' bald phrenological head, the face o' him's at ance good-natured and intelligent; and o' a' the painters I ken, his mainners seems to me to be the maist the mainners o' a gentleman and a man o' the world—if he wad but gie up makin' auld puns, and be rather less o' the Whig and a wee mair o' the Tory. But here's his health—

NORTH.

With perfect satisfaction. "Hugh Williams"—Not Greek Williams—not Grecian Williams—for I suppose he was somewhere about fifty years of age before he ever saw Greece;—but Welsh Williams—Scotch Williams—for in Wales was he born, and in Scotland was he bred, and neither country need be ashamed of him.

SHEPHERD.

As weel ca' me Greek Hogg—or Grecian Hogg, because I write, as ye tell me, in the Doric dialect.—But forgettin' sic folly, what think you o' the Death o' the Buck, by that Southron, Edwin Landseer? Never saw I blood-thirsty fierceness botter depicted than in the muzzles of thae ferocious Jewlers. Lord preserve us, was that the way, think ye, that the Spanish bloodhounds used to rug doon the Maroons in the West Indies?

NORTH.

There is a leetle, and but a leetle something, resembling affectation in the manner of the Huntsmen.

SHEPHERD.

Come, sir, nane o' your captious criticisms. That black dog, wi' the red legs, and chafis and eebrees, is equal to anything that ever was painted in this world; and that white deevil—a bick, I see warrant, for bicks are aye the fleetest and the fiercest, hinging to the Buck's lug, with teeth inextricable as arsenic to the coat of the stomach, is a canine leech, that if no chocked aff frae the bite, would soon let out the animal's life, and stretch him with his spreading antlers on the heather.

NORTH.

Heather, James—there is no heather in the picture. The scene is not peculiarly Highland—and therefore I do not feel the bonnet and tartan of the Hunter.

SHEPHERD.

I saw naething to fin' fault wi'—you see it's no a red deer—but a fallow deer—frae the spots—and the Park, as they ca' it, 'll be somewhere perhaps on the borders o' the mountainous pairts o' Perthshire or Argyllshire—or wha kens that the scene's no English—and that the painter has gien the hunter something o' the dress o' a Highlander, frae an imaginative feeling but half-understood by his ain mind, as maist imaginative feelings are, but nane the waur on that account either for painting or poetry.—But what say ye to the statutes, sir?

NORTH.

Macdonald from Rome is a statuary, James, not only of promise, but of performance. Edinburgh is a considerable village now, and there is room in it for both him and Joseph. He is sure to succeed.

SHEPHERD.

A mair innocent, mair kinder and bonnier lassie than her wi' the burdie in the tae haun', and the cup o' water—is't—in the tither, wanting the cretur to tak a drink—I never saw; and the ither taller figur o' the virgin sendin' aff

the carrier pigeon wi' a love-letter to him ayont the hills, in answer to the ane she has hidden in her bosom, is a delicate conception, whether new or auld I neither ken nor care, and as far as I am a judge o' sculpture and statutes, executed wi' a smoothness, and I had maist said warmth,—but then marble's a cauld thing in itself to the touch,—that exactly hits the right point o' loveableness in the figure and posture o' a virgin about to be married in a year or twa—but haply no to him she has sent the letter to; for hoo seldom in the soul's first celestial imagination o' rapture realized—hoo seldom in the auld world, as in the new, did Hymen ever light his torch to consecrate the ecstasies of virgin bosoms meeting in the life-deep passion of a first love!

NORTH.

Mary Morrison!

SHEPHERD.

Christopher, I never see marble but I think o' moonlight—Hoo's that?

NORTH.

Some one of those fine, old, solemn associations, of which the poet's soul is full. In his thoughts and feelings all external things lie linked together in amities and sympathies, of which the worldling has no notion. Music, Marble, Melancholy, Moonlight, all begin with an M—but so do Macedon and Monmouth—the Four are a Four by fine affinities.

SHEPHERD.

There you're going ayont my deeth—and you'll sune be out o' your ain too—if ye plump into the pool o' metaphysics, and try to “pluck up drowned meaning by the locks”—but hae ye been at the Opposition Exhibition—they tell me it's capital—Can that be true? and what for did the painters cast out among themselves, and whence a' this cabawl!

NORTH.

It's a long story that, James, and might be tedious; nor is it an affair, I confess, in which I can take much interest; but the artists who were dissatisfied with the Directors of the Institution, if so it were that they were dissatisfied, did right to secede, and open an Opposition Exhibition. This is a free country, James; Tories like you and I love liberty, and we grant to others the same rights and privileges which we ourselves at all times exert and enjoy!

SHEPHERD.

I clap my hauns to hear sic sentiments frae your mouth, for I heard some of your friends rinnin' doun Nicholson, and Syme, and Joseph, and Hamilton, and the lave!

NORTH.

Very right, my dear James, very right in any of my friends, to run down anybody they choose, at any time or place, and for any reason; but I, as you know, run people up, and run people down, of my own free will and pleasure, and never allow my friends, deservedly dear to me, as many dozens of them are, of both sexes, to influence my opinion in the slightest degree, on any one single thing in this world, living or dead, rational or irrational, monopied, biped, or quadruped. The Opposition Exhibition, as you call it, James, is excellent; and a true lover of the arts will go from one to the other with pleasure, nor will his comparisons be odious.

SHEPHERD.

Naebody ever did a better picture o' me than Nicholson, in my plaid, you ken, and wi' my celebrated dog, Hector, sittin' sae wiselike by my side, “in a cleugh aneath a cliff,”—strong likenesses o' us baith, yet nane o' us ower sair flattered.

NORTH.

Mr Nicholson is rather uncertain—no uncommon thing with artists of original minds; but some of his happiest performances are very happy. He has a picture of a Lady and Child in this Exhibition—that might be seen to advantage in any Exhibition in the island. In the dress of the mother—her arm and shoulder especially, there is something rather stiffish—but the child is nature itself—the colouring something in the style of the old masters.

SHEPHERD.

I like that—especially in the heads o' bairns, and their shouthers.

NORTH.

Nicholson paints children better than he used to do, now that he's a married man.

SHEPHERD.

A' painters should marry—it humaneezes their imaginations, and gies a tenderness to the ideal creations o' their genius that nae bachelor can ever infuse into his canvass.

NORTH.

Hamilton's architectural drawings are admirable specimens of wonder-working art. If you wish, James, to have a perfect knowledge of all the intended new Improvements, South and West Approach, &c. and indeed a bird's-eye view of all Edinburgh, go and take it at the Exhibition. I always knew Hamilton to be an architect of first-rate genius and skill, quite equal to Playfair and Burn, but I had no notion that he was such an artist.

SHEPHERD.

Ony gude landscapes?

NORTH.

Not a few. Young Kidd, a pupil of Mr Thomson's I believe, possesses much of the taste, feeling, and genius of his great master—and D. Mackenzie, also quite a youth, if he will take my advice and give up his blue imitations, will ere long be an excellent artist. Two or three of his landscapes, even now, (of the colour of this earth,) are very beautiful.

SHEPHERD.

In short, you think the Exhibition a gude ane—so nae mair about pictures for ae nicht, if you please, sir.

NORTH.

Unless I am much mistaken indeed, James, you introduced the subject yourself.

SHEPHERD.

I'll bet you anither jug I did nae sic thing.

NORTH.

Done.

SHEPHERD.

But wha'll decide? Let's drink the jug, though, in the first place. It's quite a nicht this for whusky toddy. Dinna you observe that a strong frost brings out the flavour o' the speerit in a maist surprising manner, and gies't a mair precious smell o'er the haill room? It's the chemical action, you understaun, o' the cauld and heat, the frost and fire, working on a' the materials o' the jug, and the verra jug itsel, frae nose to doup, sae that sma'-still becomes perfect nectar, on which Jupiter, or Juno either, micht hae got drunk, and Apollo, after a haill nicht's screed, risen up in the morning wi' his gowden hair, and not the least o' a headach, nor crap-sick as he drove his chariot along the Great Turnpike Road o' Heaven.

NORTH.

Have you been to see the Wild Beasts, James?

SHEPHERD.

I took a day o' the Mound last week, sir.

NORTH.

A day o' the Mound!

SHEPHERD.

Ay, a day o' the Mound. I took the haill o' the Shows, ane after the ither, beginning wi' the Wild Beasts, and ending with the Caravan containing the Fat Boy, and the Dwarfie Woman and her tall husband, and the Malacca man, the White-headed Girl—and——

NORTH.

And what else?

SHEPHERD.

Wull ye no let a body speak? What else? a bairn that never was born, in a bottle alang wi' twa cretures like lizzards—a stuffed serpent wi' a gapin' mouth o' red worsted, to mak it look bluidy-like after devouring its prey—forbye the body o' the shaven bear that was passed aff some seasons since for a dog-headed Indian frae America.

NORTH.

An interesting collection indeed, James.

SHEPHERD.

Besides them, the man that aught the caravan, his wife and six children slept in't, he tell't me sae himsel, a' nicht—and yet, I'm sure, I'm within bounds when I aver, that the caravan was no bigger in the inside than about twice or three times the inside o' ane o' the coaches that rins atween Embro' and Glasgow.

NORTH.

What did you admire most of the number?

SHEPHERD.

The wee dwarfie woman, no three feet high, wi' a husband sax feet four; I never saw a happier couple. She loup't intil the pouch o' his shooting jacket, and keekit out like a maukin. But oh! she had a great ugly wide mouth, and her teeth were as sharp and yellow as prins. I wudna hae sleepit in the same bed wi' sic a vermin for the mines o' Peru, for gin she had fa'n upon a body in the middle o' the night, and fasten'd on their throgt like a rotten, there wad hae been nae shakin' her aff—the vampire. She was in the family way, sir.

NORTH.

The caravan?

SHEPHERD.

I'm thinkin', Mr North, that ye dinna gang to the kirk sae regular as you might do, for I never hear you talkin' about ministers. Wha do ye sit under?

NORTH.

My pew is too near the stove, James—But would you wish my talk to be of ministers? I have no objections to talk about the Theatre; but really, James, you must excuse me should I sport mum on church-going,—but notwithstanding my aversion to all public appearance, I hobbled out and in to hear the Missionary Wolfe.

SHEPHERD.

Once a Jew, always a Jew, sir. But I wunner hoo the holy aye contrive to get married sae fast—it seems odd how the spiritual-minded should be sae fond o' the flesh. Catch ony o' them marrying an auld woman for the Christian graces o' her character; except, indeed, it be for the widow's mite—they generally prefer a sonsy lass, wi' a tocher o' her ain, and if wi' a sickly only brither, far gane in a consumption, and wi' twa thousan' a-year, sae muckle the better,—for wi' sic a soom they may Christianize the heathen, and provide for a' the bairns besides—and bairns they are sure to hae, sibblins twins—the first never a week beyond the nine months—

NORTH.

Beyond, James!

SHEPHERD.

In or ower, sir.

NORTH.

Better marry than burn, Shepherd.

SHEPHERD.

But there's nae occasion for burnin'. There's him they ca'd the Sultan Katty Gheray, wha carried aff a Scotch wife to Mount Caucasus: You'll no tell me that the Sultan was likely to be burned on the frosty Caucasus. He might hae wrapt himsel in a pair o' ice sheets and snaw blankets, and a alect coverlid—and the deevil burn him if he wad hae taen fire and thawed the bed-claes.

NORTH.

James, you're libellous.

SHEPHERD.

I'm nae mair libellous nor ither folk. But just answer me this. Didna the Missionary Wolf seem to be devoted, soul and body, to the conversation o' the Jews, and naething else in this wicked warld?

NORTH.

Don't bother me any more, James, with "*Le Loup et l'Agneau*." I'm sick of the whole gang—

SHEPHERD.

Gang ye never to the Theatre?

NORTH.

Occasionally behind the scenes.

SHEPHERD.

O, sirs—O, sirs! Ha'e ye come to that? and can you thole to see the pent on the faces o' them, the red on their cheeks, and the white on their chins, and the fause curls, and fauser cebrows, nae mair, they tell me, than a streak o' burned cork or coom, and the paste pearls on their gowns, and a' the rest o' the mak-believe frae tap to tae, where there's naething but delusion a'thegither; and the play-actress, that appears to the people in the pit a' fidding fain to see her sparkling in spangles afore the lamps, gin she were ta'en and stripped naked on the spat, wud be naething but a lang rickle o' banes, and aneuch to mak a man——

NORTH.

James, a man at my time of life likes to be behind the scenes in any acted drama. You are mistaken in supposing that there is anything at all disgusting in a nearer approach to the divinities of the stage. They are not a whit more made up than the generality of young ladies in private parties—and then, in their case, there is no deception.

SHEPHERD.

Nae deception, say ye?

NORTH.

None whatever! Strip a fashionably-dressed young lady who is swimming through a rout, of all the cork that keeps her bouyant, and you would be surprised, James, to behold the goddess of your idolatry.

SHEPHERD.

They're ga'en sair made up, I fear, sir?

NORTH.

You have seen, I dare say, a wooden young lady, a doll, James, after she has undergone denuding, her legs so stiff from shin to knee-pan, her most unsatisfactory waist, and back as flat as a "hone" for sharpening razors——

SHEPHERD.

I'll no sit here anither minute and hear sic language—no even frae you, Mr North. Ye tauk o' coarseness——

NORTH.

Few provincial theatres are equal to that of Edinburgh. Murray is one of the best managers and best comic actors in Britain.

SHEPHERD.

But oh! man, what for do ye gang behind the scenes? It had nearly brock my heart whan I first fand out that Punch and his wife warn a' alive—and that it was only the mock deevil that carried a mock Punch awa' to a mock hell——

NORTH.

Whisht—whisht.

SHEPHERD.

Would there was nae real ane, Mr North!

NORTH.

Eh?

SHEPHERD.

Pardon me, sir, but there's nae need pretending no to understaun me—for you're as muckle interested in the wush as I can possibly be—aiblins mair—as you're a hantle aulder, and in your younger days——

NORTH.

Don't rip up old sores, my dear Shepherd——

SHEPHERD.

Nae offence—nae offence, sir—but what for be ganging ahint the scenes?

NORTH.

James, a man at my time of life, who has seen as much of the world as I have done, sees every thing in its real hue and form, nor depends on illusory imagination. "The world is a stage, and all the men and women merely players." I see that—I know it—yet still I take my station behind the scenes and look on, not without interest, James, at the passions, real or mimic, of the

patients or the puppets, James—for I too play my part, (alas! with some difficulty now, but for the prompter), and how soon, James, may the curtain fall on my last appearance on any earthly stage!

SHEPHERD.

I sometimes wonder how the world will gang on when I'm dead. It's no vanity, or any notion that I gar the wheels o' the world work, that makes me think sae, but just an incapacity to separate my life frae the rest o' creation. Suns settin' and risin', and me no there to glower! Birds singin', the mavis in the wood, and the laverock in the lift, and me no there to list—list—listen! Bonny lasses tripping through the dew-flaughts, and nae kiss o' mine to bring the blush-roses on their lilled bosoms! Some ane lovelier than the lave, singin' ane o' my ain sangs, and me in the unhearin' grave! Thochts like these will come fleein' into my spirit during the night-watches, but they can find no resting-place for the soles of their feet, ony mair than the bits o' wearied sea-birds that will try to sit down on the riggin' o' a ship at sea!

NORTH.

Shepherd, you should have been a sailor.

SHEPHERD.

But the ship, you see, although a' by hersel on the great wide deep, is sailing prosperously afore the Monsoon, and her crew wullna alloo the winged creatures to settle among the cordage, sae daft wi' joy are they a' on their hame-ward bound voyage, while aiblins, the thousan' spires o' a coral-reef are right in the track o' her roaring prow, and in another hour she will disappear like a foam-bell frae the sea.

NORTH.

How the Cockneys prate about Shakspeare, James! and abuse the public for not encouraging his Dramas on the stage!

SHEPHERD.

Poor deevils! They had better haud their tongues about Cordelia, and Juliet, and Cleopatra, and Imogen, or I'll fasten my crook intil the nape o' their necks, and harl them out to derecession. Whare's the play-actors and play-actresses that can act Shakspeare's characters, noo that John Kammel and Mrs Siddons is baith dead? Besides, gin they were leevin', wha but a Cockney wud wush to see oftener than ance or twice a-year tragedies that cause a soul-quake? The creatures in their hearts wud far rather see Mother Guse.

NORTH.

I wish, James, you would write a Tragedy,

SHEPHERD.

I hae ane in my pouch, man—"Mirk Monday."

NORTH.

No Poet of this age has shown sufficient concentration of thought and style for tragedy. All the living poets are loose and lumbering writers—and I will engage to point out half-a-dozen feeblenesses or faults of one kind or another in any passage of six lines that you, James, will recite from the best of them.

SHEPHERD.

He's gettin' fuddled noo I see,—or he wudna be haverin' about poetry.—Mr North, you're as sober as when we begood to the saxth jug afore the ane that was the immediate predecessor o' this jug's great-grandfather—but as for me, I'm blin' fou, and rather gizzy. I canna comprehend hoo we got into this room, and still less hoo we're to get out again—for I'll stake my character that there's no ae single door in a' the four wa's. I shou'dna care gin there was a shake-down or a suttee; but I never could sleep wi' a straught back. Mercy on us! the hail side o' the house is fa'en doon, as in the great earthquake at Lisbon. Steady—sir—steady—that's Mr Awmrose—you ken Mr Awmrose (Awmrose, he's far gaen the nicht, and I'm feared the freah air 'ill coup and capsize him athegether).

NORTH.

Mr Ambrose, dont mind me—give Mr Hogg your arm. James, remember there are a couple of steps. There now—I thought Pride would have a Fall at last, James! Now coachy!! drive to the devil.—

[Exeunt.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

EDINBURGH.—Feb. 14.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st, ... 31s. 0d.	1st, ... 32s. 6d.	1st, ... 32s. 0d.	1st, ... 29s. 0d.
2d, ... 26s. 0d.	2d, ... 29s. 0d.	2d, ... 28s. 0d.	2d, ... 27s. 6d.
3d, ... 25s. 0d.	3d, ... 27s. 0d.	3d, ... 26s. 0d.	3d, ... 25s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1, 8s. 2d. 6-12ths.

Tuesday, Feb. 14.

Beef (16 oz. per lb.) 0s. 4d. to 0s. 7d.	Quartern Loaf . . 0s. 9d. to 0s. 0d.
Mutton 0s. 5d. to 0s. 7d.	New Potatoes (14 lb.) 0s. 8d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal 0s. 8d. to 8s. 10d.	Fresh Butter, per lb. 1s. 2d. to 0s. 0d.
Pork 0s. 4d. to 0s. 6d.	Salt ditto, per cwt. . 84s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter 10s. 0d. to 15s. 0d.	Ditto, per lb. . . 0s. 10d. to 0s. 0d.
Tallow, per cwt. . 37s. 6d. to 40s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen . . 0s. 10d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—Feb. 9.

Top price of Wheat, 60s. ; lowest price, 48s. per quarter. Average, L.2, 15s. 7d. 4-12ths per quarter.

Top price of Barley, L.2, 1s. per quarter. Average L1, 18s. 10d. 2-12ths.

Top price of Oats, L.2 per quarter. Average L.1, 16s. 8d. 8-12ths.

Top price of Pease and Beans, L.2, 16s. per quarter. Average L.2, 16s.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended Feb. 2.

Wheat, 55s. 6d.—Barley, 37s. 0d.—Oats, 23s. 7d.—Rye, 41s. 1d.—Beans, 47s. 9d.—Pease, 49s. 9d.

London, Corn Exchange, Feb. 5.

Liverpool, Feb. 6.

Wheat, red, old	White	pease	Barley, per 70 lb.	Eng.	Irish	Foreign	Oats, per 45 lb.	Eng.	Irish	Foreign	Butter, p. cwt.	Amor. p. 1861b.
44 to 60	46 to 50	46 to 50	8 6 to 9	4 5 to 5	5 5 to 6	5 5 to 6	4 5 to 5	4 5 to 5	4 5 to 5	4 5 to 5	36 0 to 41 6	0 to 0
Red, new	40 to 46	Ditto, boilers	Old	0 0 to 0	0 0 to 0	0 0 to 0	Eng.	4 5 to 5	4 5 to 5	4 5 to 5	Belfast, 93 0 to 94 0	0 to 0
Fine ditto	48 to 52	Small Beans, new	44 to 48	Irish	7 6 to 8	8 10 to 9	Irish	4 5 to 5	4 5 to 5	4 5 to 5	Newry	84 0 to 85 0
Superfine ditto	54 to 58	Ditto, old	44 to 48	Scotch	8 4 to 9	9 9 to 10	Scotch	4 5 to 5	4 5 to 5	4 5 to 5	Waterford 80 0 to 0 0	0 to 0
White	44 to 48	Tick ditto, new	44 to 48	Bonded	5 0 to 5	5 6 to 6	Bonded	4 5 to 5	4 5 to 5	4 5 to 5	Cork, p. 2d, 84 0 to 0 0	0 to 0
Fine ditto	58 to 56	Ditto, old	44 to 48	Barley, per 60 lbs.	5 5 to 5	5 5 to 5	Barley, per 60 lbs.	4 5 to 5	4 5 to 5	4 5 to 5	3d dry 71 0 to 73 0	0 to 0
Superfine ditto	58 to 62	Feed oats	25 to 28	Eng.	5 5 to 5	5 5 to 5	Eng.	4 5 to 5	4 5 to 5	4 5 to 5	Beef, p. 100c.	80 0 to 90 0
Rye	31 to 38	Fine ditto	29 to 31	Irish	5 5 to 5	5 5 to 5	Irish	4 5 to 5	4 5 to 5	4 5 to 5	Mess	0 0 to 0 0
Barley	34 to 36	Poland ditto	26 to 28	Scotch	0 0 to 0	0 0 to 0	Scotch	4 5 to 5	4 5 to 5	4 5 to 5	p. barrel 0 0 to 0 0	0 to 0
Fine ditto	37 to 38	Fine ditto	30 to 35	Irish	5 2 to 6	6 0 to 6	Irish	4 5 to 5	4 5 to 5	4 5 to 5	Pork, p. bl.	55 0 to 60 0
Superfine ditto	39 to 40	Potato ditto	30 to 35	Foreign	5 4 to 5	5 8 to 8	Foreign	4 5 to 5	4 5 to 5	4 5 to 5	Mess	55 0 to 60 0
Malt	55 to 60	Fine ditto	35 to 38	Oats, per 45 lb.	4 5 to 5	5 8 to 8	Oats, per 45 lb.	4 5 to 5	4 5 to 5	4 5 to 5	half do. 30 0 to 35 0	0 to 0
Fine	62 to 66	Scotch	38 to 40	Eng.	4 5 to 5	5 8 to 8	Eng.	4 5 to 5	4 5 to 5	4 5 to 5	Bacon, p. cwt.	43 0 to 45 0
Hog Pease	45 to 46	Flour, per sack	46 to 50	Irish	4 2 to 4	4 7 to 4	Irish	4 5 to 5	4 5 to 5	4 5 to 5	Short mids. 40 0 to 45 0	0 to 0
Maple	47 to 50	Ditto, seconds	42 to 44	Scotch	4 5 to 4	4 8 to 4	Scotch	4 5 to 5	4 5 to 5	4 5 to 5	Sides	40 0 to 45 0
Maple, fine	— to —	Bran,	11 to 12	For. in bond	— to —	— to —	For. in bond	— to —	— to —	— to —	Hams, dry, — 0 to — 0	0 to 0
				Do. dut. fr.	— to —	— to —	Do. dut. fr.	— to —	— to —	— to —	Green	— 0 to — 0
				Rye, per qr. 58 0 to 44 0	44 0 to 44 0	44 0 to 44 0	Rye, per qr. 58 0 to 44 0	44 0 to 44 0	44 0 to 44 0	44 0 to 44 0	Lard, rd. p. c. 49 0 to 50 0	0 to 0
				Malt per b. 56 0 to 69 0	69 0 to 69 0	69 0 to 69 0	Malt per b. 56 0 to 69 0	69 0 to 69 0	69 0 to 69 0	69 0 to 69 0		
				Middling 48 0 to 64 0	64 0 to 64 0	64 0 to 64 0	Middling 48 0 to 64 0	64 0 to 64 0	64 0 to 64 0	64 0 to 64 0		
				Beans, per q.	50 0 to 55 0	55 0 to 55 0	Beans, per q.	50 0 to 55 0	55 0 to 55 0	55 0 to 55 0		
				English	48 0 to 52 0	52 0 to 52 0	English	48 0 to 52 0	52 0 to 52 0	52 0 to 52 0		
				Irish	17 0 to 18 0	18 0 to 18 0	Irish	17 0 to 18 0	18 0 to 18 0	18 0 to 18 0		
				Rapeseed L. 17 0 to 18 0	18 0 to 18 0	18 0 to 18 0	Rapeseed L. 17 0 to 18 0	18 0 to 18 0	18 0 to 18 0	18 0 to 18 0		
				Pease, grey 45 0 to 48 0	48 0 to 48 0	48 0 to 48 0	Pease, grey 45 0 to 48 0	48 0 to 48 0	48 0 to 48 0	48 0 to 48 0		
				White	50 0 to 57 0	57 0 to 57 0	White	50 0 to 57 0	57 0 to 57 0	57 0 to 57 0		
				Flour, English, p. 240 lb. fine 44 0 to 46 0	46 0 to 46 0	46 0 to 46 0	Flour, English, p. 240 lb. fine 44 0 to 46 0	46 0 to 46 0	46 0 to 46 0	46 0 to 46 0		
				Irish, 3ds 43 0 to 46 0	46 0 to 46 0	46 0 to 46 0	Irish, 3ds 43 0 to 46 0	46 0 to 46 0	46 0 to 46 0	46 0 to 46 0		

Seeds, &c.

Tares, per bah.	Rye Grass,	25 to 40 0
Must. White, 12 to 14 0	Ribgrass,	24 to 36 0
— Brown, new 16 to 20 0	Clover, red cwt. 65 to 75 0	0
Turnips, bah. 38 to 42 0	White	52 to 65 0
— Red & green 41 to 46 0	Foreign red	56 to 66 0
— White, — to — 0	White 52 to 75 0	0
Caraway, cwt. 35 to 39 0	Coriander	28 to 40 0
Canary, per qr. 90 to 110 0	Trefoil	28 to 36 0
Cinque Foia 42 to 44 0	Lintseed feed, 38 to 43 0	0
Rape Seed, per last, £24, to £26.		

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 2d to 22d January, 1827.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	201	202	79 1/2	79 1/2
3 per cent. reduced,	80	79 1/2	78 1/2	78 1/2
3 per cent. consols,	—	78 1/2	78 1/2	78 1/2
3 1/2 per cent. consols,	—	85 1/2	85 1/2	85 1/2
New 4 per cent. cons.	—	93 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
India bonds,	—	46	45	44
— stock,	—	235 1/2	233 1/2	234
Long Annuities,	13 1/2	18 9 1-16	18 15-16	18 15-16
Exchequer bills,	20	26 24 26	24 25 23	21 24 23
Exchequer bills, sm.	—	26 24 26	24 25 23	21 23
Consols for acc.	80 1/2	80 1/2	80 79 1/2	79 1/2
French 5 per cents.	99 1/2	40c.	98 1/2	45c.

Course of Exchange, Feb. 6th.—Amsterdam, 12:5. Ditto, at sight, 12:2. Rotterdam, 12:6. Antwerp, 12:6. Hamburg, 37:8. Altona, 37:4. Paris, 3d. sight, 25:60. Ditto, 25:85. Bourdeaux, 25:85. Frankfort on the Maine, 154. Petersburg, per rble. 9:3. Berlin, 9:0. Vienna, *Eff. Fl.* 10:15. Trieste, 10:15. Madrid, 33½. Cadiz, 34. Buenos Ayres, —. Bilbao, 34. Barcelona, 33½. Seville, 33½. Gibraltar, 45. Leghorn, 47½. Genoa, 43½. Venice, 46. Malta, 0. Naples, 38. Palermo, p. ca. 114. Lisbon, 48½. Oporto, 51. Rio Janeiro, 40. Bahia, 42. Dublin, per cent. 0. Cork, 0.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3:17:6d. per oz. New Dubloons, £3:13:3. New Dollars, 4s. 9½d. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 11½d.

PRICES CURRENT, Feb. 10.

SUGAR, Musc.	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.
B. P. Dry Brown, . . cwt.	56 to 57	56 58	54 58	57 61
Mid. good, and fine mid.	58 63	60 61	60 66	63 69
Fine and very fine, . .	69 74	— —	74 76	70 72
Refined Doub. Loaves, . .	119 114	105 110	— —	91 —
Powder ditto,	88 —	— —	— —	83 87
Single ditto,	84 101	— —	— —	91 —
Small Lumps,	84 88	85 92	— —	86 84
Large ditto,	82 84	81 86	— —	88 102
Crushed Lumps,	86 84	80 81	— —	— —
MOLASSES, British, . cwt.	25 0	24 26 6	— —	25 25 6
COFFEE, Jamaica, . . cwt.	48 50	36 43	32 37	44 52
Ord. good, and fine ord.	51 56	52 —	58 65	— —
Mid. good, and fine mid.	56 60	74 85	68 86	85 95
Dutch, Triage and very ord.	51 58	52 57	50 56	— —
Ord. good, and fine ord.	60 68	58 70	62 64	— —
Mid. good, and fine mid.	85 90	72 85	66 80	— —
St Domingo,	— —	48 50	48 50	— —
Pimento (in Bond,) . .	0 11d —	— 9½d 10d	9½ 10	— —
SPIRITS, Rum, Jam. 160 P	3s 6d 3s 9d	3s 1d 3s 2d	2s 10d 3s 3d	2s 11d 3s 2
Brandy,	3 6 3 9	— —	3s 4d 3s 8d	3 3 3 10
Gin,	2 9 2 10	— —	2s 3d 2 4d	2 5 —
Whisky, Grain,	3 6 5 9	— —	— —	— —
WINES, Claret, p. 150 gal.	— —	— —	— —	— —
Portugal 1st Growths, hhd.	35 46	— —	— —	— —
Spanish White, pipe,	36 45	— —	— —	— —
Teneriffe, butt,	22 24	— —	— —	— —
Madeira, pipe,	25 60	— —	— —	— —
LOGWOOD,	45 10 6 0	6 2 6 0	47 0 7 5	46 5 6 15
Honduras, Jam. . . .	5 10 5 15	7 0 7 10	7 5 7 10	6 0 6 10
Campeachy,	6 0 6 10	— —	8 15 9 10	8 2 8 15
FUSTIC, Jamaica . . .	5 10 6 0	6 0 6 10	6 10 7 0	7 0 7 10
Cuba,	9 0 10 0	8 10 9 0	9 10 10 0	8 0 8 15
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	10s 12s 0	— —	10s 11s	10s 9d 12s 6d
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1 8 2 4	— —	— —	— —
Ditto Oak,	3 6 4 0	— —	— —	— —
Christiansburg (dut. paid.)	2 0 2 7	— —	— —	— —
Honduras Mahogany, .	1 4 1 10	0 11 1 1	— —	0 10d 1s. 0d
St Domingo, ditto, . .	2 4 2 9	1 5 1 8	— —	1 5 2 3
TAR, American, . . .	23 0 —	— —	— —	— —
Archangel,	16 —	16 17	17 0 17 6	16 6 —
PITCH, Foreign, . . cwt.	8 —	— —	— —	7 0 8 0
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	39 40	41 6 42	39 41	— —
Horne melted,	— —	— —	— —	— —
HEMP, Polish Rhine, ton,	18 —	— —	48 —	— —
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	40 10 41	— —	46 —	40 0 40 10
FLAX,	— —	— —	— —	— —
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	42 43	— —	— —	44 —
Dutch,	— —	— —	— —	35 45
Irish,	— —	— —	— —	— —
MATS, Archangel, . .	— —	— —	— —	— —
BRISTLES,	— —	— —	— —	— —
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	— —	— —	— —	13 14
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .	26 —	— —	26 27	27 10
Montreal, ditto, . . .	29 —	27 28	26 27	— —
Pot,	26 28	27 28	26 27	— —
OIL, Whale,	L. 27 —	L. 27 27 10	31 31	30 —
Cod,	— —	27 27 10	26 27	23 10
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	7½ 7½	6 6	— —	6 6 6 7
Middling,	5 5½	5 5½	0 3½ 0 7	0 3 0 5½
Inferior,	4 4½	4 4½	0 2½ 0 5½	— —
COTTONS, Bowd Georg.	— —	— —	— —	0 6½ 7½
Sea Island, fine, . . .	— —	— —	— —	— —
Stained,	— —	— —	— —	— —
Middling,	— —	— —	— —	— —
Demerara and Berice	— —	— —	— —	0 8½ 10
West India,	— —	— —	— —	0 5½ 0 9½
Pernambuco,	— —	— —	— —	0 10 0 10½
Warrenham,	— —	— —	— —	— —

METEOROLOGICAL TABLES, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, after-noon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

December.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		
Dec. 1	M.59 A.55	28.880 .391	M.58 A.58	Cble.	Shwrs. sleet most of day.	Dec. 17	M.58 A. 41	29.640 .640	M.45 A. 45	SE.	Rain for the day.
2	M.52 A.58	.526 .355	M.40 A.40	W.	Forn. sunsh. rain aftern.	18	M.57 A. 45	.602 .782	M.45 A. 45	SW.	Dull, but fair.
3	M.50 A.55	.876 .930	M.41 A.41	Cble.	Frost morn. sunsh. foren.	19	M.55 A.56	.720 .695	M.40 A.41	W.	Morn. frost, day fair.
4	M.52 A.55	29.232 .450	M.51 A.55	Cble.	Keen frost.	20	M.52 A.40	.255 .166	M.40 A.40	SW.	Dull, cold, with rain.
5	M.24 A.50	.367 .302	M.51 A.52	W.	Ditto.	21	M.50 A.56	.506 .784	M.57 A.58	N.	Frost morn. day sunsh.
6	M.25 A.51	.569 .57	M.52 A.55	S.	Foren. dull, rain aftern.	22	M.5 A.45	.746 .808	M.42 A.45	W.	Dull, slight shwrs. rain.
7	M.25 A.45	28.990 .929	M.40 A.44	S.	Rain, foren. day fair.	23	M.42 A.46	.840 .891	M.46 A.46	W.	Dull, but fair.
8	M.40 A.45	.781 .9186	M.45 A.45	S.	Rain morn. day foggy.	24	M.42 A.46	.955 .999	M.46 A.47	W.	Day fair, night rain.
9	M.39 A.45	.498 .590	M.41 A.45	S.	Dull, but fair, mild.	25	M.49 A.45	.999 30.190	M.46 A.45	W.	Very heavy fog.
10	M.40 A.45	.562 .461	M.45 A.46	SW.	Ditto.	26	M.53 A.37	.190 .245	M.42 A.40	W.	Fore. sunsh. dull aftern.
11	M.45 A.51	.590 .29	M.50 A.47	SW.	Day fair, night rain.	27	M.24 A.56	.190 29.999	M.57 A.40	Cble.	Dull, and very cold.
12	M.4 A.46	.216 .111	M.47 A.48	SE.	Dull, but fair, mild.	28	M.54 A.41	50.109 29.101	M.41 A.42	W.	Dull, but fair.
13	M.11 A.45	28.999 .999	M.47 A.45	SE.	Morn. rain, day fair.	29	M.53 A.41	.888 .770	M.42 A.44	W.	Ditto.
14	M.38 A.40	29.105 .189	M.45 A.44	SE.	Fair, with sunsh. mild.	30	M.10 A.45	.744 .744	M.41 A.45	W.	Forn. sunsh. dull aftern.
15	M.57 A.45	.294 .505	M.44 A.45	SE.	Fair, very mild.	31	M.42 A.46	.745 .680	M.45 A.45	W.	Fair, with sunshine.
16	M.57 A.42	.530 .572	M.44 A.44	SE.	Rain most of day.	Average of rain, 1.555.					

January.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		
Jan. 1	M.55 A. 48	29.680 .490	M.44 A. 42	W.	Foren. fresh. aftern. snow.	Jan. 17	M.29 A. 52	29.921 .896	M.56 A. 55	Cble.	Frost, hail, sleet, sn. rain.
2	M.28 A. 2	.191 .192	M.55 A. 26	N.	Keen frost.	18	M.51 A. 55	.985 .961	M.55 A. 56	Cble.	Dull, with rain.
3	M.13 A. 7	.126 .127	M.25 A. 25	NW.	Frost, show- ers snow.	19	M.51 A. 56	.973 .975	M.56 A. 55	Cble.	Frost, dull, but fair.
4	M.12 A. 26	.542 .715	M.26 A. 27	N.	Keen frost.	20	M.59 A. 55	.950 .911	M.55 A. 54	SW.	Moderate, rain.
5	M.17 A. 22	.86 .744	M.25 A. 30	Cble.	Ditto.	21	M.27 A. 52	.792 .792	M.56 A. 54	NE.	Foren. suns. dull aftern.
6	M.22 A. 42	.652 .566	M.38 A. 40	W.	Thaw, with showers rain.	22	M.28 A. 57	.584 .554	M.5 A. 55	E.	Day dull, rain night.
7	M.41 A. 41	.617 .416	M.45 A. 48	W.	Fresh, but fair.	23	M.21 A. 50	.462 .442	M.52 A. 52	NE.	Snow for the day.
8	M.12 A. 16	.575 .102	M.46 A. 42	SW.	Fair foren. rain aftern.	24	M.25 A. 52	.511 .51	M.55 A. 51	NE.	Snow, hail, and sleet.
9	M.29 A. 36	28.990 .758	M.56 A. 40	W.	Heavy show- ers sleet.	25	M.25 A. 51	.156 .488	M.51 A. 51	NE.	Thaw, shrs. hail, snow.
10	M.31 A. 36	.758 .634	M.40 A. 58	W.	Day dull, night snow.	26	M.24 A. 51	.685 .7	M.55 A. 55	E.	Suns. foren hail aftern.
11	M.30 A. 51	.655 .602	M.38 A. 45	NW.	Day cold, night frost.	27	M.20 A. 26	.920 28.701	M.52 A. 55	Cble.	Day frost, night thaw
12	M.29 A. 22	29.196 .193	M.52 A. 55	NW.	Keen frost, showers sleet	28	M.58 A. 45	.920 .920	M.41 A. 46	SW.	Frost, dull and fair.
13	M.23 A. 36	.191 28.961	M.55 A. 54	NW.	Rain, sleet, night stormy	29	M.45 A. 47	.275 .279	M.46 A. 45	SW.	Heavy rain aftern.
14	M.22 A. 55	.412 29.141	M.45 A. 58	NW.	Foren. rain, aftern. hail.	30	M.58 A. 45	.900 29.161	M.45 A. 45	SW.	Foren. rain aftern. suns
15	M.25 A. 50	.806 .850	M.55 A. 56	NW.	Day frost, night rain.	31	M.59 A. 44	.256 .256	M.44 A. 45	Cble.	Heavy rain aftern.
	M.52 A. 5	.551 .814	M.41 A. 57	NW.	Rain, with heavy fog.	Average of rain, 1.782.					

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

December.

3 Dr. Gds.	Ens. Bourke, from 15 F. (R. M.) Cor. vice Trevelyan, h. p.	7 Dec. 1826	J. M. Schnell, Ens. by purch. vice Connor, prom.	14 Dec. 1826.
4 Dr. Gds.	B. Burrell, Cor. by purch. vice Vaughan, prom.	14 Nov.	Capt. Bell, Maj. by purchase, vice Mair, prom.	19 do.
	Cor. Collingwood, Lt. by purch. vice Keane, prom.	19 Dec.	Lt. L. C. Fife, Falkland, Capt. do.	do.
6	Cor. Jones, Lt. by purch. vice Richards, prom.	14 Nov.	Lord H. F. Chichester, Lt. by purch. vice Liddell, prom.	7 do.
	F. Q. Turner, Cor.	23 do.	D. Barton, Lt. by purch. vice Lord Falkland, prom.	19 do.
	Cor. Ponsonby, Lt. by purch. vice Brown, prom.	26 Dec.	Ens. Howard, Lt. by purch. vice Pickwick, prom.	30 Nov.
1 Dr.	E. F. Lyon, Cor.	do.	J. J. E. Hamilton, Ens.	7 Dec.
	Lt. Webb, Capt. by purch. vice Marten, prom.	12 do.	D. Richmond, Ens. by purch. vice Gambier, 38 F.	9 Nov.
	Capt. Phipps, Maj. by purch. vice Stisted, prom.	19 do.	Capt. Turner, Maj. by purch. vice Eustace, prom.	19 Dec.
2	Lt. Hibbert, Capt.	do.	Lt. Mackenzie, Capt.	do.
	L. A. W. Wyndham, Capt. by purch. vice C. Wyndham, prom.	12 do.	Cor. Bourke, from 3 Gr. Gds. Ens. vice Elliott, 2 W. I. R.	30 Nov.
	Cor. Norman, Lt.	do.	Ens. Hon. W. H. Drummond, from h. p. Ens. vice Bourke, 3 Dr. Gds.	7 Dec.
	Troop Serj. Maj. Perry, Qua. Mast. vice Lennox, dead	do.	J. W. P. Audain, Ens. vice Smith, dead	14 do.
3	W. Lowes, Vet. Surg. vice Scott, dead	14 do.	Ens. Haly, Lt. by purch. vice Spencer, prom.	19 do.
4	Lt. Robinson, Capt. by purch. vice Nepean, prom.	do.	F. Ness, Ens.	do.
	Cor. Ogle, Lt. by purch.	do.	J. Baldwin, Ens. by purch. vice Mills, prom.	12 do.
9 Dr.	Capt. J. A. Lord Loughborough, Maj. by purch. vice Richardson, prom.	12 do.	Lt. Tydd, from h. p. 4 Ceyl. Reg. Paym. vice Farewell, 23 F.	16 Nov.
	Lt. Williams, Capt.	do.	C. Sanders, Ens. by purch. vice Clarke, prom.	30 do.
	Cor. Trower, Lt.	do.	Maj. Hon. E. Cust, from h. p. Maj. vice Jackson, prom.	12 Dec.
11	J. Micklam, Cor.	do.	Capt. Deahon, from h. p. Capt. vice Tovey, prom.	16 Nov.
	L. H. French, Cor. by purch. vice Pearson, prom.	16 Nov.	— Brooke, from h. p. Capt. vice Crokat, prom.	25 do.
	T. Salkeld, Cor. by purch. vice Lewis, prom.	7 Dec.	Maj. Barrington, from h. p. 100 F. Maj. vice Cust, prom.	36 Dec.
12	J. H. Touchet, Cor. by purch. vice Pole, prom.	30 Nov.	Dep. Purv. Barlow, from h. p. paym. vice Biggs, h. p.	25 Nov.
13	Cor. MacMahon, Lt. by purch. vice Campbell, Cape Corps Cavalry	do.	Capt. Tait, from 2 W. I. R. Capt. vice Campbell, prom.	7 Dec.
14	Cor. Dawson, Lt. by purch. vice Duff, prom.	12 Dec.	2d Lt. Philoit, 1st Lt. by purch. vice Beauchamp, prom.	12 do.
	C. J. Griffiths, Cor.	do.	Gent. Cadet Smith, from R. Mill Coll.	do.
	Lt. and Adj. McCarthy, Capt. vice Gage, dead	14 do.	2d Lt. by purch. vice Philoit, do.	do.
15	Lt. Perceval, Capt. by purch. vice Temple, prom.	12 do.	Capt. Adair, Maj. by purch. vice Hogg, prom.	do.
	Cor. Baird, Lt. by purch.	do.	Lt. Barton, Capt.	do.
	E. W. Riddell, Cor. by purch. vice Baird, prom.	14 do.	Ens. Blackford, Lt.	do.
17	Major Bingham, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Rumpier, ret.	9 Nov.	D. Hunter, Ens.	do.
	Capt. Scott, Major	do.	As. Surg. Bell, M. D. from 2 Dr. Gds. Surg. vice Whyte, 69 F.	15 Nov.
	Lt. St Quintin, Capt.	do.	Lt. Gen. Sir G. L. Cole, G.C.B. from 34 F. Col. vice Mary. of Hastings, dead	16 Dec.
Gren. Gds.	Capt. Home, Adj. vice Boldero, app. Brig. Major	14 Dec.	Capt. Cadell, Maj. vice Barclay, dead.	14 do.
3 Ft. Gds.	Capt. Hon. E. Stopford. Capt. and Lt. Col. by purch. vice Higgins, ret.	do.	Lt. Moore, Capt.	do.
	Lt. Harford, Lt. and Capt.	do.	Ens. Playford, from 24 F. Lt.	do.
	J. Farnell, Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Harford	do.	Lt. Wilson, from h. p. Lt. pay. diff. to h. p. fund, vice Harley, 34 F.	14 do.
	Capt. Montague, Adj. vice Stopford	do.	Lt. Lowe, Capt. by purch. vice Trevor, prom.	12 do.
1 F.	Lt. Bennet, Capt. by purch. vice Carter, cancelled	3 Aug.	Ens. Hooke, Lt. by purch. vice Upton, prom.	do.
	Hosp. As. Grestreux, As. Surg. vice Finale, 1 W. I. R.	16 Nov.	— Read, Lt. by purch. vice Houston, prom.	do.
	Lt. Fraser, Capt. by purch. vice Anderson, prom.	12 Dec.	— Bayly, Lt. by purch. vice Milner, prom.	do.
3	Lt. Walker, from h. p. 4 F. Lt. vice Antrobus, cane.	16 Nov.	Gent. Cadet, Newcomen, from R. Mill Col. Ens. by purch. vice Read	do.
	— Hughes, Capt. vice Wood, dead	7 Dec.	W. Colt, Ens. by purch. vice Hooke	15 do.
	Ens. Hanna, Lt.	do.	T. W. Howe, Ens. by purch. vice Bayly	14 do.
	Gent. Cadet Darling, from Royal Mil. Coll. Ens.	do.	Lt. Gen. Sir J. Makh Dougall Brisbane, R.C.B. Col. vice Sir G. L. Cole,	27 F.
	Lt. Carmac, Capt. by purch. vice Wright, ret.	do.	J. G. Alleyne, Ens. by purch. vice O'Hara, 47 F.	7 do.
5	Gent. Cadet, E. C. Giffard, from R. Mill. Coll. Ens. vice Phibbs, 2 W. J. R.	23 Nov.		
	Ens. Connor, Lt. by purch. vice Curtis, prom.	7 Dec.		

- 36 Lt. Gambler, from 38 F. Lt. vice Colcroft, ret. h. p. 74 F. 9 Nov. 1836.
- 37 Ens. Bradshaw, Lt. by purch. vice Fraser, prom. 12 Dec.
- J. W. D. Hebron, Ens. by purch. do.
- C. O'Beirne, Ens. by purch. vice Yea, prom. 19 do.
- 38 Capt. Doly, Maj. by purch. vice Finch, prom. 12 do.
- Lt. Fothergill, from 64 F. Capt. by purch. do.
- Stewart, from h. p. 74 F. Lt. vice Gambler, 36 F. 9 Nov.
- 39 W. K. Child, Ens. by purch. vice More prom. 12 Dec.
- 41 Ens. Vaughan, Lt. by purch. vice Tathwell, prom. 9 Nov.
- 42 Ens. Macfarlane, Lt. by purch. vice Macdougall, ret. do.
- J. M. Ferguson, Ens. do.
- Capt. Garthshore, from h. p. Capt. pay diff. vice Campbell, 74 F. 7 Dec.
- 43 Lt. Grant, Capt. vice Anderson, dead 14 do.
- 46 Ens. Hutchinson, from 76 F. Lt. by purch. vice Sutherland, prom. 7 do.
- Serj. Maj. Williams, Qua. Mas. vice Madigan, dead do.
- Ens. Davies, Lt. by purch. vice Parker, prom. 14 do.
- W. C. Fisher, Ens. do.
- 47 Hosp. As. Teevan, As. Surg. vice M'Curdy, dead 23 Nov.
- Ens. O'Hara, from 35 F. Lt. vice Scott, ret. 7 Dec.
- 48 Capt. MacDougall, Maj. by purch. vice Morriset, prom. 19 do.
- Lt. Roberts, Capt. do.
- 49 J. Macnamara, Ens. by purch. vice Lord W. Russell, ret. 9 Nov.
- 50 Brevet Lt. Col. Goldie, from h. p. Maj. vice Custance, prom. 12 Dec.
- 51 Hon. W. T. Law, Ens. by purch. vice Campbell, prom. 23 Nov.
- 52 Ens. Birch, Lt. by purch. vice Eden, prom. 12 Dec.
- A. T. Eustace, Ens. do.
- 54 Ens. Johnson, Lt. by purch. vice Clarke, prom. 7 do.
- Lt. Hon. A. Harley, from 32 F. Lt. vice Nugent, ret. h. p. 14 do.
- J. R. Turner, Ens. by purch. vice Johnston, prom. do.
- 55 Ens. Bonnes, Lt. by purch. vice Mills, prom. 12 do.
- W. F. Wake, Ens. by purch. vice Peck, prom. 12 Dec.
- A. H. Champromiere, Ens. by purch. 1 do.
- 56 Ens. Mackenzie, Lt. by purch. vice Lewes, prom. do.
- T. J. Dobson, Ens. by purch. do.
- 60 T. Morris 2d Lt. by purch. vice Harvey, 17 F. 23 Nov.
- 61 Ens. Jones, Lt. by purch. vice Bower, prom. 12 Dec.
- J. C. M. Ross, Ens. do.
- 62 Ens. and Adj. suchan, to have the rank of Lt. 16 Nov.
- 63 Brevet Maj. Snape, Maj. vice Fairtlough, dead do.
- Lt. Dupont, Capt. do.
- Ens. Carew, Lt. do.
- Gent. Cadet W. T. M. Champ, from R. Mil. Col. Ens. do.
- E. Loder, Ens. by purch. vice Smith, ret. 23 do.
- Lt. Hon. G. A. Spencer, Capt. by purch. Dickson, prom. 10 Dec.
- 64 Ens. Pedder, Lt. do.
- Ens. — Mandeville, Lt. by purch. vice Michel, prom. 12 do.
- Laurell, Lt. vice Fothergill, 38 F. do.
- J. Douglas, Ens. vice Mandeville do.
- J. W. Verbury, Ens. by purch. vice Laurell prom. do.
- 66 A. F. W. Wyatt, Ens. by purch. vice Crompton, prom. do.
- 68 Lt. Macdonald, Capt. by purch. vice Ferguson, prom. 19 Dec. 1836.
- Ens. Huey, Lt. do.
- J. M. Strachan, Ens. by purch. do.
- 69 Surg. White, from 25 F. Surg. vice M'Kechnie, R. Staff Corps 15 Nov.
- 76 D. Munro, Ens. by purch. vice Hutchinson, 46 F. 7 Dec.
- 77 G. B. Whalley, Ens. by purch. vice Jones, prom. 12 do.
- 79 W. L. Scobell, Ens. by purch. vice Binney, 62 F. 7 do.
- 83 Ens. Kelly, Lt. by purch. vice Hotham, prom. 19 do.
- H. S. G. Bowles, Ens. do.
- 86 A. C. Chicester, Ens. by purch. vice Brooke, prom. 12 do.
- Capt. Fitz Gerald, from h. p. 4 W. L. R. Capt. vice Le Marchant, 98 F. 30 Nov.
- P. Martyn, Ens. by purch. vice Mayne, prom. 26 Dec.
- 87 Surg. Armstrong, from Ceyl. Regt. Surg. vice Leslie, dead. 24 April
- 88 Capt. Phibbs, from h. p. Capt. pay. diff. vice Southwell, cane. 9 Nov.
- W. Jones, Ens. by purch. vice Sutton, prom. 7 Dec.
- 89 Ens. Sutton, from 88 F. Lieut. by purch. vice Van Baerle, prom. 16 Nov.
- 30 Capt. Glade, from h. p. Capt. pay. diff. vice Beckwith, Rlf. Brig. 20 do.
- Lt. Bowlyby, Capt. by purch. vice Pollock, prom. 26 Dec.
- 91 Capt. Hearn, from h. p. 6 W. L. R. Capt. vice Snodgrass, prom. 14 do.
- 93 Serj.-Maj. M'Donald, Quart.-Mast. vice Green, dead 16 Nov.
- 95 G. J. Austin, Ens. by purch. vice Alcock, prom. 12 Dec.
- 97 Capt. Reeves, from h. p. 15 F. Capt. vice Cave, prom. do.
- 98 Capt. Le Marchant, from 86 F. Capt. vice Clinton, cane. 9 Nov.
- 99 Bt. Maj. Moray, from h. p. 19 Dr. Capt. vice Beaudekerk, prom. 16 Dec.
- Rifle Brig. Lt. Kincald, Capt. vice Middleton, app. Paym. 25 Nov.
- Capt. Fitz Maurice, from h. p. Capt. vice Smith, prom. 19 Dec.
- Beckwith, from 90 F. Capt. vice Grey, prom. 20 do.
- Middleton, Paym. vice Cadoux, dead 25 Nov.
- R. Staff Co. Surg. M'Kechnie, from 69 F. Surg. vice Stewart, prom. 15 do.
- 2 W. L. R. Ens. Phibbs, from 5 F. Lt. vice Morgan, dead 23 do.
- T. B. Thompson, Ens. by purch. vice P. C. Codd, prom. 16 do.
- Ens. Elliot, from 15 F. Lt. vice Redman, dead 30 Nov.
- Ceyl. Regt. As. Surg. MacQueen, M. D. from 85 F. Surg. vice Armstrong 87 F. 24 Ap.
- R. A. Col. C. Vol. Yeakel, Ens. vice Rishton, cane. 30 Nov.
- Roy. Vet. Comps. for Serv. in Newfd. Ens. Bell, from h. p. 61 F. Ens. vice Philpot, dead 9 do.

Ordnance Department.

- Royal Art. Maj. Birch, Lt.-Col. vice Macdonald, ret. 12 Dec. 1836.
- Brev. Maj. Godby, Maj. do.
- 2d Capt. Macleachlan, Capt. do.
- Scott, Capt. vice Napier do.
- Blachley, Capt. vice Maxwell do.
- Bt. Lt.-Col. Macdonald, vice Baynes do.
- 2d Capt. Wright, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice Macleachlan do.
- Mathias, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice Scott do.
- 1st Lieut. Ellison, 2d Capt. vice Blachley do.
- Strangways, 2d Capt. vice Macdonald do.
- 2d Lieut. May, 1 Lieut. vice Ellison do.
- Haywood, 1 Lieut. vice Strangways do.

Brevet.

To have the Local Rank of Lt-Col. on the Continent of Europe only.

J. Dufa, late Lt-Col. upon h. p. 9 Nov. 1828.
A. Rumpler, late Lt-Col. 17 Dr. do.
J. D'Arcy, late Lt-Col. R. Art. 16 do.
W. Ingleby, late Bt. Lt-Col. and Maj. in 53 F. do
A. Geils, late Lt-Col. 73 F. do.
W. Thorndill, late Lt-Col. 7 Dr. do.
H. W. Kapinasse, late Lt-Col. 4 F. 30 do.
F. Wilkie, late Bt. Lt-Col. and Capt. h. p. 40 F. do.

J. S. Shaw, late Lt-Col. h. p. 91 F. 14 Dec.
L. A. Northy, late Lt-Col. h. p. do.

To have the Local Rank of Major on the Continent of Europe only.

G. T. Brice, late Maj. 93 F. 9 Nov. 1828.
T. Dent, late Maj. h. p. Unatt. do.
D. MacGregor, late Brev. Maj. and Capt. 33 F. do.
B. Lutyens, late Brev. Maj. and Capt. 11 Dr. do.
T. H. Mouce, late Maj. h. p. R. Mar. do.
E. H. Garthwaite, late Maj. h. p. R. Mar. do.
R. M'Crea, late Maj. 5 R. Vet. Bn. do.
T. Pison, late Maj. and Capt. 7 Dr. do.
C. Wayth, late Brev. Maj. and Capt. 17 Dr. do.
R. Abbey, late Brev. Maj. and Capt. Ceyl. Regt. do.
P. D. Fellowes, late Maj. 1 R. Vet. Bn. do.
W. Hames, late Brev. Maj. and Capt. 32 F. 30 do.
G. J. Wolsley, late Maj. on h. p. 14 Dec.
J. Rainey, late Maj. of 82 F. do.
W. Phipps, late Maj. h. p. 27 F. do.

Staff.

Bt. Lt-Col. Smith, Dep. Qu. Mast. Gen. in Jamaica, vice Lt-Col. Cockburne, res. 23 Nov. 1828.

Maj. Drake, Perm. As. Qu. Mast. Gen. Dep. Qu. Mast. Gen. in the Mediterranean, with the Rank of Lt-Col. vice Sir W. L. Herries 16 do.
Maj. Vincent, from h. p. 82 F. Perm. As. Qu. Mast. Gen. vice Drake, prom. do.
— York, on h. p., Insp. F. O. Mil. in Nov. do.
Scot. (with Rank of Lt-Col.) vice Huxley, dead 30 do.

Hospital Staff.

Dep. Insp. of Hosp. Tully, from h. p. Dep. Insp. of Hosp. 30 Nov. 1828.
Surg. Stewart, from R. Staff Corps, Surg. to the Forces 9 do.
Staff Surg. Sweeney, M.D. Physic. to the Forces, vice Cartan, dead 7 Dec.
Dep. Insp. of Hosp. Woolrichs from h. p. Dep. Insp. of Hosp. 13 do.
Staff Surg. Leath, M.D. from h. p. Surg. to the Forces do.
Ass-Surg. Baird, M.D. from 10 F. do. do.
— Campbell, from 11 Dr. Ass-Surg. to the Forces 13 do.
Dep. Purv. Clapp, from h. p. Dep. Purv. do. do.
Ass-Surg. Morgan, from h. p. 81 F. Ass-Surg. do. vice Dr M'Andrew, Royal Regt. 14 do.
J. Clarke, M.D. from h. p. Physic. to the Forces, vice Dr Skey, prom. 25 do.
G. Ferguson, to be Hosp. As. to the Forces, vice Dickson, 20 F. 8 Nov.
G. Almae, do. vice Casement, 31 F. do.
J. Wilkinson, do. vice Rankin, 84 F. do.
L. Grant, do. vice Smith, 41 F. 7 Dec.
A. Fowles, do. vice A. Smith, 44 F. 5 do.
L. A. Joseph, do. vice L. Leslie, 45 F. do.
C. Gordon, do. vice Urquart, 46 F. do.
E. Bradford, do. vice Lightford, 47 F. do.
J. Murtagh, M.D. do. vice Fitz Gerald, 48 F. do.
J. Mahary, do. vice Strath, 59 F. 9 do.
W. Linton, do. vice Brydon, 54 F. 12 do.

Unattached.

To be Lieut. Colonels of Infantry by Purchase.
Maj. Hogg, from 24 F. 12 Dec. 1828.
— Custance, from 24 F. do.
— Jackson, from 20 F. do.
Brev. Lt-Col. Hon. J. Finch, from 38 F. do.
Maj. H. J. Richardson, from 9 Dr. do.
— Mair, from 7 F. 19 do.
— Morrisset, from 48 F. do.
— Stisted, from 1 Dr. do.
— Sir J. R. Eustace, from 11 F. do.
— Hon. E. Cust, from 24 F. 26 do.
To be Majors of Infantry by Purchase.
Capt. Cayo, from 97 F. 12 Dec. 1828.
— Martin, from 1 Dr. do.

Capt. Wypham, from 2 Dr. 12 Dec. 1828.
— Temple, from 15 Dr. do.
— Anderson, from 1 F. do.
— Traver, from 33 F. do.
— Ferguson, from 68 F. 19 do.
— Dickson, from 63 F. do.
— Pollock, from 90 F. 26 do.
— Beauleark, from 99 F. do.

To be Captains of Infantry by purchase.
Lieut. Fraser, from 37 F. 12 Dec. 1828.

— Bower, from 61 F. do.
— Grover, from 89 F. do.
— Hon. G. Upton, from 34 F. do.
— Flood, from 13 F. do.
— Beauleark, from 23 F. do.
— Houston, from 34 F. do.
— Eden, from 52 F. do.
— Milner, from 84 F. do.
— Mills, from 55 F. do.
— Michel, from 64 F. do.
— Duff, from 14 Dr. do.
— Spencer, from 18 F. 19 do.
— Muttelbury, from 46 F. do.
— Hotham, from 83 F. do.
— Keane, from 4 Dr. Gds. do.
— Douglas, from 16 Dr. do.
— Browne, from 6 Dr. Gds. do.
To be Lieuts. of Infantry, by purchase.
Ens. Mills, from 19 F. 12 Dec. 1828.
— Brooke, from 86 F. do.
— Alcock, from 95 F. do.
— Jones, from 77 F. do.
— Crompton, from 63 F. do.
— Moore, from 39 F. do.
— Yes, from 37 F. 19 do.
— Beville, from 95 F. 26 do.
Cor. Van, from 16 Dr. do.

To be Ensign by purchase.
Hon. — O'Callaghan, 12 Dec. 1828

Exchanges.

Capt. and Lieut. Col. Sir G. H. Berkeley, 3 F. G. with Lt. Col. Eltrington, h. p.
Capt. Crowther, from 12 F. G. rec. diff. with Capt. Southwell, h. p. 6 Dr. G.
— Apellus, from 21 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Yeoman, h. p.
— Dumas, from 75 F. rec. diff. with Capt. England, h. p.
— Stewart, from 84 F. with Capt. Cameron, 92 F.
— G. Parib, from 4 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. W. Parib, h. p.
— Hill, from 21 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Smith, h. p.
— Forbes, from 20 F. with Capt. King, h. p. 33 F.
— Heathside, from 57 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Gray, h. p.
Lieut. Cunningham, from 4 Dr. G. with Lieut. Masham, 37 F.
— Fietdie, from 66 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Herbert, h. p.
— Cusine, from 95 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Alcock, h. p.
Ensign Pilkington, from 10 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Golden, h. p.
— Magee, from 95 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Knox, h. p.
Cornet Watson, from Cape Corps, with Bolton, h. p. 4 Dr. G.

Resignations and Retirements.**Lieut. Generals.**

Maclean.
Sir H. D. Hinuber, K.C.B.
Head.

Major General.

Murray.

Colonel.

Coehoorn, late For. Eng.
Lieutenant Colonels.

Rumpler, 17 Dr.
Lee, R. Mar.
Macdonald, R. Art.
Halkett, h. p. 7 Line Bn. King's Germ. Leg.
Rottger (Col.) h. p. Art. King's Germ. Leg.

Majors.

Handley, h. p. 53 F.
Johnstone, (Lieut. Col.) h. p. 60 F.

Gray, h. p. Unatt.
 Mufier, (Lt. Col.) h. p. 2 Line Bn. King's Germ.
 Leg.
 Macdougall, h. p. Unatt.
 J. Campbell, do.

Captains.

Kirkman, h. p. 6 F.
 Andrews, h. p. Cape Regt.
 Blaine, h. p. R. Wag. Train
 Reicher, h. p. Indep. Comps.
 Daly, h. p. 12 F.
 Vincent, h. p. 38 F.
 Bernardi, h. p. R. Cors. Rang.
 Crawley, h. p. 18 F.
 D'Estienne, h. p. 60 F.
 Cox, h. p. 30 F.
 Wilkie, (Lieut. Col.) h. p. 40 F.
 Scully, h. p. 101 F.

Lieutenants.

Wobley, h. p. 100 F.
 Strangways, h. p. 3 Gar. Bn.
 Manson, h. p. 72 F.
 Kamble, (Paym.) h. p. Incorporated Mtl. in Upper
 Canada
 Stanton, h. p. 35 F.
 Thornton, h. p. 12 F.
 Nash, h. p. 21 F.

Ensigns.

Macdougall, 42 F.
 Lord W. Russell, 49 F.
 Smith, 63 F.
 Scott, 47 F.

Cornet.

Sharpe, h. p. 18 Dr.

Paymasters.

Perry, h. p. 25 Dr.
 Inglis, h. p. 2 Lt. Inf. Bn. King's Germ. Leg.

Unattached.

The under-mentioned Officers, having Brevet rank
 superior to their Regimental Commissions, have
 accepted Promotion upon half-pay, according to
 the General Order of 25th April 1826.

To be Majors of Infantry.

Br. Maj. Ryan, from 40 F. 12 Dec. 1826
 Br. Lieut. Col. Smith, from Rif. Brig. 19 do.
 Br. Maj. Gray, from Rif. Brig. do.
 ——— Napier, from R. Art. 12 do.
 ——— Maxwell, do. do.
 ——— Baynes, do. do.

*Deaths.**Lieut. General.*

F. Delaval, Martinique

Lieutenant Colonels.

Huxley, Insp. F. Off. of Mil. in Nova Scotia
 Le Forestier, h. p. Chas. Brit. Bridesaux 26 Oct. 1826

Major.

Surely, 20 F.

Captains.

Gage, 14 Dr.
 Wood, 3 F. Sydney, New South Wales 21 June
 Andersen, 45 F. Dublin 29 Nov.
 Jefferey, Vice. Holmesdale, h. p. Unatt. Barrack-
 pore 2 Aug.
 Draffen, h. p. 50 F. 5 Dec.
 Cook, late of 94 F. 31 Aug.
 Conby, h. p. Unatt. Madras 12 June
 Wilkinson, late of R. Art. 20 May 1825
 Gravesbrook, h. p. R. For. Art.
 Peter Grant, h. p. 1 F.
 Fowke, h. p. 23 Dr.
 Procter, h. p. 24 Dr.

Gibbons, h. p. 9 F. 28 Mar. 1826
 Baylam, h. p. R. Wag. Train 28 Dec. 1825
 Macaulay, h. p. 63 F. Redhill, Lisburne, Ireland 8 Sept. 1826

Lieutenants.

Hos. G. Duncombe, Gren. Gds. Dec. 26
 Broon, e. 27 F. on passage to England 22 Oct.
 Forbes, 45 F. Rangoon 17 May
 Ker, R. Eng. Dominica 1 Oct.
 Langshaw, late of R. Sappers and Miners
 20 Sept. 1-25
 Ross, do. 7 Feb. 1826
 Read, 46 F. Camanore, 3 May
 Doyle, 87 F. drowned in the Brandy 4 Mar.
 Jenkins, h. p. 1 F. 1 June
 Mastineau, late R. Art. Drivers 20 Sept. 1825
 Fennel, h. p. 48 F. New South Wales 3 July 1826
 Morris, h. p. 50 F. Belfast 1 Dec.
 Seton, h. p. 4 F. 9 Sept.

Marsh, do.
 Lindsay, h. p. 9 F. 28 Sept.
 O'Hehir, h. p. 14 F.
 Little, h. p. 18 F.
 Bliss, h. p. 35 F.
 Saunders, h. p. 37 F.
 Turner, h. p. 32 F.
 Kier, h. p. 4 W. I. R.
 Grieve, h. p. R. Afr. Col. Corps.
 Macintosh, h. p. 1 Gar. Bn.
 Armstrong, h. p. 14 F. 14 Oct.
 Meyer, h. p. 1 Line Bn. King's Germ. Leg. Like,
 Dukedom of Bremen, Hanover 20 Sept.
 Gilbert, h. p. 18 F. St Servan, France 19 Nov.
 Wm. Macpherson, h. p. 92 F. 9 Dec.

Ensigns.

Hutchinson, h. p. 60 F. 14 Aug.
 Wood, h. p. French's Levy
 Birch, late 2 R. V. B. 20 Nov.
 Rumbler, h. p. Yeek L. I. V. 28 do.

Paymasters.

Flynn, late of Edinburgh Rec. Dist. Edinburgh 18 Dec.

Hunfrey, h. p. 29 F. Kilkenny 21 Oct.

Quarter-Masters.

Lonsox, 2 Dr. Cahir 26 Nov.
 Kennedy, 1 W. I. R. Trinidad 24 Oct.

Morris, late R. Art. Driv.
 Nevatt, h. p. Lancashire Fenc. Cav. Petworth 28 do.

Parker, h. p. 3 Dr. Westminster 14 do.
 Canham, h. p. Essex Fenc. Cav. Ipswich 31 Dec. 1825

Medical Department.

Dr Jamieson, late Surg. and Insp. Gen. to R. Art. 4 Mar. 1826

— Cartan, Physician to the Forces, Sierra Leone

— Griffiths, h. p. Dep. Insp. of Hosp. 9 Dec.

Surgeons.

Leslie, 87 F. Rangoon 23 Apr.
 Lloyd, late of R. Art. 25 Dec. 1825

Burleigh, h. p. 2 Ceylon Regt. Ceylon 8 Apr. 1826

Asst. Surgeons.

Murray, late of R. Art. Grenada 22 Aug. 1825

Loedel 21 Nov.

Sinclair, 86 F. Limerick 30 do.

Crichton, 35 F. Const of Adm. 20 Sept. 1826.

Veterinary Surgeons.

Scott, 3 Do.

Hospital Assistants.

Boyes
 Woodford, Bridgewater 14 Nov.
 Lough

January.

Field Marshal Arthur Duke of Well-
 ington, K.G. G.C.B. & G.C.H. Com-
 mander-in-Chief of his Majesty's For-
 ces in the United Kingdom of Great
 Britain and Ireland 22 Jan. 1827.

Brevet. Maj. H. Dwyer, upon h. p. Unatt. late
 Aide-de-Camp to the late Marq. of
 Hastings, to be Lt.-Col. in the Army
 10 Jan. 1827.

R.H.Gds. Field Marshal his Royal Highness E.
 Duke of Cumberland, K.G. G.C.B. &
 G.C.H. Col. vice Duke of Welling-
 ton, 1 F. Gds. 22 do.

2 Dr.Gds. Cor. and Rid. Mast. Dyer, to have rank
 of Lt. 21 Dec. 1826

4 Lt. Fane, Capt. by purch. vice Bca o.
 lah, prom. 30 d

Cor. Holden, Lt. do.

— Dodge, from 13 Dr. Cor. do.

4 D. E. Scott, Cor. by purch. vice Harvey,
 prom. 24 do.

3 Capt. Brett, Maj. by purch. vice Lord
 Whitby, prom. 30 do.

Lt. Lyne, Capt. do.

Cor. Best, Lt. do.

W. E. F. Sharp, Cor. do.

- 11 As. Surg. Stewwright, M.D. from 59
F. As. Surg. vice Campbell, Staff
21 Dec. 1826
- 12 Maj. Gen. Sir R. H. Vivian, K.C.B. &
K.C.H. vice Sir C. Grant, 15 Dr.
22 Jan. 1827.
- 13 R. Miller, Cor. by purch. vice Hooper,
6 Dr. 21 Dec. 1826.
R. Hume, Cor. by purch. vice Hodge,
4 Dr. Gds. 30 do.
- 14 Troop Serj. Maj. Leary, Adj. with rank
of Cor. vice M'Carthy, prom. 21 do.
- 16 Maj. Gen. Sir C. Grant, K.C.B. Col.
vice Duke of Cumberland, R.H. Gds
22 Jan. 1827.
- 16 H. Brooks. Cor. by purch. vice Van,
prom. 28 Dec. 1826
- 1 F. Gds. Field Marshal A. Duke of Wellington,
K.G. G.C.B. & G.C.H. Col. vice the
Duke of York, dead 22 Jan. 1827.
- Cadet Gds. Ens. and Lt. Hon. J. Hope, Lt. and
Capt. by purch. vice Salway, prom.
30 Dec. 1826.
- Gent. Cadet C. A. Windham, from R.
Mill. Col. Ens. and Lt. do.
- 3 F. Gds. Lt. and Capt. Drummond, Capt. and
Lt. Col. by purch. vice Rodney, ret.
21 do.
- Ens. and Lt. Clayton, Lt. and Capt. do.
Ens. Hon. W. H. Drummond, from 15
F. Ens. and Lt. do.
- 3 F. Lt. Burchell, Capt. by purch. vice
Monro, ret. 30 do.
- 2d Lt. Irvine, from Ceyl. Reg. Ens.
vice de Blaquiere, 46 E. do.
- 4 F. C. Stuart, Ens. vice Campbell, prom. do.
As. Surg. Wilson, M.D. from 96 F. As.
Surg. 21 do.
- 10 As. Surg. Grant, from 79 F. As. Surg.
vice Baird, Staff do.
- 14 Lt. May, from h. p. Lt. vice Dolphin,
Rifle Brig. 50 do.
- 15 Tho. O'Grady, Ens. by purch. vice
Drummond, 3 F. Gds. do.
- 19 Bt. Maj. Gurwood, from h. p. 1 W. I.
R. Capt. vice Ross, prom. do.
- 23 Ens. Forster, from 68 F. 1st Lt. vice
Ottley, dead 28 do.
- 24 W. Spring, Ens. by purch. vice Play-
ford, 28 F. 50 do.
- 26 Capt. Westlake, from h. p. Capt. vice
Maule, prom. 21 do.
- 27 Ens. Lonsdale, Lt. vice Brooke, dead do.
— Williamson, from 51 F. Ens. do.
— Every, Lt. by purch. vice Calcraft,
prom. 30 do.
- 32 F. Adams, Ens. do.
Capt. Drury, from h. p. (pay diff.)
Capt. vice Pown, 35 F. 28 do.
- 33 Ens. Norton, Lt. by purch. vice Young,
cancelled 29 do.
- Burgoyne, from 32 F. Lt. by
purch. vice Lowe, prom. 30 do.
- J. Williamson, Ens. by purch. vice
Shortt, prom. do.
- 41 Lt. Guinness, Capt. by purch. vice Crole,
prom. do.
- R. W. D. Flannstead, Ens. by purch.
vice Vaughan, prom. do.
- 45 Ens. Byam, Lt. by purch. vice Sir R.
Fletcher, prom. do.
- W. H. Dawes, Ens. do.
- 44 Ens. Chambers, from 14 F. Lt. by
purch. vice Dalway, ret. do.
- 46 — de Blaquiere, from 3 F. Lt. by
purch. vice Taylor, prom. do.
- R. J. Edmonds, Ens. by purch. vice
Wall, prom. do.
- 48 Paym. O'Keefe, from 12 F. Paym. vice
Murray, h. p. 28 do.
- 51 Gent. Cadet Wilson, from R. Mill. Col.
Ens. vice Williamson, 27 F. 21 do.
- H. Rolles, Ens. by purch. vice Vande-
leur, prom. 30 do.
- 52 Ens. French, Lt. by purch. vice Wil-
son, prom. do.
- W. A. Hall, Ens. by purch. do.
- 61 C. B. Vane, Ens. by purch. vice Rud-
dle, prom. do.
- 62 Ens. Shortt, Lt. by purch. vice Fisher,
prom. do.
- 63 D. C. Baynes, Ens. 20 Dec. 1826
D. H. Macleod, Ens. by purch. vice
Pedder, prom. 25 do.
- 68 A. C. Flint, Ens. vice Foster 25 F.
28 do.
- 76 Lt. Trench, Capt. by purch. vice
Mountain, prom. 30 do.
- Ens. Hoare, Lt. do.
R. Lloyd, Ens. do.
- 78 Ens. Pawsey, Lt. by purch. vice Haw-
ley, prom. do.
- F. Smith, Ens. by purch. do.
- 83 Ens. Bell, Lt. by purch. vice Hodgson,
prom. do.
- J. Blackney, Ens. do.
- 85 Capt. Power from 32 F. Capt. vice
Lord W. Paulet, ret. h. p. rec. diff.
28 do.
- 86 Hosp. As. J. H. Sinclair, M.D. As.
Surg. vice Sinclair, dead 21 do.
- 90 Ens. Foot, Lt. by purch. vice Bowly,
prom. 28 do.
- Gent. Cadet, Bowyer, from R. Mill.
Coll. Ens. do.
- 93 Ens. Smith, Lt. by purch. vice Drum-
mond, prom. 30 do.
- W. Arthur, Ens. by purch. do.
- 95 Hon. C. R. St John, Ens. by purch.
vice Beville, prom. do.
- 96 Maj. Maberly, from 72 F. Lt. Col. by
purch. vice Harris, ret. do.
- 97 Capt. Lynch, Maj. by purch. vice Giles,
ret. do.
- Snow, from h. p. 3 F. Capt. vice
Reeves, can. 21 do.
- Rifle Brig. W. Dolphin, 11 F. 1st Lt. vice Kin-
caid, prom. 30 do.
- Garrisons.*
Field Marshal W. Earl Harcourt, G.C.B. Gov. of
Plymouth, vice Field Mars. Duke of Wellington,
K.G. Const. of the Tower of London 29 do.
Gen. Sir W. Keppel, G.C.B. Gov. of Portsmouth,
vice Earl of Harcourt do.
- Hospital Staff.*
Dep. Insp. of Hosp. Woolriche, Insp. of Hosp. by
Brev. 9 Dec. 1825
Erly, M.D. do. 27 May 1825
Dr T. Shortt, from h. p. as Physic., Physic. to
the Forces 16 Dec. 1826
Asa. Surg. Quincey, from 15 Dr. Surgeon to the
Forces 21 do.
- Clarke, M.D. from 51 F. do. vice
Sweeney, prom. do.
- Dawn, from 3 Dr. do. vice Bard, ret.
h. p. 28 do.
- Ewing, from 21 F. Asa. Surg. to the
Forces, vice Stabo, h. p. 25 do.
- Burrell, M.D. from 72 F. do. vice Nel-
son, h. p. 29 do.
- J. Malcolm, to be Hosp. Asa. to the Forces, vice
Marshall, 87 F. 14 do.
- J. B. Gibson, M.D. do. vice Graves, 38 F. do.
- W. Toulmin, do. vice Poole, 2 F. 15 do.
- W. H. Fryer, do. vice Carline, 89 F. do.
- J. H. Brooks, do. vice Byrne, 77 F. do.
- J. Maitland, do. vice Ayre, 85 F. 16 do.
- D. Pitcairn, do. vice Meade, R. A. Col. Corps,
19 Dec. do.
- J. Edmonston, do. vice Sibbald, do. 20 do.
- C. R. Pittfield, do. 23 do.
- W. Fletcher, do. do.
- W. Reid, do. vice Greatrex, 1 F. do.
- B. G. Webb, do. vice Tevan, 47 F. 28 do.
- J. W. S. Lowe, do. vice Sinclair, 86 F. 29 do.
- Dep. Purv. Harrington, from h. p. Dep. Purv. to
the Forces 22 do.
- Brevet.*
To have the Local Rank of Lt. Col. upon the Con-
tinent of Europe only.
E. Gregory 21 Dec. 1826
Charles James Barrow do.
Anthony Stranahan 28 do.
James Ormsby do.
Hon. John Browne do.
William Verner do.
John Carrington Smith do.
Thomas Stephen Sorell 30 do.
Duncan Macpherson do.
John Robert Udney do.

To have the Local Rank of Lt. Col. in the East Indies only.

Lt. Col. J. Skinner of the Irregular Cav. of the Hon. E. I. Co's Serv. 21 Dec. 1836

To have the Local Rank of Major upon the Continent of Europe only.

W. D. Spooner 28 do.
W. Thomson do.
A. James 30 do.
J. Gordon do.
T. Shaw do.
W. W. Swanle do.
F. B. Elliot do.

Unattached.

To be Lt. Colonels of Infantry, by purchase.

Maj. Chamberlayne, from 2 Dr. Gds. do.
Lt. and Capt. Salvey, from Coldst. Gds. do.
Maj. J. Earl of Wiltshire, from 8 Dr. do.

To be Majors of Infantry by purchase.

Capt. Beamish, from 4 Dr. Gds. do.
— Mountain, from 76 F. do.
— Crole, from 41 F. do.
— Rose, from 19 F. do.

To be Captains of Infantry, by purchase.

Lieut. Wilson, from 52 F. do.
— Drummond, from 93 F. do.
— Calcraft, from 28 F. do.
— Hodgson, from 83 F. do.
— Hawley, from 78 F. do.
— Ogilvy, from 1 F. do.
— Fletcher, Bt. from 43 F. do.
— Lyon, from 2 Life Gds. do.
— Johnston, from 1 W. I. R. do.
— Fisher, from 62 F. do.

To be Lieutenants of Infantry by purchase.

Ens. Campbell, from 1 F. do.
— Wall, from 46 F. do.
— Ruddle, from 61 F. do.
— Vandeleur, from 51 F. do.
— Lane, from 16 F. do.

The under-mentioned Officer, having Brevet rank superior to his Regimental Commission, has accepted Promotion upon half-pay, according to the General Order of 25th April 1836.

To be Major of Infantry.

Brevet Maj. Sanderson, from 1 F. Gds. do.

Exchanges.

Major Davies, 34 F. rec. diff. with Major Ferguson, h. p.

Capt. Chambré, 17 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Keane, h. p.

— Kelly, 28 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Hon. H. S. Law, h. p.

— Stewart, 62 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Bouverie, h. p.

Lieut. Thompson, 34 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Auldjo, h. p.

— Leslie, 38 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Moore, h. p.

— Clark 54 F. with Lieut. Hall.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieutenant Colonels.

Harries, 96 F.
Walgrave, h. p. 96 F.
Twigg, late 2 R. Vet. Bn.
Belford, late 3 R. Vet. Bn.

Majors.

Giles, 97 F.
Sorell (Lt. Col.) h. p. Bradsh. Rec. Corps
Kelly, h. p. Unatt.
Oke, (Lt. Col.) h. p. 81 F.
Grant, h. p. Unatt.

Capt. and Lt. Col.

Rodney, 5 F. G.

Captains.

Munro, 3 F.
Parker, Ceylon, Regt.
Peat, h. p. 38 F.
Chitty, h. p. 43 F.
Hughes, h. p. 5 F.
Mackey, (Maj.) h. p. Kelsa Reg.
Goodwin, h. p. 4 F.
Lucas, h. p. 97 F.
Wilde, h. p. as Paym. 29 F.
Dodwell, h. p. Port. Off.

Lieutenants.

MacLeod, h. p. Cape Regt.
Fitz Gibbon, h. p. 3 F.
Hilop, h. p. 60 F.
Tyeth, h. p. 29 F.
Gardner, h. p. Rifle Brig.

Paymaster.

Campbell, h. p. 23 F.

Deaths.

Field Marshal His Royal Highness THE DUKE OF YORK, K.G. G.C.B. & G.C.H. Commander in Chief of all His Majesty's Forces, Colonel of the Grenadier Regt. of Foot Guards, and Colonel in Chief of the 60th Regiment of Foot, — London, 5th Jan. 1827.

Generals.

The Marquis of Hastings, K.G. G.C.B. & G.C.H. Col. of 27 F. Constable of the Tower.
J. A. Harris, from 60 F. Hoddscdon, Herts

21 Jan. 1827

Lieut. Generals.

Hon. Sir William Stewart, Rifle Brig. Cumbden by Newton Stewart 7 do.
Kyd, East India Co.'s Service 25 Nov. 1826
Drechsel, late Germ. Leg. Hanover 12 Jan. 1827

Major Generals.

Sir Cha. Holloway, late of R. Eng. Davenport 4 do.
Haldane, East India Co.'s Service, London 21 June 1826

Simmons, do. Worcester 27 July
Hewett, do. on board the Elphinstone, on passage to Ceylon 16 April

Lieut. Cols.

Shawe, 87 F.
H. Stacpoole, 45 F. June
Taylor, h. p. Insp. Fd. Off. of Mil. No. Am. 8 Aug.
Granville, Canada 21 March
James, R. Mar. 25 Jan. 1827
Pearson, East India Co.'s Service 27 Nov.
Halcott, do. France 2 March
Little, do. Kempey, Worcester 8 Jan.

Majors.

Soulsby, 2 Dr. G. Manchester 20 do.
Milne, late 4 R. Vet. Bn. 23 Sept.
Ridley, R. Mar. 26 Sept.
Collins, do. 9 Dec.
Bellasis, E. In. Co. Serv. Poonah 10 Oct.
Pepper, do. 7 Sept.
Jolly, do. London 8 Nov.

Captains.

Gage, 14 Dr. Dublin 17 do.
Beard, late 12 Vet. Bn. 4 July
T. Campbell, late 3 do. 10 Nov.
Serjeantson, h. p. Unat. 11 July
Mackay, h. p. 91 F. Brookend Tyrone 10 Oct.
Chaudy, h. p. Waller's Corps 7 Sept.
Aveline, Adj. to East Ind. Co. Military Seminary 8 Nov.

Lieutenants.

Frome, 47 F. East Indies 25 do.
Ottley, 25 F. Gibraltar 8 July
Fellowes, Ceylon Regt. 26 Nov.
E. W. Wood, R. Art. Gibraltar 6 Sept.
Denison, h. p. 74 F. 8 Dec.
Wilkins, h. p. 87 F. 31 July 1825
Lenn, late 10 Vet. Bn. 28 Nov. 1826
Stack, h. p. 49 F. 15 Nov. 1825
Deares, h. p. 30 F. Jersey 3 Nov.
Beasley, h. p. 9 Dr. Hchester 7 Jan. 1827
Bateman, late 2 Vet. Bn. Bristol 21 July 1825
Crummin, late 4 do.
Unlacke, late 8 do.
Brown, h. p. 2 Gar. Bn. Coleford 28 Nov. 1826
Mackenzie, h. p. 4 Ceylon Regt.

Ensigns.

Robertson, late 3 Vet. Bn. 25 May 1826
Becket, late Invalids 3 Nov.
Paton, h. p. 86 F. 25 July
M'Pherson, h. p. 105 F. 18 Feb. 1824
King, h. p. Waggoners.

Adjutants.

Cumming, the King's American Regt. 5 Dec. 1826
Kirkman, late Provincial Regt. 7 April
Martineau, h. p. Rutland Fen. Cav. 20 Sept. 1825

Quarter-Masters.

Lowe, h. p. Rutland Fen. Cav. 10 Jan. 1827
Southall, 38 F. Berhampore 18 May 1826

Veterinary Surgeon.

Scott, 3 Dr. 29 Nov. 1826

Commissariat Department.

Dowler, Dep. Com. Gen. Brighton 8 Sept. 1826
Murray, do. Kensington 17 June
Sir J. Downie, Spain 5 do.
Varnham, Dieppe 17 Nov.

Pemberton
Damant, Cape of Good Hope 22 April 1825

Medical Department.

C. Williamson, Surg. Brevet Dep. Insp. Bath 6 Jan. 1827.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 21st of December 1826, and the 21st of January 1827.

- Anderson, W. Portsea, oilman.
 Alexander, A. Huddersfield, York, brewer.
 Atkinson, W. Haslingden, Lancaster, currier.
 Allwright, H. R. Colman-street, packer.
 Bore, J. jun. Kidderminster, plumber.
 Bailey, W. Belper, Derbyshire, haberdasher.
 Badnall, R. jun. and F. G. Spilsbury, Leek, Staffordshire, silk-manufacturers.
 Bright, P. Handley, Derby, lime-burner.
 Badnall, R. jun. F. G. Spilsbury, and R. Cruso, Leek, Staffordshire, silk-manufacturers.
 Bennet, C. A. Liverpool, surgeon.
 Baugh, J. High-holborn, clothes-salesman.
 Bennett, T. W. Great Mary-la-bonne-street, carpenter.
 Purge, J. and R. St Philip and Jacob, Gloucester, soap-boilers.
 Burkinyoung, P. Old Kent-road, coach-maker.
 Blogg, W. Norwich, haberdasher.
 Barrett, H. Old-street-road, timber-merchant.
 Broomfield, W. M. Isabel-place, New Camberwell-road, builder.
 Bakewell, G. W. Manchester, glue-manufacturer.
 Bridge, W. Deerhurst, Gloucester, cattle-dealer.
 Bækhouse, D. Aldmondbury, York, and J. Woodcock, jun. Wakefield, dyers.
 Bantock, W. J. Clement's-lane, timber-merchant.
 Bateson, John and Joseph, Wortley, York, cloth-manufacturers.
 Brumwell, W. C. Natland, Westmoreland, currier.
 Barnett, W. Sheerness, draper.
 Chaffey, J. Bow-street, victualler.
 Cox, J. Commerce-place, Brixton-road, chinaman.
 Cohen, M. Devonshire-place, Commercial-road, paper-stainer.
 Cox, E. Wednesbury, Staffordshire, corn-factor.
 Coales, W. Wisbeach, Cambridge, grocer.
 Clark, J. Montague-street, Russel-square, dentist.
 Chadwick, J. Manchester, commission agent.
 Clarke, J. S. Austin-frisars, printer.
 Clarkson, J. White-cross-street, victualler.
 Crossdill, H. Hackington, Kent, farmer.
 Cook, W. Newton-upon-Ouse, York, waterman.
 Golbeck, G. Hatton-wall, grocer.
 Clarkson, J. late of Gower-street, Bedford-square, and Austin-frisars, ship-owner.
 Goe, J. W. Bath, haberdasher.
 Cridland, T. C. Piggot-wharf, King's-stairs, Rotherhithe, coal-merchant.
 Dawson, S. R. Water-lane, Tower-street, wine-merchant.
 Dodds, J. Norfolk-street, Middlesex Hospital, cheese-monger.
 Dickens, F. Queen-street, scrivener.
 Drury, C. Whetstone, Leicester, hosier.
 Dods, A. Worcester, vender of medicines.
 Eld, J. Walsall, Stafford, draper.
 Ewart, F. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, hatter.
 Elsworth, J. Bowling, York, corn-dealer.
 Fisher, C. Ramsgate, chemist.
 Fussell, J. Stoke-lane, Somerset, paper-maker.
 Frost, J. Manchester, cotton-spinner.
 Fisher, R. Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk, dealer.
 Flaheer, J. Canterbury, brazier.
 Fricker, W. jun. Bradford, Wilts, plumber.
 Fowler, E. Neptune-street, Rotherhithe, silkman.
 Folks, Mary, Well's-yard, Goodman's fields, smith.
 Gay, J. Bristol, carpenter.
 Graftey, S. Cannon-street, umbrella-maker.
 Grist, T. Aston, Birmingham, corn-dealer.
 Gibson, R. H. Alborough, Norfolk, surgeon.
 Griffiths, W. Carmarthen, ironmonger.
 Giblett, S. Shepton Mallet, Somerset, currier.
 Goddard, J. Russell-street, Bloomsbury, merchant.
 Harris, J. Bristol, brick-maker.
 Hooper, H. Bognor, Sussex, grocer.
 Heath, W. Hatfield-place, Westminster-road, coachmaker.
 Herring, J. F. Doncaster, picture-dealer.
 Harrison, W. Arundel-street, Strand, merchant.
 Heath, R. Paradise-row, Chelsea, ironmonger.
 Hallett, W. Northumberland-street, Mary-la-bonne, bill-broker.
 Hawker, J. A. Birmingham, merchant.
 Haynes, J. H. Aston, Warwick, grocer.
 Hodgson, T. Pendleton, Lancaster, schoolmaster.
 Hine, T. B. Jeffries-square, St Mary Axe, merchant.
 Hooker, W. Liverpool, victualler.
 Hill, J. Stapleford Abbots, Essex, dealer.
 Hannay, J. Park-street, Dorset-square, wine-merchant.
 James, T. Nottingham, maltster.
 Johnson, F. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer.
 Jones, H. Woolstanton, Stafford, dealer in hay.
 Kirkman, C. and F. late of Henley-upon-Thames, linen-draper.
 Leech, J. Barnsley, linen-manufacturer.
 Leicester, P. Liverpool, timber-merchant.
 Leaver, J. Reading, shoemaker.
 Lacy, J. Cranbourne-street, Leicester-square, mercer.
 Little, C. Gutter-lane, warehouseman.
 Levire, H. Merthyr-Tydvil, Glamorgan, dealer.
 Lawrence, S. Cheltenham, grocer.
 Mindham, W. Holt, Norfolk, carpenter.
 Mynn, J. York-street, Southwark, coal-merchant.
 Moorhouse, T. Sheffield, victualler.
 Mugeridge, J. sen. Brixton-road, builder.
 Marsden, W. Sheffield, saw-manufacturer.
 M'Leod, J. Clement's-lane, leather-seller.
 Moore, G. Carey-street, coffee-house-keeper.
 Marsden, G. Cartworth, York, woollen-manufacturer.
 Miller, J. Liverpool, silversmith.
 Nichol, J. Preston, draper.
 Nicoll, E. jun. Hendon, hay and straw-salesman.
 Nind, John Pitt, Ledbury, Hereford, tanner.
 Neate, W. Sweeting's-alley, Cornhill, jeweller.
 Nixon, F. Rowarth, Derby, cotton-spinner.
 Oddy, R. and W. Brown, London-wall, horse-dealers.
 Pritchard, C. Walcot-place, Lambeth, plumber.
 Poole, T. Colwell, Hereford, dealer.
 Pearson, R. High-holborn, money-scrivener.
 Phillips, R. Brecon, tailor.
 Parsons, J. St Clements, Oxen, brewer.
 Peake, M. Arbour-terrace, Commercial-road, agent.
 Purcell, J. New-Cross, Camberwell, victualler.
 Pool, W. Lesson-street, Paddington, stage-master.
 Peters, J. Ranelagh-walk, Chelsea, victualler.
 Powis, R. Grovenor-mews, New Bond-street, farrier.
 Plaw, T. Fulham, carpenter.
 Pyrke, T. Chelmsford, linen-draper.
 Raffan, G. Covent-garden, fruit-salesman.
 Robison, J. M. Hampstead, wine-merchant.
 Rixon, R. Stoken-Church, Oxford, innholder.
 Riddick, T. Penton-place, Pentonville, baker.
 Rohde, S. Mansell-street, Goodman's-fields, dealer in sail-cloth.
 Roach, J. St George, Gloucester, brick-maker.
 Robinson, T. Porter-street, Newport-market, upholsterer.
 Russel, E. White-horse-court, Southwark, hop-merchant.
 Rice, J. L. Taunton, builder.
 Stamper, W. Goswell-street, coach-painter.
 Spencer, J. Belper, Derby, nail-maker.
 Simon, W. Fobbing, Essex, barge-master.
 Scargill, G. Barnsley, York, linen manufacturer.
 Sheath, T. jun. Birmingham, brazier.
 Shurmer, J. Sherley, Hants, cattle-dealer.
 Stickland, J. B. Wareham, Dorset, linen-draper.
 Shepherd, J. Beaumont-street, Mary-la-bonne, hackneyman.
 Spilsbury, E. H. Wall-al, Stafford, apothecary.
 Snigh, T. Bilstone, Stafford, surgeon.
 Shepherd, J. L. and H. Fricker, Southampton, linen-draper.
 Sprat, H. Thurston, Norfolk, miller.
 Saunders, J. Nottingham, cordwainer.
 Smith, G. and T. Holmes, Jun. Bristol, linen-draper and haberdasher.
 Stones, S. Pontefract, York, innkeeper.
 Swannell, J. Charteris, Cambridge, draper.
 Stafford, T. jun. John-street, West-Smithfield, pawnbroker.
 Steele, S. V. Bucklersbury, agent.
 Stollard, J. P. Shepton-Mallet, Somerset, wine merchant.
 Todd, J. Sheffield, printer.

Todd, W. Sheffield, printer.
 Tate, W. South-Shields, draper.
 Tucker, I. Amwell-street, Pontonville, iron-monger.
 Turner, T. Pemberton, Lancashire, house-car-penter.
 Teague, W. Redruth, Cornwall, merchant.
 Wesson, J. jun. Dudley, currier.
 Williams, W. Bristol, grocer.

Weall, D. Preston, woollen-drapeer.
 Wheedon, H. Beaminster, Dorset, clothier.
 Wagstaff, W. Mottram, Cheshire, corn-dealer.
 Wood, B. Pitchcomb-mill, Gloucester, clothier.
 Walker, J. Ley-Moor, Huddersfield, York, cloth manufacturer.
 Wynn, H. and A. Wyke, late of Manchester, and of Baghill, Flint, brewers.
 Wild, J. W. Leeds, dyer.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st December 1826, and 31st January 1827, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Ainslie, James, merchant and shipbuilder at Bridgend, Perth
 Allan, David, manufacturer, Glasgow
 Anderson, William, of Whiteside, parish of Kirkcudbright
 Bain, Donald, mercantile agent, corn-dealer, ship-owner, and accountant in Edinburgh
 Balloch, Archibald, distillers and grain merchant at Duntocher
 Batchelor, George, one of the partners of Francis and George Batchelor, cattle-dealers in Balgay, near Dundee, and formerly residing at Ravensby, now at Hillside of Balgay
 Bowie and Lamb, merchants and manufacturers, Glasgow
 Boyd, John, sen. partner of the firm of John Boyd and Co. manufacturers, Paisley
 Campbell, David, manufacturer, Glasgow
 Campbell, John, gardener and builder, Glasgow
 Cochrane, Miller, James, and Co. merchants and manufacturers in Glasgow
 Crawford, William, wright at Lyles-Land, Paisley
 Cromer, Alexander, clothier and haberdasher in Aberdeen
 Davidson, Anthony, banker in Castle-Douglas, and William Gillespie, writer there, carrying on business together in Castle-Douglas
 Dodds, John, slater and builder in Edinburgh
 Drew, John, agent and upholsterer in Edinburgh
 Duncanson John, baker and grain-dealer, Glasgow
 Hall, Thomas, and Co. corn-merchants, Glasgow
 Hedderwick, Alexander, brewer and vender of porter at Gorbals, Glasgow
 Hogg, William, builder at Brigend of Perth
 Holmes, Robert, cloth-merchant in Irvine

Kemp, Hector, cattle and barley-dealer, and manufacturer of bark and staves, Cumrie, Ross-shire
 Kennedy, Alexander, grazier and cattle-dealer in Garnaurn
 Kincaid, Thomas, coal-merchant, Port Hopetoun
 Kirkpatrick, Thomas, manufacturer, Glasgow
 Little, Thomas, drover and sheep-dealer, Ridings, Dumfries-shire
 M'Braine, David, and Co. manufacturers, Anderson, near Glasgow
 M'Intosh, David, vintner in Glasgow
 Miller, William, grocer and wine-merchant, Hanover Street, Edinburgh
 Moore, Peter, merchant, Ayr
 More, James, bookbinder in Edinburgh
 Neilson and Moffat, bookbinders, Glasgow
 Paton, Alexander, merchant in Kilmarnock
 Patrick, James, inn-keeper, horse-dealer, and grazier of cattle in Pointhouse, parish of Dunlop
 Richardson, James, merchant in Lochmaben
 Robertson, James, jun. manufacturer in Inverberrie
 Russell, Robert, wheel-wright and cattle-dealer, Milnathort
 Rutherford, James, victual-dealer in Edinburgh
 Shand, Alexander, and Co. merchants. Aberdeen
 Smith, John, wright and builder, Paisley
 Stewart, Duncan, farmer in Letter, drover and cattle-dealer
 Thomson, Thomas, merchant tailor, Kirriemuir
 Wilson, Andrew, merchant and pork curer, Dunbar
 Young, William, coal-master, Glasgow, and manufacturer of pig iron, Omoa, Lanarkshire

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

May 6, 1826. At Madras, the Lady of Lieut. Colonel Cadell, Deputy Adjutant-General, of a daughter.

Oct. 22. At Friendship Park Villa, in Lignasia, St Andrews, Island of Jamaica, the Lady of Alexander Aikman, jun. Esq. printer to his Majesty, and to the house of Assembly, of a son.

Nov. 19. At Geneva, the Hon. Mrs Fairholme, of a daughter.

Dec. 2. At Stonehouse, Cumberland, the Lady of Lieut. Colonel Sir H. D. Ross, K. C. B. of a son.

3. At Sunnysbank, the Lady of Lieut. Colonel D. Forbes, of a daughter.

— At New Hall, the Lady of John Buckle, Esq. of a son.

4. The Lady of Robert Warden, Esq. of Parkhill, of a son.

5. At the Waterloo Hotel, the Marchioness Riario Sforza, of a daughter.

6. The Lady of Peter Campbell, Esq. Northumberland Street, of a son.

9. Mrs Waugh, Northumberland Street, of a daughter.

— Mrs Hamilton, Blythwood Hill, West, of a daughter.

10. At Moncreiffe House, the Lady Moncreiffe, of a daughter.

15. At Newton Lodge, the Lady of Gilbert Young, Esq. of Youngfield, of a son.

16. In Bryanston Square, London, Lady Elizabeth Drummond, of a daughter.

16. At North Cliff, Mrs M'Konochie, of a son.
 — At Wormiston, Fifeshire, Mrs Lindesay, of a son.

17. At Fyfe Place, Leith Walk, Mrs Alex. Douglas, of a daughter.

Dec. 17. At Corfu, the Lady of Lieut. C. W. Sievwright, H. M. 7th (Royal Fusiliers), of a son.

18. At 2, Shandwick Place, Mrs Anderson, of a son.

19. Mrs Alex. Deuchar, Windmill Street, of a daughter.

— In Great Cumberland Street, London, the Lady of Admiral Sir Richard King, Bart. of a son.

20. At No. 27, Windsor Street, Mrs Thomas Graham, of a son.

— At London, the Lady of Commissary-General Dunmore, of a daughter.

20. At Aldborough, Suffolk, the Lady of Lieut. Nunn, Staff Adjutant at Edinburgh, of a son, still-born.

23. At Queen Street, Mrs Blackburn of Killearn of a daughter.

— Mrs Ivory, Dundas Street, of a son.

— Lady Dunbar of Boath of a son.

25. At Warriston Crescent, Mrs Carmichael, of a daughter.

26. At the house of her father, in Alloa, Mrs Robert Haig, Dollar, of a daughter.

— Mrs Young, 33, London Street, of a son, still-born.

— At Lauriston Place, Mrs Chalmers, of a daughter.

27. At Wharton Place, the Lady of Dr Greville of a daughter.

27. At Barcladine, the Lady of Duncan Campbell, Esq. of Barcladine, of a daughter.

— At Bonhard House, Linlithgow, Mrs William Napier, of a son.

28. At Orchardfield, Stirlingshire, Mrs Walker, of a son.

29. The Countess of Leven and Melville, of a daughter.

30. At 58, Queen Street, Mrs Robertson, of a son.

— At Buccleuch Place, the Lady of John Paterson, Esq. of Merryhills, of a son.

31. At Glasgow, the Lady of Michael Tweedie, Esq. Royal Artillery, of a son.

— At Woodcot, the Lady of William Ogilvie, Esq. younger of Chesters, of a son.

32. At London Street, Mrs Livingstone, Cambridgeshire, of a son.

— At Circus Place, Mrs Cay, of a daughter.

Jan. 2, 1827. In Great George Street, London, the Lady of William Irving, Esq. of a daughter.

— At Garmkirk, the Lady of Mark Sprot, Esq. of a daughter.

— At Breleany Cottage, the Lady of John Graham, Esq. younger of Fiddhall, of a son.

3. The Lady of Henry Bethune, Esq. of Kilconquhar, of a son and heir.

— At Chatham, the Lady of Major H. E. Somerville, Hon. East India Company's service, of a son.

4. At Spring Garden, near Musselburgh, the Lady of Major Cubitt, of a daughter.

— At Edenwood, Fifeshire, Mrs Campbell, of a son.

5. At 2, Gilmore Place, Mrs Balfour, of a son.

6. In Little James Street, Bedford Row, London, the Lady of James Mansfield, jun. Esq. of a son.

7. At Monkland Place, Perth, Mrs Gleag, of a daughter.

— At Loanhead, Mrs John Dudgeon, of a daughter.

8. At Ardincaple Castle, the Right Hon. Lady John Campbell, of a daughter.

— At Portobello, Mrs Colonel Halliburton, of a daughter.

— Mrs Mack, 13, Howard Place, of a son.

9. At 20, Great King Street, the Lady of Colin Gib, Esq. of a son.

10. At Westridge, near Ryde, Isle of Wight, Mrs Young, of a son.

— At 9, Brandon Street, the Lady of George Dickson, Esq. of a daughter, still-born.

11. At Inverell House, the Lady of Keith M. Macalister, Esq. of a son.

— In Grosvenor Square, London, Lady Cawdor of a son.

12. At Goodwood, her Grace the Duchess of Richmond, of a daughter.

13. Mrs J. Walde, of Drum Park, Libberton, of a daughter.

— At the British Palace, Pers, the Lady of the Right Hon. Stratford Canning, of a daughter.

14. At Burnfoot, Ewes, Mrs Alexander Pott, of a daughter.

— At 79, Great King Street, the Lady of Thomas Kinnear, Esq. of a daughter.

— At York Place, Mrs Gillespie, of a daughter.

— Mrs Robertson, 28, Albany Street, of a daughter.

15. At Lochmalony, Mrs Horsburgh, of a son.

16. At Redcoll, Mrs Ainslie, of a daughter.

17. At Pilrig Street, Mrs Moule, of a son.

18. At Leckie, Mrs Moir, of a daughter.

— Lady Hunter Blair, of a son.

19. At 17, James's Square, Mrs James Scott, of a son.

20. At 2, Nelson Street, Mrs Hogarth, of a son.

21. At Minto Street, Newington, Mrs Spittal, of a daughter.

— Mrs Cook, Drummond Place, of a son.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Burn Murdoch, of a daughter.

— At Forsythe House, the Lady of John Scott, Esq. younger of Hawkhill, Ayrshire, of a son.

22. At Edinburgh, the Lady of Joseph Murray, Esq. younger of Aytoun, of a son.

— At Camberwall, Surrey, Mrs Dudgeon, of a daughter.

23. At Duncan Street, Drummond Place, Mrs William Maxwell Little, of a son.

24. At Hermitage Place, Leith, Mrs Mackenzie, of a daughter.

— At Luss Manse, Mrs Carr, of a daughter.

25. At Annandale Street, Mrs Alexander B. Blackie, of a daughter.

— At Wester Haprew, Mrs Gray, of a son.

Feb. 1. At 31, Buccleuch Place, Mrs. W. A. Lawrie, of a son.

2. At Greenlaw Manse, Mrs Home, of a daughter.

— At the Parsonage, Eastwoodhays, Hants, the Lady of the Rev. Charles Grant, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Aug. 2, 1826. At Trichinopoly, Lieut. C. H. Gheme, 5th Light Cavalry, to Sarah, second daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel R. Bruce, Madras Establishment.

7. At St George's Church, Madras, M.A. Capt. Francis Frankland Whinyates, of the Horse Brigade Artillery, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of John Campbell, Esq. of Ormidale, Argyllshire.

Nov. 25. At St Pancras Church, London, Major Anderson, of the 50th Regiment, to Mary, the only daughter of Peter Campbell, Esq. late of Whitley Park, Northumberland.

Nov. 27. At Souleat Manse, the Rev. John Lamb, minister of Kirkmalden, to Eliza, second daughter of the Rev. Peter Ferguson, minister of Inch.

30. At Aberdeen, the Rev. Alex. Urquhart of Tough, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Bailie George Forbes, merchant in Aberdeen.

— At Kirkaldy, Captain Robert Tod, of the whale ship Caledonia, of that port, to Jane, daughter of William Hutchison, Esq. there.

Dec. 5. At Hanley, Staffordshire, Captain Archibald Inglis, son of the late Vice-Admiral John Inglis of Auchendinny, to Catherine, third daughter of the late Peter Warburton, Esq. of Bleakhill, Staffordshire.

— At St Andrews, John Johnson, Esq. Dundee, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Rev. John Duff, D.D. minister of Kinfauns, Perthshire.

6. At Malta Terrace, William Tate, Esq. merchant, London, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Major John Monro, of the Hon. East India Company's Service.

7. At Edinburgh, Mr William Cockburn, to Jane, only daughter of the late Mr Robert Remshaw, Lincoln.

11. At Tomperran, the Rev. James Walker, A.M. minister of Muthill, to Christian, daughter of James M'Laren, Esq.

12. At 50, Queen Street, Mr John Lauder Carpin, merchant in Leith, to Margaret, daughter of William Scott, Esq. Surgeon, Hawick.

15. At Keir Street, Mr Andrew Turnbull, accountant of Exchequer, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. James M. Robertson, minister of Livingstone.

— At the Manse of Moffat, Mr Robert Tod, merchant, Liverpool, to Jane, daughter of the Rev. Alex. Johnston, minister of Moffat.

— At Streatham Church, near London, Mr Henry Dunn, late of Nottingham, to Euphemia, second daughter of Mr Ebenezer Birrell, Kirkcaldy.

19. At York Place, Mr William M'Crie, merchant, Edinburgh, second son of the Rev. Dr M'Crie, to Isabella, only daughter of the late Captain Charles Greig, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

— At Naughton House, Fifeshire, William Burnett, Esq. of the Bombay army, to Isabella Morison, only daughter of Andrew Pitcairn, Esq. of Pitcairn.

— At Banff, John Bartlet, Esq. of Bentinck Street, London, Doctor of Medicine, to Mary, eldest daughter of Colonel George Gordon Robinson of Banff.

20. At Edinburgh, Henry Monteith, Esq. of Carstairs, to Miss Sarah Fullerton, daughter of the late William Fullerton, Esq. of Carstairs.

— At Dalhousie Grange, John Richardson, Esq. of Pitfour, to Miss Mary Hay, third daughter of the late James Hay, Esq. of Collieston.

21. At Sweetbank, Fife, David Peatt, Esq. Coates, to Elizabeth, daughter of Neil Ballingall, Esq. Sweetbank.

22. At Clerk Street, William Tait, Nobles Mill,

to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Mr James Tait, bookseller.

23. At Bowden Church, John A. Murray, Esq. to Miss Rigby, eldest daughter of the late Wm. Rigby, Esq. of Oldfield Hall, Cheshire.

25. At Dumfries, the Rev. Jacob Richardson, minister of Largo, to Wilhelmina, daughter of the Rev. Dr Alex. Scott, minister of St Michael's Church, Dumfries.

— At Edinburgh, Mr George Simson, of the Edinburgh Drawing Institution, to Clotilde, youngest daughter of Mr Joseph Grandeau of Lyons.

26. At Sunnyside, Robert Moir, Esq. surgeon, East Linton, to Anne, youngest daughter of the late John Forman, Esq. Corstorphine.

28. At Studley Priory, Oxfordshire, Charles Wetherell, M.P. his Majesty's Attorney-General, to Jane Sarah Elisabeth, second daughter of Sir Alexander Croke.

— At Edinburgh, Major Hugh M'Gregor, 63d regiment, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Alex. Edgar, Esq. of Wedderley, Jamaica.

— At Edinburgh, the Rev. Robert Watt, Bemochy, to Catherine Christina Whytt, relict of the Rev. William Anderson of Abbotshall.

Jan. 1, 1837. At Clouston Bank, Thomas B. Barker, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's service, Bengal establishment, to Anne, youngest daughter of James Goldie, Esq. of Knoekauchly.

3. At Mrs Napier's of Milliken, C. Fleming Hunter, Esq. of Calcutta, to Miss Jane Napier Kellett, only daughter of the late Wm. Augustus Kellett, Esq. of Cork.

4. At Edinburgh, Major James Dunbar Tovey, 31st infantry, to Margaret Murray, youngest daughter of the late Charles Mercer, Esq. Melkior.

10. At 21, Howard Place, William Stothert, Esq. of Cargen, to Jemina, youngest daughter of the late Admiral Deans, of Huntingdon.

— At Stirling, Mr John M'Glashan, solicitor-at-law, Argyll Square, Edinburgh, to Isabella, daughter of the deceased Lieutenant and Adjutant M'Ewen, 1st Regiment of Foot, or Royal Scots.

11. At Edinburgh, Mr William Brydon, clothier, 2, George Street, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr James M'Laren, of the Royal Sappers and Miners.

13. At Camberwell Church, Daniel Walkinshaw, Esq. Glasgow, to Elizabeth Mary, only daughter of the late John Darley, Esq.

15. At the Manse of Kirkpatrick Fleming, the Rev. Andrew B. Murray, minister of Mousewold, to Ellen, youngest daughter of the Rev. Alexander Monlivas, minister of Kirkpatrick Fleming.

— At 37, York Place, Edinburgh, Thomas Murray Allan, Esq. of Havring, county of Essex, to Margaret, daughter of the late James Carfrae, Esq.

18. At Greenhead House, the Rev. James Nicol, minister of Leslie, to Eliza, daughter of the late William Hunter, Esq. of Greenhead.

— At Edgocot, Northamptonshire, A. J. Hamilton, Esq. younger of Dalsell, to Elinor, eldest daughter of the late Daniel Hamilton, Esq. of Gillerkeigh.

17. At Pinnacle Hill, James Elliot, Esq. of Woolree, to Margaret, daughter of the late Robert Davidson, Esq. of Pinnacle Hill.

— At Edinburgh, John Macglashan, Esq. of Kingston, Jamaica, to Eliza Jane, eldest daughter of the late Dutton Smith Turner, Esq. of Clarendon, in the same island.

16. At Lathones, Fifeshire, David Smith, Esq. writer in Dundee, to Wilhelmina Catherine, second daughter of Lieut.-Col. Bell, of Lathones.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Walter Steel, junior, Peebles, to Isabella, youngest daughter of the late Mr William Murray, baker, Edinburgh.

19. At Glasgow, John Dunlop, Esq. Stewarton, to Helen Anderson, second daughter of the Rev. James Methven.

21. At Stornoway, Mr Neil Morrison, Master, Royal Navy, to Annabella, eldest daughter of John Mackenzie, Esq. of that place.

22. At Bath, Lord William Paget, second son of the Marquis of Anglesea, to Fanny, only daughter of Lieut.-General Sir Francis de Rotterdam, K.C.H.

— At Edinburgh, John Armstrong, Esq. mer-

chant, Edinburgh, to Miss Margaret Dunlop, daughter of William Dunlop, Esq. merchant there.

24. At Pathhead, Ford, Mr William Martin, haberdasher, Dalkeith, to Hamilton, youngest daughter of the late Mr John Mackenzie.

24. At Carrington Barns, Mr William Hunter, Osterston, to Jenny, eldest daughter of Mr Andrew Johnston, Carrington Barns.

25. At Edinburgh, Mr George Gillespie, builder, to Mrs Elizabeth Plummer.

— At Edinburgh, James Smith, Esq. of Weeding, to Susan, eldest daughter of James Primrose, Esq. of Burnbrae.

26. Archibald Young, Esq. Fisherrow, to Ann, third daughter of Mr John Young, farmer, Sheriff-hall.

27. At Calderbank, James Howison, Esq. of Hillend, M.D. of the Hon. East India Company's Service, to Jane, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Watkins, Esq. Linlithgow.

— At Alloa, Mr John Aikman, of the Royal Bank, Glasgow, to Barbara, only daughter of Mr William Mitchell, merchant there.

— At Garendon, the Rev. J. H. Hamilton, to the Hon. Mrs Cowper.

30. At Sweet Bank, Fifeshire, Thomas Leburn, Esq. S.S.C. George Square, Edinburgh, to Ann, daughter of Nial Balingall, Esq. of Sweet Bank.

31. At Todshawbank, James Dickson, Esq., Hawick, to Miss Christian Scott, daughter of Robert Scott, Esq. of Todshawbank.

Lately, Captain Hugo Arnott of Balcanquo, to Mary Anne Murray.

DEATHS.

Dec. 1825. At the Sandwich Islands, Dr John Law, surgeon to the King of Waohoo, second son of Mr John Law, Bristol Street.

March 1836. At Hawal Bush, in the East Indies, Captain Alex. Durie, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

June. At Jubnah, Lieutenant and Adjutant Richard Johnstone Bird, 8th Madras Native Infantry.

— On his passage from Rangoon to Madras, Lieut. B. H. Currie, of the 28th regiment Madras Native Infantry.

30. At sea, homeward bound from Bombay, Robert Ainslie Walker, assistant-surgeon in the Hon. East India Company's ship Edinburgh, only son of Mr Walker, Cousland Park.

July 4. At Bengal, Lieut. Joseph William Colquhoun, 32d Bengal Native Infantry, son of Lieut. Colonel Colquhoun, George's Square.

5. At Aungmyabad, in consequence of injuries received by falling with his horse, Dr Charles C. Cheyne, of his Highness the Nizam's medical establishment, aged 25.

Aug. — At Demerara, Mr Duncan Campbell, son of the late Neil Campbell of Knap, Esq.

2. At Barrackpore, East Indies, the Hon. Captain Amherst, son of the Governor-General.

8. At Madras, Lieut. John Ogilvie Milne, of the 18th regiment Native Infantry, second son of Alexander George Milne, Esq. of London.

11. At Madras, William Douglas Brodie, second son of the late James Brodie, Esq. of Brodie.

20. At Nassau, New Providence, Lieut. Archibald Fraser, paymaster of the 2d West India regiment, formerly of the 93d Highlanders.

Sept. 11. In the island of Jamaica, David Finlay of Ardoch, Esq. in the parish of St Anne's.

23. At Monte Grande, South America, Mr David Anderson, Athelstaneford, East Lothian.

Oct. — At Kaira, Presidency of Bombay, Robert Anderson, Esq. of the East India Company's civil service, youngest son of the late Samuel Anderson, Moredun.

2. At Poona, Lieut. Walter Stewart, of the 24th regiment Bombay Native Infantry, son of the late Charles Stewart, Esq.

5. At Kingston, Jamaica, James Grant, Esq. surviving co-partner of Messrs James and Charles Grant, many years respectable merchants in that city.

30. At Kingston, Robert Hamilton, Esq. late of Hamilton's, Jamaica.

Nov. 8. At New York, Mr Arch. Campbell, late merchant, Glasgow.

11. At Boulogne-sur-Mer, James Chalmers, Esq. in the 74th year of his age.

12. At Lisbon, John James Stephens, Esq. member of the Ex-British Factory of that city, in his 79th year.

— At New Orleans, William Hill, Esq.

23. At his house in Thistle Street, Mr Robert Brown, in the 93d year of his age.

24. At Berlin, Professor Bode, the celebrated astronomer, in the 80th year of his age.

25. At the manse of Stromness, Orkney, Mrs Isabella Trall, wife of the Rev. William Clauston.

27. At 13, Circus Place, Mr James Simpson, aged 62.

28. On board his Majesty's ship *Revenge*, on his passage from Malta to Naples, the Marquis of Hastings, K.G. G.C.B. and G.C.H.

— At his house, 34, Buccleuch Place, Mr William M'Lean, merchant.

— At Edinburgh, the Hon. Mrs Henrietta Fraser, eldest daughter of the late George Lord Saltoun.

29. At Rutherglen, the Rev. John Dick, minister of that parish.

— At Ashgrove, Miss Ann Forbes, eldest daughter of the late Rev. George Forbes minister of Lochell.

30. At Newton, Alexander Dallas, Esq. of North Newton.

— At Montrose, Thomas Dougal, Esq.

— At Leslie, county of Fife, Dowager Lady Malcolm, relict of Sir John Malcolm of Balbedie and Grange, Bart.

Dec. 1. At Dean Bank Lodge, Jean Bland, eldest daughter of the late James Campbell, Esq. younger of Craighish.

2. At the Manse of Kilmarny, aged 72, Mrs Cook, senior, widow of Professor Cook, St Andrews.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Hannah Mackenzie, daughter of Henry Mackenzie, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, George Ross, Esq. late collector of the customs, Lerwick; and on the 28th of October last, Mary Rennie, his wife.

— John Sommervail, Esq. of Moreham. This gentleman, with the exception of a few specific legacies, and an annuity to Mrs Sommervail, has left the whole of his fortune, which is very considerable, to charitable purposes.

3. At No. 77, Charlotte Square, James Maitland, Esq. late of the civil service, Ceylon, second son of Sir Alexander Charles Maitland Gibson of Cliftonhall, Bart.

— At James's Place, Mrs Jean Thomson.

— At her house, 15, Lawnmarket, Miss Jane Smith.

— At Musselburgh, Mrs Morton, sen. aged 81.

— At 18, Dublin Street, Mrs Ann Small, relict of John Small, Esq. of Overmains, Berwickshire.

4. At Edinburgh, the Rev. Andrew Handyside, minister of the united parishes of Lyne and Megat.

4. At Edinburgh, William, youngest son of the deceased Captain William Black, late Assistant Quartermaster-General, Bombay.

— At Oxford, Abram Robertson, D.D. F.R.S. Savilian Professor of Astronomy, and Radcliffe Observer, aged 75.

— At Edinburgh, William, youngest son of the deceased Captain William Black, late Assistant Quartermaster-General, Bombay.

— At Stenhouse, Thomas Peacock, Esq. of Stenhouse.

— At No. 16, Gayfield Square, Mrs Jean Ranken, wife of Mr Thomas Scott, merchant.

5. At Edinburgh, Alexander Maule Stewart, eldest son of the Rev. Alexander Stewart of Douglas.

— At Edinburgh, Jessie Addison, eldest daughter of Mr George Bruce, miniature-painter.

— At Corehouse, Miss Edmonston of Corehouse, the last surviving daughter of the late James Edmonston, Esq. of Ednam.

— At Kilmichael Glasrie, the Rev. Dougald Campbell of Auchnellan, minister of the parish of Glasrie, in his 77th year.

— At York Place, London, Eliza, youngest daughter of Colin Robertson, Esq. of Bayfield.

6. At Gallanach, Mrs Margaret Campbell, daughter of the late Patrick Campbell, Esq. of Achnabar, at the advanced age of 100 years.

— At 121, Prince's Street, Edinburgh, in the

78d year of his age, William Bell, Esq. merchant, formerly of Charleston, South Carolina.

— At Mark Lane, London, Mr John Macarthur, many years in the house of John and Robert Christie and Co.

7. In Buckingham Street, Fitzroy Square, London, in the 72d year of his age, John Flaxman, Esq. R.A. and professor of sculpture at the Royal Academy.

— At No. 3, Hope Park, Miss Margaret Lotherian, youngest daughter of the late Walter Lotherian, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh.

— At Hillend, James Reoch, Esq.

— At 12, Elder Street, Mrs Anna Maria Davenport, wife of William Galloway, Esq. accountant.

— At her house, No. 5, Moray Street, Leith Walk, Mrs Marion Macleod, widow of James Watson, Esq. and daughter of the late Alexander Macleod, Esq. of Loskinton.

— At Fort William, Captain George Graham Stewart, Royal Navy, of Hillside, Dumfriesshire.

8. William George Campbell, infant son of Peter Campbell, Esq. Northumberland Street.

9. At Enterkine, Ayrshire, Grace, youngest daughter of the late Sir David Maxwell of Cardoness, Bart. and wife of William Cunninghame, Esq. of Enterkine.

— At his house in Haddington, Henry Haldane, Esq. late of Spanish Town, Jamaica.

— At the Manse of Minto, the Rev. William Burn, in the 82d year of his age, and 56th of his ministry.

10. At Leith, Mrs Catherine Ogilvy, spouse of Adam White, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Mr James Ranken, solicitor-at-law.

11. At Morningside, William, second son of Captain Ramage, R.N.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Alice Ord, widow of John Mackenzie, of Dolphington, Esq. advocate.

— At Brighton, in the 47th year of his age, the Right Hon. Lord Kinnaird.

11. At his residence, New York, Thomas Allen, Esq. late of Tweedside, Peeblesshire.

13. At Leith, Mr William Landless, late tenant, Sneep, Berwickshire, and on the 2d inst. Mrs Alison Wait, his widow.

— At Rathmunes, Lord Clonbrock of Clonbrock, in the county of Galway.

14. At Paris, M. Maite-Brun, one of the editors of the *Journal des Debats*, and a distinguished writer on Geography and Politics.

15. At Edinburgh, Mrs Christina Marr, relict of John Campbell, Esq. Perth.

— At Elgin, Mrs Margaret Brodie, relict of James Brodie, Esq. of Muirreik.

— At his house, Berwick-upon-Tweed, aged 72, Rear-Admiral David Stow, late Alderman of that burgh.

15. At St Andrews, Mr William Richard, aged 67.

16. At Balnagask, Robert Davidson, Esq. at the advanced age of 90.

— At Dunfermline, Mr John Fergusson, merchant.

— At Albany Street, Mary Anne, only daughter of Mr Cargill, wine-merchant.

— At Dumfries, Miss Maxwell, eldest daughter of the late Hugh Maxwell, Esq.

17. At Drumdryan House, David Melville, only son of Mr Robert Melville.

— At Kincairdy, Michael Miller, Esq. of Kincairdy.

18. At Edinburgh, Mrs Barbara Johnstone, relict of Mr Joseph Archibald, nursery and seedman.

— At Edinburgh, John Flynn, Esq. late Paymaster, North Britain.

19. At Nelson Street, John Orr, infant son of Mr Thomas Weir, W.S.

— At his house at Brighton, Robert Home Gordon, Esq. of Embo.

— At Gilmore Place, Major Thomas Laing, late of the 94th Regiment, or Scots Brigade.

— Miss Mylne, daughter of Professor Mylne, of Glasgow University.

— At Paisley, Mr Alexander Wilson, teller to the Paisley Bank.

20. At Edinburgh, Robina Henrietta Moncrieff, infant daughter of Robert Clarke of Comrie, Esq.

20. At Edinburgh, Richard Johnston, Esq. banker, Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Mr James Mackinnon Campbell Henderson, student of medicine, late of Greenock.

21. At Botside, Linlithgowshire, Dr Wyville Smith, late senior resident surgeon, R.M.A. Woolwich.

22. At his father's house, 7, Graham Street, Edinburgh, Dr William Mutter Walker.

— At Edinburgh, Robert Henderson, Esq. solicitor in the Supreme Courts of Scotland.

— At Musselburgh, Charles Stewart, Esq. of Sweetthope.

23. At 49, Queen Street, Lushington, the infant son of E. W. H. Schenley, Esq.

24. At Dublin, J. W. Torrance, eldest son of the late Henry Torrance, Esq. of Kirkland Hill.

— At Lasswade, Arch. Hume, Esq. surgeon, Royal Navy.

— At Kirkaldy, Jane, third daughter of Mr John Morgan, flax-merchant there, much and justly regretted.

— At 12, Howard Place, Mr David Rennie, aged 26.

25. At Dublin, in a duel with William Hayes, Esq. attorney, John Eric, Esq. barrister-at-law.

— At Arbroath, Mr George Kirkland, preacher of the gospel, and session-clerk of that parish.

27. At 19, London Street, Richard Gardner, Esq. late Assistant-Comptroller-General of the Customs for Scotland.

— At 12, Drummond Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Anna Rankin, relict of James Borland, Esq. of Gourcock.

23. At Leith, Walter, second son of the late Mr Walter Reid, writer.

— Mr Thomas Erskine Sutherland, late merchant in Edinburgh.

— At 23, St James's Square, Mr John Moffat, late French teacher.

— At his house, 57, York Place, Robert Allan, Esq. surgeon, lecturer on surgery, and one of the surgeons of the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh.

— At the Manse of Salton, William, son of the Rev. John Ramsay, minister of Ormiston.

29. At London, Dr Andrew Douglas, physician to the forces, youngest son of the late Archibald Douglas of Timperdean.

— At Stirling, Mr Chrystal, writer.

50. At Stirling, Walter Smith, merchant and manufacturer, Craigs of Stirling.

30. At Pellevue, Kilmarnock, Mrs Mary Lynburner, relict of the Rev. Dr Andrew Shaw, late minister of Craigie.

31. In James's Street, Buckingham-gate, London, in the 71st year of his age, William Gifford, Esq. author of the *Bartad* and *Merviad*, translator of *Juvenal* and *Persius*, and editor of the *Quarterly Review* from its commencement down to the beginning of the year just past.

Jan. 1, 1827. At 41, Northumberland Street, Mr Francis Bridges, son of Peter Hill, Esq.

2. At Edinburgh, Major John Bartleman, late of the Royal Marines.

3. At Kelso, Mrs Mary Telfer, relict of the late Mr Andrew Telfer, bookseller.

— John Rae, Esq. advocate.

3. At Greenock, Mr Malcolm Currie.

4. At Sommerhill, Mrs Helen Lawson, relict of Thomas Goldie, Esq. of Craigmule.

— At Annan, Mr William Johnstone, surgeon, only son of Joseph Johnstone, Esq. late of Dalton-hook.

— At Stoke Cottage, Devonport, Major-General Sir Charles Holloway, late of the Royal Engineers.

— At his house, in Sloane Street, London, Mrs Caroline Bethia Layard, wife of Lewis Gibson, Esq.

3. At Keavil, Fifeshire, aged 73, James Robertson Barclay, Esq. of Keavil, M.D. Superintendent of Hospitals.

6. At St Andrews, Andrew, and on the 11th, Archibald, only sons of Archibald Johnston, Esq. of Pittowie.

— At Bath, Charles Williamson, Esq. of Cardrona.

7. At his house, No. 39, North Hanover Street, Mr Peter Marshall, artist, aged 64.

— At Cumnoden, near Newton-Stewart, in the 53d year of his age, Lieut.-General the Honour,

able Sir William Stewart, G.O.B. and K.T.S. Colonel of the 1st battalion of the Rifle Brigade, and brother to the Earl of Galloway.

7. At his house, Roslyn, Hampstead, Henry Davidson, Esq. of Tulloch.

8. At No. 7, Cassels's Place, Mrs Jean Shirreff, relict of Mr Walter Smiton.

9. Mr James Niven, merchant, Penicuik.

— At Hailes Street, Hector, infant son of Mr H. D. Dickie, Secretary to the Caledonian Insurance Company.

— At Drkeith, Elizabeth Carmichael, wife of Mr Thomas Melville, of the Excise.

10. At her house, 32, Rankellor Street, Mrs Esther Graham, widow of Mr Matthew Graham.

— At the Manse of Arngask, the Rev. William Lang, in the 76th year of his age, and 44th of his ministry.

— At Viewforth, John Thin, Esq. architect, Edinburgh.

11. At Amisfield Mains, Mrs Mary Ferme, relict of Mr Patrick Brodie.

— In Orchard Street, London, Mrs Miller, widow of William Miller of Craigintinny Esq.

— At Kirkaldy, Mr Michael Beveridge, sen. aged 88.

12. At Leith, Ellen Scott, youngest daughter of Mr Thomas Menzies.

— At 31, India Street, Mr Wm. Whittit, builder.

13. At No. 6, Dundas Street, Edinburgh, Robert Anderson, Esq. of Lechlade, in the county of Gloucester.

14. At Dundee, Captain David Ritchie.

— At Anstruther, Mrs Elizabeth Gourlay, relict of Mr John Brash, Colinsburgh.

15. At Linn Mill, near Alloa, Mr William Breingan, late minister of the gospel at Tillicoultry.

— At the Manse of Dalgety, the Rev. John Scott, minister of that parish, in the 70th year of his age and 40th of his ministry.

— At Clearburn, near Edinburgh, Mrs Isabella Cockburn, relict of Mr John Hope, farmer at Hopefield.

— At Leith, Mr William Sibbald, merchant there.

— At Glasgow, Margaret, youngest daughter of the late William Glen, Esq. of Forganhall.

16. At Burnside, near Glasgow, Archibald Hamilton, Esq.

17. At Gilmore Place, Miss Isabella Tait, daughter of the late Dr John Tait, physician in Dalkeith.

— At No. 58, Queen Street, Mrs Anne Lockhart, daughter of the late Charles Lockhart, Esq. of Newhall, and wife of John A. Robertson, M.D.

— At Newton-Green, Ayr, Lieut.-Colonel John Rudd, C.B.

18. Mr Wm. Tibbets, late hatter, Edinburgh.

— At 26, Queen Street, Mary Jane, the infant daughter of Joseph Murray, Esq. Advocate.

19. At No. 23, North Union Place, Robert Thomson, Esq. writer.

— At Edinburgh, James Kirkwood, sen. Esq. engraver, aged 81 years.

— At Blairhall, Mrs Randalson Dickson.

— At Salisbury Road, Newington, Miss Elizabeth Wauchope.

— At Glasgow, William Munro, the infant son of William Crichton, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Jean Scruton, relict of Colin Macfarquhar, Esq.

20. At Hill Square, Mrs Catherine More, wife of the Rev. George More.

— At the Manse of Forres, the Rev. Wm. Hoyes, minister of that parish.

21. At Inverness, Colonel Munro of Poyntsfeld.

— At Edinburgh, Graham Leny, Esq. of Gills, W. S.

22. At her father's house in Edinburgh, Miss Anne Lockhart Miller, third daughter of the Hon. Sir William Miller of Glenlee, Bart. one of the Senators of the College of Justice.

23. At Leeds, Mrs Ann Katherine Thorpe, wife of Dr Thorp, of that city, and daughter of the late Dr Gregory Grant, of Edinburgh.

— At his house, No. 10, Roxburgh Place, Robert Priddle, Esq. Deacon of the Incorporation of Waulkers.

— At his apartments in the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, Mr Anthony B. La Fontaine, assistant-physician in that institution, son of Mr Fontaine, merchant-clothier, Edinburgh.

25. At 57, George Square, James Mitchell, eldest son of John B. Grant, Esq. W. S.

— At Brighton, Major Hugh Falconer, late of Newton.

— At South Wellington Place, Glasgow, Eleanor, eighth daughter of Mr James Macqueen.

— At her house, in York Terrace, Regent's Park, London, Mrs Grant, widow of Charles Grant, Esq. late one of the Directors of the East India Company.

24. At her house, 55, Bristo Street, Miss Jean Baillie, aged 76, daughter of the late Mr Matthew Baillie.

— At Wellshot House, near Glasgow, aged 65 years, Wm. Forlong, Esq. of Wellshot.

25. At Glasgow, Walter M'Innes, Esq. of Auchencro, aged 71 years.

— At Brotherton, Miss Isabella Davie, third

daughter of the deceased John Davie, Esq. late of Brotherton.

26. At his house, New Farm, Dalkeith, Mr John Lyon, aged 90 years.

— At Edinburgh, Elizabeth Mary Keir, daughter of James Keir, Esq. physician, Moscow.

— At Edinburgh, Mr William Richardson, wool-lender.

27. At his Lodge, All Souls College, Oxford, after a long illness, the Hon. and Right Rev. Edward Legge, Lord Bishop of Oxford, and Warden of All Souls College in that University.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Mary M'Lean, widow of Dr Hector M'Lean, Inspector of Hospitals.

— Late, Mrs Byrne (late Miss Byrne), of the Theatres Royal Drury Lane, Dublin, and Glasgow.

ALEXANDER HENDERSON, ESQ. OF PRESS.

It is with feelings of regret, which we entertain in common with our fellow-citizens, that we have to announce the death of our late highly respected Chief Magistrate, Alexander Henderson, Esq. of Press. During the period in which Mr Henderson filled the Civic Chair he had a serious attack of a complaint in the stomach, the peculiar nature of which his medical attendants never fully ascertained, but from the effects of which he had several months since completely recovered. A few days ago, however, the complaint relapsed upon him, and on Saturday evening the 3d inst., about eight o'clock, he was taken violently ill: the disease continued to increase throughout Sunday, and

until Monday morning about one o'clock, when it terminated his existence.—The most remarkable feature in the public as well as private conduct of Mr Henderson, was his kind and conciliatory disposition. It was this truly enviable quality, together with his frank and homely manner, which, during the bustling period he filled the important office of Lord Provost of the City of Edinburgh, obtained for him an unparalleled degree of popularity, and not only neutralised all hostile feelings towards him, but converted into real friendship the minds of those who were most fatal to the views which it was his object to promote.

GEORGE JARDINE, ESQ.

On the 28th January, died at Glasgow College, George Jardine, Esq. Professor of Logic in that University, in the 83th year of his age.

Of the many eminent men who have adorned the Universities of Scotland, few have enjoyed so large a share of public respect and confidence. Endowed with a vigorous and active mind, with great soundness of judgment—possessing a deep sense of the importance of his office, and an ardent desire to promote the improvement of his students, he devoted himself to his public duties with a zeal, an activity, and a faithfulness, which have never been surpassed, and but rarely equalled. Directed by that discernment of what was most useful, and best suited to the circumstances of his pupils, for which, through life, he was distinguished, he, soon after his appointment in 1774, introduced those changes in the mode of public teaching which rendered his class so long a model of academical instruction. Retaining what was most important in ancient Logic, and communicating a due knowledge of its peculiarities, he dismissed from his course of lectures all its unprofitable subtleties, directing the attention of the youth to such views of the human mind, its powers and operations, as might lead to their proper exercise, and furnish the best means of their improvement.

—But, aware that truths might be heard without attention, or without awakening the powers of the understanding, and that the formation of intellectual and moral habits is the first object of education, he devised a practical system of examinations and exercises, which he gradually improved to an extent that has seldom been witnessed. By a discriminating selection of topics, he directed his students to the subjects most deserving their consideration, while he awakened their curiosity, sustained their attention, and exercised in due proportion every faculty of their minds. The youth were thus kept continually alive to the objects of study, and subjects naturally dry and uninteresting were, from the manner in which they were illustrated, rendered attractive, and prosecuted with avidity and enthusiasm. Hence, the Logic Class of the University, though a class of labour, was always looked forward to with a feeling of elevated expectation, and the period of its attendance is generally recollected by the student as among the busiest but the happiest years of his academical course.

Few classes have ever displayed such order and such attention to business, with so little exercise

of severity. Strict in discipline, but perfectly impartial, wise, and affectionate in all that he required, his students submitted with cheerfulness to his directions, and loved, while they revered, their instructor. Their welfare habitually occupied his thoughts; and to improve the means of education was the ruling passion of his life. Warmly attached to the interests of those intrusted to his charge, he embraced every opportunity of imparting to them the admonitions of a father, of cherishing religious principle by reminding them of their higher duties, and guarding them against the dangers to which they were exposed. In the same spirit, he attended with them on the public services of religion, directed them to exercises suited to the evenings of the Sabbath, and enforced the sacred instructions which on that day they had received.

Such a teacher, so conducting himself for the unusually long period of fifty years, could not fail to be the instrument of extensive usefulness, and to be remembered by his pupils with gratitude and reverence. Accordingly, his benevolent mind was gratified by seeing very many of them rising to eminence, retaining for him the respect and affection of their early days, and gratefully ascribing to the benefit of his instructions that distinction to which they had attained in the various departments of society.

The private life of this venerable man was distinguished by active and well-directed benevolence—with great judgement, prudence, and perseverance, in all his undertakings. Affectionately tender in his family—susceptible of the strongest attachment—compassionate to the unfortunate—and ever exerting himself to promote the welfare of those around him, few men have possessed more warmly, or more extensively, the affections of his friends. Even to the last his mind retained a great portion of its usual elasticity and vigour. The academical society, which he had so long adorned, preserved to the end a firm hold of his regard; and, ever zealous for the welfare and honour of the University of Glasgow, it occupied a great portion of his thought even in the latest days of his life.

Within its walls his character will ever be remembered with grateful reverence, and his name will descend to posterity as the name of one who, by his labours, has raised its reputation and acquired a lasting title to the gratitude of his country.

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VOL. XXI.

THE SURPLUS POPULATION OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

THREE years ago, in an Article entitled Ireland, we strongly recommended that Government should promote emigration on a large scale from the sister island. Do we still hold the same opinion? Hold the same opinion on any subject for three years together!—how can our readers, in these days, expect it? When we look at the changes which have taken place in these three years—at the changes of law and system—at the reversals of view and principle in the Cabinet and Parliament, in Ministers, and those publications which, up to a recent period, were thought to rank amidst the most honest and respectable ones—we are constrained to fear, that it is somewhat discreditable to hold the same sentiments for three years in succession. Nevertheless we still think as we thought at the commencement of the period, on the point we have mentioned, and likewise on many others.

The superabundance of population was then confined to Ireland; it has now extended itself to England, and Scotland likewise. There is at present a grievous excess of inhabitants in almost all parts of the whole United Kingdom. This excess has assumed so formidable an aspect, that Government is maturing a gigantic scheme of emigration to get rid of it.

If there be a single tittle of truth in what is called Political Economy—if the new system be not wholly bottom-

ed upon falsehood and error—it is a very amazing thing that we have not a huge deficiency of inhabitants, instead of an alarming superabundance. This, cry the eulogists, is “the age of industry”—“the age of the people”—“the age of comfort for the poor”! and lo, and behold! industry, and the people, and the poor, are reduced to the most deplorable penury and wretchedness. According to every principle of both, this country ought at this moment to have infinitely more employment for its population, than it ever had at any former period. The silk trade has been opened, and we are buying a considerable part of our silks of foreigners for much less than our own manufacturers charged us; in consequence, a large number of weavers and throwsters have lost their employment. But then, it is said, the community, from the cheapness of the foreign silks, must have more money to buy other things with; therefore the total effective demand of the whole nation for labour, and the produce of labour, cannot have been diminished; and, of course, these weavers and throwsters must be employed in some other calling, while the produce of their labour must be a clear addition to the public wealth. The Navigation Laws have been abolished, and, in consequence, foreign ships are carrying for us. The nation must therefore have

more money to expend in other things; of course the total effective demand for labour cannot have been injured, and the discharged shipwrights, sailors, &c. must be making vast clear additions to the public wealth in new callings. By our new system at home and in the colonies, we have added greatly to the riches of some other nations, and this must have added greatly to our trade with these nations. Wheat has been for some time as cheap as, according to the enemies of the Corn Laws, free trade could render it; and this must have been vastly beneficial to trade and manufactures. We have, in the last twelve months, imported nearly as much foreign corn, as, according to Mr M'Culloch, we shall be able to import with free trade; and this must have increased immensely our export of manufactures. The price of most articles has been long very low, and this must have added prodigiously to manufactures and trade. Wages have fallen greatly, and this must have added greatly to profits. Labour is so cheap in the cotton trade, that the profits of the cotton manufacturers must be large, almost beyond calculation. From the effects of the new system and accident, we ought to have—taking the increase of population into the account—almost double the employment for labour of what we ever had previously.

If this be not the case—if the reverse be the case—if trade and manufactures be in the most unprosperous condition—and if there be that excess of population which the government admits—what are we to think of that “*Science*” on which Ministers are avowedly acting? Certain turncoat publications threaten that time will speedily overwhelm all who think as we do, with refutation. In so far as we are concerned, we laugh to scorn, both the

threat, and those who have uttered it. Speak of refutation!—look around—examine the state of the country—observe the decline of trade, manufactures and revenue, the distress of almost every business, and the penury and misery of the working classes! Here is refutation—the most terrible and decisive refutation—but it overwhelms the Economists, Ministers, and Parliament, and not ourselves. It confirms our principles and predictions to the letter. The condition of the nation furnishes the most signal and complete refutation of what is called Political Economy—of that Political Economy on which the Ministry and Legislature are acting—which could be given.

Ministers must have found the putting forth of the Emigration Report a very awkward piece of business. After giving such splendid descriptions of what commerce and manufactures were about to soar to, and when the wholesale changes which were to realise these descriptions, were coming into full operation, to be compelled to confess that a large portion of the community had lost, and could not recover, its employment, must have been almost as bitter work, as the eating in public of their own words, is to people. The Report is a most remarkable production. It in reality, though not in terms, flatly controverts some of the leading tenets of the Ricardo school, and proclaims that Ministers are acting on erroneous and ruinous principles. Yet Ministers, while they put forth a report like this, practically assert that these tenets and principles are most true and wise; Mr Wilmot Horton, the official parent of the report, maintains that the emigration plan is sanctioned by both, and avows that he acts under the counsel and instruction of Mr M'Culloch!*

According to the Report, the effect

* According to the public prints, Mr Wilmot Horton lately informed Parliament, that in communicating with Mr M'Culloch, he had agreed with him on thirty questions. What a wonderful man must Mr Wilmot Horton be, to agree on thirty points with such a wonderful Economist! A minister of the British empire boasts that he consults, and on thirty different points agrees with the man who holds, that if all our land-owners should expend their incomes abroad; it would be the same to the country as their expending them at home;—that high prices of corn tax farmers and landlords, and that low prices are beneficial to both;—that the lower wages are, the higher profits must be, and the higher wages are, the lower profits must be;—that the colonies of this empire do it prodigious injury;—that we could be a great

of the redundancy of population is—"by its producing a supply of labour in excess as compared with the demand, the wages of labour are necessarily reduced to a minimum, which is utterly insufficient to supply that population with those means of support and subsistence which are necessary to secure a healthy and satisfactory condition of the community."

It is really very extraordinary that Ministers should have put forth an opinion like this. What is the great object of the new system? To carry competition to the highest point, in order to bring down prices to the minimum. Competition is cried up in the most extravagant manner for its efficacy in bringing down prices, and the reduction of prices must necessarily fall almost wholly upon wages. How has the reduction in the price of silks been accomplished? Mainly by such a reduction of wages as has rendered them insufficient for obtaining the proper means of support and subsistence. The case is the same with some other trades; wages have been rendered inadequate in them by the competition and low prices which are said to be so immensely beneficial.

Then the great object of the putting down of small bank notes was, to bring, and keep down prices. The abolition of the corn laws is advocated on the ground that it will produce cheap labour, and that high wages reduce profits and banish capital.

Here then is a gigantic new system established to bring down prices, and of necessity wages, to the minimum. It sweeps away half the wages of various trades, greatly reduces wages generally, throws vast numbers of the working classes out of employment, and creates a general glut of labour. It stands upon the doctrines that high wages are very pernicious, that the lower they are the better, and that the cheaper labour is, the higher profits will be, the more flourishing trade and manufactures will be, and the more abundant will be public prosperity.

While Ministers do this on the one hand, on the other they bring forward a scheme for raising wages. The cry is set up, at the same moment, from the same lips—Wages are so high, that they are banishing capital and ruining trade; and wages are so low, that they are grievously injuring the community!

naval power without a merchant-navy,—&c. &c. &c. Shade of Pitt! can such things be?

If Mr M'Culloch be the man that Ministers think him, why is not something done for him? If they cannot get on without his counsel, why do they not place him at the head of the Board of Trade, or make him the Irish Secretary? It is a scandal to both them and the country, that, while they drag him forward to instruct Parliamentary committees, and thus boast that they resort to him for advice, they leave him to pick up bread, by writing for periodicals, and giving lectures. He proved in his article on the Corn Laws, which we lately noticed, that he can be the sycophant as well as the tutor;—that he can do their dirty work, as well as act as the premier.

We must, in justice to Mr Wilmot Horton, observe, that he says Mr M'Culloch is not to be believed in everything. He tells Parliament that it must not follow either the "speculative men," or the "practical men." Who, then, in the name of wonder, is it to follow? Mr Wilmot Horton, to be sure. This is the general cry of Ministers. Beware of following either side, for both are wrong! We have taken "a position of neutrality," and we alone are right. Their scribes, of course, repeat it. Most worthy people of England, we and our masters—we the neutrals—we the nondescripts—we the fish and flesh folks—we the "position of neutrality,"—we the no-side, any-side, every-side people, are alone worthy of being believed in! What can the nation think of such attempts to delude it, when it looks at the doctrines on which ministers avowedly act, and at what they have done? Putting this aside, no man can observe what the "position of neutrality" system has produced, without being convinced that it is a very ruinous one. It is natural enough for some of the ministerial scribes, in their new politics, to resort to the foreign Liberals—to the old battered Buonapartists, and revolutionists of France, for slang terms; but the cry of Ultra! will do no longer. The British people will mark and resent the insult, but they will not be deluded by the sophistry.

Do we say this, to carp and quibble? We should disdain it. We say it, because the matter is of vital importance. It is essential that the nation should know what principles Ministers are acting upon, and that they should act upon some certain and defined principles. Our conviction is, that they do not understand what they are doing—that they are very poorly acquainted with the “philosophy” which they profess to practise—that they have studied very imperfectly the political economy by which they say they are guided. Labour cannot be both cheap and dear at the same moment: and its cheapness, or dearness, cannot be both beneficial and pernicious at the same moment. Either adhere to the Ricardo doctrines, or abandon them.

An advance in wages cannot benefit the surplus inhabitants, because they have no wages to be advanced. And what would be the effect of an advance of wages in the silk trade, and other interests similarly circumstanced? It would throw their trade into the hands of foreigners, and ruin them by raising prices. A change of law has placed various trades in such circumstances, that they must either have labour at starvation wages, or be destroyed by outlandish competitors; no matter whether population be redundant or deficient, labour cannot be employed by these trades save at such wages. Is it not very extraordinary in Ministers to make such a change of law, and then to bring forward a plan to raise wages? And is it not disingenuous to charge the badness of wages wholly upon excess of population? We are, it seems, to have low prices, and high wages; the master is to starve, while the servant is to have abundance. Alas! the day of bubbles is not yet over.

And then Mr M'Culloch sanctions this scheme for raising wages! The very man who maintains that high wages are ruinous to trade and manufactures—that high wages were the cause why so much capital was sent out of the country in 1825—that the price of labour is regulated by corn, and not by supply and demand—that a low rate of labour is essential for causing commerce and manufactures to flourish—this very man, we say, sanctions this scheme for raising the price of labour. This wonderful Eco-

nomist and Philosopher, after protesting that if labour be driven from one calling, it can always find employment in another—and that the new system and the reduction of wheat to its present price, must prodigiously multiply employment for labour—now stands forward to vouch that the silk weavers, shipwrights, seamen, &c. &c. whom the new system has deprived of work, cannot be employed in other callings, and that this new system and cheap bread must greatly diminish employment for labour. No sooner are wages brought to that point at which, according to his doctrines, they ought to call all idle capital into trade, and almost fill the whole earth with our manufactures, than he sends forth the cry, Up with your wages, for these low ones will ruin you! No sooner are the changes made which he declares will carry commerce and manufactures to an unexampled height of prosperity, than he proclaims, You have a vast excess of population, which you will never be able to employ at home; your commerce and manufactures cannot be raised from their present depression so as to employ more labour, and your only resource is to send your surplus inhabitants to your colonies! Oh, fie, Mr M'Culloch! Oh, fie! This tearing to pieces of your own unerring science is dreadful. This teaching of one set of principles to the shopmen and apprentices of Cockaigne, and of a directly opposite set to the House of Commons, will utterly ruin you! This confession to Parliament, that the Ricardo Political Economy, your own books and lectures, and the Political Economy of the Edinburgh Review, are a tissue of puerile fables, will make you the laughing-stock of every schoolboy.

That there is a very great excess of inhabitants in the United Kingdom, that the excess has been in a very great degree produced by the new system, and that this system will soon largely increase it by throwing a vast additional number of people out of employment, are matters which we hold to be unquestionable. Putting the causes out of sight, it is certain, that if this excess be not removed, it will soon have the most calamitous effects on the whole community; and, of course, it is imperiously necessary, that the State should take measures for its removal. We warmly applaud

Government for its willingness to take such measures, however strongly we may censure it for the share it has had in rendering them needful.

The question, What should these measures be? will admit of much diversity of opinion. We would earnestly advise that our own shipwrights and seamen, silk weavers and throwsters, glove makers, farmers, and husbandry labourers, &c. &c., should be employed instead of foreign ones—that the State should restore to its idle and starving children, the employment which it has taken from them and given to foreigners. This, without the cost of a farthing, would immediately remove a vast part of the excess. Such advice will not be listened to; therefore we must proceed to other measures.

It may be taken as an incontestable axiom, that if the surplus inhabitants could be permanently and profitably employed at home, their being so employed would be in every respect infinitely more advantageous to the State, than their being sent to any of the Colonies. It follows from this, that no steps ought to be taken to send them to the Colonies, until it be satisfactorily shown, that, to employ them permanently and profitably at home, is an impossibility. Now, what do ministers recommend? Emigration only. Have they then ascertained that no employment at home can be found? Have they enquired whether any canals can be cut, any bogs can be drained, &c. &c. in Ireland; and whether any waste or light lands can be improved in England and Scotland, so as to give permanent and profitable employment to the whole, or any part, of the excess of population? We fear not; at any rate, no proofs exist that they have done so. A great error was committed in the formation of the Emigration Committee. It ought to have been, not what it is, but a Committee to enquire into the means of providing employment for the unemployed part of the community. It would then have possessed the ability which it now possesses for examining the question of emigration; and it could likewise have examined any other means whatever of providing employment.

It is demonstrable that if a large number of the idle inhabitants could be permanently employed in raising agricultural produce, the quantity of such

produce which they might raise, could be thrown upon the market without doing any injury in regard to prices; while they would give employment to almost an equal number more in trade and manufactures. Thus, if 300,000 of these inhabitants were so employed in agriculture, their produce would find a good market; and they would directly and indirectly in all ways provide employment for nearly 300,000 artisans, mechanics, and town-labourers. By providing employment for the first 200,000, Government would provide it for nearly 300,000 more, without being at any cost or trouble.

Is it impossible for the Government to do this? There are in the United Kingdom as many millions of acres of waste land, and land only partially cultivated, as would afford permanent employment to perhaps more than a million of souls—and there are many millions of capital which cannot find employment—is it impossible for Ministers to convert this land and capital into the means of employing the redundant population, without injuring the pecuniary affairs of the state? We say, no! we say that it would be very possible for them to do this, if it were only possible to drive them from their blind subserviency to the doctrines of such people as Mr M'Culloch. These people oracularly proclaim, that to cultivate our waste and poor lands would be contrary to every principle of political economy; and without proof or inquiry—with the credulity of boarding-school misses—the successors of such men as Pitt, Burke, and Fox, believe in the silly nonsense.

An individual differs very widely from a nation, and yet it may often be very advantageous to him, to employ large sums of money for other purposes than the enlarging of his income. He may be at great expense in rebuilding his mansion, or buying election influence, or obtaining a seat in Parliament, &c., and still act very wisely. In a nation, it may frequently be ruinous folly to refuse to make a great expenditure, and to incur heavy debts, merely because it may thereby injure its wealth and revenue of the moment. If this country could buy profitable employment for ever, not in its Colonies, but at home, for an additional two millions of population, at the price of forty, sixty, or eighty

millions of pounds, it would be, looking at riches, revenue, trade, power, naval and military, and influence, the best and cheapest purchase that ever was made. Such a purchase may be made by this country at this moment.

Amidst the gigantic blunders committed by these infallible people, the Economists, those which they make touching our waste and light land hold the first rank. From what they say, it would seem that this land requires the application of much more capital yearly, and much more expensive culture, than the good land; and is moreover incapable of improvement. The truth is, that so far as regards manure, if from five to ten or fifteen pounds' worth per acre were laid on this land, it would at once yield paying crops; and it would soon afterwards, with merely the manure produced by itself, reach a fair degree of fertility. Whether our waste and light lands be uncultivated from the want of draining, or of manure, or of enclosing, or from any other cause, an expenditure upon them of from five to twenty pounds per acre, would immediately bring them into profitable cultivation. We of course speak generally, and deny not exceptions. The Infallibles assert that these lands would have been cultivated before this, had they been worthy of it; they have so far bewildered themselves with their gradations of fertility, that they imagine the uncultivated land must of necessity be of worse quality than the worst of the cultivated land was of, when its culture was begun. They are greatly mistaken. This land has not been brought under the plough, because it required, from some reason or other, a greater first outlay than other land of the same quality;—or because its owner was too poor or careless to drain, enclose, or build;—or because the whole land of the parish remained unenclosed;—or because it was disadvantageously situated in respect of roads and markets;—or because it was in the hands of poor and unskilful cultivators;—and not because it was of worse quality than other waste and light land taken into cultivation.

Our uncultivated waste and light soils therefore, generally speaking, would require no continued course of expensive culture. If a certain outlay were made upon them at the moment

of bringing them under the plough, they could for ever afterwards be profitably cultivated by the ordinary systems of tillage, and they would soon reach an average point of fertility. These soils are now comparatively worthless; they support scarcely any population, and they yield very little produce; in so far as they are let, the rent laid on them is in a great degree paid by the better land to which they are attached. Let us now enquire how far it would be practicable and beneficial for the State to bring them into regular cultivation.

First, touching the practicability. Government might take the land at its present trifling annual worth, on a long lease of forty or sixty years, in the way in which ground is taken on building leases. In many cases, very large masses of such land may be found, which each belong to one proprietor. In most villages, the land next the village is the best; it is gradually worse in proportion to its distance from the village, until, at the boundary, it is very bad, and is little cultivated. The chief, and often the sole cause of this is, the farmers dwell in the village; they are a mile, or perhaps two, from their most distant land; and in consequence of the distance this land receives scarcely any of their manure. To travel round the boundary line of a parish, a good depth of land might be taken on each side of the circle, which is at present very partially and unprofitably cultivated. Five hundred acres of such land might often be taken in this manner from each parish, without materially injuring the present occupiers; as it would commonly be taken from the holders of large farms. At particular points, which are a great distance from a village, or where the boundaries of three villages meet, parcels, comprehending from 1000 to 2000 acres, might be obtained. Land so obtained would generally belong to various proprietors.

In dealing with the proprietors, we imagine there would be but little difficulty. They would receive at the first, perhaps, somewhat more rent than they now receive; and there would be the certainty that the value of their land would be very greatly increased. Many of them, if Government would lay down the plan, and take the lead, would allot, fence, build,

and improve, at their own cost. An act of Parliament could remove all legal and other obstructions. The land taken from each could be kept separate; and by buying, selling, and exchanging, matters could be easily managed in regard to ownership.

In regard to the division of the land, we should strongly object to its being cut into very small portions. We are not friendly to what is called the Cottage System. A good large garden and orchard generally contain as much land as a labourer can manage well, and they too often contain more. If a man occupy from three to ten or fifteen acres of arable land, he cannot afford to keep horses to cultivate it, and turn his straw, &c. into manure; and it will not half employ him. He manages it ill, and starves upon it, if it form his sole or main dependence. We recommend those to look at the small occupiers of Ireland, who imagine, that if a labourer occupy three or four acres of land, he will always live in plenty. The dividing of the land into small allotments would consign the occupiers to penury, idleness, and their concomitants, and would operate most perniciously as a perpetual source of excessive population.

On the other hand, the land ought not to be divided into too large allotments. Speaking of farms in general, our opinion is, that they ought to comprehend, from two hundred to four hundred acres, according to quality. The occupier of a thousand acres, or more, of arable land, rarely cultivates it to the best advantage. He makes his seed-time and harvest so long, that he gets much of his seed into the ground too late, and his crop suffers great waste; great waste takes place in his management generally. Politically considered, a proper sprinkling of large farms is beneficial. The occupiers of such farms are wealthy men; they give dignity and respectability to the farmers as a body, and they form a connecting link between this body and the gentry. On the same ground, a proper sprinkling of small farms is beneficial. The occupiers of such farms form the connecting link between the farmers and husbandry labourers. Such farms frequently enable the husbandry servant to leave his servitude, and in time to become a large and respectable farmer.

As, in this country, farms are generally good-sized ones, we think that the land taken by the Government should be divided into small farms. The smallest should contain as much land as would keep the occupier constantly employed, and enable him to keep a couple of horses; it should contain not less than forty acres. This applies generally, and exceptions might be made in favour of those who could combine some other business with their farming. An allotment of five, ten, or fifteen acres, might be made for the innkeeper, butcher, &c. The land should be cut into proper proportions of farms, containing from forty to one hundred acres. Proper exceptions might be made; but the general rule should be to give to none more than one hundred acres. It must be borne in mind, that we would not recommend any landowner to divide his estate in this manner; we speak thus solely of land to be taken by the Government, and with reference to the condition of the country. Such a division of the land would not create more than a proper proportion of small farms, looking at the subject politically, or otherwise.

The important point, expense, must now be considered.

A landowner has only rent to look to for a return, if he expend money in the improvement of his land; his expenditure must therefore be governed by the amount of rent he is likely to obtain. The State is differently circumstanced. A considerable part of the money it might expend in building and fencing, would return to it in the shape of duties. It would not only have the benefit of the improved rent, but it would have the benefit of the taxes paid by the new population, which it would practically create; and it would have the benefit of the additional power which this new population would give it.

New buildings and fences would be necessary for each farm. We will suppose that the cost of these, and of manure, would be on the average fifteen pounds per acre. We will suppose, further, that the Government could take five millions of acres for sixty years, at six shillings per acre on the average; and that it would bring this extent into culture in five years, at the rate of one million of acres an-

nually. The cost of this would be fifteen millions yearly, and seventy-five millions in the five years.

If the state should borrow the seventy-five millions at four per cent, the interest would be three millions; to this the rent paid for the land would have to be added, viz. L.1,500,000. the total annual charge would therefore be L.4,500,000. When the buildings and fences should be completed, and one-fourth of each farm should be manured, the land would let readily on lease for fourteen years, at ten shillings per acre; the annual receipts would therefore be L.3,500,000; for the first fourteen years, the state would have to pay annually L.2,000,000 more than it would receive.

A considerable part of the money expended in building materials and labour would immediately return back to the state in the shape of duties. Every ten acres of the land would support upon them at least one soul; the whole would therefore support half a million of souls. These would give employment to about half a million more souls in manufactures and trade. The land would therefore really give employment to a million of people. If these people at present draw from the poor rates and charity two pounds per annum each, the community would be relieved from as great a burden on the one hand, as it would have imposed on it on the other. If, in addition, they should be enabled to pay two pounds per annum more of taxes each, the community would gain two millions annually.

We are quite sure, that even in the first fourteen years the State would gain, and not lose. The expenditure would swell out the revenue, and diminish the poor rates, so far as to render the imposition of new taxes unnecessary. The expenditure of only ten millions a-year, in building and fencing, would have a wonderful and instantaneous effect in providing employment for the redundant population. Putting aside the duties which the State would merely pay to itself, the chief part of the money would be expended on labour; most of the articles bought with it, would be from first to last the productions of this country. It would at once set to work an immense number of the husbandry labourers in rearing the quickwood and trees, planting them, and making the

posts and rails, carting the various articles, making roads, &c.; and it would likewise set to work an immense number of brickmakers, tilemakers, bricklayers, joiners, glaziers, glass and iron manufacturers, &c. &c. It would create a vast mass of employment in every part of the country.

If any man should say that it ought not to be done, because, whatever it might add to the State's income, it would add two millions to its yearly expenditure, we would disdain to hold with him any argument. If this country, by adding ten millions to its expenditure, could add fifteen millions to its income; the effect of this would be, not to raise, but to reduce its taxes. Upon this we stand.

In the second fourteen years, the land would let for fifteen shillings per acre. We will, however, say, that on the average of years after the first fourteen, it would let for the remaining forty-six at one pound per acre. In letting, while rack-rents ought to be avoided, fair and full ones ought to be demanded.

For the first fourteen years, therefore, the State would have to pay annually for the land two millions more than it would receive. There is, however, what in our judgment amounts to positive proof, that it would receive, in additional duties and taxes, more than two millions; and that it would in these years be a gainer. In the last forty-six years, the State would, on the average of the whole period, receive annually for the land five millions, while it would only have to pay four millions and a half. Here would be a direct sinking fund of half a million annually, created for the discharge of the debt. Assuming that the land would convert one million of paupers, who are now in reality tax-receivers, into efficient taxpayers, and that these would contribute three pounds each per annum, a real sinking fund would be created of L.3,500,000 yearly. The additional rent paid by the State would be chiefly expended in consumption. According to the late and present condition of the money-market, the money borrowed would be that which could not find other employment, save such as would be ruinous both to its owners and the community. The borrowing of the money would have a wholesome effect in keeping up the rate of inte-

rest through the country at the proper standard—in enabling the reduction of the public debt to be made on better terms—in checking injurious speculations—and in adding greatly to the incomes of a vast number of money-lenders. Upon the whole, we imagine that the real annual sinking fund would not be much less than five millions.

A loan of this kind would be wholly different from a war loan. The latter is nearly all annihilated in consumption in the first year, and, instead of yielding a revenue afterwards, it imposes a heavy burden. Its operation is not to create, but to injure the means of its repayment. When it is repaid, an investment for money to its amount is destroyed in a country having an excess of capital; its repayment may do mighty mischief by producing such an excess. But in such a loan as we recommend, the money, instead of being annihilated, would be preserved and greatly increased in amount; it would at the first create the means for paying its interest; instead of being a public burden, it would soon form a source of revenue, and provide the means for its repayment; and previously to its being repaid, it would create an investment for capital to far more than its amount. It would add several millions annually to the income of the community and of the State for ever. It would, moreover, increase very greatly the trade, manufactures, and power of the nation.

If it should be necessary or expedient, the leases might be advantageously sold after the first few years, towards the discharge of the debt. They would always be marketable, and would form an excellent investment to capitalists.

It would not be necessary for the State to manure more, at the most, than one-fourth of each farm in the first year; it might afterwards manure one-eighth more yearly, until it should get through the whole. Manure of one kind or another might be procured in all parts of the country. Bones form an excellent manure for light land; and immense quantities of these have, of late years, been imported from some foreign countries. They could be procured to almost any extent in London, and other large places. The collecting and carrying

of the manure would put in motion a gigantic mass of labour.

The tenants should be exclusively selected from husbandry servants, working farmers, and the sons of working farmers, having sufficient capital. Care ought to be taken that each should be a very frugal, industrious man; and that his being accepted as a tenant would occasion a vacancy for a labourer in the place he should leave. The tenants should be bound to the best systems of management; this would have very beneficial effects in diffusing agricultural knowledge, as bad systems still prevail in many parts of the country.

The whole should be confided to a Board of Agriculture. The borrowed money should be kept separate from the public debt, and under the management of this Board.

We mean what we have said as nothing more than a rough and hasty outline. We do not say that the State ought to take five millions of acres, and expend seventy-five millions of money; we have merely taken this quantity and sum to reason from. If, however, the plan were carried into effect on a very small scale, it would yield very little benefit; and this applies equally to the plan of emigration. The moving power must be great in proportion to its work, to be of any value; the evil is gigantic, therefore the means for removing it must be gigantic too, to be effectual. It would be as wise to suppose, that the abstraction of a few thousand buckets of water would dry the Thames, as to suppose that the giving of employment to a few thousand people would rid us of redundant population.

Now, granting that the State would expend a few millions more than it would receive back again from the rents and sale of leases—granting that it would lose in this respect ten, twenty, or thirty millions—it would still be upon the whole a mighty gainer. If it could buy for thirty millions profitable employment for an additional million of inhabitants, and all the revenue, trade, power, &c. which these inhabitants would yield it, for ever, it would make a most beneficial bargain.

We must now say something to prevent the simple nonsense touching the pernicious effects of cultivating poor lands from being thrown in our

faces. In what we have said of rent, we have spoken on the assumption that corn will fetch the prices which Ministers, in their new plan, call remunerating ones.* Whether this plan will do what its parents assert, has nothing to do with the matter; it is laid down, that the occupiers of our best and average land ought to obtain certain prices; and if these prices can be obtained, the poor land which we advise to be cultivated, will pay the rent we have named. What we recommend would therefore produce no rise of prices.

But then it is said, that if the surplus inhabitants be sent to the Colonies, they will be fixed upon land of "the first quality." A report drawn up by a pupil of Mr M'Culloch must of necessity be hugely *scientific*, and the Emigration one takes especial care to announce that the Colonial land is of "the first quality." Common people will perhaps smile to find the land of our North American possessions so characterised. Granting that the Colonial land is of "the first quality," where is the proof that the culture of it would be more profitable to the occupier, than the culture of our light land at home in the way we have named? Good land is not all that a farmer needs; he wants a good market likewise. The one is of small worth to him without the other.

Now, what will this Colonial land of "the first quality" produce? According to the evidence appended to the report, it will yield from twenty to thirty bushels of wheat per acre, when first cultivated. It will only yield so much as this at the commencement, and afterwards it will only yield—what? twenty, sixteen, and twelve bushels of wheat per acre! Land like this is gravely stated to be of "the first quality," not only by review and newspaper writers, but actually by a Committee of the House of Commons!

The light land at home, which we recommend to be cultivated, will, at the first, after being manured as we have said, yield ten or twelve bushels of wheat per acre; it will keep rising in fertility, and in a very few years it will yield sixteen bushels. Such a crop is called a poor one in this coun-

try. In regard to barley and oats, it will yield at the first from sixteen to twenty-four bushels—nearly as much as the Colonial land yields. This land, on an average of the first seven years, will yield quite as much corn as the Colonial land of "the first quality," and afterwards it will yield considerably more.

Assuming that this land would only yield half as much corn as the Colonial land, how would matters stand with the farmer in regard to profitable culture?—He would have to pay three times as much for labour in the Colonies as at home—many articles that he would have to buy would be much dearer in the Colonies than at home. He would obtain twice as much for his corn at home, as in the Colonies. He would be able to sell various agricultural productions at home, which he could scarcely sell at all in the Colonies. Difference of climate would give him several advantages at home which he would not possess in the Colonies. The difference in regard to farm-stead, roads, circulating medium, markets, fences, &c. would be very greatly in favour of home. If the Colonial land would yield twice as much corn as the home land, it would be more profitable to him to cultivate the latter at the rent we have stated, than the former at no rent whatever.

With regard to the State, it would be able to buy corn—looking at all descriptions as a whole—at as low a price of the cultivator of the bad land at home, as of the cultivator of the Colonial land of "the first quality."

The Emigration Report estimates that emigrants could be conveyed to Canada at the cost of twenty pounds each. The expense, therefore, of conveying 100,000 would be 2,000,000. The chief part of this sum would be expended in the colony in a way that would put only a very little labour in motion in this country. For several years, the emigrants would buy very few British goods; they would have very little surplus produce, and they would buy cottons and various other goods of the United States. We doubt greatly whether this would bring into regular employment at home so many as five thousand people. We will, however, suppose

* This plan, a very ruinous one in our judgment, we shall examine on an early occasion, if it be carried.

that the sending away of 100,000 would give employment to 5000 more at home, and would take 105,000 from the redundant population.

Suppose that two millions should be expended at home in the way we have stated, and that half of it should be expended in labour. This would give bread for twelve months to more than 110,000 souls, including the workmen and their families. At the end of twelve months, about 133,000 acres would be prepared by it, which would give permanent employment to about 27,000 souls, assuming each acre to employ one soul upon it, and another in trade and manufactures. For the first year the two modes would take about the same number from the excess of population: afterwards the emigration plan would reduce it by 105,000, while the other would only reduce it by 27,000. But then, by the former plan, scarcely any of the £2,000,000 would flow back into the Exchequer, by the latter one, a very large part would so flow back—by the former, only 5000 would be added to our productive inhabitants at home, by the latter 27,000 would be so added—the former would perhaps only add one-fifth to trade and revenue of what would be added by the other—the emigrants might become aliens and enemies in a few years, the people at home would be our own for ever—it is very possible that the emigrants might become what we have said, in forty or thirty years, in which case a very large part of the £2,000,000 would never be repaid; but repayment from the land at home would be a certainty.

The Report goes on the ground that £80 would remove a family, consisting of father, mother, and two children, to Canada; and that this sum could be borrowed on annuity of £3, 10s. 9d. for sixty years, taking the interest at four per cent. For the first seven years this annuity is to be paid by the public, and afterwards it is expected that the emigrant will pay it: the public is not to pay it from the taxes, but it is to be paid from the poor rates, or from a rate laid on land. It must therefore for seven years operate as a direct tax upon the community, and in a most unequal manner.

We must not be understood to be saying anything to the disparagement of the Colonies. Of the immense com-

mercial and political worth of the North American ones, we are as sensible as any one; and we would go farther perhaps than the Government to benefit them. But we cannot turn our backs on the mother country—we cannot consent for the land at home to be waste, that the waste land of the Colonies may be cultivated. For the sake of trade and manufactures, and for the sake of the Colonies themselves, we would make the agriculturists at home as numerous and rich as possible. We would keep the body proportioned to the limbs. We are duly sensible that it is of vast importance to have a powerful population in the Canadas; but we are also sensible that it is of equal importance that this population should be well-affected, and should be duly proportioned in power to the population of the mother country. Were the Government to buy of the Canadas timber to the value of a million or two annually for building and fencing, they would, we think, profit infinitely more from this in riches and trade, than from the gaining of one hundred thousand new inhabitants, when their market is almost destroyed.

We would recommend what we have said, as the leading plan for removing the excess of population; and we would recommend emigration on a large scale from Ireland as a subsidiary one. Ireland is the great permanent source of the excess of the whole United Kingdom; her surplus inhabitants continually stream into England and Scotland, not upon particular points as they did formerly, but upon every point. Towns and districts now abound with them, in which a few years ago they were unknown. Our villages always contain about the same quantity of employment, and, when things are as they ought to be, they regularly throw off their increase of population upon the towns. Their increase is now chained to them by the influx of Irish labourers; and, in addition to this, the latter at particular seasons seize a portion of the employment they furnish. London, from the immense mass of labourers it employs, and the comparatively few whom it breeds, ought to be the great absorbing point to the counties around it; but, instead of this, it is the great absorbing point to Ireland. If a man will only

look at the vast numbers of Irish who are now employed in London, not only as bricklayers' labourers, but as labourers of almost all descriptions; he will not be surprised to find that the villages of Kent, and some other counties, are oppressively over-peopled. The Irish labourers not only undersell the English ones, but they drive them out of the market by their turbulence; their characters are so discordant that they cannot be blended together as equals. If measures be not taken to prevent it, the lower of the working orders in all our towns will soon be almost exclusively Irish. We think this would be on many accounts a mighty public calamity. The people of Ireland occasionally give themselves a most magnificent and finished character, but we are not so credulous on the point as some of our countrymen. We call them a fine people, but not a perfect people. We think the Irish character combines various great qualities, with a certain number of bad ones—that its perfections are blended with a sufficiency of defects—that the shades of the picture are quite as dark as the lights are brilliant. We have only to look at the peculiar crimes which stain Ireland, and at the sentiments continually put forth by the members of the Catholic Association, to be convinced that, whatever may be the case with his head, the Irishman's heart would admit of very great improvement. We speak plainly, but those are not the worst friends of the people of Ireland who place their faults frankly before them. We imagine that a large dash of English and Scottish blood would greatly improve the Irish character; but we are by no means sure, that a large dash of Irish blood would improve in the least the English or Scottish character.

We doubt much whether England and Scotland would have any redundancy of population worth mentioning, if all the Irish families they contain were at once taken out of them. It would be idle to ship their surplus inhabitants for the Colonies on the one hand, if measures were not taken to prevent the vacancies from being filled up by Irish emigrants on the other. These measures should be such as would remove Ireland's excess. Dry up the spring—prevent emigration into England and Scotland, particularly the

former—and then both may be relieved from redundant population.

Some estimate that one-third, and others that one million of the people of Ireland have no employment. If the precise number cannot be accurately known, it is abundantly certain that it is exceedingly great, and that it can only be effectually reduced by very gigantic means. These means should not be spread over a long course of time, but they should do their work in a year, or a couple of years. Assuming this excess to be one million, if this million could be removed in one year, it would possibly place the population in a state to provide employment for its increase for a long time to come. But if this million were removed in ten years, at the rate of one hundred thousand yearly, the increase of population would go far towards balancing the number removed; and during the term, and at its end, the excess would be almost as great as ever. The expenditure of ten millions in one year, would be, in our judgment, infinitely more efficacious, than the expenditure of twenty millions in ten years would be, at the rate of two millions yearly. Suppose one of the villages of Kent has ten surplus families; if the ten be sent away at once, the population of this village may afterwards be prevented from becoming excessive. But if only one family be sent away in a year, this will be so far from removing the evil, that it will not prevent it from increasing.

Government ought, we think, to ascertain as accurately as possible, the number of the redundant inhabitants of Ireland. It ought to employ as many of them as practicable, in bringing the bogs and other waste land into culture. If a large number could be settled upon this land in the way we have stated, it would yield incalculable benefit. They would be entirely under the control of Government, and through them the deplorable want of agricultural knowledge which prevails in various parts of Ireland could be supplied: they could be used as instruments of civilization, and as the means of preserving peace and order. The remainder ought to be shipped off to the Colonies. All this ought to be done in the shortest time possible. Ten or twenty millions expended in this manner in one year or two years, would,

we think, go far towards freeing Ireland entirely from excess of population. Every man whose heart is of the right kind will admit, when he looks at the resources of this empire, that if twenty millions—nay fifty millions—would remove the barbarism, penury, and wretchedness of the people of Ireland, they ought to be expended, even though the sum should be a dead loss to the State. But an expenditure which should have this effect, would in a very few years throw its amount into the Treasury in the shape of taxes.

It however seems from the evidence of Mr Wilmot Horton, that Government expects the removal of two hundred thousand souls from Ireland will free it from excess of population. If nothing be done beyond this, we are pretty sure that the evil will be very little diminished; it will not do much more than take away twelve or eighteen months' increase of population. If 250,000 souls, including the wives and children of the labourers, were employed in preparing the waste land as we have stated, and if 250,000 more were sent to the Colonies, this might raise wages generally, and promote consumption so much, as to call into employment from three to five hundred thousand more in trade and manufactures. Measures that would do this would, we think, be barely proportioned in magnitude to their leading object.

A great deal has been said about the introduction of British capital into Ireland, to establish or multiply manufactures. Now, if a few millions of such capital were sent there to be employed in the manufacture of woollens, cottons, linens, &c., where would the manufacturers find a market? Could they find one abroad? No. Could they create one at home? No. Is it the want of capital that prevents the manufactures of Ireland from extending themselves? No; it is the want of buyers. Raise wages throughout Ireland to the proper standard—place the whole agricultural body in competence—give the Irish people the means of consuming manufactures—and then, but not before, manufactures will flourish—then, but not before, British capital will be able to find profitable employment in Ireland, and will flow into it. This would provide both a home market and a foreign one; and the introduction of capital without either would only produce mischief.

If new cotton and woollen manufactures were established in those agricultural counties of England in which population is excessive, what would be the consequence? They would add most perniciously to the existing glut of manufactures: they would render still more wretched the condition of our manufacturing population, and they would throw more labour out of employment on one hand than they could employ on the other. Manufactories in Ireland, as in England, are already more numerous than they ought to be.

When emigration from Ireland to England and Scotland should be thus terminated, the surplus inhabitants of the two latter might, we think, be nearly all employed in preparing the waste land. An emigration, however, at the first might be made from both, if deemed necessary.

A good deal has been said in favour of employing the idle part of the population in trenching. Trenching would be highly beneficial to some lands, and to others it would be worse than useless. In cases where it would be advantageous, and where the tenant should be prevented by poverty from resorting to it, an Agricultural Board might advance the money, to be repaid afterwards by small annual instalments.

In very many cases the present occupier of poor land would gladly buy manure, but cannot, from the want of money. If the Board would buy manure for him, he would fetch it with his own team, and the cost in this way would often not exceed four or five pounds per acre. If the Board should manure twenty acres for him, at the cost of five pounds per acre, the whole cost would be one hundred pounds; and the two first crops would commonly return him a great part of the money. He might pay off the debt at the rate of ten or fifteen pounds per annum with interest. His landlord might join him in giving security for the debt.

In many cases only the good land of a farm is properly enclosed; the farm contains a large portion of light land likewise, which is merely surrounded by a ring-fence, or which, at the best, is cut into very large fields. If this light land were properly enclosed, the tenant, at his own cost, would bring it into regular culture; but from the want of this, he crops it

very little, and makes no endeavour to improve it. Want of money prevents the landlord from forming the necessary fences. In such cases the Board might advance the money, and it could easily make arrangements with the landlord for repayment.

The difficulty of providing employment of any kind for the able-bodied paupers of towns, is at present a gigantic evil, for which the manuring of our light soils would provide an excellent remedy. The collecting of bones, dung, &c. by house-row, is work which could be performed by people of any calling, and of almost any age; and the paupers might be paid by weight, or quantity, of what they should collect, to compel them to be industrious. The digging and leading of soil to temper the richer dung with, would employ much labour. At some large places which are a considerable distance from the land needing their manure, the Board might provide teams, and employ the paupers to convey the manure eight or ten miles into the country, for the convenience of country buyers. If the cook of every family, from the labourer's wife upwards, could make three-pence or sixpence weekly, by selling by weight her bones, waste parts of meat, fat, &c., she would carefully preserve the whole; and many town paupers would prefer the collecting of such things, at a certain sum per hundred weight, to the receiving of a pittance from the parish for doing nothing.

A general Inclosure Act might be highly beneficial.

Once more we say, we recommend nothing that would raise the prices of corn above those which Ministers in their new plan call remunerating ones. If our waste and light lands were prepared as we have said, they could for ever afterwards be profitably cultivated at such prices. There is this very great difference between such lands, and the good lands of the Colonies—The latter yield good crops when first taken out, but for a number of years afterwards, they rapidly fall off in fertility, and nothing can prevent it. The case is the same at home with old grass land of good quality. But, in general, our light lands keep regularly rising in fertility from the first, with proper management. In the Colonies, bad markets and prices will

not enable the land to keep upon it the live stock and labour essential for preserving its fertility from diminution: but, in this country, markets and prices enable the light land to keep upon it live stock, and labour sufficiently to keep adding to its fertility. We, of course, speak on the assumption, that prices will continue to be what Ministers call remunerating ones. What we recommend, would form the best security that could be devised for preventing prices from being perniciously high in years of scarcity.

The great object that Ministers have in view, is the extension of trade and manufactures. We are quite as anxious to promote this object as they are; but we are very sure, that it is as possible for them to perch themselves upon the sun, and reverse the whole planetary system, as to extend trade and manufactures by the contracting and impoverishing of agriculture. You may, without raising prices above remunerating ones, add half a million or a million to your agricultural inhabitants—you may by this add as much to your trade and manufactures, as would be added to them by from five to ten millions of new foreign customers—and you have no other means of extending your trade and manufactures. Foreign markets are narrowing themselves to you; and, do what you will, they will in the aggregate continue to do so. If the depriving of a considerable portion of your ten or twelve millions of agricultural inhabitants wholly of income, and the plunging of the remainder into penury and distress, would extend your trade and manufactures, we would protest against it, as the foulest crime that human depravity could commit—we would say, that the lightnings of heaven could not slumber over the perpetrators of such a crime, amidst the sufferings of these millions; but madness—idiotcy—must know, that this could have no other effect on trade and manufactures, than to involve them in ruin.

If it be said that we recommend a very large expenditure, our reply is, that we merely wish for an expenditure that will accomplish its objects. An expenditure that would merely prevent the evil from increasing would accomplish comparatively nothing; we wish for one that would remove the

evil. A very large expenditure made in two or three years, would accomplish far more than one of twice or three times its amount made in ten or fifteen years. If twenty millions were annually expended for five years, this would be no more than was occasionally expended during the war: this money would provide for its own repayment; that expended in war was lost.

If, however, nothing will be consented to but Emigration, in Heaven's name! let it proceed, and let the starving part of our population be sent away as soon as possible. To some parts of the Emigration plan we have strong objections, and we may perhaps return to the subject. We dislike the idea of sending away parish children, or children of any kind, without their parents. It is a savage and abominable one. Where is the security to be found that these children will be treated with proper humanity by their colonial masters? We observe with indignation and shame that the Report notices, with great complacency, a proposition made by Sir R. Wilson, on the part of some Colombian Association, to send emigrants to Colombia. The inhabitants of this climate are to be sent to toil in a country which produces, among other things, sugar and cotton—a country of demi-barbarians detesting the very name of foreigners—a country in which, if Protestants, they would not be allowed a minister, a place of worship, or any of the outward observances of their religion! Why not send them at once to the East or West Indies? The idea of sending the inhabitants of Britain and Ireland to a land like this, and to tyranny like this, was worthy of the Knight of Southwark; but that it was not indignantly spurned out of Parlia-

ment, is a matter of national degradation.

We have spoken on the assumption that agricultural produce will continue at those prices which Ministers call remunerating ones. We must now say, that we are firmly convinced that the new corn law will be so far from yielding such prices, that it will soon plunge agriculture into ruin.

Ministers say, that our farmers cannot grow wheat for less than 60s. per quarter; of course, when the price is lower, the farmers will keep their wheat from market to the utmost in their power. No sooner shall the price rise to 60s.—to what they ought to receive, and what will induce them to sell freely—than foreign wheat, from most parts of the world, will be able to enter the market at a profit. Yet, forsooth, this foreign wheat will have no other effect than to keep prices from rising! There will soon be nearly a million of quarters of foreign wheat in bond in this country. As soon as the average price shall rise to 60s.—and the holders can so raise it at pleasure—the whole of this wheat will be cleared in a single week, if there be a probability that prices will recede. This wheat, when thus cleared, will be upon the market exactly the same as English wheat; and can any man in his senses believe, that such a quantity, aided as it will be in a few months by the almost total suppression of the small notes of country banks, will not bring wheat down to 40s. by Christmas, if the next crop be an average one?

It would be very odd, if the parents of such a law did not scoff at “the wisdom of our ancestors.”

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

————— A land of peace,
 Where yellow fields unspoil'd, and pastures green,
 Mottled with herds and flocks, who crop secure
 Their native herbage, nor have ever known
 A stranger's stall, smile gladly.
 See through its tufted alleys to Heaven's roof
 The curling smoke of quiet dwellings rise.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE stately Homes of England,
 How beautiful they stand !
 Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
 O'er all the pleasant land !
 The deer across their green-sward bound,
 Through shade and sunny gleam ;
 And the swan glides past them with the sound
 Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry Homes of England !
 Around their hearths by night
 What glad some looks of household love
 Meet in the ruddy light !
 There woman's voice flows forth in song,
 Or childhood's tale is told ;
 Or lips move tunefully along
 Some glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England !
 How softly on their bowers
 Is laid the holy quietness
 That breathes from Sabbath-hours !
 Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
 Floats through their woods at morn ;
 All other sounds, in that still time,
 Of breeze and leaf are born.

The Cottage-Homes of England !
 By thousands, on her plains,
 They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
 And round the hamlet-fanes.
 Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
 Each from its nook of leaves,
 And fearless there they lowly sleep,
 As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England !
 Long, long, in-hut and hall,
 May hearts of native proof be rear'd,
 To guard each hallow'd wall !
 And green for ever be the groves,
 And bright the flowery sod,
 Where first the child's glad spirit loves
 Its Country and its God !

F. H.

STEAM NAVIGATION.

SIR,

In a masterly article which appeared in one of your late Numbers, under the head of *Shipping Interest*, you have animadverted with just severity on the commercial policy of the present Administration, as it affects, or is certain to affect, the naval resources of the country; and, while you notice the progress in scientific knowledge which the nation has, within these few years, made, you, at the same time, expose the pernicious consequences which must inevitably result from heedless and inconsiderate innovation. In short, you are the declared antagonist of the modern School of Liberalism, as it is called; and, in matters touching the great interests of the country, you regard facts as preferable to theories, and hold that the lights of experience are a safer and surer guide than the conceits and paradoxes at present honoured with the name of Philosophy.

But though you are the enemy of experimental Innovation, you are also the friend of real Improvement; and however much you may condemn some or all of the changes that have recently taken place, your uniform practice has been to recommend whatever can be established by sound reason and argument to be conducive to the safety and prosperity of the country. It is upon this principle that we offer you the following observations and statements respecting STEAM NAVIGATION, and the changes to which it must, sooner or later, lead in the system of naval warfare. Notwithstanding the prejudices of early education, and the pride natural to every Englishman on considering what the valour of our seamen, under the present system, has achieved, we have been irresistibly led to believe, that the superiority of the British navy, in *actual conflict*, is not to be maintained by the means hitherto so efficaciously employed; and as the subject is one of the deepest importance to the security and welfare of the nation, we feel a corresponding anxiety to lay the grounds of our conviction before the public.

It is not our intention to animadvert upon, or throw out any reflections against the naval experiments which are now so zealously pursued. On the con-

trary, it has afforded us the most unqualified satisfaction, to see those who are at the head of our naval administration exerting themselves in so laudable a pursuit as the improvement of the Royal Navy, which has been justly called the bulwark of the Empire; but as officers, who have, during the whole of the late war, faithfully served our King and country—we feel ourselves called upon, respectfully, but firmly, to state our opinions on a subject which we believe to be of vital importance, and essentially necessary to the safety of the nation. It may be proper then, first, to mention, that the writers of this letter have, from a sense of duty, made it their business both to study the principles and nature of the Steam Engine, and to make *many* voyages in steam vessels, for the express purpose of obtaining *information*; and therefore their opinions are not formed on hearsay or hypothesis, but on the sound basis of practical and theoretical knowledge. We have been on board of them in storms, and in all situations; and have positively ascertained what their qualities are of every description; and although like others, who have looked forward to see their flags displayed at the mast-head of a first-rate, we had regarded steam vessels as something beneath the character of the British Navy, we *now* find it our duty to discard these selfish prejudices, and declare what we have by experience found to be the *truth*.

We believe no person conversant with naval tactics will dispute, that the steam vessel has in velocity a decided advantage over sailing vessels, under every circumstance; it must therefore be admitted that she can obtain without difficulty any *relative* position; and also that she can maintain it in spite of her sailing opponent. The steam vessel, depending on only one element, and being moved by machinery, is not impeded in her velocity by any additional weight, added to strengthen her construction, or to render her proof against shot at a particular distance; while shot thrown from her at this distance would be effectual against a sailing vessel, which cannot be so protected without injury to her sailing qualities. We have ascertained that steam vessels can be made proof against

shot; and that even the paddles can be fully protected; therefore, the objection, that "a shot in the boiler," or in any other part of the machinery, would disable them, is completely done away, and they are thus rendered secure from damage, whatever may be the force of their opponents. The sailing vessel is much more dependent on trim and symmetry of construction, than the steam vessel, in which, acting by momentum, when once put in motion, the *vis inertiae* is increased by her solidity. The advantages are so perfectly evident and undeniable, that it might be fairly asked, Why do not all naval officers agree at once on this important subject? But it is not difficult to understand the reason. Officers who are high in rank do not like to look forward to this apparently uncomfortable mode of warfare; and they show a reluctance to study a new system of naval tactics. They cannot easily or willingly abandon the near prospect they have of proudly displaying their flags at the mast-head of a first-rate ship of war, one of the most beautiful and splendid objects in the world, and when compared, even in imagination, with the smoky steamer—alas! what a galling humiliation! Can we expect those who have been so long prejudiced in favour of a system which has led the nation to the pinnacle of glory, and who have no opportunity, or even *desire*, of inquiring into the true state of the case, should at once abandon what has been dearest to their hearts for 40 years? But it is *too true*—no longer can the British First-rate Man-of-War be considered the Monarch of the Ocean, or the gallant Admiral and Commander-in-Chief of the British Fleet, pace the quarter-deck of such a ship, even in security from the attack of a little steam ship with only *One Gun*! For if the steam-vessel is made effectually proof against the battery of her opponent at the distance of 600 yards, and can maintain that distance, which are facts now beyond a doubt, it matters little whether the sailing ship has one gun or one hundred, since they cannot produce any serious consequences to the assailants; who, on the contrary, fire in security, red-hot shot, and missiles of all descriptions, every one of which must tell on their opponents, and eventually sink, or oblige the ship, which may verily

be called defenceless, to strike her colours!

Much has been said respecting the comparative safety of steam vessels in stormy weather; but it is only by those who have had no experience, that they have been deemed unsafe. Those who have had practice, and also every unprejudiced seaman, must admit that the superiority in this respect, too, is most decidedly in their favour. Steam vessels have at all times precisely the masts and sails, which every seaman would wish to have in a storm; therefore, they may truly be said to be always prepared for one. They cannot upset in a squall, or be sent down stern foremost, by being taken aback. A mistake, neglect, or error in judgment, which might be fatal in a ship, would be, in a steam-vessel, attended with no serious consequences. The paddles, and various projections from their sides, are much in their favour, instead of against them, as generally supposed; for by breaking the wave before it reaches the ship, it is rendered comparatively harmless. It is well known, that if a ship were surrounded with *Chevaux de frise*, she would never ship a sea, because it would always be broken before it reached the body of the ship; for it is only when a heavy *unbroken* billow rolls over the gunwale in an *entire* mass, that there is any danger. The top branches of a common fir-tree will break, and render harmless, the heaviest wave in the Bay of Biscay. If the steam is kept moderately applied during a gale of wind, it must have the salutary effect of keeping the ship's head or bow in the easiest position for resisting the waves, and prevent her *falling off* into the hollow of the sea, which is the situation of greatest danger; therefore, besides making less lee-way, she must be actually more safe. When a steam vessel is near a lee shore at the commencement of a gale, she can ply directly in the wind's eye, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred, get into a position of safety at a distance from the shore, or perhaps into a harbour, when a sailing vessel cannot accomplish either of these objects before she is overtaken by the storm; and the steam vessel will often make way against a gale when *all* other vessels are obliged to *bear up* or *lie to*. We were on board

a steam ship, and made our passage, from Liverpool to the Isle of Man, directly against the memorable storm which did so much damage to the Breakwater at Plymouth, on the 23d November, 1834. It has been advanced by some, that the machinery of the Steam-Engine description is liable to get out of order: but as this arises principally from inexperience in the practical part, either of the construction or the management, it only shows more forcibly the necessity of our naval men becoming better acquainted with the subject; and is another powerful reason why steam navigation should be, in preference, practised and encouraged, that the most advisable and perfect methods, both of construction and use, might be established, taught, and understood, by those who are to have the management of them, in the defence of the nation. We have heard the opinion of several of our brother officers of the Royal Navy, who, like ourselves, have thought it incumbent on them to study the subject, and annually make several voyages, on board steam ships, on purpose to make themselves masters of the operation of the Steam-Engine, and also the tactics peculiar to these vessels; and we find them unanimously of opinion, that Steam Navigation, even in its present state, has a decided superiority. They affirm, that if those officers who, as seamen, have their profession *at their finger ends*, think they have nothing to learn in Steam Navigation, they will find themselves woefully mistaken: The several excellent works written by Admirals Penrose, and Ekina, Captain Griffiths, and others, on Practical Seamanship, which would have been invaluable during the late war, to which they were unfortunately subsequent, are now no longer of any service. The methods of manœuvring a fleet of men-of-war, and a flotilla of gun-boats, are completely at variance; and whenever a false or injudicious evolution is performed in a steam vessel flotilla, immediate advantage can be taken of it: the modes of attack and defence are essentially different; and, in short, nothing can be effectually performed in the management of these vessels, without a thorough knowledge of the

theory and very considerable practice, by those who have the responsibility and the chief direction.*

The Regent, Britannia, Howe, Nelson, and Vincent, each of 120 guns, have been built, at an enormous expense, about the close, and since the conclusion, of the late war, and none of those magnificent ships have ever been at sea. It is a lamentable truth, but it is *indeed too true*, that the best, nay, the only use they can be put to, when the nation is again plunged into war, is to *carry coals* for the steam-vessels, which will then most assuredly form the nation's bulwark, and the protection of our commerce! Alas! instead of inhabiting a *palace* like the spacious and superb accommodations of a first-rate ship of war, our gallant Admirals must condescend to live in one small cabin like that of a sloop-of-war, and the *blast* of the superfluous steam-pipe must supply the place of the band of music! Yes, there is another use they can be put to,—they will make good transports, if *protected* by steam vessels.

There are yet circumstances which require the serious consideration of those at the helm of affairs. The security of England from foreign invasion, was mainly, but naturally, owing to the superiority of her harbours for large ships over those on the opposite coast: indeed, it may be said, that there was no harbour, where a formidable fleet of men-of-war could be assembled between Brest and the Texel, and large sums of money were very properly expended in the improvement of this great national advantage. But *now* things are most completely changed, by the revolution which Steam has occasioned in naval warfare. Harbours fit for any number of steam vessels are to be found everywhere on the French coast; and, therefore, that natural advantage is entirely at an end;—as also the blockade system, and, indeed, every other system which has hitherto been pursued with effect. We, therefore, most respectfully submit, that the attention of our Ministers should be directed to these important circumstances. The fine and spacious harbour of Plymouth-Sound, which has cost nearly two millions, will not henceforth be the place of rendezvous. We shall want our steam

* We understand that the writers of this letter are compiling, and have nearly ready for the press, a complete system of Steam Tactics.—C. N.

vessels on every point which is nearest or most adjacent to that harbour where the enemy has chosen to collect his force, or the place most convenient for offensive operation, as the case may be. Any little harbour is just as good and as convenient for steam ships, as the great harbour of Plymouth-Sound;—both Falmouth and Dartmouth will be much better, as being more advanced into the Channel, but Shoreham will probably be the principal harbour in Great Britain.

Again, as has already been hinted, it has been argued by some, that steam ships will be inefficient, because a shot in the boiler, or in any part of the machinery, would disable them: But it is well known that the boilers can be placed below the water's edge, and the machinery can be made shot-proof, even including the paddles, and that the vessel will not be thereby materially impeded in her sailing, but will still, with ease, be able to beat any sailing ship, and maintain such a distance, as will enable her shot to be effective,—while that of sailing vessels can make no impression,—and eventually either sink them, or oblige them to strike. We may here mention, for the information of those who are very sceptical on this point of the subject, that we have *actually* made experiments which put the question beyond a doubt; but we withhold the detail of them, as well as that of other important experiments, for obvious reasons.

The last, and which the opponents of Steam Navigation consider not the least, objection to its practice, is, that it will be disadvantageous to the safety and to the commercial interest of the nation. But here they are still more at fault; and we shall presently make it manifest, that the nation will not only be made more secure from invasion, but that the commerce of the country will be far more effectually protected; and that on these very grounds, Steam Navigation ought to be particularly cultivated and encouraged. Let us suppose that another “army of England,” such as Buonaparte had collected, was assembled on the opposite coast, and that the enemy's steam vessels were prepared to tow their flotilla across the Channel; it must be kept in mind, that the steam vessels which are made shot-proof will not do to contain a number of

troops, but they must simply be employed to tow transports and defend them. Now, there can be no doubt that an attack from an English flotilla, unencumbered with transports, would have a considerable advantage, admitting that each nation was equal in professional knowledge, in bravery, as well as in numerical force. If we may judge from what has already happened, and if the contest is to be determined sword-in-hand, which on such an occasion would certainly be the case, as we could, in steam vessels, always bring our enemies to close action, we cannot doubt but that British valour would again distinguish itself.

Let us suppose, therefore, that we still maintain our naval superiority, and that a navy of steam ships occupy the place of men-of-war—that our ships of the line are converted into transports, (a service they have lately performed with much eclat,) and that merchant ships are employed in trading as usual. The commerce of the nation will be far better protected than ever—a steam privateer may attack and capture a merchant vessel belonging to a convoy, but it is impossible that she can tow the prize away so fast as the *protecting* steam vessel can sail after both, therefore a recapture must always be the consequence. Besides this, steam vessels can keep merchant ships much more effectually within the limits of the convoy, and with comparatively less trouble, than any other class of vessels. Assistance would be rendered often much better, and more speedily, to merchant ships in distress, or under various circumstances of danger and difficulty; and although it might be necessary to have one or two vessels laden with fuel for the use of the steam vessels, that kind of convoy, on the whole, would not exceed the usual plan in expense; and merchant ships taking convoy might, by act of Parliament, be obliged to carry a certain quantity of fuel for the use of the protecting steam ship.

It is unnecessary here to enter into the history of the Steam Engine, which would swell this article beyond the limits of your publication. Suffice it to say, that notwithstanding the wonderful progress it has made, there is much room for improvement; and it is clear, that the minds of our men of science should be particularly engaged in the consideration of it.

We now come to the relative expense of steam and sailing vessels. When it is considered that our ships of the line have gradually increased in size and expense, and that no limits have as yet been put to their magnitude; when it is considered that each ship, of the largest class, costs above £120,000 before she goes to sea, and that the whole may be lost in a moment; or damaged in action, or by accident, so as to increase that expense; when it is considered that the crew of a first-rate would effectually man *forty steam ships*, it will be manifest that the nation could be defended by *steam* at one half the expense of any other mode, and far more effectually with much fewer seamen; and instead of persisting any longer in trying to improve and to discover the best model of small sailing ships and vessels, it is evident that the system should be totally changed, and the money should be applied, and the scientific talent employed, in ascertaining the best model for steam vessels of all sizes—the maximum of which must soon find its limits; and the officers of all ranks, who are destined to protect our shores and fight our battles, should be offered by Government an opportunity of obtaining a knowledge (which we maintain to be indispensable) of the theory and practice of Steam Navigation. Young officers should be instructed in the new system, instead of wasting their time any longer in the old, and *now* ineffectual system of naval tactics; and these vessels might be most effectually employed in the protection of the revenue and as packets. If you ask, why do we go on building ships of the line, frigates, and sloops? the answer is, the French and Americans are also building them. And if you cross to the other side, or to the United States, and put the same question to them, the answer is, “The English are building ships of the same kind.” We do not say, *At once* suspend your building; but let the experiment be tried—let the facts, one way or other, be at once fairly put to the test and established; let a steam ship be constructed, proof against shot at a particular distance, and let a ship of the line—let the *Victory*, be employed to try what impression she can make, and whether she can manœuvre or approach so as to obtain any advantage over the steam vessel, so placed that

her shot must sink the *Victory* if fired—this would determine, *a priori*, how the matter would stand when it came to good earnest; and if it is found that the steam ship has (which we know to be the case) a decided superiority, let the *old* system be abandoned entirely, whatever may be the conduct of our rival powers. We should find that the navy estimates of the country would be most materially diminished, that timber of large and expensive size would not be wanted; and indeed we would recommend larch, which is found in the forests of his Grace the Duke of Atholl, and other patriotic noblemen, to be the most eligible, as being both more buoyant and more durable, and also more able to bear the *materials* with which it is necessary to cover the *wood* (of any kind) of which the vessels are constructed, in order to render them gun-proof. Another advantage the country would receive, would be, that the timber can be found in our own country, and it would encourage plantation in places which are fit for nothing else.

Let the *rival builders*, whose exertions for the palm of ship-building have, as yet, only led to a supercilious controversy, which has been so severely but justly deprecated in a letter that appeared in the Hampshire Telegraph, under the initials of Captain A. J. Griffiths—let Sir Robert Seppings, Captains Hayes and Symonds, and Professor Inman, be directed to employ their talents in the construction of steam vessels—in determining the best modes of placing, stowing, and protecting the engines with which they are impelled, and the best models for various purposes and circumstances—and then let officers of *every rank* be employed, that they may acquire the peculiar knowledge requisite, both as to their management and capacities, in order that, when called upon to act in defence of their country, they may not, by their consummate ignorance, be dependent on those who are subordinate, for the actual performance of every evolution!

We may, before we proceed farther, advert to our progress in Naval Architecture.—During the late war of 20 years, the philosophical theory of ship-building was in England neither studied nor regarded; an individual, without a mathematical education, entered into one of our dock yards, where he

served his regular apprenticeship to *chip wood* in the building-yard, mast-house, boat-house, &c.; he passed successively through the gradations of journeyman, foreman, quartermaster, and, after some years, master mast-maker, or boat-builder; if his character was good, he became assistant, and lastly, master shipwright, or naval architect, without any knowledge of the subject, but what was necessary to join together pieces of timber in the strongest manner, that is, without a particle of philosophical knowledge, or acquaintance with the mathematical, (the most essential) part of his profession. The *Victory*, of 100 guns, built above 60 years ago, combines all the good qualities which a ship of that class could have, which, besides the beauty of her model, were so well known and appreciated in the navy, that during the 100 days' war, every admiral who had any interest or prospect of a command, applied for that favourite ship, in preference to the *Howe*, *Vincent*, or *Nelson*, new ships, at least one third superior in force or weight of metal. It is notorious, that the *Prince of Wales*, *Boyne*, *Dreadnought*, and *Impregnable*, were successively ordered by the Admiralty to be constructed precisely after the model of the *Victory*; and, it is equally notorious, that all these ships were miserable imitations. In short, not one of them was *the least* like the *Victory*; and what is still more extraordinary, they were as little like each other in appearance, although they had *all* every bad quality, and none of the good properties, which a ship ought to have; they were ugly, bad sailers, worked and steered badly, carried their guns low, and stowed provisions, water, and stores badly. One was four feet broader, another was as much shorter than the *Victory*, and they were in comparison *all Tubs*. They were not thought worth repairing for active service. Whereas, the *Victory* has been several times rebuilt, as the *only method* of preserving her beautiful model. The *Amethyst* and *Penelope* frigates were built together from the same mould, but they were as unlike each other as frigates of the same class could be; the one was several feet longer, and the other broader by several inches, their qualities were totally different while under sail, one having the advantage in light winds, the other when blowing fresh, and they

were no less unlike in regard to stowage, and height of their guns. The *Weazle* brig of 14 guns, commissioned in 1799, was built for a privateer, in a merchant's yard, but purchased by government, and on trial, beat every vessel of her class. Consequently she was ordered into dock, and her model taken; two brigs, the *Hunter*, and *Gannet*, were built after it, but they did not in any one respect resemble the *Weazle*, and were under every circumstance inferior in sailing; proving that in every class our ship-builders failed in their endeavours *even to copy* a good model—and often when employed to repair a ship, the alterations they made were known to spoil her sailing—of which the *San Joseph*, *once* the finest ship in the navy, is an instance.

Every other nation, by employing Mathematicians to construct ships, completely excelled us—even in Denmark and Sweden, where they were constructed by Admiral Chapman, who was a mathematician of great eminence; it is notorious, that although the ships he constructed drew less water, those that we captured completely beat our ships in every point. It was not until the war approached its conclusion, that anything was attempted to remedy this evil. A school was then instituted by the present Admiralty, and young men of talent are now in progress of receiving a proper education; and, as we cannot for a moment doubt the sincerity, and ardent desire of those who are at the head of our naval affairs, to do what is most advisable, and proper, to improve the naval defence of our country, we have less hesitation in expressing our sentiments, where they are at least sure of due consideration. We see that a squadron of experimental ships, to which some of the ablest and most promising young officers have been appointed, is about to sail on an experimental cruise, under the command of that well-tried officer, Admiral Sir Thomas Hardy, and a just and masterly report will certainly be obtained on the subject; but, we would, in addition, recommend that a good steam ship should accompany them, and Sir Thomas, by occasionally hoisting his flag on its funnel, instead of the mizenmast of his frigate, will then be able to determine which sails best, and to report on the respective advantages. *We think*

he will find that his frigates are comparatively only fit to *carry coals*.

We have had the honour of being present at dinners and other entertainments, given to the noble Lord who now so ably fills his place at the head of our naval administration; and we have heard with delight, just praises bestowed on his exertions; while, with that good feeling for which his Lordship is so distinguished, he never failed to give the chief credit to the able support he received from the subordinate boards, to whom it was principally owing that "the navy was never in a more effective state."

We do justice to the noble Lord's intentions, and to the cordiality which appears to exist in this department of government. But we have a still higher respect for his Lordship's own opinions on naval affairs, and we ardently wish he would oftener follow his *own* counsel than that of those around him. We call on his Lordship to take the subject into his *own* serious consideration, and institute experiments, which can do no harm, but which may do much good, to the nation. All the improvements which have as yet been made in the

Steam Navigation, whether they regard the vessel or the machinery, have been effected by patriotic individuals of the mercantile world, whose means are more limited than those of Government; but they are certainly such as should warrant some attention to this important subject.

We cannot conclude without calling the attention of our brother officers, to whom the nation looks in the time of need for security, to this highly interesting and important matter. We see them daily parading the streets of our metropolis, and those of every town and village in the kingdom, apparently idle and unconcerned. But we respectfully submit that, since Steam Navigation has *now* become a *part* of their profession, it has also become their *duty* to study, and to make themselves master of its theory and principles, if not of its practice; and we can assure those who are young and aspiring that the pains they now bestow, will, in the next war, be amply rewarded by wealth, honour, and promotion.

We are, Sir, &c.

***** } Captains, R. N.
***** }

THE BLACK WATCH.

AIR—"The Forty-Second's March."

This is our own, our native shore—

It ne'er shall be the Stranger's!

May Heaven preserve it evermore,

In Discord's hour and Danger's!

These hills have seen our banner spread,

And o'er the dead and dying—

O'er gallant hearts and broadswords red,

Our Unicorn still flying!

We on the thistle pour our love,

In our free soil we strike it;

On plains below, or rocks above,

There blooms no emblem like it.

To every sterling Scottish heart

It tells a kindling story;

It bids us spurn at modish art,

And think of ancient glory.

Old Scotland's spear shall never turn,

When Faith and Honour lead 'em;

At Roslin and at Bannockburn,

Our Fathers drew for freedom;

And that their sons are valiant too,

Let History on her pages

Write Egypt, Spain, and Waterloo,

In blood, to coming ages.

Land of our love—our native land !
 Dear is each stream that dashes
 In whiteness from thy rocky strand,
 Dear ocean's wave that washes ;
 Dear are thy forests, dear thy plains,
 Dear are thy hills of heather ;
 Dear are thy daughters, and their swains,
 Dear art thou altogether !

And beats from Thule to the Tweed
 One heart that dares to alight thee—
 One craven heart that would not bleed
 Rejoicingly to right thee ?
 No ; thou art Freedom's choicest seat,
 Religion's chosen centre ;
 And life in us must cease to beat
 Ere foreign foot shall enter !



VERNAL STANZAS.

Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
 All sadness but despair.—MILTON.

BRIGHT shone the sun, blue was the day,
 The noontide air was very clear ;
 The Highland mountains round our bay,
 And all far things seem'd near :
 I rested on a primrose bank ;
 An April softness bathed the breeze
 As 'twere new life my spirit drank
 From out the budding trees.

The sportive sea-gull voyaged by,
 Turning his white sails to the sun ;
 The little birds sang merrily
 That Spring was now begun :
 The snowdrops all had ta'en farewell,
 But yet some crocus-flowers were bright
 The hyacinth, to nurse its bell,
 Drank in the purple light.

Methought to childhood's bloomy track
 Life's vagrant footsteps were restored ;
 And blessings manifold came back,
 Long lost, and deep deplored :
 The perish'd and the past arose ;—
 I saw the sunny tresses wave,
 And heard the silver tongues of those
 Cold, cold within the grave !

But yet for them no grief awoke,—
 They seem'd a part of Nature still ;
 Smelt the young flowers, gazed from the rock,
 And listen'd to the rill :—
 All was so silent, so serene,
 So sweetly calm, so gently gay,
 Methought even Death no ill had been,
 On that pure vernal day.

THE FINE ARTS.

To the public, whom I hate, (but not you, gentle reader, whom I both love and respect,) I address this letter, or, as Blackwood calls it, Article. How it ought to be begun—how it ought to be arranged, I know not; but the subject is the Fine Arts, as they now exist, or begin to exist, in this cold windy metropolis of advocates and writers. I have said, (most gentlemanlike and intelligent reader,) that I hate the Edinburgh public. I will tell you why: Firstly, they are a slander-loving generation; secondly, they are so wrapt up in the miserable calculation of pounds, shillings, and pence, that, generally speaking, they are dead to every elegant and intellectual pursuit, especially to the Fine Arts. Now, though I do not require any very deep science in these matters, I should at least expect, from the people who have denominated their city the Modern Athens, some alight feeling for the refined and graceful arts of the painter and the sculptor. Yet I positively believe, if it were referred to the wealthy and respectable body of Writers to the Signet, whether they would sit down to a turbot with lobster sauce, or witness, for the first and last time, the Transfiguration of Raphael, they would prefer the former. Or, if it were referred to the maiden ladies and the bankers, who may be said to compose the other half of the people, whether they would listen to a rich and original bit of scandal, or examine a beautiful impression of Rembrandt's Hundred Guilders, or his Burgomaster Six, they too would prefer the former. Young ladies are phrenologists, and rave about bumps and bald heads—whilst young men play at law and study quadrilles. Who, then, is left in Athens to discuss the interesting and neglected subject? Only two individuals, who by their garrulity would supply the national deficiency—one judge and one clothier, and neither of them know anything of the matter.

The next question then is, Are there no artists of merit? Unquestionably there are—men of aspiring minds, of genius, of science, and in-

dustry. But most of these have been obliged to leave a country, where, comparatively speaking, they were neglected and unknown. Among them, Wilkie, whose fame now adds honour to the English nation—who has been personally noticed and rewarded by his king—whose name will live till the latest ages—whilst his native country can only lay claim to the birth of a man, whose talents they could neither reward nor appreciate.

In the branch of historical painting Allan still remains; but, luckily for him, his fame has reached beyond the limits of Edinburgh, and the reward of his labour does not depend on its calculating inhabitants.

But enough of these fruitless complaints. Those who are interested in painting, or who wish to be so, for whom I principally write, will no doubt be anxious to hear of the Exhibition now about to open.* I have made many inquiries concerning it, and have seen several of the principal pictures preparing for it; and may with safety affirm, that it will be greatly superior to any that has preceded it. Every one must have, of course, heard something of the disputes which several of the artists have had with the Directors. I understand they are endeavouring to establish themselves as a separate body of associates, independent of the Institution. What the exact particulars of the dispute are, I never could comprehend, nor do I believe the rebels very well know themselves. But it is said they have been publishing some private letters, and that in consequence of this all the most eminent artists have left them and joined the Institution. Their ranks, therefore, are now sadly thinned; and the Directors have, for the present at least, barred the doors of reconciliation against them. None of their works will appear this year in the Exhibition. Luckily, however, among the artists who disagree with them will be found all those most eminent in their profession, who intend to contribute tenfold to make up for the deficiency.

As I said before, I cannot compre-

* This paper was meant for the last month's Magazine, but was accidentally mislaid.—C. N.

hend the exact nature of the complaints urged by these gentlemen. But at all events they conceive the Directors of the Institution have not treated them with sufficient respect; whether they are justified in this feeling, it is perhaps difficult to decide. But it would be well if the Directors would take the hint, and learn that the art of painting will be best encouraged by ennobling, not by degrading, the profession. I hope they will consider the artists as something more than the mere operatives, who are to execute a monument of national glory—to which the names of the Directors are to give birth, and their patronage to complete. I hope they will recollect, that in the days of Leo the Tenth, when the Fine Arts reached a pinnacle of glory, never before or since equalled, that the painters were not a race of subversive mechanics, but proud and independent men, whose talents were aroused, and whose genius was exalted, only because their profession was honoured. And how strange it is that it should not be so! The profession of the Writer, who charges four shillings and eightpence for a letter, and ten guineas for drinking his client's claret, is no doubt honourable. The profession of the Lawyer, who sits all night toiling among parchments, and wearing out his lungs all day in the fomentation of other people's quarrels, is no doubt honourable. But why should the profession of the Painter be less so? a profession which to excel in, requires the most refined taste, and the most exalted genius—a profession the very exercise of which is a pleasure. I would wish it to be understood that I am far from making any direct charge against the Directors for having attempted to degrade the artists. But enough may be gleaned from what has lately passed, to make us wish that they would pause and consider, whether they have treated them with all the respect to which they are entitled.

With regard to the ensuing Exhibition, I regret to say I have no prospect of being in Edinburgh when it opens. I have, however, endeavoured to make up for it by visiting most of the principal artists, whose works preparing for it I have been able to examine at leisure. My first visit was to my friend Allan, who showed me his superb picture, which he is now finishing for the London Exhibition. It was, I believe, commissioned by the Marquis of

Bute, and is unquestionably Allan's *chef-d'œuvre*. The subject is the Landing of Queen Mary at Leith; one admirably adapted for that rich style of composition in which he particularly excels. In the centre of the picture, the Earl of Murray, afterwards Regent, holds out his hand to receive the Queen, who is stepping on a raft covered with rich carpet, followed by her female attendants and suite. Nothing can exceed the grace and propriety with which the figures are grouped, as they are landing on the raft, and descending from the sides of the royal ship. Immediately behind the Queen are two beautiful females, one of whom carries in her arm a small spaniel, which is exquisitely painted, and introduced with the happiest effect. Behind them a Watteau-like French courtier is gracefully offering his arm to assist some females down the platform leading from the vessel to the raft. Near the Queen, kneeling, are the Regent Morton and Lord Ruthven—the portrait of Morton is faithfully kept. The robust strong figures of these rough soldiers contrast admirably with the delicate and graceful forms of the Queen's French minstrels and female attendants. Behind the Earl of Murray stands Lord Lindsay of the Byres—he rests on his two-handed sword, and looks with a stern and contemptuous look on the passing scene, as if in anticipation he had commenced his brutal persecution of his beautiful, frail, but much-injured Queen, before whom is a small black spaniel, acknowledging the arrival of its mistress with the most extravagant joy—perhaps the only living thing of the hundreds that surrounded her, whose welcome was lasting and sincere. At the foot of the steps leading to the pier, are two or three soldiers, who, with their steel caps, breast-plates, and long halberts, contrast well with a regular Child of the Mist, who with broad-sword and target precedes them up stairs. On the pier above, is the white palfrey on which the Queen rode to Holyrood, held by two beautiful pages, dressed in lilac Spanish doublets, who are eagerly straining forward to catch a glimpse of their Royal Mistress. Close to them stand the Lord Provost and the Bailies, (with all deference to the present highly respectable corporation, I could not help remarking with amusement the happy way in which the painter has conceived

these figures,) though buried in gaudy robes, and hung with chains of gold, the tradesman still peeps through—contrasting richly with the dignified mien and high-born brows of the patrician figures beneath. The rest of the pier is crowded with figures of every age, sex, and nation, all pressing forward to obtain a view of the interesting scene. On the right of the picture there is an amusing group, composed of two pipers, who are blowing lustily, to the great annoyance of a steel-clad Gaul. Beneath, is a boat in shade, filled with foreign seamen. For breadth and sweetness of colouring, this group is inferior to none in the picture. The windows of the old houses in Leith are all thrown open, and filled with people, who are shouting and waving their handkerchiefs. Mary is in a white satin dress—the Earl of Murray in a deep rich transparent brown. This contrast of light and dark, brings out these figures, and makes them the eye of the picture. With regard to Mary herself, Allan, in one of his former pictures, did not come up to the general and popular conception of Mary's beauty. But in this picture he has made her as eminently lovely, as the most fastidious taste could require. Her white satin dress is slashed with pale yellow, which takes away that chalky effect which has been observed in his picture of her, when rebuked by John Knox. The strongest light rests forcibly on the principal figures; and notwithstanding the immense variety of groups and objects, the light is managed with such admirable skill and effect, as to produce universal harmony and breadth; and herein may be considered, the most important branch of painting, namely, the proper management of the masses of light and shade, so as to produce breadth, effect, and also harmony. Almost all the painters of the day are ignorant of these rules. They paint trees, houses, ponds, and palings, indiscriminately as they are seen, with sun on one side, and shade on the other. But as to any idea of arranging their masses of light and shadow, before they represent the objects in the picture, it is a thing, generally speaking, as far beyond their imagination, as their practice. I heard, the other day, a good anecdote illustrative of this. Mr —, an artist of high respectability and long stand-

ing, whose detail is good, but whose knowledge of the higher branches of art is not very extensive, visited London last year; when he returned he met one of his brother artists, to whom he commenced his travelling history.—“I visited,” he said, “several of the London artists; they were all raving about a thing called breadth—they maintained a good picture could not be produced without it. For my part, I inquired for it at all the colour shops, but could not get it in the whole town.” With regard to Allan's picture, the most fastidious amateur can find no fault with it in this respect; and when I say so, I consider I am giving it the highest praise that a picture can well receive. Comparisons are odious, therefore I shall make none. But I believe this historical picture to be inferior to none of the kind, either in richness of colouring, composition, incident, or effect, that has as yet been painted by any living British artist. The picture has taken him a year to paint, and I understand has cost him an immense sum of money. Those who are unacquainted with the details of historical painting will, no doubt, be surprised to learn, that to bring a picture of this size to its present state, cannot cost much less than from two to three, and sometimes four hundred pounds. Compositions from Scriptural History are not so expensive, as the dresses, generally speaking, are merely hanging draperies; thus the same robes differently arranged suit different figures. Not so in subjects painted from National History, where the strictest attention must be paid to the various costumes of the time—these must be procured at whatever expense—and many of them must be made for the purpose; the peculiar arms, and different armour of the time, must also be obtained. There is also the constant expense of hiring men and women to sit for the attitudes, and many other things too numerous to detail. The historical painter must be most particular in copying every trifling part of his picture faithfully, from nature. In this no man can be more so than Allan. For the ship which brought the Queen from France, he made a beautiful and laboured model, which he afterwards gilded. I recollect his once painting a subject called the Broken Fiddle, and a very brilliant

picture it was. The story, or rather incident, was this:—An old sailor, who, as Hood says, had laid aside his arms, because a cannon ball took off his legs—had taken to play a fiddle in the streets, and beg for charity. Some wicked boys had much pleasure in teasing honest Jack, who took it very ill. One boy, in a green jacket, was particularly troublesome; and Jack, roused to the utmost pitch of anger, had vowed vengeance against him. Unfortunately another boy, who also wore a green jacket, but was perfectly well behaved and inoffensive, happened to pass within reach of the infuriated sailor, who, mistaking him for his tormentor, struck him on the head with his fiddle, and in doing so, broke it to pieces. The moment chosen by the artist, is immediately after the breaking of the fiddle. The unfortunate honest tar is regarding with horror the fatal consequences of his anger. His wife, a lovely female, who stands behind, studded all over with children, seems filled with the liveliest grief at the irreparable loss of the fiddle, the sole means of their scanty subsistence. Behind them is skulking the little wag, who was the cause of the disaster. In the foreground sits the good boy in green, the unhappy victim of sins not his own. His head bleeds, and he roars lustily. He is supported by a worthy old dame, with one arm beneath his waist, the other extended in a menacing attitude towards the sailor, whom she seems reproaching violently for his conduct. I recollect Allan at the time telling me, that when Sir Walter Scott saw this picture he was struck with the faithful representation of nature in the good dame; and putting himself in her attitude, and shaking his fist at poor Jack, he exclaimed in broad Scotch, “How dare ye, ye scoondrel, strike an honest man’s bairn that gate?” I recollect Allan was much delighted with the quick way that Sir Walter at once entered into all his feelings, and at the very happy manner in which he expressed them. It has interested me so much to bring back to my memory the particulars of this beautiful picture, that I had almost forgot my object, which was to show the necessity of painting every minute trifle

faithfully from nature; Allan, to paint correctly this fiddle, which the sailor had broke to pieces over the boy’s head, actually purchased a fiddle, which he broke over the head of his lay figure,* leaving the pieces as they fell, and not allowing his servant to sweep the room, till he had finished painting the broken instrument and its fragments.

I recollect another instance of the advantage of painting from nature. That accomplished artist, Mr Watson Gordon—of whom I have a great deal to say on a future occasion—had painted a picture of a shipwrecked sailor, who was thrown on a rock, and thus saved from what the papers would call a watery grave. The boy clung well to the rock; but what I was particularly struck with, was the way that the shirt was represented, quite wet, and sticking to the skin. Upon inquiry, I found that he had got a near relation of his to cling to a number of packing-boxes, which were his rocks; and when he painted the wet shirt, he had a watering-pot, with which he watered his relative’s shoulders when they got dry. I hope my much-respected friend, Mr Watson Gordon, will not be displeased with me for relating this anecdote; if so, I have no apology, except that it is too good to be lost.

The opinion of one more great man, as to the necessity of a strict adherence to nature, and I have done. I mean no less a person than the Ottoman Emperor Mahomet II, who having seen some of the pictures of Gentile Bellini, (brother to Giovanni, the Master of Titian and Georgioni,) invited him to Constantinople, where he arrived, and was treated by the Emperor with the highest respect, and rewarded munificently with wealth and chains of gold. Shortly after he had been there, Mahomet was dissatisfied with his picture of the Decollation of St John—maintaining that the bloody throat was not faithfully delineated. He, therefore, for the benefit of the painter, ordered one of his slaves to be sent for, whom he had decapitated on the spot, desiring Bellini to finish his picture from nature, which he did; but he was so terrified at the sight, that he never enjoyed peace of

* For the benefit of the very unlearned, I think it necessary to mention, that a lay figure is a wooden figure of a man as large as life—the neck and limbs of which are movable. On it the artists put the dress which they intend to paint from.

mind, till he got leave to return to Venice—wisely judging, that chains of gold were of little value without a head to hang them round.

Before leaving Mr Allan, I must congratulate him on his having been burnt out of the old town; he is, apparently, so much more comfortably settled where he is. On the right and left, his two principal apartments are decorated in the most classical style, with armour of every description and nation, and chiefly collected in the remote and distant regions of romance, so interesting to the imagination of the poet or the painter—where Allan, like Salvator Rosa of old, passed many of his early years in the enthusiastic pursuit of his profession. Of late years, he has devoted himself to painting subjects from our national history. And many of the scenes and characters which Sir Walter, with his magic pen, has so vividly described to our imagination—Allan, with a kindred spirit, has exhibited to our eyes on canvass, with a truth and feeling, the result not only of a powerful genius, but of the most laborious research and unceasing labour. I trust he will continue to exercise his talents in the same exalted sphere, and that they will meet with that reward to which they are so justly entitled*.

It was my intention on this occasion, to have mentioned particularly the works of John Watson Gordon, Esq.; but I have loitered so long in Allan's painting-room, that I must defer doing so till next month. All I will say of him at present is, that several of his portraits, which are to be exhibited in this Exhibition, would do credit to any collection—totally independent of their merit as likenesses. I would particularly refer to a full-length of—Veitch, Esq. of Elliock, a head-size of Francis Grant, Esq., and a full-length sitting of Miss Margaret Grant, a girl of five years old—also one of Lady Gray. At the same time, I shall have occasion to allude to the works of the late Sir Henry Rae-

burn, and also of Sir Thomas Lawrence. Should I feel myself inclined to continue these papers on the Fine Arts, I shall also review the works of most of the Scotch artists whose talents have obtained, or ought to have obtained, them distinction.

Before concluding, I shall make a very few remarks on the subject of ancient pictures. Those who do not already know it, will be sorry to hear that there will be no Ancient Exhibition this year. The actual reason of it is simply this—Various gentlemen, with a degree of liberality and good-nature that cannot be too highly praised; sent pictures from all parts of Scotland, running the risk of getting them damaged, and with almost the certainty of the frames being injured, more or less; and this entirely for the improvement of the Scotch artists, and for the benefit of the funds of the Institution. Most of these pictures were of the highest class; and many of them, I know, were purchased by acknowledged judges, at enormous sums of money, from every part of the continent. These gentlemen, instead of meeting with the universal gratitude which their handsome conduct entitled them to, found their pictures criticised and condemned with the most unparalleled insolence, arrogance, and ignorance. The natural consequence of which is, many of them have determined never again to contribute. In the enormous city of London, although there are hundreds who appreciate and admire ancient pictures, there are not above five or six individuals who can be termed judges, and who are qualified to criticise, or whose criticism the public would in the least respect; and they are intimately known to all that extensive circle who are accustomed to interest themselves in the Fine Arts. In Edinburgh, there are scarcely six people know any thing at all of the subject—most of these are members of the Institution or artists,—either of whom were of too respectable a class to criticise, much less to insult wantonly, the contributors

* I have taken alarm lest this disclosure of the treasures now in Allan's studio may cause him to be interrupted in his labours by all the sight-hunters, the sphere of whose intellects (luckily for the public) is commonly confined to the pavement of Prince's Street. In justice, therefore, to him and them, I warn them that his servant is a stern woman. But she is nothing to a large mastiff of uncommon ferocity, a cross between the bull-dog and the blood-hound. This animal, with wonderful sagacity, seizes every one by the throat who comes to stare without authority, unless he be very rich, or a judge of painting.

to the Institution. It was therefore expected that there would be no remarks made on the pictures, further than a general notice of some of the most important in the newspapers. But unfortunately,

"A man must serve his time to every trade

Save censure,—critics are all ready made."

And, in Edinburgh, criticisms sprung up like mushrooms; one, in particular, which appeared in the Scotsman, excited in the minds of every one acquainted with or interested in the subject, anger at its insolence, but greater contempt at its total want of truth. In no situation of life, or upon no occasion whatever, do I ever recollect of any set of persons passing judgement upon the property of others, with such an immeasurable extent of arrogance, accompanied at the same time with ignorance so profound.

"With just enough of learning to misquote,"

the authors of it declare every other picture to be either attributed to wrong masters, a copy, or repainted. They kindly inform a proprietor that his picture called Guercino, and one of the most palpable I ever saw, is a fine specimen of Spagnaletto. Another gentleman's Schidone, of which there happened to be an etching by the master, turns out to be a Caravaggio. They discover that a set of seven pictures are the joint production of Jan Miel and Le Nain, two artists whose colouring is as opposite as Rembrandt and Guido. A large Guercino, one of Napoleon's pictures, which for a time hung in the Louvre, and was afterwards restored to the Austrian government, was questioned if the master had ever seen it. The magnificent picture of St Sebastian by Vandyke, the property of Mr Scroop, a most accomplished judge of painting, was declared to be an execrable tame thing, in which no touch of Vandyke could be recognised but in the head of a horse. A picture by Guido, purchased in Italy by the late Gavin Hamilton, the artist, whose judgement was acknowledged to be of the highest class all over the continent, and possessed successively by Mr Geddes and Mr Andrew Wilson, was said to possess neither the grace, drawing, nor colouring of the master to whom it was ascribed.—To expose their malice and absurdity would be endless. But there

is one delicious morsel that must not be left out. After going round the rooms, condemning everything as being bad and of no value, they at last reach a very unimportant little picture, number-so and so. Mark their modesty. "We pronounce!!! this picture to be a good and genuine specimen of the master." Now, the question comes to be, who may this severe and learned brotherhood be? I took pains to ascertain, and was pretty credibly informed that it was the mutual production of a clothier before alluded to, and his friend, a disappointed London picture-dealer. For the former I felt grieved, for at one time I felt a sort of admiration for this literary cutter of broad-cloth. I thought it a fine thing for a man, whose body was confined behind the narrow limits of his counter, to allow his aspiring mind to soar towards the lofty regions of poetry and romance, and, whilst he was selling worsted stockings, to dream of the beauties of Raphael, and the grandeur of Michael Angelo.

But I am sorry to say my respect, for a time at least, is sunk, when I see this man leave his innocent amusements, to lend himself to write a criticism, which, whatever his intentions were, on the part of his companion could have had no object but to insult his superiors. The knowledge of the former is known not to be deep—"Yet still his tongue runs on, the less Of weight it bears, with greater ease; And with its everlasting clack Sets all men's ears upon the rack." The knowledge of the latter is merely that of a merchant, without any true feeling or science in the art; and it is difficult to trace his object but in malice. But as to his animated companion in iniquity, he could have had no object but the little vanity of authorship.

"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;

A book's a book, although there's nothing in't."

But for that slight gratification, I am sure, upon reflection, he is too well-disposed a man not to regret the injury he has done to the advancement of art, by striving, as far as in him lay, to offend the contributors of pictures, and thus put a stop to Ancient Exhibitions. In the minds of those who understood the subject, the effect produced by that mighty effort of his

fluent pen savoured only of the burlesque. But unfortunately the unlearned, who are the many, believe all they read upon a subject with which they are unacquainted; and worldly vanity is such, that we require the ignorant at least to revere the treasures which they cannot appreciate.

In Edinburgh, this winter, there have been several collections of pictures exhibited for sale—most of them execrable. In a collection, however, in St Andrew's Square, belonging to Mr Hickman, there is a fine Rubens and a Titian; also several other pictures of merit. In the Calton Convening-room there is a very fine collection of Italian pictures, advertised for sale as the property of a private gentleman. I think he has not done wisely in exhibiting such pictures in Edinburgh, as they would have met with a much better market in London. Besides these, in every part of the town your eye is arrested by placards, advertising sales and exhibi-

tions of pictures. One I remarked, which professed to have the united collections of an ex-king, a German baron, and a Dutch burgomaster; among them it was asserted were several fine specimens of Corregio!!! These same Corregios sold for various sums, from three to ten pounds, wherein the purchaser had the worst of it. I believe, at this moment, there are more bad pictures in Athens, for its size, than in any other town in the known world. I shall conclude by relating an anecdote of that good friend to the fine arts, and honour to his native city, Lord E—n.

Dining one day in a company where ancient pictures were the subject of discussion, he said, "If onybody wants to buy picters, they should gang to Tours."—"Tours, my lord! why go there to buy pictures?"—"Because Sir John Dalrumples has bocht up a' the bad anes."—I wish Sir John would feel equally charitably disposed towards Edinburgh.

AN AMATEUR.

ODE TO THE MOON.

Mother of light! how fairly dost thou go
Over those hoary crests, divinely led!
Art thou that Huntress of the Silver Bow
Fabled of old? Or rather dost thou tread
Those cloudy summits thence to gaze below,
Like the wild Chamois on her Alpine snow,
Where hunter never climbed—secure from dread?
A thousand ancient fancies I have read
Of that fair presence, and a thousand wrought
Wondrous and bright,
Upon the silver light,
Tracing fresh figures with the artist thought.

What art thou like? sometimes I see thee ride
A far-bound galley on its perilous way;
Whilst breezy waves toss up their silvery spray;
Sometimes behold thee glide
Cluster'd by all thy family of stars,
Like a lone widow through the welkin wide,
Whose pallid cheek the midnight sorrow mars;
Sometimes I watch thee on from steep to steep,
Timidly lighted by thy vestal torch,
Till in some Latmian cave I see thee creep,
To catch the young Endymion asleep,
Leaving thy splendour at the jagged porch.

O thou art beautiful, howe'er it be!
Huntress or Dian, or whatever named—
And *he*, the veriest Pagan, who first framed
A silver idol, and ne'er worshipp'd thee!
It is too late, on thou should'st have my knee—

Too late now for the old Ephesian vows,
 And not divine the crescent on thy brows;
 Yet, call thee nothing but the mere mild Moon
 Behind those chee-nut boughs,
 Casting their dappled shadows at my feet,
 I will be grateful for that simple boon,
 In many a thoughtful verse and anthem sweet,
 And bless thy dainty face whene'er we meet.

In nights far gone—ay, far away and dead,
 Before Care fretted with a lidless eye,
 I was thy wooer on my little bed,
 And watch'd thy silver advent in the sky;
 Letting the downy hours of rest go by,
 To see thee flood the heavens with milky light,
 And feed thy snowy swans before I slept;
 For thou wert then purveyor of my dreams—
 Thou wert the Fairies' armourer, that kept
 Their burnish'd helms, and crowns, and corselets bright,—
 Their spears and glittering mails;—
 And ever thou didst spill in wand'ring streams,
 Sparkles and midnight gleams,
 For fishes to new gloss their argent scales.

Why sighs? why creeping tears? why clasped hands?
 Is it to count the boy's expended dow'r?
 That Fairies since have broke their gifted wands,
 That young Delight, like any o'erblown flower,
 Gave, one by one, its sweet leaves to the ground?
 Why then, fair Moon, for all thou mark'st no hour,
 Thou art a sadder dial to old Time
 Than ever I have found
 On sunny garden-plot, or moss-grown tow'r,
 Mottoed with stern and melancholy rhyme!

Why should I grieve for this? Oh, I must yearn,
 Whilst Time, conspirator with Memory,
 Keeps his cold ashes in an antique urn,
 Richly emboss'd with childish revelry,—
 With leaves, and cluster'd fruits, and flowers eterne,
 Eternal to the world, though not to me.—
 Ay, there will those young sports and blossoms be,
 The deathless wreath, and undecay'd festoon,
 When I am heard within,
 Less than yon pallid primrose to the moon,
 Whom now she watches through her vapours thin.

So let it be: Before I lived to sigh,
 Thou wert in Avon, and a thousand rills—
 Beautiful Orb! and so whene'er I lie
 Trodden, thou wilt be gazing from thy hills—
 Blest be thy loving light where'er it spills,
 And blessed thy fair face, O Mother mild;
 Still put a soul in rivers as they run;
 Still lend thy lovely lamp to lovers fond,
 And blend their plighted shadows into one;
 Still smile at even on the bedded child,
 And close his eye-lids with thy silver wand!

T. H.

LONDON, 1st March, 1827.

LE REVENANT.

"These are but two classes of persons in the world—those who are hanged, and those who are not hanged; and it has been my lot to belong to the former."

THERE are few men, perhaps, who have not a hundred times in the course of life, felt a curiosity to know what their sensations would be if they were compelled to lay life down. The very impossibility, in all ordinary cases, of obtaining any approach to this knowledge, is an incessant spur pressing on the fancy in its endeavours to arrive at it. Thus poets and painters have ever made the estate of a man condemned to die, one of their favourite themes of comment or description. Footboys and 'prentices hang themselves almost every other day, conclusively—missing their arrangement for slipping the knot half way—out of a seeming instinct to try the secrets of that fate, which—less in jest than earnest—they feel an inward monition may become their own. And thousands of men, in early life, are uneasy until they have mounted a breach, or fought a duel, merely because they wish to know, experimentally, that their nerves are capable of carrying them through that peculiar ordeal. Now I am in a situation to speak, from experience, upon that very interesting question—the sensations attendant upon a passage from life to death. I have been HANGED, and am ALIVE—perhaps there are not three other men, at this moment, in Europe, who can make the same declaration. Before this statement meets the public eye, I shall have quitted England for ever; therefore I have no advantage to gain from its publication. And, for the vanity of knowing, when I shall be a sojourner in a far country, that my name—for good or ill—is talked about in this,—such fame would scarcely do even my pride much good, when I dare not lay claim to its identity. But the cause which excites me to write is this—My greatest pleasure, through life, has been the perusal of any extraordinary narratives of fact. An account of a shipwreck in which hundreds have perished; of a plague which has depopulated towns or cities; anecdotes and inquiries connected with the regulation of prisons, hospitals, or fanatic receptacles; nay,

the very police reports of a common newspaper—as relative to matters of reality; have always excited a degree of interest in my mind which cannot be produced by the best invented tale of fiction. Because I believe, therefore, that, to persons of a temper like my own, the reading that which I have to relate will afford very high gratification;—and because I knew also, that what I describe can do mischief to no one, while it may prevent the symptoms and details of a very rare consummation from being lost;—for these reasons I am desirous, as far as a very limited education will permit me, to write a plain history of the strange fortunes and miseries to which, during the last twelve months, I have been subjected.

I have stated already, that I have been hanged and am alive. I can gain nothing now by misrepresentation—I was GUILTY of the act for which I suffered. There are individuals of respectability whom my conduct already has disgraced, and I will not revive their shame and grief by publishing my name. But it stands in the list of capital convictions in the Old Bailey Calendar for the Winter Sessions 1826; and this reference, coupled with a few of the facts which follow, will be sufficient to guide any persons who are doubtful, to the proof that my statement is a true one. In the year 1824, I was a clerk in a Russia broker's house, and sagged between Broad Street Buildings and Batson's Coffeehouse, and the London Docks, from nine in the morning to six in the evening, for a salary of fifty pounds a-year. I did this—not contentedly—but I endured it; living sparingly in a little lodging at Islington for two years; till I fell in love with a poor, but very beautiful girl, who was honest where it was very hard to be honest; and worked twelve hours a-day at sewing and millinery, in a mercer's shop in Cheapside, for half a guinea a-week. To make short of a long tale—this girl did not know how poor I was; and, in about six months, I committed seven or eight forgeries, to the amount of near two

hundred pounds. I was seized one morning—I expected it for weeks,—as regularly as I awoke—every morning; and carried, after a very few questions, for examination before the Lord Mayor. At the Mansion-House I had nothing to plead. Fortunately, my motions had not been watched; and so no one but myself was implicated in the charge—as no one else was really guilty. A sort of instinct to try the last hope made me listen to the magistrate's caution, and remain silent; or else, for any chance of escape I had, I might as well have confessed the whole truth at once. The examination lasted about half an hour; when I was fully committed for trial, and sent away to Newgate.

The shock of my first arrest was very slight indeed; indeed I almost question if it was not a relief, rather than a shock, to me. For months, I had known perfectly that my eventual discovery was certain. I tried to shake the thought of this off; but it was of no use—I dreamed of it even in my sleep; and I never entered our counting-house of a morning, or saw my master take up the cash-book in the course of the day, that my heart was not up in my mouth, and my hand shook so that I could not hold the pen—for twenty minutes afterwards, I was sure to do nothing but blunder. Until, at last, when I saw our chief clerk walk into the room, on New Year's morning, with a police officer, I was as ready for what followed, as if I had had six hours' conversation about it. I do not believe I showed—for I am sure I did not feel it—either surprise or alarm. My "fortune," however, as the officer called it, was soon told. I was apprehended on the 1st of January; and the Sessions being then just begun, my time came rapidly round. On the 4th of the same month, the London Grand Jury found three Bills against me for forgery; and, on the evening of the 5th, the Judge exhorted me to "prepare for death;" for "there was no hope, that, in this world, mercy could be extended to me."

The whole business of my trial and sentence, passed over as coolly and formally, as I would have calculated a question of interest, or summed up an underwriting account. I had never, though I lived in London, witnessed the proceedings of a Criminal Court before; and I could hardly believe

the composure, and indifference—and yet civility—for there was no show of anger or ill temper—with which I was treated; together with the apparent perfect insensibility of all the parties round me, while I was rolling on—with a speed which nothing could check, and which increased every moment—to my ruin! I was called suddenly up from the dock, when my turn for trial came, and placed at the bar; and the Judge asked, in a tone which had neither severity about it, nor compassion—nor carelessness, nor anxiety—nor any character or expression whatever that could be distinguished—"If there was any counsel appeared for the prosecution?" A barrister then, who seemed to have some consideration—a middle aged, gentlemanly looking man—stated the case against me—as he said he would do—very "fairly and forbearingly;" but, as soon as he read the facts from his brief, that only—I heard an officer of the gaol, who stood behind me, say—"put the rope about my neck." My master then was called to give his evidence; which he did very temperately—but it was conclusive: a young gentleman, who was my counsel, asked a few questions in cross-examination, after he had carefully looked over the indictment: but there was nothing to cross-examine upon—I knew that well enough—though I was thankful for the interest he seemed to take in my case. The Judge then told me, I thought more gravely than he had spoken before,— "That it was time for me to speak in my defence, if I had anything to say." I had nothing to say. I thought one moment to drop down upon my knees, and beg for mercy;—but, again—I thought it would only make me look ridiculous; and I only answered—as well as I could—"That I would not trouble the Court with any defence." Upon this, the Judge turned round, with a more serious air still, to the Jury, who stood up all to listen to him as he spoke. And I listened too—or tried to listen attentively—as hard as I could; and yet—with all I could do—I could not keep my thoughts from wandering! For the sight of the Court—all so orderly, and regular, and composed, and formal, and well satisfied—spectators and all—while I was running on with the speed of wheels upon smooth soil downhill, to destruction—seemed as if the whole

trial, were a dream, and not a thing in earnest! The barristers sat round the table, silent, but utterly unconcerned, and two were looking over their briefs, and another was reading a newspaper; and the spectators in the galleries looked on and listened as pleasantly, as though it were a matter not of death going on, but of pastime or amusement; and one very fat man, who seemed to be the clerk of the Court, stopped his writing when the Judge began, but leaned back in his chair with his hands in his breeches' pockets, except once or twice that he took a snuff; and not one living soul seemed to take notice—they did not seem to know the fact—that there was a poor, desperate, helpless, creature—whose days were fast running out—whose hours of life were even with the last grains in the bottom of the sand glass—among them! 'I lost the whole of the Judge's charge—thinking of I know not what—in a sort of dream—unable to steady my mind to anything, and only biting the stalk of a piece of rosemary that lay by me. But I heard the low, distinct whisper of the Foreman of the Jury, as he brought in the verdict—"GUILTY,"—and the last words of the Judge, saying—"that I should be hanged by the neck until I was dead;" and bidding me "prepare myself for the next life, for that my crime was one that admitted of no mercy in this." The gaoler then, who had stood close by me all the while, put his hand quickly upon my shoulder, in an under voice, telling me, to "Come along!" Going down the hall steps, two other officers met me; and, placing me between them, without saying a word, hurried me across the yard in the direction back to the prison. As the door of the court closed behind us, I saw the Judge fold up his papers, and the Jury being sworn in the next case. Two other culprits were brought up out of the dock; and the crier called out for—"The prosecutor and witnesses against James Hawkins, and Joseph Sanderson, for burglary!"

I had no friends, if any in such a case could have been of use to me—no relatives but two; by whom—I could not complain of them—I was at once disowned. On the day after my trial, my master came to me in person, and told me, that "he had recommended

me to mercy, and should try to obtain a mitigation of my sentence." I don't think I seemed very grateful for this assurance—I thought, that if he had wished to spare my life he might have made sure, by not appearing against me. I thanked him; but the colour was in my face—and the worst feelings that ever rose in my heart in all my life were at this visit. I thought he was not a wise man to come into my cell at that time—though he did not come alone.—But the thing went no farther.

There was but one person then in all the world that seemed to belong to me; and that one was Elizabeth Clare! And, when I thought of her, the idea of all that was to happen to myself was forgotten—I covered my face with my hands, and cast myself on the ground; and I wept, for I was in desperation. While I was being examined, and my desk searched for papers at home, before I was carried to the Mansion-house, I had got an opportunity to send one word to her,—"That if she wished me only to try for my life, she should not come, nor send, nor be known in any way in my misfortune." But my scheme was to no purpose. She had gone wild as soon as she had heard the news of my apprehension—never thought of herself, but confessed her acquaintance with me. The result was, she was dismissed from her employment—and it was her only means of livelihood.

She had been every where,—to my master—to the judge that tried me—to the magistrates—to the sheriffs—to the aldermen—she had made her way even to the Secretary of State! My heart did misgive me at the thought of death; but, in despite of myself, I forgot fear when I missed her usual time of coming, and gathered from the people about me how she was employed. I had no thought about the success or failure of her attempt. All my thoughts were,—that she was a young girl, and beautiful—hardly in her senses, and quite unprotected—without money to help, or a friend to advise her—pleading to strangers—humbling herself perhaps to menials, who would think her very despair and helpless condition, a challenge to infamy and insult. Well, it mattered little! The thing was no worse, because I was alive to see and suffer from it. Two days more, and all would be

over; the demons that fed on human wretchedness would have their prey. She would be homeless—penniless—friendless,—she would have been the companion of a forger and a felon; it needed no witchcraft to guess the termination.

We hear curiously, and read every day, of the visits of friends and relatives to wretched criminals condemned to die. Those who read and hear of these things the most curiously, have little impression of the sadness of the reality. It was six days after my first apprehension when Elizabeth Clare came, for the last time, to visit me in prison! In only these short six days her beauty, health, strength—all were gone; years upon years of toil and sickness could not have left a more worn-out wreck. Death—as plainly as ever death spoke—sat in her countenance—she was broken-hearted. When she came, I had not seen her for two days. I could not speak, and there was an officer of the prison with us too: I was the property of the law now; and my mother, if she had lived, could not have blest, or wept for me, without a third person, and that a stranger, being present. I sat down by her on my bedstead, which was the only place to sit on in my cell, and wrapped her shawl close round her, for it was very cold weather, and I was allowed no fire; and we sat so for almost an hour without exchanging a word. She had no good news to bring me; I knew that; all I wanted to hear was about herself. I did hear! She had not a help—nor a hope—nor a prop left, upon the earth! The only creature that sheltered her—the only relative she had—was a married sister, whose husband I knew to be a villain. What would she do—what could she attempt? She “did not know that;” and “it was not long that she should be a trouble to any body.” But “she should go to Lord S— again that evening about me. He had treated her kindly; and she felt certain she should still succeed. It was her fault—she had told every body this—all that had happened: if it had not been for meeting her, I should never have gone into debt, and into extravagance.” I listened—and I could only listen! I would have died—coward as I was—upon the rack, or in the fire, so I could but have left her safe. I did not

ask so much as to leave her happy! Oh then I did think, in bitterness of spirit, if I had but shunned temptation, and staid poor and honest! If I could only have placed her once more in the hard laborious poverty where I had first found her! It was my work, and she never could be there again! How long this vain remorse might have lasted, I cannot tell. My head was light and giddy! I understood the glance of the turnkey, who was watching me—“That Elizabeth must be got away;” but I had not strength even to attempt it. The thing had been arranged for me. The master of the gaol entered. She went—it was then the afternoon; and she was got away, on the pretence that she might make one more effort to save me, with a promise that she should return again at night. The master was an elderly man, who had daughters of his own; and he promised—for he saw I knew how the matter was—to see Elizabeth safe through the crowd of wretches among whom she must pass to quit the prison. She went, and I knew that she was going for ever. As she turned back to speak as the door was closing, I knew that I had seen her for the last time. The door of my cell closed. We were to meet no more on earth. I fell upon my knees—I clasped my hands—my tears burst out afresh—and I called on God to bless her.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when Elizabeth left me; and when she departed, it seemed as if my business in this world was at an end. I could have wished, then and there, to have died upon the spot; I had done my last act, and drank my last draught in life. But, as the twilight drew in, my cell was cold and damp; and the evening was dark and gloomy; and I had no fire, nor any candle, although it was in the month of January, nor much covering to warm me; and by degrees my spirits weakened, and my heart sunk at the desolate wretchedness of everything about me; and gradually—for what I write now shall be the truth—the thoughts of Elizabeth, and what would be her fate, began to give way before a sense of my own situation. This was the first time—I cannot tell the reason why—that my mind had ever fixed itself fully upon the trial that I had, within a few hours, to go through; and, as I reflected on it, a terror

spread over me almost in an instant, as though it were that my sentence was just pronounced, and that I had not known, reply and seriously, that I was to die, before. I had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours. There was food, which a religious gentleman who visited me had sent from his own table, but I could not taste it; and when I looked at it, strange fancies came over me. It was dainty food—not such as was served to the prisoners in the gaol. It was sent to me because I was to die to-morrow! and I thought of the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air, that were pampered for slaughter. I felt that my own sensations were not as they ought to be at this time; and I believe that, for a while, I was insane. A sort of dull humming noise, that I could not get rid of, like the buzzing of bees, sounded in my ears. And though it was dark, sparks of light seemed to dance before my eyes; and I could recollect nothing. I tried to say my prayers, but could only remember a word here and there; and then it seemed to me as if these were blasphemies that I was uttering;—I don't know what they were—I cannot tell what it was I said; and then, on a sudden, I felt as though all this terror was useless, and that I would not stay there to die; and I jumped up, and wrenched at the bars of my cell window with a force that bent them—for I felt as if I had the strength of a lion. And I felt all over the lock of my door; and tried the door itself with my shoulder—though I knew it was plated with iron, and heavier than that of a church; and I groped about the very walls, and into the corners of my dungeon—though I know very well, if I had had my senses, that it was all of solid stone three feet thick; and that, if I could have passed through a crevice smaller than the eye of a needle, I had no chance of escaping. And, in the midst of all this exertion, a faintness came over me as though I had swallowed poison; and I had just power to reel to the bed-place, where I sank down, as I think, in a swoon: but this did not last,—for my head swam round, and the cell seemed to turn with me; and I dreamed—between sleeping and waking—that it was midnight, and that Elizabeth had come back as she had promised, and that they refused

to admit her. And I thought that it snowed heavily, and that the streets were all covered with it as if with a white sheet, and that I saw her dead—lying in the fallen snow—and in the darkness—at the prison gate! When I came to myself, I was struggling and breathless. In a minute or two, I heard St Sepulchre's clock go ten; and I knew it was a dream that I had had; but I could not help fancying that Elizabeth really had come back. And I knocked loudly at the door of my cell; and, when one of the turnkeys came, I begged of him, for mercy's sake, to go down to the gate and see; and moreover, to take a small bundle, containing two shirts—which I pushed to him through the grate—for I had no money; and—if he would have my blessing—to bring me but one small cup of brandy to keep my heart alive; for I felt that I had not the strength of a man, and should never be able to go through my trial like one. The turnkey shook his head at my request, as he went away; and said that he had not the brandy, even if he dared run the risk to give it me. But, in a few minutes, he returned, bringing me a glass of wine, which he said the master of the gaol had sent me, and hoped it would do me good,—however, he would take nothing for it. And the chaplain of the prison, too, came, without my sending; and—for which I shall ever have cause to thank him—went himself down to the outer gates of the gaol, and pledged his honour as a man and a Christian clergyman, that Elizabeth was not there, nor had returned; and moreover, he assured me that it was not likely she would come back, for her friends had been told privately that she could not be admitted: but nevertheless, he should himself be up during the whole night; and if she should come, although she could not be allowed to see me, he would take care that she should have kind treatment and protection; and I had reason afterwards to know that he kept his word. He then exhorted me solemnly “to think no more of cares or troubles in this world, but to bend my thoughts upon that to come, and to try to reconcile my soul to Heaven; trusting that my sins, though they were heavy, under repentance, might have hope of mercy.” When he was

gone, I did find myself, for a little while, more collected; and I sat down again on the bed, and tried seriously to commune with myself, and prepare myself for my fate. I recalled to my mind, that I had but a few hours more at all events to live—that there was no hope on earth of escaping—and that it was at least better that I should die decently and like a man. Then I tried to recollect all the tales that I had ever heard about death by hanging—that it was said to be the sensation of a moment—to give no pain—to cause the extinction of life instantaneously—and so on, to twenty other strange ideas. By degrees, my head began to wander and grow unmanageable again. I put my hands tightly to my throat, as though to try the sensation of strangling. Then I felt my arms, at the places where the cords would be tied. I went through the fastening of the rope—the tying of the hands together: the thing that I felt most averse to, was the having the white cap muffled over my eyes and face. If I could avoid that, the rest was not so very horrible! In the midst of these fancies, a numbness seemed to creep over my senses. The giddiness that I had felt, gave way to a dull stupor, which lessened the pain that my thoughts gave me, though I still went on thinking. The church clock rang midnight: I was sensible of the sound, but it reached me indistinctly—as though coming through many closed doors, or from a far distance. By and by, I saw the objects before my mind less and less clearly—then only partially—then they were gone altogether. I fell asleep.

I slept until the hour of execution. It was seven o'clock on the next morning, when a knocking at the door of my cell awoke me. I heard the sound, as though in my dreams, for some moments before I was fully awake; and my first sensation was only the dislike which a weary man feels at being roused: I was tired, and wished to doze on. In a minute after, the bolts on the outside my dungeon were drawn; a turnkey, carrying a small lamp, and followed by the master of the gaol and the chaplain, entered: I looked up—a shudder like the shock of electricity—like a plunge into a bath of ice—ran through me—one glance was sufficient: Sleep was gone as though I had never slept—

even as I never was to sleep again—I was conscious of my situation! “R——,” said the master to me, in a subdued, but steady tone, “It is time for you to rise.” The chaplain asked me how I had passed the night? and proposed that we should join in prayer. I gathered myself up, and remained seated on the side of the bed-place. My teeth chattered, and my knees knocked together in despite of myself. It was barely daylight yet; and, as the cell door stood open, I could see into the small paved court beyond: the morning was thick and gloomy; and a slow, but settled, rain was coming down. “It is half-past seven o'clock, R——!” said the master. I just mustered an entreaty to be left alone till the last moment. I had thirty minutes to live.

I tried to make another observation when the master was leaving the cell; but, this time, I could not get the words out: my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth, and my speech seemed gone: I made two desperate efforts; but it would not do—I could not utter. When they left me, I never stirred from my place on the bed. I was benumbed with the cold, probably from the sleep and the unaccustomed exposure; and I sat crouched together, as it were, to keep myself warmer, with my arms folded across my breast, and my head hanging down, shivering; and my body felt as if it were such a weight to me that I was unable to move it, or stir. The day now was breaking, yellow,—and heavily; and the light stole by degrees into my dungeon, showing me the damp stone walls and desolate dark paved floor; and, strange as it was—with all that I could do, I could not keep myself from noticing these trifling things—though perdition was coming upon me the very next moment. I noticed the lamp which the turnkey had left on the floor, and which was burning dimly, with a long wick, being clogged with the chill and bad air, and I thought to myself—even at that moment—that it had not been trimmed since the night before. And I looked at the bare, naked, iron bed-frame that I sat on; and at the heavy studs on the door of the dungeon; and at the scrawls and writing upon the wall, that had been drawn by former prisoners; and I put my hand to try my own pulse, and it was so low that I could hardly count it:—I could not feel—though I tried to make myself feel

is—that I was going to die. In the midst of this, I heard the chimes of the chapel clock begin to strike; and I thought—Lord take pity on me, a wretch!—it could not be the three quarters after seven yet! The clock went over the three quarters—it chimed the fourth quarter, and struck eight. They were in my cell before I perceived them. They found me in the place, and in the posture, as they had left me.

What I have farther to tell will lie in a very small compass: my recollections are very minute up to this point, but not at all so close as to what occurred afterwards. I scarcely recollect very clearly how I got from my cell to the press-room. I think two little withered men, dressed in black, supported me. I know I tried to rise when I saw the master and his people come into my dungeon; but I could not.

In the press-room were the two miserable wretches that were to suffer with me; they were bound, with their arms behind them, and their hands together; and were lying upon a bench hard by, until I was ready. A meagre-looking old man, with thin white hair, who was reading to one of them, came up, and said something—"That we ought to embrace,"—I did not distinctly hear what it was.

The great difficulty that I had was to keep from falling. I had thought that these moments would have been all of fury and horror, but I felt nothing of this; but only a weakness, as though my heart—and the very floor on which I stood—was sinking under me. I could just make a motion, that the old white-haired man should leave me; and some one interfered, and sent him away. The pinioning of my hands and arms was then finished; and I heard an officer whisper to the chaplain that "all was ready." As we passed out, one of the men in black held a glass of water to my lips; but I could not swallow: and Mr W——, the master of the gaol, who had bid farewell to my companions, offered me his hand. The blood rushed into my face once more for one moment! It was too much—the man who was sending me to execution, to offer to shake me by the hand!

This was the last moment—but one—of full perception, that I had in life. I remember our beginning to move for-

ward, through the long-arched passages which led from the press-room to the scaffold. I saw the lamps that were still burning, for the day-light never entered here: I heard the quick tolling of the bell, and the deep voice of the chaplain reading as he walked before us—

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, shall live. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God!"

It was the funeral service—the order for the grave—the office for those that were senseless and dead—over us, the quick and the living.

I felt once more—and saw! I felt the transition from these dim, close, hot, lamp-lighted subterranean passages, to the open platform, and steps, at the foot of the scaffold, and to day. I saw the immense crowd blackening the whole area of the street below me. The windows of the shops and houses opposite, to the fourth story, choked with gazers. I saw St Sepulchre's church through the yellow fog in the distance, and heard the pealing of its bell. I recollect the cloudy, misty morning; the wet that lay upon the scaffold—the huge dark mass of building, the prison itself, that rose beside, and seemed to cast a shadow over us—the cold, fresh breeze, that as I emerged from it, broke upon my face. I see it all now—the whole horrible landscape is before me. The scaffold—the rain—the faces of the multitude—the people clinging to the house-tops—the smoke that beat heavily downwards from the chimneys—the waggons filled with women, staring in the inn-yards opposite—the hoarse low roar that ran through the gathered crowd as we appeared. I never saw so many objects at once, so plainly and distinctly, in all my life, as at that one glance; but it lasted only for an instant.

From that look, and from that instant, all that followed is a blank. Of the prayers of the Chaplain; of the fastening the fatal noose; of the putting on of the cap which I had so much disliked; of my actual execution and death, I have not the slightest atom of recollection. But that I know

such occurrences must have taken place, I should not have the smallest consciousness that they ever did so. I read in the daily newspapers, an account of my behaviour at the scaffold—that I conducted myself decently, but with firmness—Of my death—that I seemed to die almost without a struggle. Of any of these events I have not been able, by any exertion, to recall the most distant remembrance. With the first view of the scaffold, all my recollection ceases. The next circumstance, which—to my perception—seems to follow, is the having awoke, as if from sleep, and found myself in a bed, in a handsome chamber; with a gentleman—as I first opened my eyes—looking attentively at me. I had my senses perfectly, though I did not speak at once. I thought, directly, that I had been reprieved at the scaffold, and had fainted. After I knew the truth, I thought that I had an imperfect recollection, of having found, or fancied, myself—as in a dream—in some strange place lying naked, and with a mass of figures floating about before me: but this idea certainly never presented itself to me until I was informed of the fact that it had occurred.

The accident to which I owe my existence, will have been divined! My condition is a strange one! I am a living man; and I possess certificates both of my death and burial. I know that a coffin filled with stones, and with my name upon the plate, lies buried in the churchyard of St Andrew's, Holborn: I saw, from a

window, the undressed hearse arrive that carried it: I was a witness to my own funeral: these are strange things to see. My dangers, however, and I trust, my crimes, are over for ever. Thanks to the bounty of the excellent individual, whose benevolence has recognised the service which he did me for a claim upon him, I am married to the woman, whose happiness and safety proved my last thought—so long as reason remained with me—in dying. And I am about to sail upon a far voyage, which is only a sorrowful one—that it parts me for ever from my benefactor. The fancy that this poor narrative—from the singularity of the facts it relates—may be interesting to some people, has induced me to write it: perhaps at too much length; but it is not easy for those who write without skill, to write briefly. Should it meet the eye of the few relatives I have, it will tell *one* of them—that, to his jealousy of being known in connexion with me—even *after death*—I owe my life. Should my old master read it, perhaps, by this time, he may have thought I suffered severely for yielding to a first temptation; at least—while I bear him no ill will—I will not believe that he will learn my deliverance with regret. For the words are soon spoken, and the act is soon done, which dooms a wretched creature to an untimely death; but bitter are the pangs—and the sufferings of the body are among the least of them—that he must go through before he arrives at it!

(———).

A SUBALTERN IN AMERICA.

CHAPTER V.

I HAVE said that the chateau (for the protection of which my friend and myself were made answerable) was distant a full mile and a half from the ground of the encampment, and separated by rather more than half that space from the most advanced of the outposts. The orders which we received, were, to keep up a communication by patrols and sentinels with the nearest picquet—not to permit any violence to be done to the house or furniture—to guard ourselves against surprisal from the enemy—and to join the main body as soon as daylight should appear. To say the truth, we were far from being delighted with the honour conferred upon us; for we could not but regard ourselves as exposed to a most unnecessary degree of peril, for the attainment of an object hardly worth the risk which was run in seeking to attain it.

The first and greatest lesson which a soldier is required to learn, is obedience. Whatever may be the extent of personal hazard or personal inconvenience to which it promises to subject him, an order once received must be carried into execution; and both Charlton and I were too well acquainted with the customs of the service to hesitate, on the present occasion, as to our course of proceeding. Taking with us the allotted guard,—thirty men,—we set out without a moment's delay, and reached our station just as a great clock in the hall was striking the hour of nine.

The mansion, built after the French fashion, was fronted by an extensive court, fenced in on all sides by a brick wall of some ten or twelve feet in height. Having traversed this, we arrived at the main entrance, where we were received, with every demonstration of politeness and hospitality, by the owner; a very gentlemanly, well-dressed person, apparently about forty years of age. He overwhelmed us with apologies for the inconvenience which he doubted not that he had occasioned; and assured us, in the same breath, that no efforts would be wanting on his part to render our sojourn

with him as little irksome as possible. It struck me, at the moment, that there was rather too much of civility in this, considering the relation in which we really stood towards each other; and I confess, that so far from feeling my uneasiness lessened, it became more powerful than before, through a vague apprehension of treachery, for which I could not satisfactorily account. I resolved, however, to be peculiarly on my guard; and perhaps it was well for our little party that my suspicions chanced to be thus easily excited.

Having established our men in one of the out-buildings, (as many of them, at least, as were not required to keep up the communication between the chateau and the nearest picquet,) we inquired, before entering the house, how many servants there might be about the place, and in what manner they were disposed of. It appeared, that, independently of domestics, no fewer than thirty male slaves, besides women and children, dwelt in the huts adjoining. Now, though we were not afraid of these poor creatures themselves, the thought occurred to us, that were their master disposed to play the traitor, he might make of any or all of them, very ready instruments. We therefore, though with a thousand declarations of regret for the necessity under which we lay, insisted upon lodging the whole body, for this night, under one roof; and planted sentinels so as to hinder them from holding any secret intercourse with the family. Besides this, we mustered all the domestic servants, placed soldiers in the kitchen beside them, and took every other precaution which the singularly exposed nature of our situation seemed to require.

This done, we followed our host, who conducted us through a spacious and well-lighted hall, up a winding oaken staircase, and introduced us into a drawing-room, fitted up and furnished with considerable taste and elegance. There we found the rest of the family assembled; it consisted of an old lady, whom he introduced to us

as his mother—a young lady, whom he named as his daughter—and a middle-aged person in black, who, we were given to understand, was the family priest, or confessor. Our acquaintance, it appeared, was a rigid Catholic; and there being no Romish place of worship in his neighbourhood, he afforded a home and a maintenance to a domestic chaplain. They were all, especially the master of the house and his chaplain, well-bred people. The old lady was frank and loquacious; the young one, without being either shy or forward, maintained her own share in the conversation; and both the priest and his patron had seen the world, and seen it to advantage. Nor was it by their conversation alone that they sought to amuse us. Tea, or rather a sort of compound between tea and dinner, was ordered in. On the same table were arranged cups and saucers, several dishes of cold meat, a few bottles of different kinds of wine, and fruit in plentiful variety. Of all of these we were hospitably invited to partake; and, as the reader will easily believe, it required no violent pressing on the part of our entertainers to urge us to a compliance.

All this was satisfactory enough, nor had we any better reason to complain either of the beds or lodging-apartments which were offered for our accommodation. Our meal being concluded, and as much claret consumed as we felt disposed to indulge in, the master of the house led us up stairs, and ushered us into a large well-furnished chamber, from which a door opened into a smaller apartment beyond. In the former stood a capacious four-post bed; in the latter, a neat French couch was erected. These conveniences he pointed out, and leaving us to decide by whom they should respectively be occupied, he wished us good night, and withdrew.

My companion happened to be, at this time, in a delicate state of health,—the fatigues of the two last days overcame him, and he readily and gladly threw himself upon the bed. It was not so with me. If not robust, I was at all events capable of enduring my full share of privations; and I felt myself, under existing circumstances, called upon to exert my powers of vigilance to the utmost. I did exert them. Instead of lying down, I wrapped my cloak about me, and descend-

ing quietly to the court-yard, walked about in the cool night air; sometimes looking in upon the men to see that they were in a state of preparation; and at other times trudging from post to post, in order to keep the sentinels on the alert.

I was setting out, a little after midnight, to perform the last mentioned of these duties, when the appearance of Williams, who advanced through the court with rapid strides, greatly surprised me. I had heard several of the sentinels challenge; but neither tumult nor the report of fire-arms following their challenges, I paid little heed to either. As may be imagined, I eagerly inquired into the cause of his visit; and my consternation may be guessed at, when he informed me that an American straggler had fallen into the hands of his picquet, from whom information was obtained that an attempt was about to be made to cut off the party at the chateau. This, he alleged, was to be done by the connivance, and under the directions, of the master of the house; for whom, or for a messenger from whom, who might act as a guide, the corps intended for the enterprise now waited.

The reader will easily believe, that I listened to the preceding intelligence in no very enviable state of mind. Our numbers, as I well knew, were not equal to a successful resistance, provided the assailants chose to do their duty, and there was not a point on which we might not be assailed to advantage. The house stood in a sort of corner, between two roads; the one, that by which our column had advanced in the morning; the other a cross road, which came in upon it at right angles. Along either of them, not infantry only, but cavalry, and even artillery, might march; whilst the broken nature of the ground in our rear, afforded a thousand facilities for the approach of troops, who might collect, unnoticed by our sentinels, within a few yards of their posts. There was no room for hesitation as to how it behoved us to act. Hurrying to the hut where the body of the picquet was housed, I ordered the troops under arms without delay; and, planting sentinels over the different entrances to the house, I took with me a file of men, and proceeded, without any sample, to secure the person of our host. But the bird had already flown. How,

or when he escaped, no one could tell; but that he had escaped was certain.

By this time Charlton, roused from his sleep, had joined us, and learning in what predicament we stood, proceeded to make the best dispositions, which circumstances would allow, to meet the threatened danger. It was from the two roads, principally, that we had reason to apprehend an attack. That which joined the road to Alexandria, of which I have already spoken as a by-path, fell in between our mansion and the camp; from it, therefore, we concluded that the principal effort would be made. Patrols were accordingly directed to proceed along that road every quarter of an hour, and, by way of making certainty doubly sure, he and I took it by turns to accompany them. But whilst we thus carefully watched that quarter, we were not neglectful of others. One-half of the men were ordered out on sentry; and the other half stood during the remainder of the night with their arms in their hands in the courtyard.

The house-clock had struck one; and as yet no noise had been heard, nor any circumstances taken place, calculated, in an extraordinary degree, to excite alarm. We were beginning, indeed, to persuade ourselves that the enemy, daunted by the absence of the straggler Williams had taken, or apprehensive, from some other cause, that their plans were discovered, had laid aside their intention; when suddenly a sentry on the right of the court challenged. This was not the quarter from whence we looked for an attack—the man who gave the alarm stood upon the Alexandrian road, not upon the cross road; yet an enemy might be there also; so, leaving me to watch beside the by-path, Charlton hurried off in the opposite direction. The sentinel challenged again; a third time we heard the cry, “Who goes there?” but in a more abrupt tone; and then Charlton himself exclaimed, “Fire, if they will not answer.” The tread of many feet was now audible, followed by an indistinct hum of voices; but just as our anxiety respecting the issue had attained its height, our attention was called away to other objects, by one of our own sentries, who likewise challenged. There could not be a doubt, that if any persons were moving in his front, they

must be Americans, for this sentinel stood upon the cross road. I hastened forward, a sergeant and three men following me; and reached him just as he had challenged for the second time. The soldier was perfectly justified in so doing. Not only could we even hear, distinctly enough, the tramp of people marching, but their very forms were distinguishable in the star-light. Without a moment’s hesitation I commanded the men to fire. The enemy halted, seemed to hesitate, and then, without so much as returning the salute, melted away. All this was a matter of extreme mystery to me; but in a few minutes it was cleared up very satisfactorily.

The sound of our firing drew Charlton, with the rest of the picket, to the spot immediately; and from them we learned, that the troops, whose advance in an opposite direction had first alarmed us, proved to be an escort of our own people conveying ammunition and provisions from the fleet. This intelligence at once accounted for the precipitate retreat of the Americans. They had doubtless obtained information of the coming up of this detachment, and supposing that its object was to reinforce us, they not unnaturally concluded that their intentions were known, and their plot defeated. Such, at least, was the opinion which I formed at the moment; and though I profess not to speak upon any ground more sure than my own surmises, I see no reason to suppose that it was incorrect. Be this, however, as it may, one thing is certain, that the force which but a moment ago had threatened us disappeared, and that neither it, nor any other, gave us the slightest annoyance during the remainder of our watch.

I am quite aware, that the preceding account will convey to the mind of the reader but a very inadequate idea of the state of painful and feverish excitement which affected us during the greater part of the night. From the instant that we became acquainted with the attempt which was about to be made against us, we naturally looked for its commencement; and hence every noise, the sighing of the wind through the trees, the waving of the branches, the creaking of a gate or door upon its hinges, one and all of these, as often as they occurred, were construed into the sound of an advan-

cing enemy. Nor was this feeling of anxiety less intensely experienced by the sentinels than by us. All their senses may truly be said to have been upon the stretch; and as there was no moon, nor any other light except what which the stars afforded, it is not to be wondered at if the sense of sight repeatedly deceived them. Many a bush and stake was pointed out as the leading file of a column of troops; more than one musket was levelled at such imaginary foes; and but that most of them were old soldiers, well trained to coolness and caution, the worst consequences might have followed. Our situation, be it remembered, was totally different from that of an ordinary outpost. In the latter case, your detachment forms but one link of a connected chain, any effort to break in upon which must be made at the hazard of alarming the whole army; and if you be forced, your retreat is always direct and sure upon the main body. We at this moment stood perfectly alone; and though a few sentinels doubtless communicated from us to the picquets, 5000 men might have thrown themselves between us and the camp, without our being able, by any exertions, to know it. There is not a doubt that we owed

our safety altogether to the opportune arrival of the convoy; though even that, which consisted of no more than 120 men, might have been cut off as well as we, had the Americans been somewhat less cautious of risking their persons.

I have said, that after the retreat of the corps which threatened us from the cross road, we neither saw nor heard anything more of the enemy that night. The Alexandrian road continued, indeed, to the last to furnish occupation for the vigilance of our sentries; for there was no end to the stragglers, sailors, companies, and troops, which moved along it. But this circumstance, though abundantly harassing at the moment, tended not a little to increase our security, inasmuch as it gave intimation to the Americans, if any lay near, that our people were awake. At length, however, the moment of our departure drew on, and we waited its arrival with the most unfeigned satisfaction. The first streaks of dawn were barely visible, when, calling in the more remote sentinels, we began our march towards the camp; and, gathering up the rest as we proceeded, reached Woodyard just as the army was making ready to prosecute its advance.

CHAPTER VI.

THE sun had not yet risen, when, under the guidance of two natives, whom our Quarter-Master-General had impressed into the service, the column began to move. Notwithstanding the excessive fatigues of last night, Charlton and I were far from being displeased at finding that an increase to the strength of the advanced guard was necessary, and that it fell to our lot to fill that important situation. Our men, likewise, were manifestly delighted with the post assigned to them, for the few hints which had been dropped as we pursued our way from the chateau, as to the desirableness of a little repose, after so many hours of watching, were heard no more. We cheerfully took our ground as one of the five companies committed to the direction of Major Brown, and marched off in the same excellent spirits which had animated us during the operations of yesterday.

We soon cleared the few open fields

which surrounded the place of last night's bivouac, and struck into a wood, more dense and more tangled than any which we had yet traversed. The path was so narrow, that four men could with difficulty move abreast; and the thickets were so close and rough on either side, that the flank patrols could make their way through only by dint of painful exertions, and at a very leisurely pace. Yet of one comfort we were all very sensible. The boughs meeting overhead, completely sheltered us from the rays of the sun; and notwithstanding the gloom which so broad a canopy cast around us, we saw, from the colouring which fell upon the grass, that to be so sheltered from such a sun, was a source of no slender self-congratulation. We were now, it appeared, crossing the country, by a way little used except for sportsmen, and hastening back into the great road to Washington, which had yesterday been abandoned.

Not a single event fell out worthy of repetition, during the four hours which were expended in traversing this forest. No ambuscades lay in our way, nor did any skirmishers attempt to harass our movement. Extreme bodily weakness, and the almost impervious nature of the thicket, alone served to make our progress tardy. But at last the wood began to assume a more open appearance; spaces occurred here and there, which gave proof of attempts made to clear it away; and the path became wider, more firm, and more like a road adapted to the common traffic of a civilised country. In a word, about nine o'clock in the morning, we found ourselves within view of the point to which our steps were directed; and in half an hour after, the by-path was abandoned, and we were once more in full march towards the capital.

Nothing can be imagined more striking than the change which became immediately perceptible in all the outward appearances of nature. Instead of trackless wilds, we found ourselves marching through a country sufficiently open to convey the idea of its being well peopled, and yet so far feathered with groves and plantations, as to give to it a degree of beauty, of which a state of over-population will doubtless some day deprive it. Green meadows and corn fields were separated from one another by patches of the ancient forest, which seemed to have been left standing, not so much for the purposes of use as for ornament; whilst here and there a gentle hill would swell up, cultivated to, perhaps, the half of its ascent, and crowned with wood. Nor were villages and solitary dwellings wanting. Within the space of three miles, we passed two hamlets, built each in a single row, by the wayside; while numerous farm-houses, steadings, and larger structures rising from time to time on either hand, indicated that we had at last attained to a region of something like refinement. We were all, both officers and men, conscious that a powerful revulsion in our feelings was effected by this change in our circumstances. Numbers who had begun to lag behind, acquired new vigour from the contemplation of so many signs of life; and conversation, which for some time past had almost entirely ceased, was renewed in every rank with fresh volubility. To add to

the general spirit of exhilaration, the bugles of the light corps sounded a lively march, and the troops moved on, in spite of heat and weakness, merrily, gayly, and rapidly.

But it was not alone because we beheld houses and barns abundantly around us, that our spirits returned to us on the present occasion. There were other objects discernible, not less capable than these of putting soldiers upon their mettle. The road by which we travelled was deeply indented with the track of men's feet and horses' hooves, and by and by a few green fields on each side presented manifestations of a recent encampment. The ashes of fires not long extinguished were still smoking. Morsels of provision, bits of clothing, a firelock here and there, and numerous bundles of straw, all told a tale of troops having spent the night here; whilst palings, torn down in large quantities, seemed to imply, that of the force whose route we were following, no inconsiderable portion was composed of cavalry. The expectation of being momentarily charged, could not, under these circumstances, fail to arise in the minds of all; and as we had no horses of our own competent to protect the infantry even from the attack of a single squadron, the infantry made ready to form into squares at a moment's notice, and protect themselves.

It was at this juncture that the mounted drivers proved of the most essential service to the expedition. Being attached to the advanced guard, they were placed, like us, under the general orders of Major Brown, and, directed by their own officer, (Captain Lempriere of the artillery,) they were most active, and most daring, in their efforts to hinder a surprisal. They rode, sometimes as far as musket-shot, a-head of the light infantry, and posted themselves, in sections of three or four, at the corners of every grove, round which they found it either unsafe or impracticable to attempt a circuit. The infantry of the advance, too, was particularly active; not a single hiding-place was left unexplored; by which means, though prudently on the alert, the main body was enabled to move on, under the full assurance that no enemy could reach them without time enough being allowed for the assumption of any order which might be necessary.

Things continued thus, no enemy making his appearance, till about ten o'clock, when the worn-out condition of his troops compelled the general to halt. We had traversed a distance of not less than twelve miles, and had journeyed for the last hour under a sun, than which it were hard to conceive any more scorching. There was not a breath of air to fan our cheeks, and the dust and fine sand were not less annoying to our eyesight and respiration, than they had been on the afternoon when our inroad began. Numbers of our best men had already fallen by the way-side, and numbers more were prepared to imitate their example. It was, therefore, with a degree of satisfaction, of which the very memory has doubtless departed from those who experienced it, that we listened to the notes which directed us to rest. We threw ourselves down upon the grass, and in five minutes the mass of the army was asleep. For myself, the exertions of to-day, superadded to the toil and anxiety of last night, completely overpowered me. Though the loss of life had been the consequence, I question whether I should have been able to resist the drowsiness which overwhelmed me. My eyes were closed before my head reached the ground, and I continued perfectly ignorant of all that was passing, for a full hour and a half.

It was not without some difficulty, as he himself informed me, that at the close of that period my young friend Williams contrived to shake me into a state of renewed consciousness. At length, however, by dint of violent exertions on his part, I was enabled to open my eyes, and to see that the corps to which I was attached had already begun its march, and that the others were preparing to follow. Hurrying after it, we soon overtook our division; and the same routine of scouring fields, scampering through thickets, and feeling our way over defiles and hollows, was repeated, with the same results as before.

We had proceeded about a couple of miles from the halting-place, and the hour of noon was past, when our attention was suddenly drawn to the left, by several heavy clouds of dust which rose in that direction. Though we could not doubt from what source the dust proceeded, the intervention

of a considerable corps between us and it, hindered us from saying with certainty that the enemy was in the position. The screen thus interposed was, however, speedily withdrawn. A farther advance of some hundred and fifty yards brought us clear of the plantation, and the American army became visible. Williams and I were walking together at that instant. "Are these Yankees?" said he, with all the naïveté imaginable; "or are they our own seamen got somehow ahead of us?"

I could not repress a smile at the question, though, to say the truth, an older soldier than Williams might have easily mistaken the force opposed to us for anything rather than the army, on whose valour the safety of a great capital depended.

The corps which occupied the heights above Bladensburg, was composed chiefly of militia; and as the American militia are not dressed in uniform, it exhibited to our eyes a very singular and a very awkward appearance. Sufficiently armed, but wretchedly equipped, clothed part in black coats, others in blue, others in ordinary shooting-jackets, and some in round frocks, the three motley lines of infantry, but that their order was tolerably regular, might have passed off very well for a crowd of spectators, come out to view the approach of the army which was to occupy Washington. A few companies only, perhaps two, or at the most three battalions, wearing the blue jacket, which the Americans have borrowed from the French, presented some appearance of regular troops. The rest, as I have just mentioned, seemed country people, who would have been much more appropriately employed in attending to their agricultural occupations, than in standing, with muskets in their hands, on the brow of a bare green hill. There were, however, upon the right, some squadrons of horse, whose bearing was sufficiently warlike, whilst about twenty pieces of cannon, arranged at different points along the ridge, spoke of another and more serious affair, than a mere triumphal march through the middle of this levy.

I have seldom been more forcibly struck with anything than with the contrast, which a glance to the rear afforded at this moment, with the spectacle which was before me. A

column of four thousand British soldiers, moving in sections of six abreast, and covering an extent of road greater than its windings would permit the eye to take in, met my gaze in that quarter. The dress, the perfect regularity of their step, the good order which they preserved, and, above all, the internal conviction, that they were only advancing to victory, excited in me feelings for which I have no words, and which he only can conceive who has stood in a similar situation. Nor was it the sense of sight alone, which, on the present occasion, was forced into a powerful comparison. The Americans, from the instant that our advanced guard came in view, continued to rend the air with shouts. Our men marched on, silent as the grave, and orderly as people at a funeral. Not a word was spoken, scarcely a whisper passed from man to man, but each held his breath, and mustered up his best courage for the shock.

The head of the column had just turned the corner of the wood, when it halted, and an aide-de-camp riding up to Major Brown, desired that he would proceed with the advanced guard, ascertain the state of the village of Bladensburg, and, in case it should be occupied, dislodge its garrison. This order the Major prepared to obey, and, calling in all his skirmishers, except about half a company, he formed his men into one little column for the assault.

I have said, that the Americans, in three lines, occupied certain green hills, about a couple of miles to the left of the point from whence we now beheld them. Between their position and ours, ran a branch of the river Potomac, across which a bridge was thrown at the extremity of the main street of Bladensburg. The road which conducted to the bridge ran parallel with the stream, and compelled us to move for some time completely under the eyes of the enemy, whilst the town itself stood on our side of the river, and was commanded by several of their guns. It is a place of inconsiderable size, not capable, I should conceive, of containing more than a thousand or fifteen hundred inhabitants; but the houses are, for the most part, composed of brick, and there is a mound on the right of the entrance, very well adapted to hold a light field-piece or two, for the pur-

pose of sweeping the road. Under these circumstances we naturally concluded that an American force must be here. Though out of the regular line, it was not so far advanced but that it might have been maintained, if not to the last, at all events for many hours, whilst the means of retreat, so soon as the garrison should be fairly overpowered, were direct and easy. Our surprise, therefore, was not less palpable than our satisfaction, when, on reaching the town, we found that it was empty.

As our orders went no farther than to direct that we should ascertain in what condition the place stood, our commanding officer deemed it needless to attempt anything beyond its mere occupation. Even this, however, was not effected without annoyance. The principal street which conducted to the bridge, lay completely exposed to the fire of a two-gun-battery, which the enemy had erected about the centre of their position; and instantly on our showing ourselves that battery opened. It was well served, and the guns were admirably laid. The very first shot cost us three men; one killed, and the other two dreadfully wounded; and the second would have been, in all probability, not less fatal, had we not very wisely avoided it. We inclined, at once, to the right and left of the road; and winding round the houses, made our way without any farther loss, as far as the last range; when we were commanded to lie down, and wait for the column.

In the meanwhile, the main body being informed how matters stood, resumed its march, and approached the town. It was saluted, as we had been saluted, by a heavy and well-directed cannonade; but being warned by some of our people, where the danger lay, it so far avoided it, as to close up its ranks, and effect all the arrangements necessary for the assault, under cover of the green mound. Whilst this was going on, Charlton, Williams, and myself, having got our company as well together as might be, were lying behind a house, in momentary expectation of the word. Cannon shot, after cannon shot, continued all the while, to pass through the thin brick walls about us; nevertheless we felt it derogatory to our character to move, and we treated these visitations with

no other notice besides an ill-applied raillery. At last a ball struck a soldier who lay between Williams and myself, and carried off his leg. The boy looked at me, as much as to ask how, under such circumstances, he ought to behave; and though, I dare say, his courage was quite equal to mine, I really could not help laughing at the peculiar expression which passed across his countenance. But no great while was granted for consideration. The accident just recorded had hardly happened, when Colonel Thornton, riding up, exclaimed, "Now, my lads, forward!—You see the enemy; you know how to serve them." So saying, he spurred on, and the whole of the advance, springing, with the celerity of thought, into their places, rushed towards the bridge. It was gained in a moment: but a couple of guns, which had doubtless been laid with special care, instantly opened, and seven men were swept down. No pause, however, occurred. "Forward, forward," was the only word heard; and forward we hurried, as fast as the excessive fatigue which we had undergone during the last eight-and-forty hours would allow.

I had forgotten to mention, that whilst our bank of the river was bare and exposed, that occupied by the enemy was covered with a pretty thick belt of wood, which they had very judiciously filled with a host of riflemen. These, taking cool and deliberate aim from their lurking places, soon began to gall us with their fire. Not a few of our men fell beneath it; but the bridge was instantly cleared; the advance was quickly scattered into skirmishing order, and in five minutes, or little more, the belt was emptied of its defenders. Never did men with arms in their hands, make better use of their legs. Though we did our best to kill a few of them, I question whether one American lost his life in that copse; so rapid, or if you please, so judiciously conducted, was their retreat.

We had hardly cleared this little wood, when the 85th regiment, and the light companies of the 4th and 44th, came pouring up to our assistance. To these we now attached ourselves, and the whole of the light brigade, forming into one extended line, advanced to the attack. It was our fortune to act upon the left of the

road, where the copse happened to be more thick, and the ground considerably more uneven, than on the right. The consequence was, that we moved on for several minutes without seeing any enemy; but the wood suddenly ending, an open sloping field lay before us; and in the rear of a high paling, which ran across the centre of that field, the enemy's first line presented itself. I have stood under many heavy fires of musketry in my day; but I really do not recollect to have witnessed any more heavy than that which they instantly opened upon us. Had we been a numerous body, and in compact array, our loss must have been terrible; but we were few in number—certainly not more than one hundred in all; and our order was that of skirmishers, each file being full ten paces apart from the other. The Americans, on the other hand, were in line, wedged together as closely as they could stand; their number could not fall short of a thousand men, if they exceeded it not, and they fired volley after volley as fast as they could load their pieces, and raise them again to their shoulders. Five guns, moreover, played upon us without intermission: in a word, I can compare the shower of balls of all sizes and descriptions, which whistled round us, to nothing more aptly, than the pelting of a hail storm, which a strong north-easterly wind drives into your face. The whole ground at our feet was ploughed up with them, and their singing was like that of a tempest through the bare cordage of a vessel at anchor.

Under this really tremendous fire, Williams bore himself, as his gallant conduct in the skirmishes which had diversified our march, led me to expect that he would bear himself. There was a railing, similar to that behind which the Americans were drawn up, which cut off the copse from the cultivated fields. He was one of the first to spring over it; and shouting out to the men to follow, he called to me by name, and said, "Now, who will be first in the enemy's line." Without once pausing to look behind, he rushed on. I kept my eye upon him; indeed, we were near enough to converse, had it been possible to hear the sound of a human voice in such a tumult; and I did what I could, rather to restrain his

ardour, than to give it encouragement. But at the very moment when I was repeating my entreaties, that he would look to the men, instead of thus rushing on ahead of them, a musket-ball struck him on the neck, and he fell dead at my feet. He never so much as moved. The bullet passed through his wind-pipe and spinal marrow, and he was a corpse in an instant. Poor fellow ! even in the heat of action, I looked at him with a feeling of bitter agony, of which words can convey no impression. But I could not pause to pay the slightest tribute of respect to his remains ; I ran past him, and soon found my attention so completely occupied by other matters, as to forget even that such a one had lived and was dead. So overwhelmingly exciting is the interest of a battle, and so perfectly engrossing are the thoughts to which it gives birth.

Notwithstanding the paucity of our numbers, the American line began to waver as soon as we arrived within twenty or thirty paces of their front, and the shouting preliminary to a charge had hardly been uttered, when they broke, and fled. Our men were too much fatigued to follow with any celerity, but we pursued as quickly as we could, and bayonetting some seamen, who pertinaciously clung to their guns, took possession of two, out of the five pieces of cannon, which had so severely galled us. Our work was, however, but beginning. In five minutes, we found ourselves in front of a second line, more numerous and more steady than that which we had defeated. It was composed wholly of regular troops, who received us, as we came on, with a murderous fire, and instantly advanced to the charge. We could not pretend to meet them. At the first, we hardly mustered a hundred men ; we were now diminished to little more than half the number ; a whole regiment bore down upon us, and we gave ground. We fell back, however, slowly and indignantly, halting from time to time, and firing with effect ; whilst the enemy, instead of a determined rush, which, if attempted, must have destroyed us at once, followed at the very same pace, and with the very same precautions. But their fire was very destructive ; at least it would have been, had there stood opposed to it men enough to deserve it.

We had reached almost to the edge

of the thicket, when Colonel Thornton, with a reinforcement of fresh troops, coming up, restored to us our former confidence, and we resumed the offensive. The enemy, in their turn, fell back ; but we could not follow with our accustomed rapidity,—our men were scarce able to walk, far less to run ; so there was time for their line also to receive reinforcements, before we succeeded in breaking it. The battle became now little else than an unintermitting exchange of tremendous volleys. Neither party gained or lost ground, but, for a full half hour, stood still, loading and firing as quickly as these operations could be performed. Whilst this was proceeding, Colonel Thornton received a ball in the thigh, and fell. The Americans raising a shout at the event, pressed on ; and our people, a little disheartened, retired. Charlton, myself, and several other officers who were in the field, did our best to stay them, and we succeeded, though not till Colonel Thornton, in order to avoid falling into the hands of the assailants, had been obliged to roll himself down the slope, to a considerable distance. We had retired, in part, as far as the ground where poor Williams lay, when one musket-ball, hitting the scabbard of my sword, broke it, and another, at the same instant, slightly wounded my arm. Yet I hardly felt the wound, so intent was I in rallying the men ; and General Ross himself coming up at this instant, with the better part of the 4th regiment, the fortune of the day was speedily decided. There was no more distant firing on our part. Charge, charge, was the only word of command issued. It was heard with repeated acclamations ; and the very music of our cheers acting like magic upon the Americans, they dispersed and fled in every direction.

It were vain for me to attempt any description of the state of feeling which pervades a man, when, after some hours of hard fighting, he first sees the line of the enemy become confused, and the manifestations of a flight exhibited. His whole soul is engrossed with the desire of overtaking them ; and if there be a moment in man's existence at which he would sincerely thank Providence for the loan of wings, it is surely then. For my own part, I strained my throat till it became dry

with cheering; and running on, as well as exhaustion would permit, made an effort to overtake the Americans, who escaped from me, as persons who are fresh will always escape from those that are weary. To do them justice, however, their *regulars*, or rather *riglers*, as Jonathan himself calls them, were not unmindful of the lessons which they had learned upon the parade. They covered their rear with a cloud of riflemen, at least equal, in point of numbers, to the troops who pursued them; and the riflemen very deliberately, and very judiciously, took up positions, from time to time, wherever the cover of bushes or underwood invited them. Nor was their fire harmless. Several individuals, myself among the number, received wounds from them. I plainly saw the person who thus honoured me; he lay behind a little copse, and took aim three times before he hit me; but, at last, his ball passed through the fleshy part of my thigh, and he escaped.

Too eager to be aware that I was again scratched, I pushed on with my companions as long as the last of the retreating force continued in sight; nor ever dreamed of halting, till fatigue and loss of blood together overpowered me, and I fell to the ground. Happily for me, I dropped beside a pool of water;—it was muddy and foul in no ordinary degree;—yet my thirst, violent before, and doubly violent now, from the exhaustion consequent upon a pretty considerable hemorrhage, gave to it a delicacy of flavour which I had never perceived in water before, and shall probably never perceive again. I drank till that thirst was appeased; and then looking round, perceived that there were but three British soldiers near me. They sat down beside me, till I, in some degree, recovered my strength; and having kindly assisted me to wrap a handkerchief round the bleeding limb, we crawled, rather than marched, back to rejoin our regiment.

CHAPTER VII.

I FOUND the brigade gathering together its shattered remains, upon the summit of the high ground which the enemy's reserve had occupied in the morning. I say shattered remains, for out of the twelve hundred men who bore the brunt of the battle, nearly one-half had fallen; whilst of those who survived, and were fit for duty, many were absent for the purpose of attending to the wounded, and burying the dead. As was but natural, my first and most eager inquiry was for Charlton. One friend,—not indeed of long standing, but still sincerely beloved,—had this day been taken from me. I trembled lest I should be doomed to learn, that another was in the dust. But my fears were groundless, for Charlton was safe and unhurt, and we embraced, as friends are accustomed to do when they meet again at the close of a hard-fought action.

My wound, though not severe, began about this time to trouble me; the limb was stiff, and the exertion of walking had produced some inflammation. A little to the rear of the field of battle stood a cottage, into which my friend conducted me. We found in it few accommodations; but it afforded at least clean water and a towel, which,

with a fresh handkerchief, we applied to the hurt, as the best, and indeed the only dressing, which could at that moment be obtained; for the surgeons were all too busy to attend to a case so little urgent. This done, we gladly threw ourselves upon a sort of box-bed at one end of the room, and were asleep in five minutes.

Our repose was not, however, of long continuance. The cottage soon became a place of general rendezvous to all the officers of the brigade, and the scene thereby occasioned was at once too lively, and too striking, not to call into play the senses both of actors and spectators. Congratulations and hearty greetings, mingled with an occasional expression of sincere regret, broke in upon our slumbers; and the many anecdotes which each was enabled to relate—the mode in which affairs were conducted at different parts of the field—of the conspicuous valour of this or that soldier; of the daring or timidity of the enemy at this or that point in the field—were all a great deal too interesting to be listened to with drowsy ears. We quitted our couch, and joined heartily in the conversation and mirth of those about us. Of sober thought it must be confessed that lit-

the intervened; the excitement of battle was yet too recent; and it is not under such circumstances that man's better and holier feelings are in force. Sorrow we did profess—ay, and felt it too—that more than one comrade whom we loved, were absent; but our minds were too much occupied with other thoughts, to afford room for any profound or even acute repinings.

We had been thus employed for perhaps an hour or something better, when an orderly sergeant arrived with intelligence, that the second and third brigades were in motion, and that we also should be required to push on as soon as the men were collected. A few minutes only elapsed, before the bugle gave notice, that the corps was mustered. We obeyed the summons instantly; and in five minutes more, the Light Brigade took the road to Washington.

It was dusk when we quitted the position, and perfectly dark before we reached the high-road; but neither confusion nor delay took place. The path was broad and well-marked; and the troops were all in that state of discipline, which would have carried them through more serious difficulties, had such come in their way, whilst the consciousness of having done their duty, and the expectation of reaping the fruits of their toil, supported them under the exertion which was required. For my own part, though the effort to keep up became, by degrees, seriously painful, I shall never cease to congratulate myself on having persisted in making it. No one, unless he has chanced to travel under similar circumstances, can form the most distant notion of the state of our feelings during the progress of that journey. The destruction of Washington, or rather of the stores or public buildings in Washington, had already begun; and the heavy explosions which from time to time occurred, the sheets of fire which quivered through the air—the very waving of the flames heard in the stillness of night to an extraordinary distance—formed altogether such a scene as I have no words adequate to describe. The field of battle was distant not more than four miles from the city; from the first, therefore, these sights and sounds reached us; but as we drew nearer and nearer to the spot from whence they proceeded, we all felt that conversation, under such cir-

cumstances, would have been sacrilegious. We moved in that state of admiration, or rather awe, which locks up the voice, and oppresses the very reason.

Having arrived at a sort of common about a quarter of a mile distant from the town, the halt was sounded, and a bivouac directed to be formed. With this view the men piled their arms and lighted large fires, for which fuel was found among the fences and palings near, and set about preparing their evening meal. That done, all sat down; not with our usual noisy merriment, but to gaze in silence upon the conflagration which still proceeded. The hum of conversation which generally murmurs through a camp, was not heard to-night; those who spoke at all, spoke only in whispers, as if we had been guilty of some act which made us ashamed to hear the sound of our own voices, or were placed in a situation of extreme peril. It was thus with us for full two hours. At last, however, a consciousness of great bodily fatigue overcame every other sensation, and we turned our feet towards our fires; and, wrapped up as usual, soon fell asleep.

But the night was not even now destined to be passed in quiet. It might be about twelve or one o'clock, when a tremendous peal of thunder, so loud as to drown, for an instant, every noise, awoke us. The rain was falling in torrents, and flash after flash of vivid lightning displayed not only the bivouac, but the streets, the houses, nay the very windows in the town, with a degree of minuteness far greater than the beams of a noon-day sun would have produced. The effect was magnificent beyond the power of language to describe. Not even the drenching, against which cloaks and blankets failed to afford protection, could lead me to neglect the occurrence; for I really do not recollect, at any period of my life, to have been witness to a spectacle so imposing.

The thunder-storms in Virginia, though violent to a degree unknown in European countries, are seldom of very long continuance. In less than an hour, the present had died away, and there was again nothing to break in upon the quiet of the night, except an occasional roar as a magazine blew up, or a crash, as a wall or roof fell to the ground. But these were alrea-

dy familiar to us ; they interfered in no respect with our slumbers, which, being speedily renewed, continued unbroken till the hour of general muster dispelled them.

As soon as dawn appeared, the brigade moved from its bivouac upon the common, and marched into the town. Proceeding along a narrow street, which was crossed at right angles by two or three of a similar description, we arrived at a large open space, surrounded on three sides by the rudiments of a square, and having its fourth imperfectly occupied by the ruins of the Senate-House. It is slightly raised above the level of the rest of the city, and is crossed by a paltry stream, called, in true Yankee grandiloquence, the Tiber, as the hill itself is called the Capitol. Here the brigade halted, and piling their arms in two close columns, the men were permitted to lie down.

Whilst the corps continued thus, I very gladly accompanied the surgeon into a house hard by, for the purpose of having my wound properly examined and dressed. I found the building deserted by its owners ; but of the domestics some had ventured to remain behind ; and from one of these in particular I received the kindest treatment. She was an old negress ; a free woman, however, as she took care to inform us, and at the head of the establishment. The good-natured creature not only produced the contents of her master's larder, but conducted me up stairs, took a nice linen shirt from a drawer, carefully aired it, and then begged that I would accept and wear it for her sake. Now, I know not whether an offer thus made ought, according to the strict letter of moral propriety, to have been attended to ; the good woman was certainly giving away that which was not hers to give. Yet let the truth be told. I had worn my shirt by night and by day, under broiling marches, and through rainy bivouacs, the better half of a week ; and I confess, that the opportunity of exchanging it for a snow-white piece of linen and cambric, was a great deal too tempting to be neglected. I gladly took the American shirt ; and saved my own conscience, and the housekeeper's reputation, by leaving an English one upon the dressing-table in its room.

It so happened, that neither my

friend nor myself were employed in perpetrating any one of the deeds of violence by which the visit of the English army to the capital of the United States was distinguished. Of the arsenal, public rope-works, armoury, bridge and palace, we accordingly saw nothing, except the smoke and flames which marked their destruction. Neither was an opportunity afforded of making ourselves very intimately acquainted with the general appearance of the ruin. Having procured a horse, I rode indeed through a few of what were called streets ; that is to say, along extensive lanes, paved only in part, and boasting, in numerous instances, of no more than five or six houses on each side of the way, planted at the distance of some eighth part of a mile from one another. But with such opportunities of gathering information, it would ill become me to speak at large of a place, which has doubtless changed its aspect greatly in the course of twelve years, and may be, for aught I know to the contrary, as it might have been then, possessed of a thousand secret attractions, known only to its own denizens. The feature, in its general aspect, which remains most prominently in my recollection is, however, not quite in accordance with our notions of a great capital. I perfectly recollect, that in the line of several of its public thoroughfares, as well as throughout the range of its more fashionable quarters, remnants, and no inconsiderable remnants, of the ancient forest were left standing.

Noon had passed, when heavy columns of dust, rising from certain high grounds on the opposite bank of the Potomac, attracted our notice. We were not left long in doubt as to the cause from whence they proceeded ; for the glittering of arms became instantly visible, and a large American force showed itself. It took up a position immediately before us, and pushed forward a patrol of cavalry as far as the suburbs of Georgetown. There was not an individual in the army to whom these circumstances communicated a feeling at all akin to surprise. We had been led to expect an attack, from the hour of our advance into Washington, and we were both ready and willing to meet it, let it happen when it might. But the elements interfered to frustrate the design of the enemy,—if indeed they

seriously entertained such a design—of driving us from our positions; for just at this moment the heavens became black with clouds, and a hurricane, such as I never witnessed before, and shall probably never witness again, began. I know not anything in art or nature to which the noise of the wind may be aptly compared. It differed essentially from thunder; yet I never listened to thunder more deafening, and its force was such as to throw down houses, tear up trees, and carry stones, beams of timber, and whole masses of brick-work, like feathers into the air. Both armies were scattered by it, as if a great battle had been fought and won; and as it lasted without any intermission for upwards of three hours, neither party, at its close, was in a fit condition to offer the slightest annoyance to its adversary. For our parts, it was not without some difficulty that we succeeded in bringing our stragglers together, whilst daylight lasted; and if its effects upon a regular and victorious army were so great, there cannot be a doubt that it was at least equally great upon an undisciplined and intimidated levy.

In the meanwhile, the officers of the different corps had been directed in a whisper to make ready for falling back as soon as darkness should set in. From the men, however, the thing was kept profoundly secret. They were given, indeed, to understand, that an important manoeuvre would be effected before to-morrow morning; but the hints thrown out tended to induce an expectation of a farther advance, rather than of a retreat. A similar rumour was permitted quietly to circulate among the inhabitants, with the view, doubtless, of its making its way into the American camp; whilst all persons were required, on pain of death, to keep within doors from sunset to sunrise. This done, as many horses as could be got together, were put in requisition for the transport of the artillery. Even the few wounded officers who had accompanied the column were required to resign theirs; and mine, among the number, was taken away. But the precaution was a very just and proper one. Not only were the guns by this means rendered more portable, but the danger of a betrayal from a neigh, or the trampling of hooves along the paved streets, was provided against; and though indivi-

duals might and did suffer, their sufferings were not to be put into the scale against the public good.

It was about eight o'clock at night, when a staff-officer, arriving upon the ground, gave directions for the corps to form in marching order. Preparatory to this step, large quantities of fresh fuel were heaped upon the fires, whilst from every company a few men were selected, who should remain beside them till the picquets withdrew, and move from time to time about, so as that their figures might be seen by the light of the blaze. After this the troops stole to the rear of the fires by twos and threes; when far enough removed to avoid observation, they took their places, and, in profound silence, began their march. The night was very dark. Stars there were, indeed, in the sky; but for some time after quitting the light of the bivouac, their influence was wholly unfelt. We moved on, however, in good order. No man spoke above his breath, our very steps were planted lightly, and we cleared the town without exciting observation. About half a mile in rear of the city, a second line of fires had been established. We looked towards it now, and the effect of the figures, which from time to time moved across the flames, was exceedingly striking. On arriving there we found that the other brigades had likewise commenced their retreat, and that the fires which burned so brightly, had been prepared by them exactly as we had prepared ours, previous to setting out. We caused the few men whom they had left behind to join us, as our men had been commanded to join the picquets, and pursued our journey.

We were now approaching the field of the late battle, when the moon rose, and threw a soft pale light over surrounding objects. At first her rays fell only upon the green leaves and giant boughs of the woods which on either hand closed in the road; but as we proceeded onwards other spectacles presented themselves, some of which were of no very cheering or lively nature. When we gained the ridge which had formed the crest of the American position, open green fields lay stretched out before us; every one presenting some manifestation of the drama which had so lately been acted here. Broken arms, caps, cartouch boxes, with here and there a dead body, na-

ked and ghostly white, were scattered about in every direction, whilst the smell, not exactly of putrefaction, but of something nearly akin to it, and mingling with the odour of scorched grass and extinguished matches, rose upon the night air very offensively; yet the whole scene was one of prodigious interest and power. The river and town which lay near us, the former flowing quietly and beautifully along, the latter lifting its modest buildings in the silence of a moonlight night, formed a striking contrast with the devastated and torn ground over which we were marching, whilst the only sound distinguishable was that of the measured tread of feet as the column proceeded down the slope towards the bridge. It was impossible, whilst traversing the place of his death, not to think kindly and affectionately of my poor young friend; his body, I well knew, was not among the number which were bleaching in the rains and dews of heaven—it had been carefully committed to the earth beside that of a brother officer. I did not, therefore, look round under the idea of seeing it; but I did look round for the spot where he fell, and I was grieved and disappointed that I could not distinguish it. The lapse of a few moments, however, was sufficient to draw off my attention to other, though hardly less painful subjects. We were already in the village; and a halt being commanded, an opportunity was afforded of enquiring into the condition of the wounded. I failed not to avail myself

of it; but whilst the men were busied in picking up their knapsacks, which in the heat of action they had cast away, I stepped to the hospital and paid a hasty visit to the poor fellows who occupied it. It was a mortifying reflection, that, in spite of our success, the total absence of all adequate means of conveyance laid us under the necessity of leaving very many of them behind; nor could the non-commissioned officers and private soldiers conceal their chagrin on the occasion. One of these, a sergeant of my own company, who had received a ball through both thighs, actually shed tears as he wished me farewell, regretting that he had not shared the fate of Mr Williams. It was in vain that I reminded him that he was not singular; that Colonel Thornton, Colonel Wood, and Major Brown, besides others of less note, were doomed to be his companions in captivity; neither that consideration, nor the assurances of a speedy exchange, at all served to make him satisfied with his destiny. Yet no apprehensions could be more unfounded than those of that man; for however unlike civilized nations they may be in other respects, in the humanity of their conduct towards such English soldiers as fell into their hands, the Americans can be surpassed by no people whatever. To this the wounded whom we were compelled to abandon to-night bore, after their release, ample testimony; and they told a tale which hundreds besides have corroborated.

CHAPTER VIII.

HAVING shaken this sergeant, with such of the privates as lay near him, by the hand, I proceeded to the ward occupied by the officers; but had barely time to express my commiseration of their case, when notice was given that the column was again ready to move. I joined it without delay. The soldiers, if they had not recovered each man his own, were, at all events, in possession of a sufficient number of knapsacks; and we renewed our retreat in as good order as had hitherto distinguished it. Of that order it may not be out of place to give here a brief account.

Reversing the arrangements which had held good during the advance, the

third brigade this night led the way; it was followed by the artillery, now supplied with horses, which again was succeeded by the second brigade. In rear of this came the light troops, of whom three companies, which had furnished the picquets during the day, did the duty of a rear guard. Last of all moved the mounted drivers, supported by scattered files of infantry on each side of the way, whilst half a troop of rocket-men marched between the head of the rear-guard, and the rear of the column, in readiness to bring their horrible weapons into play at the first alarm.

Hitherto our men had moved on in profound silence. The strictest orders

had been issued that no one should speak, and no one thought of disobeying the order; but as the night stole on, and the distance between us and the city became hourly greater and greater, a degree of carelessness to the wishes of those in power, became manifest through all ranks. The fact is, that we were completely worn out. The broken rest of a single day had by no means made amends for the toil of the five days preceding, and being followed by a night-march, proved absolutely useless. For some time, indeed, the novelty of the scene served to amuse us. It was highly romantic to march through thick forests and woody glens, by the feeble light of a young moon; whilst the delicious coolness of the night-air came upon us with the greater force, that we could not avoid contrasting it with the sultry atmosphere which had oppressed us when we last traversed these parts. Then, again, there was the idea of being followed,—the chance of a sudden attack, and the prospect of a night action,—all these, as long as we were near the position of the enemy's camp, served to put new mettle into our bosoms. But in proportion as we got farther and farther from the seat of danger, romance gradually lost its influence; till finally, the only sensation to which we were alive, was one of overwhelming weariness; and the only wish which we cared to form, was, that an opportunity would be afforded of lying down to rest. About midnight, indeed, and for six hours after it, these feelings began to operate very powerfully. The men strayed from their ranks; the officers found great difficulty in urging them on; some dozed upon their legs, and fell under the feet of their comrades; others threw themselves by the wayside, refusing to proceed farther. In a word, by seven o'clock in the following morning, it was perfectly manifest that an hour's rest must be taken, otherwise one half of the troops would be in danger of falling into the hands of the enemy.

We had accomplished a journey of some eighteen or twenty miles, when to the unspeakable joy of every man in the army, the General, finding himself arrived at a convenient spot, commanded a halt. I candidly confess, that I know nothing of the nature of the ground on which the halt occur-

red, nor of the dispositions which were made to render it secure, for my men were hardly stretched upon the grass when I followed their example. The only precaution which I took, was to seek out a shady tree whose branches might shelter me from the sun; there, from seven o'clock till a little before noon, I slept as soundly as ever weary traveller has slept, or could desire to sleep. At that period I was awoke to breakfast; and in half an hour after, the column was again in motion.

The sun had set, and twilight was rapidly closing in, when we found ourselves once more in the vicinity of Marlborough. There it was resolved to pass the night; and as the same position was taken up which we had occupied during the advance, every man felt himself in some degree at home. For ourselves, Charlton and I, willing, if possible, to find shelter under a roof, wandered away to a house about a stone's throw apart from the corps; but it would have been better perhaps, that we had remained in the open air. The house in question was filled with such of the wounded, as it had been found practicable to remove on horseback, and in the clumsy wagons which our troopers succeeded in capturing. There were, if I recollect right, five or six officers in one room; among whom we were persuaded to lie down. But the groans, and querulous complaints of some of these brave men,—complaints which every one who has filled their situation will understand, and for which few will hesitate to make allowance, effectually broke in upon our repose. We could not go to sleep under such circumstances; and hence the greater part of that night was spent in vain endeavours to bestow comfort upon those, whom bodily suffering rendered perfectly dead to every consideration except the desire of ease. We were glad to retire about two in the morning, and to snatch a few hours of broken rest under a shed hard by.

The dawn had not yet appeared, when the well known sound of troops mustering upon their ground, awoke us. We took our places as usual, with the men; and having waited till there was light enough to direct our steps, once more began our march. There was nothing in to-day's operations at all worthy of notice. The country we

had already traversed, and it exhibited, of course, an appearance exactly similar to that which it exhibited before; whilst the absence of every thing like annoyance on the part of the Americans rendered our whole progress more dull and monotonous than would have been wished. We were, accordingly, very well pleased at beholding the houses in Nottingham again rise in view; and our satisfaction suffered no decrease when informed, that here, as formerly, the night should be passed.

It so happened, that Charlton and I fixed ourselves in the identical barn which had sheltered us before, and the reader will not be surprised to learn, that that apparently unimportant occurrence affected us more deeply, than any which had taken place during the whole course of the inroad. It was impossible to lie down upon the tobacco without thinking of the gallant youth who had lain there beside us, only seven days ago. True, he had been but a short time our comrade; we had enjoyed few opportunities of judging as to his temper, disposition, and general character, and we, neither of us, felt for him, what we felt for one another. But the little which we had seen of him, had all been favourable; and his unaffected and noble behaviour in this very barn, forcibly occurred to us. I am not ashamed to confess that we shed some tears to his memory; and that he constituted almost the only subject of our conversation whilst we remained awake.

After a night of sound and refreshing sleep, we rose in confident expectation of continuing the retreat, and, perhaps, reaching the boats that day. But we were mistaken. General Ross was satisfied that no pursuit would take place, and if it did, he was equally satisfied that the pursuers would gain nothing by their exertions. Thus regarding matters, he resolved to rest his army during the 28th, and, at the same time, to secure as much of the property of which it had taken possession, as was contained in the barns and storehouses of Nottingham. Nor was there any difficulty in effecting the last of these purposes. The river was now crowded with gun-boats, barges, and other small vessels, into which the flour and tobacco were removed; and the wounded being also

disposed of in the same way, there remained neither impediment to retard our future movements, nor sources of anxiety to distract our plans.

In this manner the whole of the 28th was passed; the soldiers, for the most part, keeping quiet, whilst the crews of the boats removed the plunder. It fell, however, to my lot, to be placed, towards evening, in charge of one of the outposts. There always is, and indeed must be, some anxiety attending this duty, because the very consciousness of responsibility can hardly fail to create it; but on no occasion have I kept watch so peacefully, and so much at my ease, as to-night. Not so much as once was an alarm given. The sky was clear, the air mild, and the position commanding; in a word, all passed off as if I had been on duty in some military station at home, instead of in the heart of an enemy's country.

Having spent the night thus comfortably, we were in good condition for the march that was before us,—and it was a trying one. A push was to be made for St Benedict's at once. Formerly we had divided the distance, now we were to compass it in one day; nor did we fail in performing our task, though many a good soldier found himself sore pressed to keep his station. It was a journey of seven long leagues; and came not to a close till after darkness had set in. But like the march of yesterday, it was productive of no interesting event, and it led to the very same arrangements and dispositions in which that had ended. We bivouacked under the ridge of the hill, in the identical spots which we had occupied on the 19th, and slept as soundly, and as uninterruptedly, as we had done on the night of our landing.

The first campaign of General Ross in America, if a sudden incursion like that above described, deserves to be so styled, was thus brought to a conclusion. With a mere handful of troops, not exceeding four thousand fighting men at the utmost, he penetrated upwards of sixty miles into an enemy's country, defeated him in a pitched battle, insulted his capital, and returned in safety to the shore. It remained now only to reembark the army, and then his triumph would be complete. Nor was the shadow of a difficulty experienced in effecting this last, and not least perilous enterprise. Intimidated

by his overthrow, the American leader dreamed not at any moment of harassing his conqueror, or impeding his progress; as we afterwards learned, indeed, two full days elapsed, ere he ventured to ascertain that Washington was abandoned. Though, therefore, the most judicious precautions were taken, to cover the re-shipment against danger, no opportunity was afforded of proving them; for the troops betook themselves corps after corps to the boats, and were corps after corps carried to their respective ships. The only tumult to which they listened, was produced by the shouts of the sailors, who welcomed them back with reiterated cheers, and who received them with as much cordiality as if they had been—not soldiers, but brother-seamen.

I cannot pretend to pourtray the nature of my own feelings, when I find myself once more treading the quarter-deck of a transport, and relieved, as it were, at once, from all military occupation and responsibility. That I enjoyed the change heartily, for the moment, cannot be denied. Our fatigue had been excessive; and the prospect of a few days of unbroken rest was certainly more pleasing than almost any other which could have been, under existing circumstances, held out to me. Yet there was a consciousness went along with it, that perfect re-

pose is not a state of existence for which a soldier is adapted, whilst the suddenness of the change was of itself sufficient to take away much of what would have been otherwise highly agreeable in it. It was not now with us, as it is with troops who at the close of a serious campaign retire into winter-quarters. In the latter case, men are gradually prepared for it; a series of bad weather, for the most part, keeps them inactive in the field, before they quit it. At present, we were hurried, in the very middle of summer, from the scene of a brisk, if not of an important war, and placed, not in a position still liable to be assailed, and so calculated to keep us in remembrance of our uses,—but on board of ship, where our time could alone be occupied in eating, drinking, sleeping, playing chess, and walking from one end of a plank to the other. I have said, that at the instant we certainly did enjoy the prospect which was before us; but the first day of our embarkation passed not away without occasioning some alteration in our sentiments, and long before sun-set on the second, we were again panting for employment. So perfectly inconsistent is the human mind with itself, as often as the temperament of the body, or the state of the animal spirits, may chance to undergo a change.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.—BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

GENERAL ANECDOTES.

SHEEP.

THE sheep has scarcely any marked character, save that of natural affection, of which it possesses a very great share. It is otherwise a stupid, indifferent animal, having few wants, and fewer expedients. The old black-faced, or forest breed, have far more powerful capabilities than any of the finer breeds that have been introduced into Scotland, and therefore the few anecdotes that I have to relate, shall be confined to them.

The most singular one that I know of, to be quite well authenticated, is that of a black ewe, that returned with her lamb from a farm in the head of Glen-Lyon, to the farm of Harehope, in Tweeddale, and accomplished the journey in nine days. She was soon missed by her owner, and a shepherd followed her all the way to Crieff, where he turned, and gave her up. He got intelligence of her all the way, and every one told him that she absolutely persisted in travelling on—She would not be turned, regarding neither sheep nor shepherd by the way. Her lamb was often far behind, and she had constantly to urge it on, by impatient bleating. She unluckily came to Stirling on the morning of a great annual fair, about the end of May, and judging it imprudent to adventure through the crowd with her lamb, she halted on the north side of the town the whole day, where she was seen by hundreds lying close by the road side. But next morning, when all grew quiet, a little after the break of day, she was observed stealing quietly through the town, in apparent terror of the dogs that were prowling about the street. The last time she was seen on the road, was at a toll-bar near St Ninian's; the man stopped her, thinking she was a strayed animal, and that some one would claim her. She tried several times to break through per force when he opened the gate, but he always prevented her, and at length she turned patiently again. She had found some means of eluding him, however, for home she came on a Sabbath morning, the 4th of June; and

she left the farm of Lochs, in Glen-Lyon, either on the Thursday afternoon, or Friday morning, the week previous but one. The farmer of Harehope paid the Highland farmer the price of her, and she lived on her native farm till she died of old age, in her seventeenth year.

I have heard of sheep returning from Yorkshire to the Highlands; but then I always suspected that they might have been lost by the way. But this is certain, that when once one, or a few sheep, get away from the rest of their acquaintances, they return homeward with great eagerness and perseverance. I have lived beside a drove-road the better part of my life, and many stragglers have I seen bending their steps northward in the spring of the year. A shepherd rarely sees these journeymen twice; if he sees them, and stops them in the morning, they are gone long before night; and if he sees them at night, they will be gone many miles before morning. This strong attachment to the place of their nativity, is much more predominant in our own aboriginal breed, than in any of the other kinds with which I am acquainted.

There is another peculiarity in their nature, of which I have witnessed innumerable instances. I shall only relate one, for they are all alike, and show how much the sheep is a creature of habit.

A shepherd in Blackhouse bought a few sheep from another in Crawmel, about ten miles distant. In the spring following, one of the ewes went back to her native place, and yeaned on a wild hill called Crawmel Craig. On a certain day, about the beginning of July following, the shepherd went and brought home his ewe and lamb—took the fleece from the ewe, and kept the lamb for one of his stock. The lamb lived and thrived, became a hog and a gimmer, and never offered to leave home; but when three years of age, and about to have her first lamb, she vanished; and the morning after, the Crawmel shepherd, in going his

rounds, found her with a new-year's lamb on the very gair of the Crammel Craig, where she was lambed herself. She remained there till the first week of July, the time when she was brought a lamb herself, and then she came home with hers of her own accord; and this custom she continued annually with the greatest punctuality as long as she lived. At length her lambs, when they came of age, began the same practice, and the shepherd was obliged to dispose of the whole breed.

But with regard to their natural affection, the instances that might be mentioned are without number, stupid and actionless creatures as they are. When one loses its sight in a flock of short sheep, it is rarely abandoned to itself in that hapless and helpless state. Some one always attaches itself to it, and by bleating calls it back from the precipice, the lake, the pool, and all dangers whatever. There is a disease among sheep, called by shepherds the Breakshugh, a sort of deadly dysentery, which is as infectious as fire in a flock. Whenever a sheep feels itself seized by this, it instantly absents itself from all the rest, shunning their society with the greatest care; it even hides itself, and is often very hard to be found. Though this propensity can hardly be attributed to natural instinct, it is, at all events, a provision of nature of the greatest kindness and beneficence.

There is another manifest provision of nature with regard to these animals, which is, that the more inhospitable the land is on which they feed, the greater their kindness and attention to their young. I once herded two years on a wild and bare farm called Willensalee, on the border of Mid-Lothian, and of all the sheep I ever saw, these were the kindest and most affectionate to their young. I was often deeply affected at scenes which I witnessed there. We had one very hard winter, so that our sheep grew lean in the spring, and the thwarter-ill (a sort of paralytic affection) came among them, and carried off a number. Often have I seen these poor victims, when fallen down to rise no more, even when unable to lift their heads from the ground, holding up the leg, to invite the starving lamb to the miserable pittance that the ad-

der still could supply. I had never seen aught more painfully affecting.

It is well known that it is a custom with shepherds, when a lamb dies, if the mother have sufficiency of milk, to bring her in and put another lamb to her. I have described the process somewhere else;—it is done by putting the skin of the dead lamb upon the living one; the ewe immediately acknowledges the relationship, and after the skin has warmed on it, so as to give it something of the smell of her own progeny, and it has sucked her two or three times, she accepts and nourishes it as her own ever after. Whether it is from joy at this apparent reanimation of her young one, or a little doubt remaining on her mind that she would fain dispel, I cannot decide; but, for a number of days, she shows far more fondness, more bleating, and caressing, over this one, than she did formerly over the one that was really her own.

But this is not what I wanted to explain; it was, that such sheep as thus lose their lambs, must be driven to a house with dogs, so that the lamb may be put to them; for they will only take it in a dark confined place. But here, in Willensalee, I never needed to drive home a sheep by force, with dogs, or in any other way than the following: I found every ewe, of course, standing hanging her head over her dead lamb, and having a piece of twine with me for the purpose, I tied that to the lamb's neck, or foot, and trailing it along, the ewe followed me into any house or fold that I chose to lead her. Any of them would have followed me in that way for miles, with her nose close on the lamb, which she never quitted for a moment, except to chase the dog, which she would not suffer to walk near me. I often, out of curiosity, led them in to the side of the kitchen fire by this means, into the midst of servants and dogs; but the more that dangers multiplied around the ewe, she clung the closer to her dead offspring, and thoughts of nothing but protecting it.

That same year there was a severe blast of snow came on by night about the latter end of April, which destroyed several scores of our lambs; and as we had not enough of twine and odd lambs for the mothers that had lost theirs, of course we selected the best

ewes, and put lambs to them. As we were making the distribution, I requested of my master to spare me a lamb for a hawked ewe which he knew, and which was standing over a dead lamb in the head of the hope, about four miles from the house. He would not do it, but bid me let her stand over her lamb for a day or two, and perhaps a twin would be forthcoming. I did so, and truly she did stand to her charge; so truly, that I think the like never was equalled by any of the woolly race. I visited her every morning and evening, and for the first eight days never caught her above two or three yards from the lamb; and always, as I went my rounds, she eyed me long ere I came near her, and kept tramping with her foot, and whistling through her nose, to fright away the dog. He got a regular chase twice a-day as I

passed by, but however excited and fierce a ewe may be, she never offers any resistance to mankind, being perfectly and meekly passive to them. The weather grew fine and warm, and the dead lamb soon decayed, which the body of a dead lamb does particularly soon; but still this affectionate and desolate creature kept hanging over the poor remains with an affection that seemed to be nourished by hopelessness. It often drew the tears from my eyes to see her hanging with such fondness over a few bones, mixed with a small portion of wool. For the first fortnight she never quitted the spot, and for another week she visited it every morning and evening, uttering a few kindly and heart-piercing bleats each time; till at length every remnant of her offspring vanished, mixing with the soil.

PRAYERS.

THESE is, I believe, no class of men professing the Protestant faith, so truly devout as the shepherds of Scotland. They get all the learning that the parish schools afford; are thoroughly acquainted with the Scriptures of truth; deeply read in theological works, and really, I am sorry to say it, generally much better informed than their masters. Every shepherd is a man of respectability—he must be so, else he must cease to be a shepherd. His master's flock is entirely committed to his care, and if he does not manage it with constant care, caution, and decision, he cannot be employed. A part of the stock is his own, however, so that his interest in it is the same with that of his master; and being thus the most independent of men, if he cherishes a good behaviour, and the most insignificant if he loses the esteem of his employers, he has every motive for maintaining an unimpeachable character.

It is almost impossible, also, that he can be other than a religious character, being so much conversant with the Almighty in his works, in all the goings-on of nature, and the control of the otherwise resistless elements. He feels himself a dependent being, morning and evening, on the great Ruler of the universe; he holds converse with him in the cloud and the

storm—on the misty mountain and the darksome waste—in the whirling drift and the overwhelming thaw—and even in voices and sounds that are only heard by the howling cliff or solitary dell. How can such a man fail to be impressed with the presence of an eternal God, of an omniscient eye, and an almighty arm?

The position generally holds good; for, as I have said, the shepherds are a religious and devout set of men, and among them the antiquated but delightful exercise of family worship is never neglected. It is always gone about with decency and decorum, but formality being a thing despised, there is no composition that I ever heard so truly original as these prayers occasionally are; sometimes for rude eloquence and pathos, at other times for a nondescript sort of pomp, and not unfrequently for a plain and somewhat unbecoming familiarity.

One of the most notable men for this sort of family eloquence was Adam Scott, in Upper Dalgliesh. I had an uncle who herded with him, and from him I had many quotations from Adam Scott's prayers:—a few of them are as follow.

"We particularly thank thee for thy great goodness to Meg, and that ever it came into your head to take

any thought of sic an useless baw-waw as her." (This was a little girl that had been somewhat miraculously saved from drowning.) "For thy mercy's sake—for the sake of thy poor sinfu' servants that are now addressing thee in their sin shilly-shally way, and for the sake o' mair than we dare weel name to thee, hae mercy on Rob. Ye ken yoursell he is a wild mischievous callant, and thinks nae mair o' committing sin than a dog does o' licking a dish; but put thy hook in his nose, and thy bridle in his gab, and gar him come back to thee wi' a jerk that he'll no forget the langest day he has to leeve."

"Dinna forget poor Jamie, wha's far away frae amang us the night. Keep thy arm o' power about him, an' O, I wish ye wad endow him wi' a little spunk and smeddum to act for himsell. For if ye dinna, he'll be but a baulchle in this world, and a back-sitter in the neist."

"We desire to be submissive to thy will and pleasure at a' times, but our desires are like new-bridled colts, or dogs that are first laid to the brae; they run wild frae under our control. Thou hast added one to our family—so has been thy will, but it would never hae been mine—if it's of thee, do thou bless and prosper the connexion; but if the fool hath done it out of carnal desire, against all reason and credit, may the could rainy cloud of adversity settle on his habitation, till he shiver in the flame that his folly hath kindled." (I think this was said to be in allusion to the marriage of one of his sons.)

"We're a' like hawks, we're a' like snails, we're a' like alogie riddles;—like hawks to do evil, like snails to do good, and like alogie riddles, that let through a' the good, and keep the bad."

"Bring down the tyrant and his lang neb, for he has done muckle ill the year, and gie him a cup o' thy wrath, and gin he winna tak that, gie him kelty."

Kelty signifies double, or two cups. This was an occasional petition for one season only, and my uncle never could comprehend what it meant.—The general character of Scott was one of decision and activity; constant in the duties of religion, but not over strict with regard to some of its moral precepts.

I have heard the following petitions sundry times in the family prayers of an old relation of my own, long since gone to his rest.

"And moreover and aboon, do thou bless us a' wi' thy best warldly blessings—wi' bread for the belly an' theeking for the back, a lang stride an' a clear ee-sight. Keep us from a' proud prosing and upsetting—from foul flaipe, and stray steps, and from all unnecessary trouble."

But, in generalities, these prayers are never half so original as when they come to particular incidents that affect only the petitioners; for there are some things happening to them daily, which they deem it their bounden duty to remember before their Maker, either by way of petition, confession, or thanksgiving. The following was told to me as a part of the same worthy old man's prayer occasionally, for some weeks before he left a master, in whose father's service and his own the decayed shepherd had spent the whole of his life.

"Bless my master and his family with thy best blessings in Christ Jesus. Prosper all his worldly concerns, especially that valuable part which is committed to my care. I have worn out my life in the service of him and his fathers, and thou knowest that I have never bowed a knee before thee without remembering them. Thou knowest, also, that I have never studied night's rest, nor day's comfort, when put in competition with their interest. The foulest days and the stormiest nights were to me as the brightest of summer; and if he has done weel in casting out his auld servant, do thou forgive him. I forgive him with all my heart, and will never cease to pray for him; but when the hard storms o' winter come, may he miss the braid bonnet and the gray head, and say to himsell, 'I wish to God that my auld herd had been here yet.' I ken o' neither house nor habitation this night, but for the sake o' them amang us that canna do for them-sells, I ken thou wilt provide ane; for though thou hast tried me with hard and sair adversarities, I have had more than my share of thy mercies, and thou ken'st better than I can tell thee that thou hast never bestowed them on an unthankful heart."

This is the sentence, exactly as it was related to me, but I am sure it is

not correct; for, though very like his manner, I never heard him come so near the English language in one sentence in my life. I once heard him say, in allusion to a chapter he had been reading about David and Goliath, and just at the close of his prayer: "And when our besetting sins come bragging and blowsterng upon us, like Gully o' Gath, O enable us to sling off the airmer and hairnshin' o' the law, whilk we haena proved, an' whup up the simple sling o' the gospel, and nail the smooth stanes o' redeeming grace into their foreheads."

Of all the compositions, for simple pathos, that I ever saw or heard, his prayer, on the evening of that day on which he buried his only son, excelled; but at this distance of time, it is impossible for me to do it justice; and hoping that it is recorded in heaven, I dare not take it on me to garble it. He began the subject of his sorrows thus:—

"Thou hast seen meet, in thy wise providence, to remove the staff out of my right hand, at the very time when, to us poor sand-blind mortals, it appeared that I stood maist in need o't. But O it was a sicker ane, an' a sure ane, an' a dear ane to my heart! an' how I'll climb the steep hill o' auld age an' sorrow without it, thou may'st ken, but I dinna."

His singing of the psalms beat all exhibitions that ever were witnessed of a sacred nature. He had not the least air of sacred music; there was no attempt at it; it was a sort of recitative of the most grotesque kind; and yet he delighted in it, and sung far more verses every night than is customary. The first time I heard him I was very young; but I could not stand it, but leaned myself back into a bed, and laughed till the sweat ran off me in streams. He had likewise an out-of-the-way custom, in reading a portion of Scripture every night, of always making remarks as he went on. And such remarks! There was one evening I heard him reading a chapter—I have forgot where it was—but he came to words like these: "And other nations, whom the great and noble Asnapper brought over"—John stopped short, and, considering for a little, says: "Asnapper! whate a king was he that? I dinna mind o' ever hearing tell o' him afore."

"I dinna ken," said one of the girls;

"but he has a queer name."—"It is something like a gonnly knife," said a younger one. "Whisht, dame," said John, and then went on with the chapter. I believe it was about the fourth or fifth chapter of Ezra. He seldom missed a few observations of this sort for a single night.

There was another night, not long after the time above noticed, that he was reading of the feats of one Samballat, who set himself against the building of the second Temple. On closing the Bible John uttered a long heuh! and then I knew there was something forthcoming. "He has been another nor a gude ane that," added he; "I hae nae brow o' their Sandy-ballat."

There was another time that he stopped in the middle of a chapter and uttered his "heuh!" of disapproval, and then added, "If it had been the Lord's will, I think they might hae left out that verse."—"It hama been his will, though," said one of the girls.—"It seems sae," said John. I have entirely forgot what he was reading about, and am often vexed at having forgot the verse that John wanted expunged from the Bible. It was in some of the minor prophets.

There was another time he came to his brother-in-law's house, where I was then living, and John being the oldest man, the Bible was laid down before him to make family worship. He made no objections, but began, as was always his custom, by asking a blessing on their devotions; and when he had done, it being customary for those who make family worship to sing straight through the Psalms from beginning to end, John says, "We'll sing in your ordinary. Where is it?"—"We do not always sing in one place," said the gademan of the house. "Na, I daresay no, or else ye'll make that place threadbare," said John, in a short crabbed style, manifestly suspecting that his friend was not regular in his family devotions. This piece of sharp wit after the worship was begun had to me an effect highly ludicrous.

When he came to give out the chapter, he remarked, that there would be no ordinary there either, he supposed. "We have been reading in Job for a long time," said the gademan. "How long?" said John slyly, as he turned over the leaves, thinking to catch his

friend at fault. "O, I dinna ken that," said the other; "but there's a mark laid in that will tell you the bit."—"If you hae read vera long in Job," says John, "you will hae made him threadbare too, for the mark is only at the ninth chapter." There was no answer, so he read on. In the course of the chapter he came to these words—"Who commandeth the sun, and it riseth not."—"I never heard of Him doing that," says John. "But Job, honest man, maybe means the darkness that was in the land o' Egypt. It wad be a fearsonie thing an the sun wadna till rise."

A little farther on he came to these words—"Which maketh Arcturus, Orion, and Pleiades, and the chambers of the south." "I hae often wondered at that verse," says John. "Job has been a grand philosopher! The Pleiades are the seven stars,—I ken them; and Orion, that's the King's Ellwand; but I'm never sae sure about Arcturus. I fancy he's ane o' the plenities, or maybe him that hauds the gouden plough."

On reading the last chapter of the book of Job, when he came to the enumeration of the patriarch's live stock, he remarked, "He has had an unco sight o' creatures. Fourteen thousand sheep! How mow was that?"—"He has had seven hunder asses," said one. "Ay," said John, "it was an unco swarm o' creatures. There wad be a dreadful confusion at his clippings and spainings. Six thousand camels, a thousand yoke of oxen, and a thousand she-asses. What, in the wide wark, did he do wi' a' thae creatures? Wad it no hae been mair purpose-like if he had had them a' milk his?"—"Wha wad he hae gotten to have milked them?" said one of the girls. "It's vera true," said John.

One time, during a long and severe lying storm of snow, in allusion to some chapter he had been reading, he prayed as follows: (This is from hearsay.) "Is the whiteness of desolation to be still on the mountains of our land for ever? Is the earthly hope o' thy servants to perish frae the face of the earth? The flocks on a thousand hills are thine, and their lives or deaths wad be naething to thee—thou wad

neither be the richer nor the poorer; but it is a great matter to us. Have pity, then, on the lives o' thy creatures, for beast an' body are a' thy handywark, and send us the little wee cludd out o' the sea like a man's hand, to spreid and darken, and pour and plash, till the green gladsome face o' nature since mair appear."

During the smearing season one year, it was agreed that each shepherd, young and old, should ask a blessing and return thanks at meal-time, in his turn, beginning at the eldest, and going off at the youngest; that, as there was no respect of persons with God, so there should be none shown among neighbours. John being the eldest, the graces began with him, and went decently on till they came to the youngest, who obstinately refused. Of course it devolved again on John, who, taking off his broad bonnet, thus addressed his Maker with great fervency:—

"O our gracious Lord and Redeemer, thou hast said in thy blessed word, that those who are ashamed of thee and thy service, of them thou wilt be ashamed when thou comest into thy kingdom. Now, all that we humbly beg of thee at this time is, that Geordie may not be reckoned among that unhappy number. Open the poor chield's heart an' his een to a sight o' his lost condition; an' though he be that proud that he'll no ask a blessing o' thee, neither for himsell nor us, do thou grant us a' thy blessing we're theless, an' him among the rest, for Christ's sake. Amen."

The young man felt the rebuke very severely, his face grew as red as flame, and it was several days before he could assume his usual hilarity. Had I lived with John a few years, I could have picked up his remarks on the greater part of the Scriptures, for to read and not make remarks was out of his power. The story of Ruth was a great favourite with him—he often read it to his family of a Sabbath evening, as "a good lesson on naturality;" but he never failed making the remark, that "it was nae mair nor decency in her to creep in beside the dous man i' the night-time when he was sleeping."

ODD CHARACTERS.

AMONG the first of these in this district was old Will o' Phaup, one of the genuine Laidlaws of Craik, where he was born in 1691. He was shepherd in Phaup for fifty-five years. For feats of frolic, strength, and agility, he had no equal in his day. In the hall of the laird, at the farmer's ingle, and in the shepherd's cot, Will was alike a welcome guest, and in whatever company he was, he kept the whole in one roar of merriment. In Will's days brandy was the common drink in this country; as for whisky, it was like silver in the days of Solomon, nothing accounted of. Good black French brandy was the constant beverage, and a heavy neighbour Will was on it. Many a hard bouse he had about Moffat, and many a race he ran, generally for wagers of so many pints of brandy, and in all his life never was beat. He once ran at Moffat for a wager of five guineas, which one of the chiefs of the Johnstons betted on his head. His opponent was a celebrated runner from Crawford-Moor, of the name of Blaikley, on whose head, or rather on whose feet, a Captain Douglas had wagered. Will knew nothing of the match till he went to Moffat, and was very averse to it. "No that he was ony way fear'd for the chap," he said, "but he had on a' his ilkaday claes, an' as a' the leddies an' gentlemen at Moffat-wall war to be there to see the race, he didna like to appear afore them like an assie whalp."

However, he was urged, and obliged to go out and strip; and, as he told it, "a poor figure I made beside the chield wi' his grand ruffled sark. I was sae affrontit at thinking that Will o' Phaup should hae made sic a dirty shabby appearance afore sae mony grit folks an' bonny leddies, that the deil a fit I could rin mair nor I had been a diker. My sark was as din as it had been row'd amang the asse, an' my breeks a' mendit wi' clouts o' different colours. Shame fa' me gin I didna wuss mysell i' the water outhwer the lugs. The race was down on Annan-side, an' jimply a mile, out an' in; an', at the very first, the man wi' the ruffled sark flew off like a hare, an' left poor Will o' Phaup to come waughlin up ahint him like a singit

cur, wi' his din sark and his cloutit breeks. I had neither heart nor power till a very queer accident befel me; for, Scots grund! disna the tying o' my cloutit breeks brek loose, and in a moment they war at my heels, and there was I standin' like a hapahekel'd staig! 'Off wi' them, Phaup! Off wi' them!' cries ane. Od, sir, I just sprang out o' them, and that instant I fand my spirits rise to the proper pitch. I kend though I had tarry breeks and a din sark, I had as bonny a skin as was on the field; an' though the leddies should turn about their backs, what could I help it. But instead o' that, the wild gillies only clappit their hands, an' shoutit out, 'Weel pro'en, Will o' Phaup! Hooray! Phaup for ever yet!' The chield was clean afore me, but I fand that if he war a eagle I wad o'ertake him, for I scarcely kend whether I was touching the grund or fleeing in the air, and as I came by Mr Welch, I heard him saying, 'By G—, Phaup has him yet!' for he saw Blaikley falling. I got by him, but I had not muckle to brag o', for he keepit the step on me till within a gun-shot o' the starting-post.

"Then there was sic a fraze about me by the winning party, and naething wad serve them but that I should dine wi' them in the public room. 'Na, fiend be there then, Mr Johnson,' says I, 'for though your leddies only leuch at my accident, if I war to dinner wi' them in this state, I kenna how they might tak it.'"

When a young lad, only sixteen years of age, and the very first year he was in Phaup, his master betted the price of his whole drove of Phaup hogs on his head, at a race with an Englishman on Stagshaw-bank. James Anderson, Esq. of Retrickhall, was then farmer of Phaup, and he had noted at the shedding, before his young shepherd left home, that whenever a sheep got by wrong, he never did more than run straight after it, lay hold of it by sheer speed, and bring it back in his arms. So the laird having formed high ideas of Will's swiftness, without letting him know of the matter, first got an English gentleman into a heat, by bragging the English runners with Scots

ones, and then proffered betting the price of his 300 wedder hogs, that he had a poor starved barefooted boy who was helping to drive them,—whom he believed to be about the worst runner in Scotland,—who would yet beat the best Englishman that could be found in Stagshawbank-fair.

The Englishman's national pride was aroused, as well it might, his countrymen being well known as the superior runners. The bet was taken, and Will won it with the greatest ease for his master, without being made aware of the stake for which he ran. This he never knew till some months afterwards, that his master presented him with a guinea, a pair of new shoes, and a load of oat-meal, for winning him the price of the Phaup hogs. Will was exceedingly proud of the feat he had performed, as well as of the present, which, he remarked, was as much to him as the price of the hogs was to his master. From that day forth he was never beat at a fair race.

He never went to Moffat, that the farmers did not get him into their company, and then never did he get home to Phaup sober. The mad feats which he then performed, were, for an age, the standing jokes of the country, and many of his sayings settled into regular proverbs or by-words. His great oath was "Scots ground!" And "Scots ground, quo' Will o' Phaup," is a standing exclamation to this day—"one plash more, quo' Will o' Phaup," is another,—and there are many similar ones. This last had its origin in one of those Moffat houses, from which the farmer of Selcouth and Will were returning by night greatly inebriated, the former riding, and Will running by his side. Moffat water being somewhat flooded, the farmer proposed taking Laidlaw on the horse behind him. Will sprang on, but, as he averred, never got seated right, till the impatient animal plunged into the water, and the two friends came off, and floated down the river, hanging by one another. The farmer got to his feet first, but in pulling out Will, lost his equilibrium a second time, and plunging headlong into the stream, down he went. Will was then in the utmost perplexity, for, with the drink and ducking together, he was quite benumbed, and the night was as dark

as pitch; he ran down the side of the stream to succour his friend, and losing all sight of him, he knew not what to do; but hearing a great plunge, he made towards the place, calling out, "One plash more, sir, and I have you—One plash more, quo' Will o' Phaup;" but all was silent! "Scots ground! quo' Will o' Phaup—a man drown'd, an' me here!" Will ran to a stream, and took his station in the middle of the water, in hopes of feeling his drowning friend come against his legs;—but the farmer got safely out by himself.

There was another time at Moffat, that he was taken in, and had to pay a dinner and drink for a whole large party of gentlemen. I have forgot how it happened, but think it was by a wager. He had not only to part with all his money, but had to pawn his whole stock of sheep. He then came home with a heavy heart, told his wife what he had done, and that he was a ruined man. She said, that since he had saved the cow, they would do well enough.

The money was repaid afterwards, so that Will did not actually lose his stock; but after that, he went seldom to Moffat. He fell upon a much easier plan of getting fun; for, at that period, there were constantly bands of smugglers passing from the Solway, through the wild region where he lived, towards the Lothians. From these Will purchased occasionally a stock of brandy, and then the gentlemen and farmers came all and drank with him, paying him at the enormous rate of a shilling per bottle, all lesser measures being despised, and out of repute at Phaup. It became a place of constant rendezvous, but a place where they drank too deep to be a safe place for gentlemen to meet. There were two rival houses of Andersons at that time that never ceased quarrelling, and they were wont always to come to Phaup with their swords by their sides. Being all exceedingly stout men, and equally good swordsmen, it may easily be supposed they were dangerous neighbours to meet in such a wild remote place. Accordingly, there were many quarrels and bloody bouts there as long as the Andersons possessed Phaup; after which, the brandy system was laid aside. Will twice saved his master's life in these affairs;—once, when he had drawn

on three of Amos's tenants of Potburn, but they had mastered his sword, broken it, and were dragging him to the river by the neckcloth. Will knocked down one, cut his master's neckcloth, and defended him stoutly till he gathered his breath, and then the two jointly did thrash the Amoses to their hearts' satisfaction. And another time, from the sword of Michael of Tushielaw; but he could not help the two fighting a duel afterwards, which was the cause of much mischief, and many heart-burnings, among these haughty relatives.

Will and his master once fought a clean battle themselves two, up in a wild glen called Phaup Coom. They differed about a young horse, which the laird had sent there to graze, and which he thought had not been well treated; and so bitter did the recriminations grow between them, that the laird threatened to send Will to hell. Will defied him, on which he attacked him furiously with his cane, while the shepherd defended himself as resolutely with his staff. The combat was exceedingly sharp and severe, but the gentleman was too scientific for the shepherd, and hit him many blows about the head and shoulders, while Will could not hit him once, "all that he could thrash on." The latter was determined, however, not to yield, and fought on, although, as he termed it, "the blood began to blind his een." He tried several times to close with his master, but found him so complete in both his defences and offences, that he never could accomplish it, but always suffered for his temerity. At length he "jouked down his head, took a lounder across the shoulders, and, in the meantime, hit his master across the shins." This ungentelemanly blow quite paralysed the laird, and the cane dropped out of his hand, on which Will closed with him, mastered him with ease, laying him down, and holding him fast;—but all that he could do, he could not pacify him,—he still swore he would have his heart's blood. Will had then no resource, but to spring up, and bound away to the hill. The laird pursued for a time, but he might as well have tried to catch a roe-buck; so he went back to Phaup, took his horse in silence, and rode away home. Will expected a summons of removal next day, or next term at the farthest, but

Mr Anderson took no notice of the affair, nor ever so much as mentioned it again.

Will had many pitched battles with the bands of smugglers, in defence of his master's grass, for they never missed unloading on the lands of Phaup, and turning their horses to the best grass they could find. According to his account, these fellows were exceedingly lawless, and accounted nothing of taking from the country people whatever they needed in emergencies. The gipsies, too, were then accustomed to traverse the country in bands of from twenty to forty, and were no better than freebooters. But to record every one of Will o' Phaup's heroic feats, would require a volume. I shall, therefore, only mention one trait more of his character, which was this—

He was the last man of this wild region, who heard, saw, and conversed with the fairies, and that not once or twice, but at sundry times and seasons. The shealing at which Will lived all the better part of his life, at Old Upper Phaup, was one of the most lonely and dismal situations that ever was the dwelling of human creatures. I have often wondered how such a man could live so long, and rear so numerous and respectable a family, in such a habitation. It is on the very outskirts of Ettrick Forest, quite out of the range of social intercourse, a fit retirement for lawless banditti, and a genial one for the last retreat of the spirits of the glen—before taking their final leave of the land of their love, in which the light of the gospel then grew too bright for their tiny moonlight forms. There has Will beheld them riding in long and beautiful array, by the light of the moon, and even in the summer twilight; and there has he seen them sitting in seven circles, in the bottom of a deep ravine, drinking nectar out of cups of silver and gold, no bigger than the dew-cup flower; and there did he behold their wild unearthly eyes, all of one bright sparkling blue, turned every one upon him at the same moment, and heard their mysterious whisperings, of which he knew no word, save now and then the repetition of his own name, which was always done in a strain of pity. Will was coming from the hill in a dark misty evening in winter, and, for a

good while, imagined he heard a great gabbling of children's voices, not far from him, which still grew more and more audible; it being before sunset, he had no spark of fear, but set about investigating from whence the sounds and laughter proceeded. He, at length, discovered that they issued from a deep cleugh not far distant, and thinking it was a band of gipsies, or some marauders, he laid down his bonnet and his plaid, and creeping softly over the heath, he reached the brink of the precipice, and peeping over, to his utter astonishment, beheld the fairies sitting in seven circles, on a green spot in the bottom of the dell, where no green spot ever was before. They were apparently eating and drinking; but all their motions were so quick and momentary, he could not well say what they were doing. Two or three at the queen's back appeared to be baking bread. They were all ladies, and their numbers quite countless—dressed in green pollonians, and grass-green bonnets on their heads. He perceived at once by their looks, their giggling, and their peals of laughter, that he was discovered. Still fear took no possession of his heart, for it was daylight, and the blessed sun was in heaven, although obscured by clouds; till at length he heard them pronounce his own name audibly twice; Will then began to think it might not be quite so safe to wait till they pronounced it a third time, and at that moment of hesitation it first came into his mind that it was All-hallow-eve! There was no farther occasion to warn Will to rise and run, for he well knew the fairies were privileged on that day and that night, to do what seemed good in their own eyes. "His hair," he said, "stood all up like the birses on a sow's back, an' every bit o' his body, outside and in, sprinkled as it had been brunt wi' nettles." He ran home as fast as his feet could carry him, and greatly were his children astonished (for he was then a widower) to see their father come running like a madman, without either his bonnet or plaid. He assembled them to prayers, and shut the door, but did not tell them what he had seen for several years.

There was another time that he followed a whole troop of them up a wild glen called Entertrony, from one end to the other, without ever being able to come up with them, although

they never appeared to be more than twenty paces in advance. Neither were they flying from him; for instead of being running at their speed, as he was doing, they seemed to be standing in a large circle. It happened to be the day after a Moffat fair, and he supposed them to be a party of his neighbours returning from it, who wished to lead him a long chase before they suffered themselves to be overtaken. He heard them speaking, singing, and laughing; and being a man so fond of sociality, he exerted himself to come up with them, but to no purpose. Several times did he hail them, and desire them to stay, and tell him the news of the fair; but he was only answered by a peal of eldrich laughter, that seemed to spread along the skies over his head. At length he began to suspect that that unearthly laugh was not altogether unknown to him. He stood still to consider, and that moment the laugh was repeated, and a voice out of the crowd called to him in a shrill laughing tone, "Ha, ha, ha! Will o' Phaup, look to your ain hearthstane the night." Will again threw off every encumbrance, and fled home to his lonely cot, the most likely spot on the estate for the fairies to congregate; but it is wonderful what safety concentrates round a man's own hearth and family circle.

There was another time, when he was a right old man, that he was sitting on a little green hillock at the end of his house, in the evening, resting himself, that there came three little boys up to him, all exactly like one another, when the following short dialogue ensued between Will and them.

"Good e'en t'ye, Will Laidlaw."

"Good e'en t'ye, creatures. Where ir ye gaun this gate?"

"Can ye gie us up-putting for the night?"

"I think three sickan bits o' shreds o' hurchins winna be ill to put up.—Where came ye frae?"

"Frae a place that ye dinna ken. But we are come on a commission to you."

"Come away in then, an' tak sic cheer as we hae."

Will rose and led the way into the house, and the little boys followed; and as he went, he said carelessly, without looking back, "What's your commission to me, bairns?" He thought they were some gentleman's sons come from his master.

"We are sent to demand a silver key that you have in your possession."

Will was astounded; and standing still to consider of some old transaction, he said, without lifting his eyes from the ground,—

"A silver key? In God's name, where came ye from?"

There was no answer, on which Will wheeled round and round, and round; but the tiny beings were all gone, and Will never saw them more. At the name of God, they vanished in the twinkling of an eye. It is curious that I never should have heard the secret of the silver key, or indeed, whether there was such a thing or not.

But Will once saw a vision which was more unaccountable than this still. On his way from Moffat one time, about midnight, he perceived a light very near to the verge of a steep hill, which he knew perfectly well, but I have forgot whether it was on the lands of Bodsbeck or Selcouth, though I think it was on the latter. The light appeared exactly like one from a window, and as if a lamp moved frequently within. His path was by the bottom of the hill, and the light being almost close at the top, he had at first no thoughts of visiting it; but as it shone in sight for a full mile, his curiosity to see what it was continued still to increase as he approached nearer. At length, on coming to the bottom of the steep bank, it appeared so bright and so nigh, that he determined to climb the steep and see what it was. There was no moon, but it was a starry night and not very dark, and so Will ventured on his perilous expedition, clambering up the precipice with the greatest difficulty, as well as fatigue. He went straight to the light, which he found to be an opening into an extensive cavern, about the size and dimensions of an ordinary barn. The opening was a square one, and just big enough for a man to have crept in. Will set in his head and beheld a row of casks from one end to the other, and two men with long beards, buff belts about their waists, and torches in their hands, who seemed busy in writing something on each cask. They were not the small casks used by smugglers, but large ones, about one half bigger than common tar-barrels, and all of a size, save two very huge ones at the further end. The cavern was all neat and clean, but there was an appearance of moul-

diness about the casks, as if they had stood there for ages. The men were both at the farther end when Will looked in, and busily engaged; but at length one of them came towards him, holding his torch above his head, and, as Will thought, having his eyes fixed on him. Will never got such a fright in his life;—many a fright he got with unearthly creatures, but this was the most frightful of them all. He was a man of gigantic size, with grizzly features, and his beard hanging down to his belt. Will ran with all his might, but to his dying day could never recollect in what direction. It was not long, however, till he missed his feet and fell, and the hill being almost perpendicular, he hurled down with great celerity, soon reached the bottom of the steep, and pursued his way home, it may well be conceived, in the utmost terror and amazement; but the light from the cavern was extinguished on the instant—he saw it no more.

Will apprized all the people within his reach, the next morning, of the wonderful discovery he had made; but the story was so like a fantasy or a dream, that several of them were hard of belief;—some there were who never did believe it, but ascribed all to the Moffat brandy. However, they sallied out in a body, armed with cudgels and two or three rusty rapiers, to reconnoitre; but the entrance into the cave they could not find, nor has it ever been discovered again to this day. Many a place they tried to open that day, but Will was satisfied the whole time, that none of them were in the least like the entrance he discovered. He left a part of the men standing on the hill, and took others away to the spot from whence he first saw the light. He knew also within a few yards of the place, where he first left his path to climb the steep, at which time he said it was right opposite to him. But with regard to this, Will's philosophy was a little deranged, when he was told that two things were always right opposite to one another. There were, however, some strong corroborative proofs in Will's favour. It was manifest that he had been there, which was directly out of his road, for they found the sloat that he had made in hurling down the hill from the top to the bottom; and when they discovered that track, they thought they had the prize. They soon found that they were as

far from it as ever, for Will, in the midst of his terror and confusion, neither knew in what direction he was running when he fell, nor how far he had run. There were, moreover, evident marks of two horses having been fastened that night in a wild clench-head, at a short distance from the spot they were searching.

If the whole of this was an optical delusion, it was the most singular I ever heard or read of. For my part, I do not believe it was; I believe there was such a cavern existing at that day, and that vestiges of it may still be discovered. It was an unfeasible story altogether for a man to invent; and, moreover, though Will was a man whose character had a deep tinge of the superstitions of his own country, he was besides a man of probity, truth, and honour, and never told that for the truth, which he did not believe to be so. Peace be to his ashes, and blest be his memory! I remember him very well;—he died in my father's house, old, and full of days, and was the first human being whom I saw depart from this stage of existence.

His sons inherited his agility, though not perhaps in an equal degree. One of them, however, never was beat, save by a Mr Bryden of Corsecleuch, who beat him two races out of six. This latter was a man below the common size; but, save by Robert Laidlaw, he remained unconquered in the race, and even disputed the palm very hardly with him. Will's great-grandsons are, at this time, among the swiftest runners of the Forest; but old people say they are greatly degenerated from the speed of their fathers. He was a young man, near to his prime, in the year 1715; and having fled with his ewes into Annandale from a snow storm, he saw the Galloway and Nithdale men marching to the Border. Happening to be in Annandale again in the winter of 1745, he saw Prince Charles and his clans marching northward, towards Dumfries. One of his sons is still alive, near to a hundred years of age, with all his faculties complete; and as he well remembers all his father's legends and traditions, what a living chronicle remains there of past ages!

There was a contemporary of Laidlaw's, who died about the same period, but an older man, who was also a very remarkable man in his day, supersti-

tious in the extreme; many of his stories and traditions were of a visionary nature. But in legendary lore he was altogether unequalled—he was master of it; a sovereign over that department of literature, making it his boast and pride that he could sing every song and ballad that ever his country produced. He had not only all the old ballads since published in the *Border Minstrelsy*, but as many more of a nature too romantic, trivial, or indelicate, to be admitted into that work. Andrew was a man of strong sound sense, keen feelings, and quick discernment, but, like his contemporary and acquaintance, had many encounters with beings of another and an unknown world. Nor was it any wonder these patriarchs should have been superstitious; they lived under the ministry of the far-famed and Reverend Thomas Boston, a great divine and a saintly character, but than whom a more superstitious man never existed.

Daft Jock Amos was another odd character, of whom many droll sayings are handed down. He was a lunatic; but having been a scholar in his youth, he was possessed of a sort of wicked wit, and wavering uncertain intelligence, that proved right troublesome to those who took it on them to reprove his eccentricities. As he lived close by the church, Mr Boston and he were constantly coming in contact, and many of their little dialogues are preserved.

"The mair fool are ye, quo' Jock Amos to the minister," is a constant by-word in Ettrick to this day. It had its origin, simply as follows:—Mr Boston was taking his walk one fine summer evening after sermon, and in his way came upon Jock, very busy cutting some grotesque figures in wood with his knife. Jock, looking hastily up, found he was fairly caught, and not knowing what to say, burst into a foolish laugh—"Ha! ha! ha! Mr Boston, are you there? Will you coup a good whittle wi' me?"

"Nay, nay, John, I will not exchange knives to-day."

"The mair fool are ye, quo' Jock Amos to the minister."

"But, John, can you repeat the fourth commandment?—I hope you can—Which is the fourth commandment?"

"I daresay, Mr Boston, it'll be the ane after the third."

"Can you not repeat it?"

"I'm no sure about it—I ken it has some wheeram by the rest."

Mr Boston repeated it, and tried to show him his error in working with knives on the Sabbath day. John wrought away till the divine added,

"But why won't you rather come to church, John? What is the reason you never come to church?"

"Because you never preach on the text I want you to preach on."

"What text would you have me to preach on?"

"On the nine-and-twenty knives that came back from Babylon."

"I never heard of them before."

"It is a sign you have never read your Bible. Ha, ha, ha, Mr Boston, sic fool sic minister."

Mr Boston searched long for John's text that evening, and at last finding it recorded in Ezra, i. 9, he wondered greatly at the acuteness of the fool, considering the subject on which he had been reproving him.

"John, how auld will you be?" said a sage wife to him one day, when talking of their ages.

"O, I dinna ken," said John. "It wad tak a wiser head than mine to tell you that."

"It is unco queer that you dinna ken how auld you are," returned she.

"I ken weel enough how auld I am," said John; "but I dinna ken how auld I'll be."

An old man, named Adam Linton, once met him running from home in the grey of the morning. "Hey, Jock Amos," said he, "where are you bound for so briskly this morning?"

"Aha! He's wise that wats that, an' as daft wha speers," says Jock, without taking his eye from some object that it seemed to be following.

"Are you running after anybody?" said Linton.

"I am that, man," returned Jock; "I'm rinning after the deil's messenger. Did you see ought o' him gaun by?"

"What was he like?" said Linton.

"Like a great big black corbie," said Jock, "carrying a bit tow in his gab. An' what do you think?—he has tauld me a piece o' news the day! There's to be a wedding ower by here the day, man. Ay, a wedding! I maun after him, for he has gien me an invitation."

"A wedding? Dear Jock, you are

raiving. What wedding can there be to-day?" said Linton.

"It is Eppy Telfer's, man. Auld Eppy Telfer's to be wed the day; an' I'm to be there; an' the minister is to be there, an' a' the elders. But Tammie, the Cameronian, he darena come, for fear he should hae to dance wi' the kimmers. There will be braw wark there the day, Aedie Linton,—braw wark there the day!" And away ran Jock towards Ettrickhouse, hallooing and waving his cap for joy. Old Adam came in, and said to his wife, who was still in bed, that he supposed the moon was at the full, for Jock Amos was gane quite gyte awthegither, and was away shouting to Ettrickhouse to Eppy Telfer's wedding.

"Then," said his wife, "if he be ill, she will be waur, for they are always affected at the same time; and, though Eppy is better than Jock in her ordinary way, she is waur when the moon-madness comes ower her." This woman was likewise subject to lunatic fits of insanity, and Jock had a great ill will at her; he could not even endure the sight of her.

The above little dialogue was hardly ended before word came in that Eppy Telfer had "put down" herself over night, and was found hanging dead in her own little cottage at day-break. Mr Boston was sent for, who, with his servant man and one of his elders, attended, but in a state of such perplexity and grief, that he seemed almost as much dead as alive. The body was tied on a deal, carried to the peak of the Wedder Law, and interred there, and all the while Jock Amos attended, and never in his life met with an entertainment that appeared to please him more. While the men were making the grave, he sat on a stone near by, jabbering and speaking one while, always addressing Eppy, and laughing most heartily at another. They heard him at one time saying, "Ha, ha, ha, Eppy, lass, but ye will see finely about you here! You will see when Tam Boston's kieg gang i' the corn, and Willie Blake's.—Hoo, bie-nout! Ha, ha, ha! Then you will see a' the braw fo'ks gang by to the kirk, light shod and light shankit. But they'll be a' laden when they gang back again—laden wi' Tam Boston's gospel, but it will a' gae by poor Eppy. Never you mind, Eppy, lass. You and I may laugh at them a' out here."

After this high fit John lost his spirits entirely, and never more recovered them. He became a complete nonentity, and lay mostly in his bed till the day of his death.

Another notable man of that day was William Stoddart, nicknamed Candlem, one of the feuars of Ettrickhouse. He was simple, unlettered, and rude, as all his sayings that are preserved testify. Being about to be married to one Meggie Coltard, a great penny-wedding was announced, and the numbers that came to attend it were immense. Candlem and his bride went to Ettrick church to be married, and Mr Boston perceiving such a motley crowd following them, repaired into the church; and after admitting a few respectable witnesses, he set his son John, and his servant John Currie, to keep the two doors, and restrain the crowd from entering. Young Boston let in a number at his door, but John Currie stood manfully in the breach, refusing entrance to all. When the minister came to put the question, "Are you willing to take this woman," &c.

"I wat weel I was thinking sae," says Candlem. "Haud to the door, John Currie."

When the question was put to Meggie, she bowed assent like a dumb woman, but this did not satisfy Willie Candlem.—"What for d'ye no answer, Meggie?" says he. "Dinna ye hear what the honest man's speering at ye?"

In due time Willie Candlem and Meggie had a son, and as the custom then was, it was decreed that the first Sabbath after he was born he should be baptized. It was about the Martinmas time, the day was stormy and the water flooded; however, it was agreed that the baptism could not be put off, for fear of the fairies; so the babe was well rolled up in swaddling clothes, and laid on before his father on the white mare,—the stoutest of the kimmers stemming the water on foot. Willie Candlem rode the water slowly and cautiously. "What are they squeeling at?" said he to himself, but durst not look back for fear of his charge. After he had crossed the river safely, and a sand-bed about as wide, Willie wheels his white mare's head about, and exclaims—"Why, the deil haet I hae but the

slough!" Willie had dropped the child into the flooded river, without missing it out of the huge bundle of clothes; but luckily, one of the kimmers picked him up, and as he showed some signs of life, they hurried into a house at Goosegreen, and got him brought round again. In the afternoon he was so far recovered, that the kimmers thought he might be taken up to church for baptism, but Willie Candlem made this sage remark—"I doubt he's rather unfeiroch to stand it;—he has gotten enough o' the water for ae day." On going home to his poor wife in the straw, his first address to her was—"Ay, ye may take up your handywark, Meggie, in making a slough open at baith ends. What signifies a thing that's open at baith ends?"

The boy lingered on till the beginning of summer and then died; on which occasion Willie's consolatory address to his wife was delivered, and still deservedly preserved inviolate: "Ay, ye may take up your winter's wark now, Meggie;—there it's a' gane in ae kink," (a fit of coughing.)

Another time, in harvest, it came a rainy day, and the Ettrick began to look very big in the evening. Willie Candlem perceiving his crop in danger, yoked the white mare in the sledge, and was proceeding to lead his corn out of watermark; but out came Meggie, and began expostulating with him on the sinfulness of the act, which rather damped Willie's good resolves.—"Put in your beast again, like a good Christian man, Willie," said she, "and dinna be setting an ill example to a' the parish. Ye ken, that this vera day the minister bade us lippento Providence in our straits, and we wad never rue't. He'll take it very ill off your hand, the setting of sic an example on the Lord's day; therefore, Willie, my man, take his advice an' mine, and lippen to Providence this time."

Willie Candlem was obliged to comply, for who can withstand the artillery of a woman's tongue? So he put up his white mare, and went to bed with a heavy heart; and the next morning, by break of day, when he arose and looked out, behold, the greater part of his crop was gone.—"Ye may take up your Providence now, Meggie! Where's your Providence now? A' down the water wi'

my good corn! Deil that you had your Providence and your minister baith buckled on your back!"

Meggie answered him meekly, as her duty and custom was—"O Willie! dinna rail at Providence, but down to the meadow-head and claim first." Willie Candlem took the hint, galloped on his white mare down to the Ettrick meadows, over which the river spread, and they were covered with floating sheaves; so Willie began and hauled out, and carried out, till he had at least six times as much corn as he had lost. At length one man came, and another, but Willie refused all participation. "Ay, ye may take up your corn now where ye can find it, lads," said Willie; "I keppit nane but my ain. Yours is gane farther down. Had ye come

when I came, ye might have keppit it a'."

So Willie drove and drove, till the stackyard was full.—"I think the crop has turn'd no that ill out after a'," said Meggie.—"I say, he's no sic an ill chap, that Providence o' yours, Meggie; he has done unco weel at this bout; but I dinna ken about trusting him as far every day."

William Bryden of Aberloak was another very singular man, but an age later than the heroes of whom we have been treating; he was the first who introduced the draining of sheep pasture, which has proved of such benefit to this country; but in all other things he made a point of letting them remain as God made them. He castrated no males, weaned no lambs, and baptized no children.

SELWYN IN SEARCH OF A DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER VII.

CONSTANCE TO MR TREVOR.

Naples.

AFTER the many fruitless appeals which, in all the agony of compunction and penitence, I have addressed to my father, and you also, my once partial second parent, it is with inexpressible reluctance I again obtrude my guilt and sorrows upon those who have, doubtless, abandoned to her fate a creature they once loved so dearly. For myself, indeed, I think worlds would hardly have induced me to make this final effort, particularly as it is no longer dictated by that pure spirit of contrition which gave birth to every former effusion, but has its source in a sense of impending poverty and wretchedness. However, it is impending not on my own guilty head alone, but one far dearer, one too whom disease, with rapid strides, is already assailing, and who is equally unable to struggle with the additional burden of pecuniary distress, or to make the exertions by which he would honourably have sought to avert it.

With what honest pride would we both have exercised the talents Providence has blessed us with for our mutual support! With what unutterable humiliation do I address myself, even to you, in the character of a beggar! But the humiliation is merited: and something tells me I must submit to more, if I would preserve a life

which is now my all; nay, perhaps I am destined to purchase by many a bitter sacrifice only the sad satisfaction of closing, unmolested, those eyes, which have looked on me but in love.

My letters from Geneva and Verona to my father, to yourself, and to Helen, some, if not all, of which must have reached their destination, would sufficiently prove that even amid the smiles of love and Nature, amid new scenes and new friends, conscience was busy, and the path I had rashly chosen abundantly strewn with thorns; but remorse is now absorbed by feelings more personal and bitter, by torturing alarm for the life of my husband, and harassing solicitude for daily bread. An accident which befell us on leaving Venice, cruelly deprived us of those slender resources, which, prudently husbanded, would have enabled us to pass the winter in decency and credit; would have afforded my Ludovisi the advice and comforts his declining health demands, and secured to him the very shelter which I now tremble to see him deprived of.

I must try to collect my ideas, and give you some coherent account of an escape from imminent danger, amid the first emotions of gratitude for which, we forgot that it left us beggars!

Finding no vessel likely, as we had

hoped, soon to convey us direct from Venice to Naples, inexperience combined with economy, to induce us to perform the five miles passage back to terra firma, in the gondola we had employed during our stay, instead of hiring a boat of a larger description; not being aware of the danger attendant on such shallow barks beyond the Lagoon, especially when, as in the case of our imprudent boatmen, a sail is hoisted to expedite their progress. No sooner had we cleared the shelter afforded by the islands, than we perceived that the day, always lowering and disagreeable, had become squally; and the hawk's eye with which the younger of the gondoliers (who sat opposite to me) watched the effect of the wind on the sail, soon led me to suspect that he was by no means satisfied of the safety of our position. We had approached within about a quarter of a mile of Fusina, when my doubts were converted into real alarm, by the serious contest which arose between the boatmen about the management of the fatal sail, and the proper time of attempting to take it down; a manœuvre which the younger (who had hold of the tackle) proposed performing immediately; while his experienced, though more phlegmatic comrade, concluded a long altercation by assuring him, we should in that case infallibly upset. With an expression of truly demoniac rage in his face, and absolutely stamping with passion, the young man, whose countenance I had been watching with painful interest, protested he would have his way, though he should be drowned for it; and before I could rouse Ludovisi (who had retired within the awning from the drizzling rain) to exert his interposition, the sail was let go, and the boat upset!

I had felt, during the previous discussion, and even at this awful moment, a strange passiveness, hardly, perhaps, to be dignified with the name of resignation,—for that implies happiness.—My first and last thought, amid the horrors of what I supposed inevitable death, was of my father, his regret, and his bereavement; for to be united thus placidly in a watery grave to one, whom I too plainly perceived would otherwise precede me, seemed in itself a dispensation of mercy. Heaven had, however, decreed otherwise. The awning of the

gondola caused it to float on its side—the next gust of wind raised the sail, as it lay flapping in the water, and the men instinctively jumping at the same moment to the opposite side, our frail bark righted ere the water had time to penetrate into the chamber, where we were seated in a state of imprisonment, which would have precluded all efforts for our own preservation, the door being accidentally barricaded by our baggage, and ourselves weighed down by heavy travelling cloaks, which must have accelerated our fate.

On reaching Fusina, we found the shore thronged with spectators, eagerly invoking the saints for our deliverance, which they justly esteemed almost miraculous, while our boatmen chose to testify their gratitude by leaping on shore the moment the boat touched terra firma, and drawing their knives upon each other with savage ferocity. The additional confusion created by this encounter, and by their leaving our baggage to casual attendants, prevented our being at first sensible of the loss we had sustained, in a Russia leather writing-desk of Ludovisi's, which, placed on the top of a pile of bulkier packages, had naturally enough rolled into the water during the upset, and which, alas! contained the last remnant of our resources, with the exception of one rouleau of gold, which Ludovisi had that morning received from a banker at Venice. Several valuable trinkets, some bills,—in short, all we possessed in the world was at stake; flying, therefore, to the quay (where our gondola still lay), I hastily stated the loss we had sustained, and offered a reward to any fisherman who should be fortunate enough to recover the prize. For the honour of Italy, our young gondolier, now thoroughly sobered, exclaimed it was all his fault, and he would ply near the spot till sunset, in hopes of descrying the Signora's scrigno, and vowing, at the same time, by all the saints, that if successful, he would not touch so much as a quattrono of recompense. We lingered two days at Fusina, in the vain hopes that the buoyant nature of the object of our search might lead to its recovery; and then proceeded on our journey, with the sad consciousness, that our means were little more than sufficient to carry us to the place of our

destination, Naples, where, amid the many English usually resident during the winter, Ludovisi flattered himself with the hope of procuring employment as a teacher of Italian, for which his knowledge of English as well as French, peculiarly qualified him. I felt only anxious that we should reach a southern climate, which I knew gave him the only chance for recovery; and beyond that, I durst not look into a futurity, dark enough to appal one more inured to misfortune.

A sea voyage from Leghorn to Naples, while it saved much fatigue, diminished expense also; and I found myself able, on reaching this lovely city, to procure for my dear invalid the temporary comfort, at least, of a cheerful and indeed elegant, though small, lodging, on the Chiaia, at a moderate rate, the swarm of winter birds of passage not being yet expected for a couple of months. This circumstance, however, though thus in one respect beneficial, proved an obstacle to his finding the employment he expected, until increasing illness made him hardly equal to the task; his few scholars he is now obliged wholly to relinquish, and our landlord, a ferocious looking French officer, formerly in the service of Murat, whose very voice in the anti-chamber makes me tremble, has more than once threatened to turn us into the street, if I cannot, within a short time, raise a sum equal in value to the furniture of the apartment occupied by my poor husband; the fatal malady under which he suffers, being considered in this country nearly in the light of a plague. By the sale of my watch, and of every thing I possessed, I have hitherto been able to provide necessaries, though not, alas! one luxury, for my dear sufferer; but how to raise the sum demanded by the landlord, I cannot even conjecture, unless this last appeal to the humanity, if not the affection, of my English friends should be blest with success. I have besought forbearance till I can learn its result; but hope, long long deferred, has almost ceased to visit my sad heart, and I must look to Heaven and my own exertions for a substitute in case of failure.

To teach singing among my countrywomen has presented itself as a possible source of subsistence; and, pre-

paratory to such an effort, I have availed myself of the kindness of the landlord's wife, (a young creature, worthy of a better fate,) to practise at her instrument the half-forgotten strains of my happier days. But never did the Song of Zion by the waters of Babylon more cruelly awaken the sorrows of the Jewish exile, than every once-loved note revives mine. I dare not, in my present situation, when so much is required of me, weaken my mind by indulging in one well-known melody. I have therefore procured the music of the reigning opera, through the acquaintance of my host with the underlings of the theatre; and by making myself familiar with it, hope to render my services as a mistress more acceptable to the daughters of fashion. Do not think, my paternal friend, that the tear which blots this line is the offspring of a pride which suits not with my fallen condition. It flowed for the master of Heron's Court, when he shall learn that she whom he educated to soothe and dignify his retreat, is an hireling to those whom fate had destined for her equals. But a change of name has already been adopted, to save the feelings of two equally ancient families; and should my pupils even suspect me to be English, in spite of my fluent Italian, I bless the seclusion of my former life, which makes it impossible for any one to recognise me. Did I think there was in Naples a single soul to whom even the name of Selwyn was known, methinks my heart would fail me. But to procure skilful attendance and undiminished tranquillity for him who lies in the next room, dependent on my exertions, suppressing every complaint, grateful for every attention, reproaching himself for every tear I cannot hide, thinking on a bed of suffering of me alone—what is there, within the compass of possibility, that I would not endure?

My landlord has just sent me word that he can hardly allow the delay requested for an answer from England, as he has various advantageous offers for his house. Unfit as Ludovisi is for removal, I would leave this cruel man's roof to-day, but we are detained as hostages till the 90 scudi demanded for the bed furniture are paid.

For the love of God whom you serve, Mr Trevor, deny me not the

pittance which will buy my husband's prolonged life, or peaceful death. I dare not lose another post.

If you tell my father any of this sad history, do it gently, for he used to be tender-hearted, and I have seen his lip quiver, and his eyes fill with tears at a beggar's tale. If he can bear the mention of my name, tell him he

would not know the foolish, light-hearted Constance who offended him, in the forlorn, care-worn being who now writes; and when all is over, and I join my husband in the haven of rest, watch over the solitary old man, and be "unto him as a daughter," in the room of her who was his and your

CONSTANCE.

MR SELWYN TO THE REV. J. TREVOR.

Naples.

I HAVE found her! She has been at my feet—in my arms; and is now, while I write, with her husband, once more under the protection of my paternal roof. Bless God with me, Trevor, for such a termination to months of anxious, and at last intolerable suspense.

But this reunion of three erring human beings, purchased, as it has been, by exquisite suffering, and hallowed by mutual forgiveness, is not, as romance writers would love to pourtray it, a scene of unmingled joy, for which this lower world is not the place. No, Trevor; it has been attended with circumstances humiliating and painful—it has been sanctified with tears of penitence—it is destined ere long to be saddened by the removal of perhaps the least guilty of the long estranged trio, and must ever tinge the remaining days of the survivors with a melancholy, salutary, I hope, to their immortal interests.

I will collect my thoughts, and recapitulate, if possible, for your benevolent heart, circumstances which I yet require to repeat, to fix my own belief in them. It is now three days (pardon me, Trevor—sooner I could not rob my Constance of a word or look, even for you) since my worthy Hampden, the son of my misfortunes and of my adoption, having arranged a party with some young friends for passing the night on Vesuvius, (an expedition to which my strength was unequal,) left me early in the morning; exhorting me to divert the period of his unusual absence by a visit to the theatre of San Carlos, rendered doubly attractive by its brilliant illumination in honour of some royal birth-day, and by the debut of a new female singer, hastily brought forward to replace, for this one occasion, the famous

Colbrand, suddenly taken ill. I have often mentioned to you my repugnance to expose myself, since my misfortune, to the pangs inflicted by music, and my consequent avoidance of the theatre; yet the sense of loneliness, and an impulse which I then mistook for curiosity, impelled me to listen to the advice of Hampden, and the subsequent entreaties of Pierre, who officiously laid down before me the key, which we can at all times command, of the absent Count L——'s box, one admirably situated for enjoying the far-famed splendours of the illumination.

When I arrived at the house, the fine *coup d'œil* of the thousand wax candles, and of the (on these occasions only) full-dressed audience, was abundantly brilliant; so much so, indeed, that foreseeing the painful effect the glare would ere long produce, on eyes long unused to such spectacles, I, as it were prophetically, enjoined Pierre to detain the carriage, and be himself in close attendance near the box door. After gazing a few minutes on the *ne plus ultra* of what can be achieved by the combination of light and gilding on unquestionably the finest Theatre in Europe, I leaned back in the box, drawing the curtain partially before me; I sunk into a reverie, from which I was awakened by the thunders of the orchestra. An overture of matchless spirit by Rossini, gave me unmingled pleasure, as with instrumental music I have no quarrel; but at its close I again withdrew into my corner, with nameless feelings of dread on her own account and mine, of the appearance of the trembling novice, never before on any stage, and now about to encounter the most critical and formidable audience in Europe. Peals of applause, deafening and reiterated, an-

nounced her entrance: I instinctively shrunk back; they subsided into breathless stillness, and, Trevor, picture, if you can, a father's feelings, when, in the few trembling, yet powerful notes of a voice scarce paralleled in Italy, I recognised the accents of my daughter!

By a desperate effort of courage, I looked up: the sounds had ceased; my child lay senseless on the stage, and one strong expression of pity and sympathy pervaded the vast concourse of spectators. A piercing cry, which they tell me I uttered, drew all eyes towards me, and fortunately attracted Pierre, with whose support I was enabled to rush forward towards the dressing-room, to which my child had been removed. In passing through the crowd, (the more immense from its being a gratuitous representation,) I of course experienced many obstacles; but my distracted air, and the unconscious exclamation of "*Mia figlia!*" which nature forced out, was irresistible; and the good-natured Italians made way for me on all sides, with magical celerity. "*E suo padre,*" I heard as in a dream, whispered along the benches; and my glazed eyes caught, as they roved wildly over the crowded pit, tears on the bronzed cheek of many a swarthy Lazzarone. I found myself, I know not how, in that strange region of splendid misery, the green-room, and, surrounded by a motley groupe of goddesses, demons, and furies, I saw my Constance, on whose bewildered faculties consciousness had only partially dawned to be again put to flight by the apparition of her father!

Every other feeling was absorbed in joy for having found, and dread of again losing my child; and wholly unconscious of the presence of a few privileged individuals, (who, a substitute having been provided and the piece resumed, alone remained,) I knelt before her, and called her in vain by every tender and endearing epithet. In my parental agony, I looked round amid the groupe for something more efficient than the sympathy which moistened every eye; and I hailed, as an angel from heaven, the entrance of a judicious physician, whom the report of the interesting circumstances connected with the illness of the *bella prima donna*, brought into the apartment. He, without a single question,

at once penetrated into the nature of the case, and appeared to me inspired with superhuman wisdom; when, desisting from all endeavours to recall her again to recollection, he hastily prepared to remove her from the heated and crowded apartment to my carriage, in which he proposed accompanying her, insisting on the necessity of my avoiding the excitement of past emotion on her return to sensibility. Lifting her gently in his arms, he bore her down a private staircase, leading from the actors' part of the house, and deposited her in the carriage, bidding the coachman drive slowly, that Pierre and I might have time to precede them, and secure female attendance. Pierre requested admission into the landlady's own apartment on the ground floor, mine being, as usual, some stories high; and the bed being fortunately in an alcove, I could avail myself of that concealment to remain in the room, without absolutely transgressing the good Doctor's orders. As he bore my daughter in, I could see her long dishevelled hair sweeping the ground, her tinsel finery contrasting strangely with her pale cheeks and inanimate form. The fresh air, and motion of the carriage, had partially restored her, but even the light of the one dim lamp was too much for her, and I availed myself of her again closing her eyes, to seize a momentary glance at my suffering child. She looked some years older than when we parted; and thin and pale as she now was, her likeness to Madame de Prévile had so increased, that fancy transported me in an instant to my first interview with her, at Geneva, in a wretched apartment, something similar to that we now occupied.

A keen glance from the physician warned me to retreat, and my daughter, looking wildly around, asked where she was. Starting suddenly up in the bed, she exclaimed, "You have not surely been barbarous enough to remove my husband, after I have broken my heart, and disgraced my family, to purchase peace for his last moments!"

The good Doctor, though not exactly comprehending her meaning, entreated her to compose herself, and assured her she was with none but friends. "Friends!" repeated she in Italian, "it is long, long since I had any." The Doctor, much moved, urged her, for the sake of all she loved, to endeavour to procure a little sleep; on which,

again starting up, she said—"No; I have slept already, and had a strange dream. I dreamt I saw my father—Such a father!" exclaimed she, clasping her hands; and then turning with inexpressible pathos to the stranger before her, she whispered in Italian,—*"Lo conoscete signore questo padre che ho ucciso?"*

This idea seeming too distressing to be permitted to take hold of her mind, the physician cautiously assured her, that this dear father was really in Naples, but that actuated by a desire for her recovery, he had left her to his care as a medical man, till she should be better able to bear so affecting an interview.

She shook her head incredulously. "Ah no! Signor Medico," said she, "I know it must have been a dream; had my dear father been in Naples, he would not have left his child to strangers, even compassionate ones like yourself." Art could no longer struggle with nature;—the good Doctor resigned the contest, and withdrawing to a window, left me at liberty to rush into my daughter's arms. "Yes, Constance," I exclaimed, "your father *is* here, and never again to quit his child!"—She was too much exhausted for words; her tears flowed quietly upon my bosom, and now and then a convulsive pressure satisfied me that she had not relapsed into insensibility. I spoke to her in the fondest and most soothing terms, assuring her of my unbounded forgiveness, and unabated affection, and appealing to the proof I had given of both, by following her footsteps nearly from one end of Europe to the other. "You were always good and kind," murmured she; "and I thought you must have changed sadly, when they wrote to me that I need not disturb your peace with any more letters, for that you had renounced me for ever, and adopted my cousin Francis."

A painful conviction, hitherto scarce admitted, flashed across my mind. My child's repentant effusions *had* then, as your last suggested, been intercepted, and their source dried up by the machinations of my unworthy sister, and her infamous son; and when I looked on the ravages which, but for them, I might long since have averted, I felt that to forgive them *now* was beyond my power.

"Did you then write to me, my

Constance?" exclaimed I, in bitterness of soul; yet amid my deep regrets, there came a soothing over my spirit, when I found I had not been neglected by my child. The explanation which followed was brief, incoherent, and interrupted by many tears. Suffice it to say, our mutual efforts at reconciliation had been frustrated with demoniac ingenuity. My parental epistle, enclosing remittances, left at the London banker's, and taken from thence in my daughter's name, had never reached her; and with the anguish of her wounded spirit, deep pecuniary distress had latterly mingled its corroding poison. The health of Ludovisi, ever precarious, had sunk under the accumulated pressure, and every resource had failed, when my heroic child shrunk not from purchasing, at the expense of an exertion to which body and mind proved alike unequal, the peace of his last moments. How did my heart bleed to hear the ineffectual struggle his proud yet gentle spirit had waged with misfortune: his unworthy treatment from his relatives; his laudable efforts to earn subsistence; his resignation under all save his wife's sufferings; and, lastly, the barbarity of his landlord, who, his fatal malady being in Italy regarded as little short of a pestilence, refused to permit him to breathe his last under his roof, without the advance of a sum, to raise which, my timid Constance braved the horrors of a public exhibition. All this I gathered from the trembling lips of the tenderest of wives, mingled with fond regrets that our meeting had been thus cruelly deferred; and faint though ardent hopes, that the renovating influence of joy might even yet restore to health one so beloved and so deserving. "Let us hasten my father," said she, "and communicate to my husband the arrival of the parent, for whom, even while deeming him inexorable, he has ever cherished a filial reverence."

The weak state of the invalid, however, rendered every precaution necessary; and Constance, whose exhaustion had given place, during her recital, to a feverish state of exaltation, requested the good Doctor, who still remained in the house, to accompany and assist her in the task of preparing Ludovisi for my appearance. Anxious to save her husband's feelings, the probably fatal shock which

the bare suspicion of the theatrical engagement would have inflicted, she had feigned on this occasion to yield to his often repeated entreaties, that she would gratify him by once enjoying the performances of San Carlos; for which the rarely occurring splendour of the illumination, and the free admission of this evening, afforded her an obvious pretext. The wife of her landlord (who has done all in her power to atone for her husband's brutality) had paved the way, by her proposal in the presence of Ludovisi, and was to be Constance's companion to the theatre. The tender husband joyfully hailed his wife's solitary acquiescence, in his frequent endeavours to relax the irksomeness of her confinement; and till the usual hour arrived for closing the theatre, he would remain in fond enjoyment of her fancied gratification. That hour was, however, now fast approaching, and to obviate all uneasiness to the dear invalid, Constance was anxious to set out, accompanied by the physician, whom, as her escort from the theatre, and as a man of rare professional skill, she would introduce to Ludovisi. The good Doctor entered with alacrity into the proposal. The interesting story of my daughter excited his heartfelt sympathy, and drew tears, apparently no strangers there, down his furrowed cheek. We drove to a neat, though small lodging, on the Chiaja, usually preferred by invalids for its cheerful situation, and southern exposure,—though the sea breezes visit it too freely to render it in all respects advisable. Constance, trembling with complicated emotions, ushered the physician and myself into the little sitting-room, which she had adorned, in the better state of her finances, with many little English refinements;—while she herself flew to rejoin her husband, after a separation of a few hours, the only one for many weeks.

The first object which invited my attention in the little parlour, was my own picture, done from memory, but exhibiting a degree of resemblance, which struck my companion as forcibly as it affected myself. It had been done in those happier days of recent separation, when hope predominated in my daughter's breast; for I was represented, sitting in my favourite arbour, an open letter in my hand, which I was eagerly perusing, while

Constance's favourite spaniel fawning on me, seemed to divine and congratulate me on the pleasing intelligence. All in the picture spoke of reconciliation and of joy. With what protracted misery must the gradual decay of these bright visions have been attended!

From this painful reflection I was aroused by what was passing in the adjoining chamber, the thinness of the partition permitting even the feeble tones of Ludovisi to reach my ear. His eager welcome of his wife, and tender confession, how much her absence had been felt, sufficed to prove that, amid much of suffering, mutual love still lent its powerful cordial. Constance spoke cheerfully and briefly, mentioning her introduction at San Carlos to a good old medico, who had kindly attended her home, requested, in his name, permission to pay his respects to her husband, in whose disorder he professed himself peculiarly experienced. The invalid assented, and my companion left the room, to form his judgment on the state of one, on whose recovery all my hopes of human happiness seemed now centered.

He returned ere long, and through his assumed air of cheerfulness, I clearly discerned that fear predominated over hope. He, however, prescribed for both patients, (including Constance in his positive injunctions of quiet repose for this night at least, ere Ludovisi should be made acquainted with my arrival at Naples,) and benevolently undertaking himself the task of preparation on the following morning, he left the house, insisting on carrying me off with him to my own lodgings, where, I need not tell you, sleep was a stranger to my pillow.

Under the auspices of the good medico, our guardian genius, and amid the heartfelt congratulations of my adopted son Hampden, next morning saw united, in tearful joy, three human beings, estranged by error and misfortune, but, as you truly predicted, not the less dear to each other for such involuntary alienation. I found Ludovisi, as I had ever found him, mild, ingenuous, and amiable; full of contrition for a step which he considers his dissolution almost necessary to expiate. Constance divides her soul and eyes between a newly found parent, and the husband she trembles

to lose, while the physician and Hampden, like superior beings, hover around us, and enter with the liveliest interest into the feelings of all.

The physician recommends that the patient should remove but once, and that to the country; and having a brother of the same profession settled at Puzzuoli, is to make interest for admission under his friendly roof for our dear invalid, who will thus have

the benefit of the hourly attention his weak state demands. Glad we shall all be to escape from the tumult and noise of Naples, where nothing seems to sympathize with sickness and suffering, and which teems with painful associations to us all.

Adieu—I will not lose a post.

Yours, &c.

E. S.

CHAPTER VIII.

W. HAMPDEN TO HIS SISTER.

* * * * *

HAVING thus, my dear Fanny, nearly in my friend Selwyn's own words, related to you the extraordinary circumstances which led to a meeting with his long lost daughter, I know you will expect me to say something of the fugitives who have thus at length rewarded our anxious and harassing pursuit.

Ludovisi, at whose bed-side I now take my turn with his other anxious attendants, is, in truth, the most amiable invalid I ever met with; and independently of the inestimable value of his life to Selwyn and his daughter, I feel a personal interest in his recovery, which, I wish to God, I could more rationally indulge. But his malady, I fear, is beyond the reach of human skill; and the resignation and serenity with which he contemplates the termination of a life so recently endeared to him, are truly admirable. All his anxieties seem to respect his wife; and now that she is consigned to the arms of that parent from whom he has so long estranged her, he appears to have no desire to prolong an existence which he thinks might interfere with the devotion of her future life to filial duty.

As for my fair vision of Covigliolo, the glimpses I have since had of her, have been little less hurried and unsatisfactory; but they have sufficed to show the ravages that grief and anxiety can make on the loveliest face and form the world ever exhibited. But lovely they are still; and doubly interesting to one who knows so well

what has robbed the cheek of its roses, and the step of its elasticity.

Selwyn sits and gazes on her, as if to indemnify him for months of privation; and when I compel him to breathe the air, finds every other topic of conversation impracticable. Such are the fascinations of this interesting family, that I listen with an interest astonishing to myself, when I consider that a few months ago their existence was unknown to me.

Independently of the fortunate manner in which my intended visit to Vesuvius unconsciously operated in bringing about her reunion with her father, I had, on the same eventful evening, rather a more direct, though still involuntary share, in procuring for her a gratification at any other time invaluable; and even now, though absorbed in more overwhelming feelings, abundantly appreciated.

I must give you the detail of this nocturnal adventure, the heroine of which is young, fair, and an Englishwoman; with whom, however, I am not yet in love, nor likely so to be.

I think I wrote to you that Vesuvius (kindly fulfilling the prognostics of the good folks of Genoa) selected the very evening after our arrival, to get up, for our special benefit, one of those respectable minor eruptions, which, while they gratify the curiosity, and excite the admiration of the traveller, make no painful demands on his sympathy, for ravaged fields and desolated villages. Harmless, however, as was the present ebullition in these respects, it was sufficiently formidable to forbid, for several days, all approach to the mountain, the perpetual explosions and discharge of

red-hot stones having proved nearly fatal to a party of our headstrong countrymen, who, in defiance of the guides, attempted the ascent. No sooner, however, was it pronounced consistent with perfect safety, by Salvatore, the experienced "old man of the mountain," than a more rational set of Englishmen, myself among the number, determined to pass the night amid the horrid magnificence of a scene, which, grand even by day, had, for some nights past, tantalized us from the windows of our hotel, with its distant sublimity.

Having fixed our day, and made all the necessary arrangements, we were not to be diverted from our purpose by the puny splendours of San Carlos, particularly as we knew it would soon again be illuminated with equal or greater brilliancy, in honour of a foreign prince shortly expected in Naples. In the hope, however, that Selwyn would profit by my absence, to break the spell which had so long banished him from the theatre, I left him in high spirits, to join my companions at a different hotel. Finding them, in consequence of some misunderstanding, as I supposed, already off for the mountain, I hastily jumped into one of the light cabriolets, perpetually plying in the streets of Naples; and in hopes of overtaking them, desired the driver to follow, as speedily as possible, on the road to Resina, the village where guides and mules are procured for the ascent. After driving rapidly about a couple of miles along the smooth excellent road leading to the royal palace of Portici, my ear was struck with a sound resembling faint groans; but on mentioning the circumstance to my driver, and asking if he had also heard them, he replied in the negative,—and after listening in vain for a few minutes, drove briskly on. During this momentary halt, we had heard a carriage rolling with extreme rapidity before us, and naturally concluding it to contain the rest of my party, we pressed on to overtake them. When, however, we got within a few yards of the vehicle in question, (an open German barouche, few close carriages being even at this season used here,) we both perceived, to our infinite surprise, by the dim light of a very infant moon, that the coach-box was vacant, and the horses proceeding with more than Neapoli-

tan velocity, entirely of their own accord. Our next anxiety was the passengers, whose feelings, if females especially, were not to be envied; and perceiving that the speed with which we followed, had the usual effect of accelerating the pace of the runaway steeds, I desired my driver suddenly to pull up his horses, hoping that the emphatic exclamation with which the action is here usually accompanied, might have a corresponding influence on the well-trained pair of hacks before us. My manoeuvre succeeded—they stopped also; and dispatching my driver to stand at their heads, and extricate from among their feet the dangling reins, I drew up alongside of the calèche, and found to my horror, its sole inmate an interesting young lady, who, in excess of terror, had slid from the seat to the bottom of the carriage, where she lay more than half insensible. A flask of good wine, which Selwyn had insisted on my taking as an antidote to the night air on the mountain, afforded a seasonable cordial; and no sooner did the fair damsel open her eyes, than, after thanking me warmly for my most unromantic and unperilous share in her rescue, she eagerly inquired for a gentleman and lady, her companions in danger; the former of whom had jumped out immediately on perceiving the absence of the coachman, in the vain hope of stopping the horses, while the latter, in an agony of conjugal anxiety, had taken the same rash measure (rendered easier in foreign carriages from the permanent nature of the steps, which are affixed to them), happily without sustaining injury from the wheels.

Just as I was desiring my fellow to mount the box, and turn the vehicle in search of its stray inmates, another carriage drove up behind us, from whence sounds of eager and joyful recognition soon issued. In addition to my own friends, it contained the young couple they had picked up; who described their situation, while successively left on the road, ignorant of each other's fate, in very lively and natural colours, and whose joy on finding their dear Helen safe, seemed little inferior to that they had previously experienced on meeting each other.

As the spirits of this amiable party were too much agitated to be able for

the exertion of the ascent, and as humanity required immediate attention to the state of the poor suffering coachman, (whose groans I had doubtless heard,) I had of course relinquished my own share in the projected expedition for that evening, before my very small self-denial in so doing was more than rewarded, by the introduction of the fair damsel I had so singularly stumbled on, as the identical Miss Willoughby, a meeting with whom would, I knew, be a cordial to poor Selwyn's heart, and through whom I hoped (though vainly) to procure intelligence of his daughter. All the information Miss Willoughby possessed was contained in a letter lately forwarded to her from England, and dated at Verona many months before.

I was now in turn introduced to her pleasing companions, Mr and Mrs Sydney, and so cordially pressed to take the remaining seat in their carriage, and conclude this eventful evening at their lodgings, that I gladly complied; sending on my cabriolet to pick up the coachman, whose habitual intoxication, a very rare vice among Italians, threatens to render the fracture of his limb more dangerous than it would otherwise have been.

After giving Miss Willoughby much information respecting her dear Mr Selwyn, and hearing from her a thousand particulars calculated to raise him if possible still higher in my esteem; we spoke of the dear fugitive till tears ran down her fair friend's cheek. Little did we think what an ordeal she was at that very moment enduring, or what a sober certainty of waking bliss awaited us all on the morrow! Selwyn, I believe, in the excess of his joy would have sent for me in the night, had he not concluded me on the mountain. On my appearance as usual, at his breakfast-table, he rushed into my arms, and announced his happiness, with those tears, which, when genuine and heartfelt, seldom fail to be its attendants.

The meeting between Miss Willoughby and her friend was most affecting; but they are again separated, there not being accommodation in the house at Puzzuoli for the former, and the latter of course dedicating every moment to attendance on her husband. The removal of the interesting invalid took place yesterday; we were not

a little anxious about the fatigue attendant on it, in his weak state, and I had suggested the idea of procuring from Regina a litter, and a band of the bearers frequently employed in carrying ladies up Vesuvius; when the Lazzaroni of the quarter hearing of it, came and volunteered their services in transporting their sick countryman—which were of course thankfully accepted. We fixed a very early hour in the morning, to avoid idle curiosity. The weather was magnificent; the waves of the bay glittered in the sunbeams, and the islands glowed like gems on its surface. The invalid, so long confined to a sick-room, cast a delighted but bewildered glance around him, and felt the freshness of the genial breeze almost overpowering.

The Lazzaroni had constructed their litter with much ingenuity, and overshadowed it with odoriferous boughs of the lime and walnut just bursting into full foliage; and our procession, as it defiled from the Chiaja, had something of a festal air, contrasting forcibly with the exhausted frame and approaching dissolution of its object. Elsewhere the contrast would have been striking indeed; but here, death is forced into an unnatural alliance with pageantry and decoration, and often since my arrival had I seen the shrunk and pallid features of youth, still idly encircled with rosy wreaths, and glittering with jewels, borne in open day among thoughtless crowds, who scarcely gazed on the familiar visitation.

Constance and I walked beside the litter, while Mr Selwyn and the physician slowly followed in an open carriage, stored with comforts and cordials for the invalid on his arrival. I am as little superstitious as any one, but I confess to you, Fanny, that when we reached the grotto of Pausilippo, at all times so much resembling Dante's description of the Gates of Hell, I too "left hope behind me." There was something ominously funereal now in the character of our procession as it glided through the grisly vault, by the light of a few dying lamps, while the hollow arch resounded with the morning litanies of the women we met going to early mass, who looked, as they stood up to let us pass, like a file of sheeted spectres. I felt very uncomfortable, and anxiously awaited the return of more light to ascertain the

effect of so striking a scene on the nerves of the poor patient. Constance, at her father's request, had got into the carriage, and as I bent over Ludovisi, when the cheerful glimpse of day began once more to foretell the termination of our Cimmerian pilgrimage, he took my hand, and said with a sweet smile, "Mr Hampden, not all the consolations of our blessed religion, or the soothing counsels of its benevolent ministers, could as effectually have prepared me for the short but gloomy passage before me, as this symbolical journey. The valley may have been dark and fearful, but we have been cheered on our way by songs of thanksgiving; and the ray of hope which never quite deserted us, will, ere long, be swallowed up in yonder brilliant flood of sunshine." As he spoke, we emerged from these shades of death into the Eden beyond, and as the bright morning sun beamed again on his pale features, they were lighted up by a smile not of this world. "You will tell this to Constance," said he; "by and by; when all is over, it will do her good."

We arrived at the good physician's house, delightfully situated on an eminence overlooking the classic shores of Baie; and here Ludovisi will at least

breathe his last unmoiled by the turmoil of the busy world, and will sleep in peace in the placid cemetery of the adjoining convent, instead of being thrown (as would have been his fate had he died at Naples an obscure and nameless stranger,) into one of those loathsome receptacles of wholesale mortality which there daily yawn for their complement of victims. This idea had long haunted Constance's mind, and the purchase of a more sacred grave was among the dearest objects of her heroic sacrifice.

Through the interest of the benevolent physician, I have obtained lodging at the convent abovementioned; and, at Constance's earnest entreaty, I withdraw Selwyn as much as possible from the sad scene within doors, to wander with me in the shrub-tangled amphitheatre, in the sea-worn and long overwhelmed serapeum, and along a shore where there is food for meditation "even to madness." I will no longer detain this letter; and as soon as the inevitable hour is over, I shall endeavour to administer to the sad survivors the powerful cordial of a visit to Rome. How thankful I am that it remains yet untasted by both! Adieu,

Yours ever,

W. H.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Rome, April.

My hurried note from Naples by H—— announced to you the peaceful departure of poor Ludovisi, who slumbered away under the mildest and least appalling form ever assumed by his insidious disease. A message from Constance, through Miss Willoughby, (who instantly joined her friend) consigned to me the care of her dear father for those few first days of speechless sorrow, during which she was to gather, from the chastened indulgence of natural grief, the materials of future strength and resignation.

The funeral arrangements, from difference of form, (I will not call it *faith*, for our friend's was real Christianity,) devolved on his kind host, and the good fathers of the convent, one of whom had daily visited him during his stay at Puzzuoli; and the prejudice which forbade the presence of his heretic wife and friends, while the last

mysteries of an exclusive religion consoled the living, no longer interfered to prevent our joining in the obsequies of the dead. Selwyn and I went together, to hear the always affecting funeral service in the convent church; and from behind a massy pillar in the darkest recess of the dimly-lighted aisle, there issued stifled sobs, which spoke of female sorrow. I was glad to find it so; for there is a sanctity in these last duties which robs grief of its bitterness, and the requiem, to one whose every soul is music, must have been peculiarly soothing.

After a few sad days, when, like the families of Israel mentioned in sacred writ, "each mourned apart," we met, and I cannot tell you the effect produced on my mind by the contrast between the youthful features and slender form of Constance with her widow's habit, and the pale settled

sadness of a countenance which could yet greet with a faint smile her father, and her father's friend.

She is really like a being of another world, before whom I find myself treading softly, and watching every turn of her mild eye, to discover how I can execute her behests by being of use to her father. This, I flatter myself, I have been, by inducing him to make frequent excursions, in which at length his evident reluctance to leave her, brought his angel daughter to join. She had pleaded for one month's stay at Pozzuoli, and when it concluded, we all made, in the strictest privacy, a pilgrimage to Pæstum and Pompeii, where the tombs and temples of nameless generations rebuke the selfishness of private sorrow into insignificance. These visits revived in Selwyn's mind the classic ardour, which I joyfully hailed; and the first symptoms of which made the duteous Constance herself propose the removal to Rome. Every step of that delightful journey heightened the feeling to enthusiasm; and I shall myself ever thank the circumstances which made me perform from the South this long anticipated pilgrimage.

From the delicious gardens of the Formian Villa, and the shapeless monument which commemorates the fall of its eloquent master, begins one hale of bright reminiscences. Virgil's glorious world of fiction lies along the shore of that enchanted sea, where Circe's reign has not, alas! yet terminated; while, as you glide along the Appian Way, the monuments of the Horatii and the Villa of Pompey attest the reality of Roman virtue and Roman greatness. The ever-green shades of Castel Gandolfo seem meet retreats for the very genius of mythology; the lakes of Nemi and Albano indeed mirrors for the daughters of Olympus; and it is under the spell conjured up by such associations that you traverse (perhaps as we did by solemn moonlight) the lone Campagna, heaving with many a hillock of green desolation, from which time has removed all its harsher features, while the vast ruined Aqueducts, like spectre armies marshalled on the boundless plain, seem again menacing Rome with silent and irremediable destruction. Such an approach is as infinitely more congenial to the character of the "Niobe of Nations" than that from

the North through the comparatively uninteresting wastes of St Peter's patrimony, as the entrance by the lone gate of St John Lateran transcends the common-place though imposing objects of the Porto del Popolo, and the distracting bustle of the Corso. As we drove under the massy portal, and our wondering eyes rested on the prodigious marble piles of the Lateran church and palace, presiding over solitude to which that of Nature is as nothing, wonder at a mutation so strange was checked by the yet more impressive spectacle of the proud obelisk of the Pharoos, left a silent but eloquent beacon by the reflux of the tide of greatness which wafted it to that distant shore.

The postillions, by my directions, carried us by the not very circuitous route of the Forum, to the part of the town where Selwyn was provided with lodgings, and we thus enjoyed the rare advantage of seeing, for the first time, by moonlight, the then far more striking ruins of the Coliseum. The effect of night on the lone magnificence and desolate grandeur of this quarter of Rome, may be conceived, but cannot be described. The squalid poverty, the vulgar wretchedness, which contrasts so painfully with the finer feelings during the busy hours of the day, are forgotten, and the least gifted man may feel, or fancy that he feels, what Byron alone could write, and what Heaven forbid I should attempt.

Selwyn is pleasantly settled on a healthful and commanding situation, a little detached from the mass of our gregarious countrymen, and consequently at more liberty to pursue, with his interesting daughter, Miss Willoughby, and myself, those inexpressibly delicious rambles within and without the walls, where every step is marked by some new object, imparting almost the pleasure of a discovery, and which, when the officious garrulity of a Cicerone no longer mars the enjoyment, form, in my opinion, the chief charm of a prolonged residence in Rome. Thousands have described; and will probably continue to describe, regardless of all who have gone before them, the feverish excitement of the few first days in the Eternal City, when we rub our eyes each morning, and ask ourselves, Is this indeed all we have from child-

hood read and thought of, or is it a dream? But few, I think, have dwelt with sufficient complacency on that "sober certainty of waking bliss" which succeeds, when novelty and wonder give place to a delightful familiarity, and the "city of the soul," with its cloud of youthful associations, becomes a sort of second home. It is not till many a sun has been seen to set from the ivy-crowned Palatine; till more than one moon has risen on the Coliseum; till from under the venerable cedars of Monte Mario, the windings of the Tiber have been fondly traced, beneath the sunny smile of more than one soft April sky; till all the marble wonders of St Peter's are become familiar as one's household gods;—that Rome can be loved and appreciated as she deserves to be.

Gladly do I refer you to Eustace for churches and classical reminiscences,—to Forsyth for criticisms on art and lively pictures of manners,—in short, to the thousand-and-one travellers, from our old sagacious friend Misson, (whose rude engravings delighted our infancy,) to the ingenious and correct author of "Rome in the Nineteenth Century," for details which would alike exhaust your patience and my own. Let me rather suppose you well acquainted, as I know you are, from all these sources, with whatever exists in Rome to charm the senses, the imagination, and the heart, and content myself with telling you the life I lead among these marvels, and the exquisite enjoyment which, individually and collectively, they afford me.

To begin, then, with my classical domicile. I have been fortunate enough to meet with an old Cambridge friend, who occupies a villa on the Palatine, and who has willingly offered me an apartment, where we can pursue our favourite speculations, apart from the vanities of the Piazza di Spagna; though we are neither of us anchorites, but mix occasionally in that sober style of gaiety which alone befits Rome.

From my bed-room, on the once sacred, but often polluted, threshold of the Cæsars, I see the sun rise on the hills of Tusculum and the groves of Tibur, and illumine, with bootless splendour, the boundless wastes of the Campagna. When any expedition is in view, I frequently stroll in

these lovely spring mornings to join the breakfast-table of my friends on the Quirinal, along the deserted and grassy lanes, traversing the once most populous quarter of Rome, and uniting with their rarely-trodden avenues, the majestic piles of St John Lateran, Santa Croce, and Santa Maria Maggiore, near which latter splendid Basilica Selwyn's house is situated. If I find myself, as is frequently the case, too early, I stroll forward a little farther, and lose myself in wonder amid the gigantic vestiges of Diocletian's Baths, of which the magnificent church of Santa Maria degli Angeli (one of the most striking, because least ornamented, places of Catholic worship) yet exhibits one matchless hall. This quarter of the city affords another fruitful source of amusement, in the groups of peasantry from the neighbouring villages, frequently assembled here at this early hour, whose singular costumes and marked physiognomy are peculiarly striking.

After breakfast, if the weather is unfavourable, we proceed in the carriage, either to defy its inclemency in the ever-temperate precincts of St Peter's, or to forget even its inconveniences amid the exhaustless wonders of the Vatican. Travellers, though accused of exaggeration, have, I think, failed in giving adequate ideas of this superb collection; the very immensity of its extent, and incredible number of its rarities, having thrown an air of vagueness and romance over their accounts which (I can at least say in my own case) fail to prepare one for a scene which, though formed by the gradual accumulation of the spoil of centuries, seems, from its magic freshness and gorgeous magnificence, indebted for existence to the lamp of Aladdin. I do not, as yet, pretend to a superficial knowledge of even its choicest specimens; and months must be wholly inadequate to embrace a distinct idea of the whole.

There is no one, however enthusiastic in the arts, who has not experienced the *fatigue* of hours of successive wonder and admiration. Nowhere is this sensation more oppressive than in the Vatican, where the demands are so varied and incessant, and the aggregate of wonders so overwhelming. The mind turns for relief from

the perfection of art, to the moral reflections so abundantly suggested.—

We endeavour to decipher, in the features of heroes, philosophers, and monarchs, traces of their historical character, sometimes, but rarely, with complete success. We linger over the majestic grief of the elder Agrippina, and even when the moral claims on our sympathy and admiration are very inferior, feel, that in statuary as in painting, the human interest of a portrait often detains us from brighter specimens of ideal beauty.

I never experienced this more forcibly than at Naples, where the statues of the Balbi, male and female, as found in the ruins of Herculaneum, with their harsh common-life features and strong family likeness, excited (when coupled with their probable fate) an interest very superior to that of mere mythological personages.—Just so it is at Rome, where, after owning, nay, warmly feeling, the Apollo to be the very ethereal essence of all that genius ever conceived, or fancy pictured, we return to sigh over the Gladiator, and gaze on suffering mortality with a tender sympathy, neither yielded to, nor called forth by, the triumphs of resistless divinity.

The contrasts at the Vatican, between the apparent fragility of some of the preserved articles, and their remote antiquity, is very striking; even more so than at Naples, where the supernatural embalming, which some of them received in their long unviolated sepulchre, renders it less surprising. The walls of a chamber in the Vatican are covered with unrolled papyri, in excellent preservation, whose very insignificance, (being mostly deeds relative to private property,) while it gives them a value, as throwing light on domestic manners, renders their preservation, amid the wreck of empires, more piquant and striking. The Christian inscriptions found in the catacombs, which line another room, transport us at once to the primitive ages of our faith, and put to the blush, with their modest simplicity, the idle legends to which many of them have given birth. While on this subject, we were a good deal struck by a strange mutation in the fate of sepulchral monuments, presented to our eyes in the course of one day. While the two sarcophagi of a Christian empress and her daughter have been brought from

their hallowed residence in churches endowed by and for them, to form principal ornaments of the Vatican gallery, surrounded by all the gods of Paganism, we beheld at St John Lateran that formerly containing the ashes of Agrippa, and found near his Pantheon, converted into the Mausoleum of a Christian pontiff! This seems at least a strange inversion of the order of things.

But the days spent amid the magnificence of public or private collections, yield, in my opinion, in interest to those passed, as I before hinted at, in desultory rambling through the rural solitudes within the walls among the quiet vineyards and lone convents of the Celian and Aventine mounts; or without them, to the grotto of Egeria, the tomb of the Scipios—that of Cecilia Metella; nay, even amid those harmless, or at best conjectural remains which diversify the undulating surface of the Campagna, and lend it a charm, which the richest cultivation and most smiling population would seek in vain to supply. Even the comparatively plebeian and densely inhabited parts of the town, are not without their charms when traversed with untrammelled footsteps and a fancy ever roaming in quest of ennobling associations. Our favourite route to St Peter's, carries us, avoiding the more usual thoroughfares, through the very fields of Cincinnatus, past the site of the bridge of Horatius Cocles, and far beyond the original territory of Rome, into that of those enemies, whom, like Hercules, she destroyed while yet in her cradle, before we reach the proudest triumph of modern art, covering with its courts and contiguous palaces, an area almost exceeding that of infant Rome.

To shrink into insignificance when contemplating the magnificence of Nature and the works of God, is a feeling too natural to excite painful humiliation; but in St Peter's, where man crawls like an insect on the pavement of his own stupendous ant-hill, I felt the contrast of the sublime and contemptible in his composition more forcibly than I can express.

One can scarcely believe, that the puny beings, who under its lofty vault shrink into pigmies, had skill to contrive, or boldness to execute, so stupendous a fabric, which yet is finished in every minute particular with

the delicacy of a snuff-box. From the gorgeous magnificence of the high altar, (under which rest the ashes of the Apostle,) with its graceful canopy, and wreathed pillars of gilt bronze, and its 112 golden lamps perpetually burning, the strained eye can scarcely embrace the dizzy height of the aerial dome, lined to the summit with rich mosaics, the colossal figures on which, nearly thirty feet high, are diminished to less than natural size.

Access is at present denied to the adventurous persons who wish to ascend to the cross, in consequence of the frolic of some young English naval officers, who gave unintentional offence by twisting a blue flag round it. The lines I send you, written by one of the party, will amply vindicate them from the charge of intentional impiety.

So! where the sainted cross attempts the
skies,
The British blue aloft exulting flies;
There planted by a roving sailor band,
In votive honour to their native land;
The noblest height, where stainless British blue,
On land or ocean, e'er exulting flew!
An emblem yet, with pious faith combined,
Of azure Hope, that cheers redeem'd mankind,
And, striding o'er the vast abyss beneath,
Soars beyond space, and triumphs over Death.

St Peter's, though indeed the only "temple made with hands" which seems worthy of being dedicated to the Architect of the Universe, (did He judge as man judges, and estimate the offering either by its original costliness or its present splendour,) is perhaps, from those very circumstances, not a shrine the most favourable to real and heartfelt devotion. This in Rome must be sought, and I believe often found, in obscure and little frequented chapels, and has always struck me as peculiarly edifying in a small church in our own neighbourhood, which, from the exquisite music it affords, forms a frequent termination of our rambles towards the hour of vespers. It is attached to a convent of nuns, who, though chiefly of noble families, profess the greatest austerity of any now remaining in Rome; and having obtained the privilege of perpetually exposing the Host in all other

churches ceased, except during mass, have carried on day and night, during many centuries, in honour of the supposed presence of the Saviour, a perpetual adoration, whence their convent has assumed its title.

When the hour for masses and their puerile ceremonies is over—when no cold and often irreverent priest mutters his prescribed formula—and no little officiating boys give with their censers a pagan air to a Christian rite—when the lighted altar, with what even the Protestant can reverence as a sacred symbol, alone calls for veneration, and the heavenly voices of the concealed nuns, who relieve each other unceasingly in their harmonious strains, attune every feeling mind to praise and prayer, it is delightful to see the scanty area of the little church indiscriminately filled with apparently devout worshippers of every possible denomination, kneeling side by side, without the slightest distinctions of rank, from the cardinal, whose purple equipage awaits him at the door, to the mechanic, who has there deposited the implements of his daily labour. Were I to embrace Catholicism, (which Heaven avert,) it would not be under the gorgeous vault of St Peter's, where everything speaks to the senses and not the heart; but in the little chapel of this devoted sisterhood—

Apropos of nuns.—In the course of our walks we seldom go far within the town, without finding the doors of one of the still innumerable churches strewn with box branches, and other green boughs, the usual token of a *fissione* within. We have only to push aside the ponderous curtain, which forms the sole barrier of an Italian church, to enjoy the exquisite music and splendid pageant either of the high mass of some patron saint, or the obsequies of some distinguished personage, or, as happened to us only two days ago, the still more interesting ceremony of the profession, not of one, but two young novices; a spectacle which, while it derived unusual interest from the extreme youth of the two sister victims, (daughters of a Protestant artist, made proselytes to Catholicism since his death, by the active zeal of some Roman ladies of rank,) was at the same time rendered less painful by their evident cheerfulness, and the knowledge of their other-

wise destitute condition. The miseries of unportioned females in Italy are so great, and keenly felt, that to girls of middling rank an asylum in a convent is an object of real and ardent desire; and Miss Willoughby and her friend, who have obtained permission to visit several convents, have conversed there with many eager aspirants after so enviable a retreat from the hardships of life. The elder nuns they found chiefly children of a larger growth, as happy with the toys afforded by their cell and garden, as they could probably ever have been with the more noisy vanities of the *torso* and card-table.

We have just returned from passing some delicious days at Tivoli and Frascati; both of which have fully maintained the charm of their classical character. There is in the rural scenery of Italy, a something which the often superior beauty of other countries cannot boast: a nameless elegance, arising partly from its being frequently interspersed with majestic ruins; and even when such accompaniments do not dignify the landscape, by an absence of vulgar rusticity in the very commonest buildings, and by the coincidence of every feature with those works of the first masters, which we have been accustomed to contemplate with admiration.

In going to Tivoli we spent more than half a day, and might have spent many whole ones, in exploring the immense vestiges of Adrian's splendid villa; one of those lavish expenditures of art, magnificence, and wealth, which seem often marked by Fate for peculiarly ephemeral duration, and which scarce leave a distinct trace behind them.

Without entering into the antiquarian discussions as to the probable destination of every individual part of this vast foundling hospital for the divinities and systems of religion and philosophy of all the various regions visited by its migratory founder; suffice it, that for the purposes of the traveller and the artist, its gigantic ruins have assumed from gradual decay, and the invasion of a wilderness of shrubs and sweets, the most picturesque aspect imaginable, and afforded almost as inexhaustible a study for the pencil, as their long buried treasures of statuary have furnished to the chisel.

Tivoli, with its venerable olive woods and romantic hills, needs not the aid of memory to be beautiful; but under the magical influence of not one, but a constellation of bright names, its beauty acquires a higher and more bewitching charm. The cascade, or rather cluster of waterfalls which enliven the scene, murmur the more melodiously for having delighted the ear of Horace and Mæcenas; and when, before the villa of the latter, (now converted into an iron-foundry,) we enjoyed on a low stone-bench the soft rays of the vernal sun, they derived additional brilliancy from the play of fancy, and flow of soul, which may have animated many a colloquy of master spirits on this favoured spot.

Whether our expectations had been more excited at Tivoli than at Frascati I know not; but we enjoyed more unmixed gratification from our visit to Tusculum, than from that to Tibur. There was something truly exhilarating in the steep ascent to the site of ancient Tusculum, through the ground of modern villas, whose formal shades and neglected splendour only served to set off the wild charms of the shrub-grown theatre, honoured so often with the presence of Cicero, and the remains of what has been called his villa on this commanding eminence. The walk, from thence to the other spot which claims that illustrious name, at the sweet sequestered monastery of Giotto Fenata, and the situation of the latter, were so delightful, that I inclined, without duly investigating the evidence on either side, to decide in its favour, or rather, like a child, when hard pressed, to award the palm to both. Another enchanting walk through shady lanes, brought us back to the town of Frascati, loaded with bouquets of wild spring flowers, which it would puzzle the niggard garden of the north to rival at midsummer. The cordial civility and rude hospitality of a very primitive abbess, detained us here a day longer, and I have not anywhere seen, in greater perfection, the genuine simplicity of the Italian character. The children, by the close of the second day, had become familiar enough to show us, in confidence, the piles of savory viands (many of them already dressed) which were to compensate for the present rigorous abstinence of Lent, when joyous Easter

should remove the interdict. That busy period in Rome was fast approaching, and we returned to encounter its fatigues, Selwyn, his age renewed by the genial atmosphere he has of late been breathing; Constance deriving, from his evident enjoyment, and from a life of rational occupation, hourly improvement in health and spirits; and Miss Willoughby and myself as happy as such cheering symptoms in those we love, and her own bright prospects of future felicity, can make us.

It is time I should tell you, my dear Fanny, to save you the trouble of weaving a very ingenious romance, that Helen (whom I think you at present design for me) is already engaged to a very amiable young man, a brother of her friend Mrs Sydney's, whom she met with at Naples, and who has

lately followed her here. What I have seen of the young man I like extremely; and I am cultivating his acquaintance as assiduously as I should that of the intended of a favourite sister. Helen is a charming girl, and well worthy to be the friend of Constance; but when I lose my heart, it will be to fascinations of another character than those of the lively Helen, whose spirits have now recovered from their temporary depression, and are at times almost too much for the rest of our sober party.

This long letter will swell beyond all reasonable compass, if I detain it for the wonders of the holy week—these shall, therefore, form the subject of a future epistle from

Yours, affectionately,

W. H.

HORÆ GERMANICÆ.

No. XXIII.

WERNER'S TWENTY-FOURTH OF FEBRUARY.

MANY and numberless have been the productions, both in prose and verse, which have borne for their titles the name of some particular month or season of the year. It may have been concluded, therefore, not only that such titles are *usés*, but that they are unlikely to be the forerunners of any composition that is not a merere-facciamento of ideas and associations, that have been dwelt upon a hundred times before. Nothing, however, can be more absurd than this decision. Let a hundred and fifty poets engage each to produce a poem entitled "The Four Seasons," and if it is the name only that they borrow, it will be found that each has his own peculiar impressions and associations,—that each poem, whether good or bad, will prove in itself a novelty, and the hundred and sixtieth author may, after all, create a work which *alone* deserves to be remembered. With us, every period of the year brings its own peculiar and favourite recollection. We could spin out a long lecture on the mere natural phenomena of last month, on its dark-brown woods, weather-bleached pastures, and rain-swollen torrents roaring "from bank to brae;" and out of our "Shepherd's Calendar"

we could extract many an awful catastrophe, which happened "about this time" of year. Moreover, we have lived in climates where February is indeed the commencement of spring,—where the zephyrs bring healing balm on their wings,—where the birds begin their songs in full harmony, and the leaves and early flowers invest our "common earth" with the magic colouring of Hope. Of such climes, too, we "could a tale unfold;" but, for the present, we have other game in view; we mean, that our readers should take a slight cursory glance at the "Twenty-fourth of February," by the celebrated Werner, a story than which the mind of man, in the darkest winter night, never devised aught more horrible, or, it may be said by rash judges, more repulsive; but true genius will triumph over such petty cavillers, and as long as the German language exists, Werner will be remembered with respect, *not indeed for the sake of this poem alone*, but of others, which are more translatable, and of which, ere long, we shall give some account, in our "Horæ Germanicæ."

We have said, that the identical subject may be so treated as to produce

novelty, by many different authors. Müller, in his "Twenty-ninth of February," imitated the title, and the general plan of Werner's work, and yet his composition proved as intrinsically new, as if its precursor had never existed. Werner, too, might in England be called an imitator, for the story of his play is in its outline that of Lillo's "Fatal Curiosity," a tragedy of which we are almost certain he had never seen one line. In fact, the story of a son returning as a stranger to the house of his father and mother, who are in poverty, and by whom he is murdered for the sake of his wealth, is to be found in many collections of old romances, and with whom it first originated, it would now be very needless to inquire. That it has been reserved for Werner to produce a work of tremendous and overpowering interest on this event, there can be no doubt, nor seems it likely that any one will enter the lists against the yet surviving and deathless spirit of such a competitor.

What author, indeed, but Werner, —enthusiastic, ardent, and daring, even to the verge of madness,—would have ventured to treat the subject as he has done? All that was most horrible and repulsive in the story, he has grappled with and seized upon, as if delighting in associations from which even a murderer himself, either before or after the deed, would recoil. He has ventured to use low and grovelling expressions, incidents, too, drawn in all the ghastliness of truth, from the humble sphere of life in which he has placed his characters. It is not one scene alone of crime and misery that suffices. There is a chain of direful events, commencing with a breach of the fifth commandment, by the great-grandfather of the last victim, whence a curse devolves on the family, that prevails from generation to generation; and all these events are brought forward in minute detail. But if by these acts of supererogation in his task, Werner almost exposes himself to the charge of madness, such a charge is amply refuted by the fact, that a web of closer reasoning, with deductions more rigidly formed on principles both of logic, and a certain system of religious faith, (or of that superstition which is assumed as faith by the poet,) has not been exhibited by any author in ancient or mo-

dern times. Every visible object in the appalling scenery—every agonizing mood of mind—and every direful incident—is forced on the reader's perceptions with all the vividness of reality, forming a spell from which he cannot escape.—Meanwhile, he is obliged to confess, that these are not painful impressions, emanating from the depraved taste of a capricious author, who wishes, for no good reasons, to "harrow up the soul;" nor is there any trickery or artifice employed for this purpose. He is spell-bound, indeed, but the spells are those of truth, not of a fantastic unnatural illusion. The events are horrible, doubtless, but they are inevitable, and joined one to another by the adamantine links, not of Destiny alone, but of other principles, which carry along with them all the force of reason and conviction.

The scene is laid at a remote farmhouse in the wildest district of the Alps. It is late at night, when we find the farmer's wife, now an elderly woman, sitting alone in her chamber, listening to the storm that rages without, and anxious for her husband's return, who had gone on the morning of that day to the town of Loike. The stage represents the interior of a Swiss cottage, after such manner, that two rooms, the outer and inner, are at once visible. In the better of the two, a scythe and a large knife are hung against the wall. In the back ground are a straw bed and an arm chair,—while in front, a lamp is on the table at which the woman sits, and a small clock, which strikes eleven. The whole terrible action is over within one hour from this commencement. She has a distaff in her hand, and speaks as follows:—

Gertrude. Eleven o'clock,
And Conrad not returned!—Early to-day
He went from hence to Loike;—what if
misfortune
Has on the road befall'n him?—Hark,
the wind
How loud and louder yet, as if the fiend
Would rend his trumpet on the Gelbi
cliff,
And huff it wrathfully at Gemmi's head,
As Conrad threw the knife!—What made
me speak thus?
Ay—'twas the time even now, in this
wild month,
That Conrad's father died. 'Tis long ago,
And yet, when'er the day recurs, my
blood

Runs cold again. Where can my husband stay?
Perchance, O God, an avalanche has fall'n,
And borne him with it to some dire abyss!

I shudder here with cold and fear;—no splinter

Remains of our last firewood, and of bread
No morsel saved. Worse than alone, I sit
With Grief and Famine,—dread society!
For now, they've taken all—(scarce have we left

Even raiment)—the hard-hearted creditors!—

Yet never till this gloomy day my spirit
Has been so faint and woebegone;—ah me!

The fifth commandment is a fearful law,
And heavily has the curse been laid on us:

But now, I have no child; our son, long since

Is gone a wanderer through the world
perchance

Is dead too;—would that lot were mine,
and thus

Should I be freed from hopeless cares!—
But no!—

Hope shall not perish,—let me sing again,
For sadness and despair but give the arch fiend

A double power, and cheerful notes afright him.

[Sings.

“And wherefore is thy sword so red,
Edward, Edward?”

“Even now, I struck a falcon dead,
And therefore is my sword so red—
Woe's me, woe's me.”

An ugly song, and has a foolish end.—
Burr—what a noise!—A knocking at the window!—

I must look out—for certain 'tis my husband!

[Goes to the window.

A screech-owl 'tis that cleaves unto the lattice;

Even he seeks shelter from the perilous storm,

And gazes on me with large round eyes.
Begone!—

He moves away, and screams as if to say
“Come with me!”—Then should I be freed!

The owls,

We're told, know where and when there are dead bodies,

And I belong more to the dead than living;
This terror never will release me now,
'Tis all so ghastly 'mid these changeless glaciers,

And this old house is so remote:—three miles

Around there dwells no family but ours;
For when the winter comes, all emigrate,

And only we, as if the Alpine Lemmings
Had fetter'd us, are here, and I have been
This long dark day a solitary captive.

Another song,—the time must be beguiled.

[Sings.

“And if the husbandman be poor,
What then, he rules his plough;
And if his coat be rough, yet sure
He still has clothes enow!”

A cap on his head,
With feather so red,
A jerkin with ribbons all gay;
He bears, it is true, no title of Lord,
Nor dines he with marchpane and venison on board—

Black bread is his fare every day.”

Good Heaven! was this not even the self-same tune

That Conrad whistled, when he sharp'd the scythe?

Who knocks again so loud? Hah—'tis my husband!

Here Conrad enters, his dress covered with snow, a large crooked stick in one hand, and a lantern with the light exp ing in the other.

Gertrude. Thou thoughtless wanderer—where hast been so long?

Conr. So cold and wet I feel—Good wife, I pray thee,

Go light the fire.

Gert. How then?

Conr. I had forgotten—

There is no wood—N'importe—suffice it, wife,

Thou shalt be glad of heart.

Gert. What mean'st thou?

Conr. Ay,

Thou shalt rejoice, I say—we have no more

To fear nor hope—so this life's task is o'er;

Look there,—this mandate I received at Loike,

When on my knees I pray'd the Magistrate

Would grant even one brief month to pay our debts.

Gert. He granted it?

Conr. Nay, Gertrude, read!

Gert. I pray thee,
Forbear these looks.

[She reads aloud.

“Whereas, Conrad Coruth, formerly soldier in the confederate troops, also farmer and innkeeper at the house called

Schwarrbach, on the Gemmi Alps, is justly indebted to the goatherd, John Schwartzmann, in the sum of three hundred florins, acknowledged by bill of exchange; and whereas, the said Conrad Coruth has many times been requested and admonished to make payment of the said lawful debt, which he still refuses, or at least, by means of tedious, inept, and irrelevant excuses and subterfuges, delays to do. The constituted authorities have therefore to intimate, that if the said sum of three hundred florins be not paid to-morrow morning, at or before eight of the clock, the officers of Justice shall at that hour take possession of the said house, and of the moveables therein placed, and fields thereto pertaining, in order that they may be sold for behoof of the said John Schwartzmann and of other creditors. Also that the said Conrad Coruth shall, to-morrow morning, betwixt the hours of eight and nine, be arrested and brought into the prison or correction-house, in order that by manual labour he may supply the means towards a liquidation of his debts, as it has been ascertained that the said properties at Schwarrbach will be inadequate to that purpose. According to justice, &c. Given at Lölten, the 24th Feb. 1804."

[Drops the papers]

Oh God!

And wert thou not with this hard-hearted Schwartzmann,

And begg'd for some respite?

Conr. The reckless scoundrel!

What trials have I not made to move his heart,

To grant us yet but fourteen days—in vain;—

No flint could be more destitute of feeling,
Than this rich clodpole. "I have nought to lose,"

He answered—"I am tired of beggary,
And if to-morrow's dawn still finds the debt

Unpaid, then shalt thou march straightway to prison."

Gert. But hast thou tried the neighbours too—thine aunt,—

My cousins?

Conr. Ay, indeed—an old result!

They closed their doors; nay, flung them in my face.

Gert. Relations too?

Conr. Ay, kinsfolk—ever found
The last to aid thee, and the first to wound.

Gert. Oftimes in our rich days have they partaken

Our banquets and festivity.

Conr. No doubt,—

But have short memories.

Gert. And this night, alas!

Thou bring'st nought home to me.

Conr. Nothing, in sooth,

But this half loaf, the wand'rer Heinrich gave me;

He knows the pangs of hunger; therefore shared

With me his humble pittance. For one day,

It guards us still from famine.

Gert. But to-morrow?

Conr. Ay, when the bailiffs come,—he's but a rogue

Who promises to bear more than he can;—

Then, as I've lived, I'll die, a free-born Swiss.

Gert. Thy looks are horrid. Hast thou tried all methods?

Conr. All, wife, in vain. The man who's once accursed,
Is cursed for evermore. There is no hope!

In Switzerland, the doors of almost every house are without locks.—The wife in her anguish of heart reminds him, that within three short miles there dwells a very rich farmer, a man of a dissolute character, who lives quite alone, and is every night intoxicated. She advises that he should steal into the house, and supply himself with a sum of money, persuading him that such a theft would be in truth but a loan, and could be repaid again. He answers in great wrath:—

Conr. Thou shameless woman!

And dar'st thou, with such words, uplift thine eyes?

Shall I then, who have served—a patriot soldier,

Who rank'd with the confederated troops, and stood

Before th' assembly, swearing to defend

The statutes we ourselves had helped to frame,—

Shall Conrad Coruth, who has read the lives

Of Tell and Winkelried,—deriving thence The lesson, that each noble-hearted

Swiss Should for the general weal renounce his own;

Mark you—the self-same Conrad, who received

An attestation from his brave commander,

That with his own hands he had nobly won

A foeman's banner—*he* should now become

A skulking robber, in the dead of night?
I'll hear no more!

Gert. For heaven's sake, be not angry.

Conr. Thy father was a good and pious priest,
And thou, his daughter, would'st defy the law,

And rob thy neighbour?—Shame, shame!

Gert. Oh, 'tis grief
That overpowers my reason—wounds my heart;—

Would it were broken, if I so could aid thee!

Conr. Nay, save *thyself*, good wife—
I know my duty.

No one that ever bore our name, has borne

Therewith disgrace and thralldom—never one

Yet lay within a prison's walls. Shall I—
Shall Conrad be the first t' incur that stain?

No—I'm resolved, and when to-morrow's dawn

Has brought those executioners, I'll go—
Ay, walk with them in peace, till we have reached

The Lemmer glacier, and the Tauben lake—

Thou know'st one fathomless place that freezes never;—

Then God be merciful—it must be so—
I'll rush into the depth!

Gert. Almighty Father!

Conr. 'Twere better thus to die, tho' questionless

Such death were but a sorry fate, than live

To bring upon our ancient name disgrace,
And win relief by theft.

Gert. Oh *lie*, dear Conrad,
And we shall fly from hence, and never more

Behold this wretched home, where human hearts

Are, like their glaciers, cold; let us renounce

This house of misery, where nor stock nor stone

Is longer thine! Oh could we but surmount,

And leave those dreary Alps—then beg our way

From door to door, in distant lands, where we

Are yet unknown, and men are not unfeeling!—

Conr. A robber first—then mendicant!
But listen;—

If I should lead a poor weak woman forth

At this wild wintry season, were I not
Her *murderer* too? Deem'st thou 'tis but a pastime

To wander now, when avalanches fall,
And in the cataract's rage and mountain storms

Death's angry voice, even like a father's curse,

Will rise against thee?

Ay,—that malediction!

Thou shar'st it with me still, and faithfully—

For eight and twenty years hast borne the load.

Now, let me die, for when I'm hence remote,

The curse will be dissolved; and better far

Thou'lt earn thy bread alone: *Earn* have I said?

For never shall the wife of Coruth live
To be despised and trod upon—a beggar.

By degrees, she persuades him that he should bring the Bible, read a chapter, and pray, which he has never done since the night of his father's death. The Bible is brought, but is no sooner opened, than there falls out of it a record, in Conrad's hand-writing, of that terrible event, at the end of which he has marked the paper with a large cross. Again the remembrance falls heavily on their hearts, that this is the dread Anniversary;—they look again at the bailiff's mandate, and feel that the twenty-fourth is doomed to be for evermore a day of misery and misfortune. Conrad wishes to pray, but cannot. After having perused the record, he gives the following description of his feelings on returning home that evening through the wild passes of the Alps.

Conr. Mark you,—when this night I return'd from Loike,

And now had gained the passage of the Alps,

That zigzag turns and winds even like a serpent—

Thou know'st I am a man, and fear not aught

In this world save dishonour;—nay, that road

A hundred times I've trod by night and day;—

But this time, Heaven knows how, the path became

So tedious—wearisome;—upward and down,

Forward and back again, still it appear'd
As if the rocky walls would never end—

At last,—how can I say so,—'twas not
fear,
And yet my heart was chill'd. My very
life,
My whole existence, seem'd but rocks
and chasms—
An Alpine pass of misery, and there-
from
No outlet or escape might e'er be found.
Or fittier, all was like a feverish dream,
Wherein the sleeper walks unceasingly;
Toils till he faints, yet from his couch of
pain
And suffering moves not. But my toils
did end;
I gain'd the heights, look'd down into
the vale,
That lay beneath, so waste and desolate;
Dark as a guilty conscience! I hilt cho-
sen
The westward path—Thou knowest
wher's suddenly
We turn the corner cliff, and there, Oh
God,
The Lemmer Glacier, horribly defined,
With snow-capt head, rose on the win-
try sky.
Methought it was the portrait of my fa-
ther;
That livid spectral face,—the hoary locks,
As once he sat there, Gertrude; *there, I*
say, (Pointing to the arm-chair.)
And struggled with the sleep of death.

Then too

The recollection woke,—this direful
date,—
The mawth accurs'd—the twenty-fourth
—I felt
The weight,—the sharp edge of the hang-
man's axe
Press'd on my throat; flames danced be-
fore mine eyes,
As if the fiends would seize me, and I fled
In furious haste across the Tauben lake,
That, like my blood, was frozen; while
the lamp
Glimmer'd and quiver'd like expiring
life.—
In grim funereal throng, meanwhile the
brood
Of magpies that do harbour there, came
forth;
One clung unto the lantern, fix'd her
claws,
And hoarsely croak'd and croak'd. Me-
thought I heard
My father's dying groans. Her yellow
beak
Was like the knife's hilt too,—the knife
accurs'd;
And still she whetted her sharp beak,
and rasp'd
And grated on the lantern's edge—Oh,
Gertrude!

I trembled then even like a child—me-
thought

It sounded like scythe sharpening.

Ger. Speak no more,—

I pray thee, or 'twill kill me.

Conr. Mark you, wife,—

'Mid all the pain and anguish of my
heart,

Yet rose the thoughts of murder,—yet
again

The direful scene revived that made our
son

In childhood an assassin—I beheld—

Ger. Oh, let those mysteries rest, rouse
not the fiend,

But humbly pray for mercy!

Conr. No! the load

Of guilt that cleaves to me doth bar Hea-
ven's gates:

A father's curse once utter'd never dies;
Even now I hear his accents from the
grave,

That fill our house with horror.

(Knocking at the door.)

Ger. Who comes there?

Conr. His angry spectre!

Ger. (at the window) No! a traveller.
Shall I admit him?

Conr. Wer't the devil himself,
What should we fear?—Admit him!

The son Caspar makes his appear-
ance here, somewhat wildly equipped
in a traveller's garb, whitened with
snow; a huntsman's wallet across his
shoulders, a dagger by his side, and a
leathern girdle with a money-bag and
pistols round his waist, while in his
right hand he holds a lantern with the
light extinguished. 'Now we must
apprize our readers, that we have thus
far given a pretty fair, though hasty
and free sketch of the Tragedy; yet,
as to the rest, without translating the
whole right through, and allowing for
it two sheets of the Magazine, to con-
vey a proper idea of the original would
be impracticable. It is a chain so cu-
riously wrought, a web so artfully
woven, that by leaving out a link, or
thread, the whole is irreparably in-
jured. Not one speech is superfluo-
us; we have no Balaam to fill up
chasms, and the consequence is that
passages taken separately lose their ef-
fect. Where the *action* advances with
every word, look and gesture, no time
is left for fine descriptive writing;
every speech *tells*, and prepares the
reader for what is to follow. More-
over, his advance must be *gradual*;
however, as we cannot at present take
in the whole Play, some brief analysis

must be tried. To return there—Caspar of course represents himself as a benighted traveller, and requests a lodging till next day, which is agreed to. His parents looking on him as an entire stranger, (for they have not seen Caspar since his childhood,) make him welcome. They have a roof to shelter him, and a hearth to sit by, but neither fire nor food. He is greatly distressed by the situation in which he finds his father and mother—betrays his own feelings to the audience by many sentences spoken aside, and would gladly make himself known at once, were it not that he wishes first to ascertain whether they are willing to retract the curse which was pronounced against him, on account of his sister's death (of which more anon.) He opens his knapsack, which is stored with various kinds of food, and several bottles of wine. They seat themselves round the table, and the dialogue henceforth is kept up between the father and son, much in the style of rude soldiers bivouacking after a long march. He asks for a knife—they give him that which hung on the wall, and he observes that it is blood-stained; every toast that is proposed, every chance-word that is uttered, adds to the pain and perplexity of both parties.

Conr. Enough of that.

Our son is dead, his course is run, and so
May we, too, reach the goal that we deserve!

Gert. Nay, God forbid!

Con. Say, rather let us die
In peace, and then all curses be atoned.

Conr. But wherefore, parrot-like, repeat
thy words?

In truth, thou seem'st a marvellous com-
merado,

With knapsack, dagger, pistols, and what
not,

Like some wild hunter. Wherefore camest
thou here

So late and lonely?

Con. Right from Künsdersteg
I travell'd, friend, and ere to-morrow's
noon,

Should reach the town of Loike. Thus
on and on

I've walk'd unceasingly.

Conr. Comrade, your hand.
We'll go to Loike together.

Con. Even as death,
Thy grasp is ice-cold.

Conr. Fear'st thou death?

Con. No, truly;

I've been a soldier, and oftimes ere now
Have stared him in the face.

Conr. So comrade, drink
The Swiss confederate corps!—I was
among them—

Have seen sharp service too; but let us
hear

Some story from thine old campaigns;
Vivat!

'Twill rouse my courage.

Con. But your son?

Conr. No more—I warn'd thee.

Con. He was lost in early youth?

Conr. Silence, I say.

Con. Nay, like a courteous host,
Thou should'st have told thy story first,
if I

Must broach mine old adventures. Why,
good friend,

I knew this house of yore. It prosper'd
then,

A blithe *auberge*—no better in the can-
ton;

But now you seem afflicted, and in want.
How comes this?

Hereupon follows Conrad's direful narrative. After being a soldier, he had returned home to live with his father, who was a man of a secret, wayward temper, in order to assist in the management of the farm, &c. The most acute tact, and perfect knowledge of human nature, are evinced through the whole of this frightful story. He married, without his father's consent, the daughter of a poor clergyman, brought his wife to the farm-house at Schwarrbach, where she endured constant insults and persecution, which Conrad also bore for a long time unresented; till one evening, having returned in high spirits from a fair or merrymaking, he found his father in unusual ill temper. In order to drown the noise of his complaints and unprovoked insults, the son took down the scythe from the wall, and began to sharpen it, singing all the while,—

"A cap on his head,
With feather so red,
A jerkin with ribbons all gay," &c.

till, when the old man waxed more wroth, and added the most cruel and cutting reproaches against the inoffensive Gertrude, he was unable to resist the momentary impulse, and threw the knife—but, "God be praised, this blow fell harmless." However, the old man's anger increased to madness; he

imprecated a horrible curse on his son, his son's wife, and on her child yet unborn; after which, as if a sudden judgment had overtaken him, he changed colour, fell back in his chair, became speechless, and in a few minutes expired.

Gert. How's this, sir?—You look pale.

Cas. A direful story!

Or 'twas the wine perchance, but I am better.

Drink, comrade; there is yet another world,

And thither shall no malison extend.

Gert. (aside to Con.) So—hearest thou?

Conr. Ay. From thee one learns good lessons.

I do believe it—nor have I alone

To tremble at the judgment-day; for, listen—

That old man was a wild and wayward spirit;

In youth had quarrell'd fiercely, and did once

Confess to have seized his father by the hair,

And roll'd him on the ground. Now, for my part,

I did but throw the knife, and, God be praised,

It struck him not; he died indeed, but who

Can prove 'twas I that kill'd him? *Boots have said*

The man who strikes his father, will not rest

Even in his grave, but thence his hand will rise

To mark the spot profaned—All childish fables.

A thousand times I've seen my father's grave

With long grass waving, but no spectral hand.

Cas. One question still,—how this

auberge and farm

Have gone to ruin? Wherefore are you poor?

Still deferring his answer to this, Conrad proceeds to narrate, that ever since the fatal night, although his wife and he had loved each other truly, the old man's ghost has haunted them, and rendered their union miserable; that not long after his death, Gertrude bore a son, in another year also a daughter, who was an "angel of beauty." And now comes the most repulsive of all Werner's descriptions,—the revival of that scene, where the son, in childish play, had the misfor-

tune to inflict with the knife a mortal wound on his sister. The latter had been idolised by her parents, and in a paroxysm of ungovernable anguish, Conrad had imprecated on his son a terrific curse, and never would see him more. On hearing this, Caspar inquires anxiously,—

But hast thou ne'er retracted these dread words—

So rash—untimely?

Conr. Ay, indeed. God grant him Eternal peace.—Didst thou not say—to Heaven

No malison ascends?

[*Caspar turns aside, and clasps his hands in prayer.*]

Cas. The wretched youth!

And so he dared not ask forgiveness?

Conr. No!

We could forgive—but look upon him—
NEVER!

This last assertion draws a heartfelt exclamation of grief from Caspar; he may assist his father in distress, but dare not make known his relationship. Gertrude then relates how he had been sent to school at some distance, but was of such a restless ungovernable disposition, that he ran away from his guardian. She believes that he had been engaged as a soldier, at the time of the Revolution in France, and had been killed there. During this recital, Caspar has been walking distractedly to and fro; at length breaks in with his former question, how they had fallen into such poverty?—

Conr. What is to be told?

With restless queries,—wandering to and fro,

And these wild looks,—in truth, thou'rt wearisome.

But listen, sir.—Our corn and hay were burnt;

Our cattle died; an avalanche destroy'd
The pasture fields; thou should'st have

mark'd the place

As hither thou drew'st near from Kändlersteg,

A scene of ruin! From the Rinderberg,
That avalanche did fall; both men and cattle

Were buried there;—I warrant, 'twas no child's play—

This, and, to crown the whole, our last bad crop,

Have ruin'd us.—Nay, we are mendicants;
And ever when there came such visitation,—

A dread misfortune striking to the heart,—

'Twas in this month, and on the self-same day—

The TWENTY-FOURTH—

Casp. How much I pity you—
Would I could aid you—

Conr. Well, if thou hast money,
Pray lend us some—

Casp. Money, yes—I've enough—
And I would more than lend you; but
be calm

Until to-morrow; God will yet protect
you.

On this follows Caspar's narrative of his own life. In his humility, he is unwilling to speak favourably of himself; he says, that in early life he had also committed a murder, precisely as Conrad had described of his son. Thereafter, he had left his birth-place, and obtained a situation as servant to a wealthy man, who was also captain in one of the Swiss regiments,—and with whom he had gone, at the time of the Revolution, to Paris, where they had been witness to all the horrible scenes of that period. Thereafter, they fled to St Domingo, where his master became a rich planter, but died untimely, leaving his servant (in whom he had latterly confided as a friend) heir to a large fortune. Still the remembrance of his early guilt haunts him, and renders him miserable. He describes powerfully the longing which arose in his mind, once more to behold his native country, and visit his parents, whom he describes as still residing only a mile distant from Schwarrbach. Now, it happens that there are no fixed inhabitants within less than three miles of that place, and his whole narrative unfortunately is so contrived, that the listeners draw from it conclusions the most perplexing and unfavourable. Caspar has, by his own confession, admitted, that he is a murderer; and by the vague, unguarded tenor of his discourse, leads his father to believe that he had obtained his master's property by theft. Finally, in order to try more and more the disposition of his parents, he tells them that their son Caspar Coruth died in his arms, after an engagement near Paris,—on which his mother exclaims, "Oh, were he yet alive, how gladly would

I forgive him all!" His father answers coldly, however, and advises him to go to bed, telling him he will be awake at eight o'clock, when the executioners of the law make their appearance. From this point, onward to the end of the play, not a moment elapses without some effective portion of incident and dialogue. As we are brought nearer and nearer to the deed, suspense is strained to the last degree, yet we *almost* feel that the murder is inevitable. Even Gertrude's suggestion, that the stranger might be their son, is overpowered by a violent speech of Conrad, in which he proves to himself that this is impossible. Meanwhile, the interior of Caspar's apartment is visible; Gertrude retires to rest, and Conrad remains at the table, communing aloud with his own dark thoughts, which alternate with the audible prayers and soliloquies of his son. Gertrude's sleep is perturbed—he rouses her, and she comes again forward. There are ten pages more, of which the contents exhibit awful realities, which resemble the phantasms of a hideous dream. Conrad has no fixed intention of murder, but he has discovered that his guest has placed his purse of money on the bed under his bolster of straw, and is gradually brought to the determination of drawing it from thence, guarding himself with the knife in case he should be surprised in this act. On opening the door, he sees the apparition of his father in the room, and turns back trembling. Gertrude, also, wishes all the while to dissuade him from his attempt; but on looking into the apartment, she tells him that there is no apparition, and the stranger is fast asleep. The clock begins to strike; he counts its beats—one by one till the twelfth, then walks resolutely into the apartment, and grasps the purse. At that moment, Caspar awakes, crying, "Thieves—Murderers!" and Conrad stabs him to the heart. The discovery instantly follows—Caspar lives only long enough to forgive his parents—and Conrad determines, on the following day, to deliver himself up to the officers of justice, and expiate his crimes on the scaffold.

Noctes Ambrosianae.

No. XXXII.

ΚΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

Σ.

PHOC. ap. Ath.

[This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
" NOT TO LET THE JUG FACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIFFLE ;
" BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."
An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]

C. N. ap. Ambr.

SCENE—AMBROSE'S Hotel, Picardy Place, Paper Parlour.

NORTH—TICKLER—SHEPHERD.

NORTH.

GOLD-HEADED CANE, indeed ! Could I think, Tickler, that this crutch of mine would have nothing better to say for itself and its old master, when the world desires it to be inditing about Christopher, I would break it across my knee, into pieces six inches long, thus—and send it to the nearest old beggar-woman to boil her kettle with, for a dish of weak tea and superannuated scandal.

TICKLER.

The writer had hold of some good subjects ; but he is dull, heavy, pedantic, prosaic, pompous, and inane, beyond the proper pitch for sleep. Not one single anecdote, incident, remark, image, sentiment, or feeling, does the Stick utter ; and yet he pretends to have been hand and glove with Ratchiffe, Mead, Askew, Pitcairn, and Baillie !

NORTH.

What, Tickler, if one and all of the Five were but very ordinary persons ? Doctors are generally dull dogs ; and nobody in tolerable health and spirits wishes to hear anything about them and their quackeries.

TICKLER.

Their faces are indeed at all times most absurd ; but more especially so when they are listening to your account of yourself, and preparing to prescribe for your inside, of which the chance is that they know no more than of the interior of Africa.

NORTH.

And yet, and yet, my dear Tickler, when old bucks like us are out of sorts, then like sinners with saints, we trust to the sovereign efficacy of their aid, and feel as if they stood between us and death. There's our beloved Shepherd, whose wrist beats with a yet unfelt pulse,—

SHEPHERD.

I dinna despise the doctors. In ordinar complaints I help mysel out o' the box-o' drops ; and I'm never mair nor three days in gettin' richt again ;—the first day for the beginning o' the complaint—dull and dowie, sair gien to gauntin, and the streekin' out o' ane's arms, rather touchy in the temper, and no easily satisfied wi' anything ane can get to eat ;—the second day, in bed wi' a nicht-cap on, or a worsted stockin' about the chafts, shiverin' ilka half hour aneath the blankets, as if cauld water were poovin' down your back ; a stamach that scunners at the very thocht o' fud, and a sair sair head amaisht as if a wee deevil were sittin' in't knappin' stanes wi' an ir'n hammer ;—the

third day about dinner time hungrier than a pack o' hounds, yokin' to the haggis afore the grace, and in imagination mair than able to devour the hail jiget, as weel's the giblet-pie and the pancakes.

NORTH.

And the fourth day, James?

SHEPHERD.

Out wi' the grews gin it be afore the month o' March, as soople and thin in the flanks as themsells—wi' as gleg an ee—and lugs pricked up ready for the start o' pussie frae among the windle-straes—Halloo—halloo—halloo!—O man, are nae ye fond o' coorsin'?

TICKLER.

Of hare-soup I am—or even roasted hare—but—

SHEPHERD.

There are some things that a man never gets accustomed to, and the startin' o' a hare's ane o' them;—so is the whur o' a covey o' paitricks—and aiblins so is the meetin' o' a bonny lassie a' by hersel' among the bloomin' heather, when she seems to rise up frae the earth, or to hae drapped down frae heaven.—Were I to leeve ten thousan' years, and gang out wi' the grews or pointers every ither day, I sud never get the better o' the dear delightfu' dirl o' a fricht, when pussie starts wi' her lang horns.

NORTH.

Or the covey whirrs—

TICKLER.

Or the bonny lassie—

SHEPHERD.

O man, Tickler, but your face the noo is just like the face o' a satyr in a pictur-byueck, or that o' an auld stane-monk keekin' frae a niche in the corner o' an abbey-wa'—the leer o' the holy and weel-fed scoonrel's een seemin' mair intense on the Sabbath, when the kirk-yard is fu' o' innocent young maidens, tripping ewer the tombs to the House o' Prayer! Mr North, sir, only look at the face o' him!

NORTH.

Tickler, Tickler, give over that face—it is absolutely getting like Haslitt's.

SHEPHERD.

What's that chiel' doin' noo, think ye, sir?

NORTH.

Sunk into utter annihilation.

SHEPHERD.

He had a curious power that Haslitt, as he was ca'd, o' simulatin' sowl. You cou'd hae ta'en your Bible oath sometimes, when you were readin' him, that he had a sowl—a human sowl—a sowl to be saved—but then, heaven preserve us, in the verra middle aiblins o' a paragraph, he grew transformed afore your verra face into something bestial,—you heard a grunt that made ye grew, and there was an ill smell in the room, as frae a pluff o' sulphur.—And Haslitt's dead?

NORTH.

Yes, James, perfectly.

SHEPHERD.

I wunner what the copyright o' the Modern Pygmalion would sell for, noo that Haslitt's a posthumous author?

TICKLER.

Who the devil introduced this loathsome subject?

SHEPHERD.

Your ain face, sir, when I was speekin' about the bonny lasses.—You've just your ain face to blame for't, sir.—Fine him in a bumper, Mr North, for suggestin' sic a sooterkin.

NORTH.

We will, if you please, James, take each a glass—all round—of Glenlivet—to prevent infection.

SHEPHERD.

Wi a' my heart.—Sic a change in the expression o' your twa faces, sir! Mr North, you look like a man that has just received a vote o' thanks for

ha'en been the instrument o' some great national deliverance. Is'na that wunnerfu whisky? As for you, Mr Tickler,—your een's just like twa jaspers—pree'd ye ever the like o't?

NORTH.

Never, so help me Heaven,—never since I was born!

SHEPHERD.

Wordsworth tells the world, in aye o' his prefaces, that he is a water-drinker—and it's weel seen on him.—There was a sair want of speerit through the hail o' you lang Excursion. If he had just made the paragraphs about a half shorter, and at the end of every aye ta'en a caulker, like ony ither man engaged in gayen sair and heavy wark, think na ye that his Excursion would hae been far less fatiguesome?

TICKLER.

It could not at least well have been more so, James,—and I devoutly hope that that cursed old Pedlar is defunct. Indeed, such a trio as the poet himself, the packman, and the half-witted annuitant—

NORTH.

My friend Wordsworth has genius, but he has no invention of character,—no *constructiveness*, as we phrenologists say.

SHEPHERD.

He, and ither folk like him, wi' gude posts and pensions, may talk o' drinkin' water as manckle's they choose—and may abuse me and the like o' me for preferrin' speerits—but—

NORTH.

Nobody is abusing you, my dear Shepherd—

SHEPHERD.

Hand your tongue, Mr North—for I'm gayen angry the now—and I canna thole being interrupted when I'm angry,—aie hand your tongue, and hear me speak,—and faith, gin some folk were here, they should be made to hear on the dearest side o' their heads.

NORTH.

Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!

SHEPHERD.

Well then, gentlemen, it cannot be unknown to you, that the water-drinking part of the community have not scrupled to bestow on our meetings here, on the Noctes Ambrosianæ, the scurrilous epithet of Orgies; and that I, the Shepherd, have come in for the chief part of the abuse. I therefore call on you, Mr North, to vindicate my character to the public, to speak truth and shame the devil—and to declare in Maga, whether or not you ever saw me once the worse of liquor during the course of your career?

NORTH.

Is it possible, my dearest friend, that you can trouble your head one moment about so pitiful a crew? That jug, James, with its nose fixed upon yours, is expressing its surprise that—

TICKLER.

Hogg, Hogg, this is a weakness which I could not have expected from you—have you forgotten, how the Spectator, and Sir Roger de Coverley, and others, were accused of wine-bibbing, and other enormities, by the dunces of those days?

SHEPHERD.

Confound their back-biting malignity! Is there a steadier hand than that in a' Scotland?—see how the liquid quivers to the brim, and not a drop overflowing—Is my nose red? my broo blotched? my een red and rheumy? my shanks shrunk? my knees, do they totter? or does my voice come from my heart in a crinkly cough, as if the lungs were rotten? Bring ony aye o' the bae water-drinkers here, and set him doon afore me, and let us discuss ony subject he likes, and see whase head's the clearest, and whase tongue wags wi' maist unfaulterin' freedom!

NORTH.

The first thing, James, the water-drinker would do, would be to get drunk, and make a beast of himsel.

SHEPHERD.

My life, Mr North, as you ken, has been ane o' some vicissitudes, and even now I do not eat the bread of idleness. For æ third o' the twenty-four hours, tak æ day wi' anither throughout the year, I'm i' the open air. wi' heaven's wind and rain perhaps, or its hail and sleet, and they are blessed by the hand that sends them, blashing against me on the hill:—For anither third, I am at my byucks—no mony o' them to be sure in the house—but the few that are no the wark o' dunces, ye may believe that; or aiblins doin' my best to write a byuck o' my ain, or if no a byuck, siccan a harmless composition as ane o' my bits o' Shepherd's Calendars, or the like;—or, if study hæe nae charms, playin' wi' the bairns, or hearin' them their lessons, or crackin' wi' a neighbour, or sittin' happy wi' the mistress by our ain twa-sells, sayin' little, but thinkin' a hantle, and feelin' mair. For the remaining third, fræ ten at nicht to sax in the morning, enjoyin' that sweet sound sleep that is the lot o' a gude conscience, and out o' which I come as regular at the verra same minute as if an angel gently lifted my head fræ the pillow, and touched my eye-lids with awakenin' licht,—no forgettin', as yoursel kens, Mr North, either evening or morning prayers, no verra lang anes to be sure, except on the Sabbath; but as I hope for mercy, humble and sincere, as the prayers o' us sinfu' beings should ever be,—sinfu', and at a' times, sleepin' or waukin', aye on the brink o' death! Can there be ony great harm, Mr North, in a life that—saving and excepting always the corrupt thochts of a man's ain heart, which has been wisely said to be desperately wicked—even when it micht think itself, in its pride, the verra perfection o' virtue—

NORTH.

I never left Altrive or Mount Benger, James, without feeling myself a better and a wiser man.

SHEPHERD.

Nae man shall ever stop a night in my house, without partakin' o' the best that's in't, be't meat or drink; and if the coof canna drink three or four tumblers or jugs o' toddy, he has nae business in the Forest. But if he do nae mair than follow the example I've set him, he'll rise in the morning without a headache, and fa' to breakfast, no wi' that fause appetite that your drunkards yoke on to the butter and breed wi', and the eggs, and the ham and haddies, as if they had been shipwrecked in their sleep, and scoured wi' the salt-water,—but wi' that calm, sane, and steady appetite, that speaks an inside sound in a' its operations as clock-work, and gives assurance o' a lang and usefu' life, and a large family o' children.

NORTH.

Replenish the dolphin, James.

SHEPHERD.

She's no tume, yet.—Now, sir, I ca' that no an abstemious life—for why should ony man be abstemious?—but I ca' a temperate life, and o' a' the virtues, there's nane mair friendly to man than Temperance.

TICKLER.

That is an admirable distinction, James.

SHEPHERD.

I've seen you forget it, sir, howsoever, in practice; especially in eatin'. Oh, but you're far fræ a temperate eater, Mr Tickler. You're ower fond o' a great heap o' different dishes at denner. I'm within bouns when I say I hæe seen you devour a dizzen. For me, sufficient is the Rule of Three. I care little for soup—unless kail, or cocky-leeky, or hare-soup, or mock-turtle, which is really, considerin' it's only mock, a pleasant platefu'; or hodge-podge, or potatoc-broth, wi' plenty o' mutton-bones, and weel peppered; but your white soups, and your broon soups, and your vermisilly, I think naething o', and they only serve to spoil, without satisfyin' a gude appetite, of which nae man o' sense will ever tak aff the edge afore he attacks a dish that is in itself a dinner. I like to bring the hail power o' my stamach to bear on vittles that's worthy o't, and no to fritter't awa' on side dishes, sic as pâtes, and trash o' that sort, only fit for boardin'-school misses, wi' wee shrimpit mouths, no able to eat muckle, and ashamed to eat even that; a' covered wi' blushes, puir

things, if ye but offer to help onything on till their plates, or to tell them no to mind folk starin', but to mak a gude dinner, for that it will do them nae harm, but, on the contrary, mingle roses with the lilies of their delicate beauty.

TICKLER.

Every man, James, is the best judge of what he ought to eat, nor is one man entitled to interfere——

SHEPHERD.

Between another man and his own stomach!—Do you mean to say that? Why, sir, what is even more absurd than to say, that no man has a right to interfere between another and his own conscience, or his——

TICKLER.

And is that absurd?

SHEPHERD.

Yes, it is absurd—although it has, somehow or other, become an apothegm.—Is it not the duty of all men, to the best o' their abilities, to enlighten ane another's understandings? And if I see my brethren o' mankind fa' into a' sorts o' sin and superstition, is't nae business o' mine, think ye, to endeavour to set them right, and enable them to act according to the dictates o' reason and nature?

TICKLER.

And what then, James?

SHEPHERD.

Why, then, sir, it may be often our duty to interfere between a man and his conscience, when that conscience is weak, or dark, or perverted—between a man and his religion, when that religion is fu' o' falsehood and idolatry. The opposite doctrine that holds that every man's religion is a matter solely between his own soul and his Maker, is, in my belief, a pernicious doctrine, and one that countenances all enormities of faith. There is surely such a thing as Truth—and such a thing as Falsehood—and for my ain part, I shall never leave ony freen' o' mine in undisturbed enjoyment o' falsehood, even if that falsehood relate to his God.

NORTH.

We are getting on difficult, on dangerous ground, my dear Shepherd——

SHEPHERD.

Yes; but we maun a' tread difficult and dangerous ground, Mr North, every day in our lives,—even the simplest and the maist sincere,—and we are a' o' us bound to contribute to ane another's security, among the pitfalls and quagmires o' life. I hae nae notion of that creed that tells me to leave a dour doited devil to go daunderin' on, wi' his een shut, his ain way to perdition.

NORTH.

Would you, like Missionary Wolfe, challenge the Pope to battle, and call his religion a lie?

SHEPHERD.

No, sir,—I wad never sae far forget mysell as to cease being a gentleman,—for then, so far, I should cease being a Christian. But gin I thoct Papistry a fause thing, which I do, I wadna scruple to say sae, in sic terms as were consistent wi' gude manners, and wi' charity and humility of heart,—and back my opinion wi' sic arguments as I had learned out o' that book which the Pope, I fancy, wadna allow a poor lay-creature like me to read at night, afore gaen to bed, and just after I had seen the bairns a' soun' asleep in theirs, wi' their quiet smiling faces hushed to peace, under the protecting love o' Him wha had wrapt the innocent things in the heaven o' happy dreams. Still, I wadna ca' the Pope a leear, like Mr Wolfe; for nae man's a leear, unless he kens that he is ane; and his Holiness, for ony thing I ken to the contrar, may be, in his delusion, a lover of the Truth.

NORTH.

You would not, if in Parliament, James, vote for what is called Catholic Emancipation?

SHEPHERD.

I scarcely think I would,—at least I would be what Mr Canning says he is not, a security grinder.

TICKLER.

And I, James.

NORTH.

And I, James.

SHEPHERD.

And, thank heaven, the majority of the British Parliament, and three-fourths of the British people, Mr North.

NORTH.

Have you read Dr Phillpott's Letter, Tickler?

TICKLER.

I have with delight. One of the ablest productions of modern days—bold, fearless, manly, gentlemanly, Protestant.

NORTH.

And yet the Whigs all call it personal—nay, libellous—although Dr Phillpott expresses towards Mr Canning, to whom it is addressed, the greatest respect for his character, and the highest admiration of his talents. Not thus, Tickler, did they speak and write of that illustrious person a few short years ago.

TICKLER.

I have made out a paper on that point,—but it is too long, I fear, for the Magazine—it would occupy three sheets—of malignity, stupidity, and abuse, incredible, but from the tongues and fingers of Whigs. Even now, they hate Mr Canning. We, on the contrary, always loved him—then as now—but—

SHEPHERD.

What noise is that in that press? Is't a moose getting its neck into a trap? Let's see—

(Opens the press, and out steps a person, shabby genteel, in black or brownish apparel.)

Wha are ye, my man, that's here hearkenin' to a conversation that I'm thinkin' frae the face o' you, you're no very able to understand the drift o' ?—wha are ye, my man, wi' cheeks like potty, and tawttied hair, and a coat as desperate short in the sleeves? But dinna be sae feard, I'm no gaun to put ye to death, only what was ye chrisend? or are you a Pagan wi' some outlandish name, and a mother-tongue unintelligible in this quarter o' the habitable globe? I'll hand ye, sir, by the cuff o' the neck, till ye speak—are ye dumb, sir?

NORTH.

James, James—my dear Shepherd, relax your hold, he is a short-hand writer.

SHEPHERD.

A short-hand writer! a short-hand writer! and that's the way o't—that's the way o't—that the Noctes Ambrosianæ are gotten up for that Magazine o' yours, Mr North!!! How durst you, sir, sit in that press takin' down my words? A pretty gentleman o' the press indeed! Gude faith, a wee thing would make me fling you out o' the window! There's anither shake for you, sir, to mak' your blood circulate.

NORTH.

Mr Gurney, do'n't mind the Shepherd, it is his way.—James, James, he is not one of the enemy—and as worthy a fellow as lives; moderate your fury, James.

SHEPHERD.

Now the cat's out o' the bag. Never could I comprehend hoo a hail night's conversation, on to the sma' hours, could get itsel' a' prented word for word in the Magazine, down to my vera spellin' afore—and there, for thae sax years past, hae ye been writin' in the press, my man, takin' doon the conversation in hieroglyphics, and at hame extendin' your notes, as they ca't, ower your socons and sma' beer afore gaun to sleep on caff.

TICKLER.

Come, James, you are getting personal and abusive. Mr Gurney is a most excellent fellow—a man of education, and a small private fortune of his own on the death of his grandmother.

NORTH.

Sit down, Mr Gurney, and take a glass of toddy.

SHEPHERD.

What for will you no speak, sir? Open your mouth and speak.

NORTH.

Mr Gurney, James, is no speaker.

SHEPHERD.

What, is he dumb?

NORTH.

Rather so, Shepherd. It would be a long story to tell you how he lost his tongue early in life in Persia.

SHEPHERD.

He's aff—he's aff—out at the door like a shot. He may be a short-haun' writer, but he's a lang-legged ane. See yonner he's jinkin' round the corner o' Union Place already, never doutin' that I'm at his tails! There's no anither gentleman o' the press, is there, in shint that ither door, on the richt cheek o' the fire?

TICKLER.

Well, the world must just content itself without any record of this meeting. Nor does it much matter, for I have seen the Shepherd much brighter.

SHEPHERD.

I hate to see any man ower bricht, as it is ca'd, in company. Commend me to the man that's just like a star amang ither stars—only noos and thans a wee thoct brichter than the luminaries around him, as if something inter-nal glanced out frae within his verra core, and after a few stifu' flashes, let him relapse back aguin into his former sober radiance.

TICKLER.

A new image, James, or something like it—Go on—I'll follow thee.

SHEPHERD.

Or, haply, sir, not that he was any brichter than afore—but that the reat had grown somewhat dimmer, or mair obscure, as a cloud, or the shadow o' a cloud, had tamed their lustre, and made some o' them indeed amaisht disappear frae the heavens atgether!

NORTH.

O! better and better, James. You speak like an absolute Coleridge.

SHEPHERD.

Or suppose we liken a man, that in company is just what he ought to be, to a good fire—made o' Scotch coals, wi' a sprinklin' o' English—no bleedin' as if soot had faun doon the chimley, and then flingin' out reek amaisht to chock you, and also to blear your een, at the same time makin' the room so insufferably hot that water would pabble in a dish; but a calm, composed fire, bold as the sun, yet mild almost as the moon, shinin' and warm—in' all it looks upon with a summery spirit, till all our feelings expand in the glow like flowers, and the circle o' humanity round it becomes, in the best sense o' the word, Christianized by the gracious light!

NORTH.

That man, Tickler, flings away as much poetry in the course of an afternoon's crack, as would serve the Pet Peet of a Cockney coterie all his lifetime.

SHEPHERD.

What's that you were sayin', sir, to Mr Tickler? I'm rather deafish. It's mair a pity the short-haund writer ran aff; but sibline he's gotten intil the press again through a back-door:—and if sae, I shanna disturb him; for I carena, for my ain part, although every single syllable that ever was uttered by me within these four w's was prented in capitals, and circulated to the remotest corners o' the Earth.

NORTH.

Did you go t'other day, James, to hear Mr Somerville of Currie's sermon against cruelty to animals? I don't remember seeing your face in the throng. It was an elegant discourse.

SHEPHERD.

I dinna doubt that, for he's a clever chiel—and as gude a man and as humane as ever used a double-barrelled gun.

TICKLER.

What! Is he a sportsman, and yet preaches about cruelty to animals?

NORTH.

Did not you know, Tickler, that Mr Somerville invented a gun-lock, for which he ought to have got a patent?

TICKLER.

In that case he ought just to have allowed a brother clergyman to preach the Gibeonian Sermon. For although, for my own part, I see no cruelty in field-sports, no man in the pulpit can possibly defend them; and if he omits all mention of them, he leaves his argument incomplete—and when the preacher is a notorious good shot, slaughtering right and left, to a dead certainty, there is room for the scoffers to treat the entire sermon with derision.

SHEPHERD.

I dinna see that ava. Real cruelty to animals canna be defined, but every body kens what it is—for example, thumpin' wi' a rung a pair auld, tremblin', staggerin', worn-out, starved horse, reeking at a steep pull in the trams aneath a ton o' coals, a' the time the carter swearing like Elcots—that's cruelty, and should be preached against, and also punished by Act o' Parliament.

TICKLER.

But there is no cruelty you think, James, in the Rev. Mr Somerville shooting at a hare on her form, who carries off into the brake her poor wounded withers full of No. 34 or 5, and there continues dying by inches all through the week—expiring, perhaps, within the tinkle of the Sabbath bell of Currie kirk?

SHEPHERD.

It's just a' a doonright sophism, Mr Tickler, and you ken it is—but I hate a' argling and hargarbargling o' argument ower ane's toddy—or indeed anywhere else, except at the Bar when Jeffrey or Coburn's speaking—and there to be sure it's a treat to hear the tane threeping and the tither threeping, as if not only their verra lives depended on't, but the hail creation; whereas the dispute was only about some abstract consideration o' a point o' law in the way o' preliminary form anent the regulation o' the Court, kittle enough to be understood, nae doubt, sin' the introduction o' the new system; but as to the real intrinsic matter o' equity and justice, nae mair than a preliminary that might hae been gien against either the ae party or the ither, without detriment to the patrimonial interests either o' the plaintiff or defendant, the respondent or appellant, in sic a cause no easy o' being discriminated by a hearer like me, no verra deeply versed in the laws.

NORTH.

An Annual Sermon against any one particular vice,—and none more odious than cruelty of disposition,—is a foolish Institution. Let people go regularly to church, and hear good sermons, of which there is no lack either in the city or the country,—and they will be merciful to their beasts, I hope, through the spirit of Christianity thus fanned and fostered in their hearts.

SHEPHERD.

That is verra true.—Cruelty to animals is no a gude subject for a hail sermon,—and it's only clever men, like Chalmers and Somerville, that can prevent it from becoming even absurd in the pulpit, when formally treated of, and at great length—whereas—

NORTH.

Put these two little volumes, James, in your pocket, that you are ogling on the side-table.—Sketches of Persia,—a few pages of it is a cheering recreation for a leisure hour. Sir John tells a story admirably, and is a man of keen and incessant observation. I had no idea he could have written any thing so light and vivacious,—so elegant even, and so full of character. The volumes must be popular, and I hope he will give us more of them,—a couple more at the least. Murray has published nothing so good of the kind for years.

SHEPHERD.

Hae ye read Boaden's Life o' Siddons, sir?

NORTH.

I have, James—and I respect Mr Boaden for his intelligent criticism. He is rather prosy occasionally—but why not? God knows, he cannot be more

proy than I am now at this blessed moment—yet what good man, were he present now, would be severe upon old Christopher for havoring away about this, that, or tother thing, so long as there was heart in all he said, and no-thing *contra bonos mores*? Sarah was a glorious creature. Methinks I see her now in the sleep-walking scene!

SHEPHERD.

As Leddy Macbeth! Her gran' high straight-nosed face, whiter than ashes! Fixed een, no like the een o' the dead, yet hardly mair like them o' the leevin'; dim, and yet licht wi' an obscure lustre through which the tormented sowl looked in the chains o' sleep and dreams wi' a' the distraction o' remorse and despair,—and oh! sic an expanse o' forehead for a warld o' dreadfu' thochts, aneath the braided blackness o' her hair, that had nevertheless been put up wi' a steady and nae uncarefu' haun' before the troubled Leddy had lain doon, for it behoved ane so high-born as ahe, in the middle o' her rueft' trouble, no to neglect what she owed to her stately beauty, and to the head that lay on the couch of ane o' Scotland's Thaness—noo, likewise about to be, during the short space o' the passing o' a thunder-cloud, her bluidy and usurping King.

NORTH.

Whisht—Tickler—Whisht—no coughing.

SHEPHERD.

Onwards she used to come—no Sarah Siddons—but just Leddy Macbeth hersel'—though through that melancholy masquerade o' passion, the spectator aye had a confused glimmerin' apprehension o' the great actress—glidin' wi' the ghostlike motion o' nicht-wanderin' unrest, unconscious o' surroundin' objects,—for oh! how could the glazed, yet gleamin' een, see aught in this material world?—yet, by some mysterious power o' instinct, never touchin' ane o' the impediments that the furniture o' the auld castle might hae opposed to her haunted footsteps,—on she came, wring, wringin' her hauns, as if washin' them in the cleansin' dewes frae the blouts o' blood,—but wae's me for the murderess, out they wad no be, ony mair than the stains on the spat o' the floor where some midnight-slain Christian has groaned out his soul aneath the dagger's stroke, when the sleepin' hoose heard not the shriek o' the departing life.

TICKLER.

North, look at James's face. Confound me, under the inspiration of the moment, if it is not like John Kemble's!

SHEPHERD.

Whether a' this, sirs, was natural or not, ye see I dinna ken, because I never beheld ony woman, either gentle or semple, walkin' in her sleep after having committed murder. But, Lord safe us! that hollow, broken-hearted voice, “out, damned spot,” was o' itsell aneugh to tell to a' that heard it, that crimes done in the flesh during time will needs be punished in the spirit during eternity. It was a dreadfu' homily yon, sirs; and wha that saw't would ever ask whether tragedy or the stage was moral, purging the soul, as ahe did, wi' pity and wi' terror?

TICKLER.

Ha, ha, ha!—James, was you at the Theatrical Fund Dinner, my boy? and what sort of an affair was it?

SHEPHERD.

Ay, you may laugh; but you did sae merely to conceal your emotion; for I saw your lips quiver at my picture o' the Siddons, as James Ballantyne used to ca' her in the Journal. He's the best theatrical creetic in Embro' though, notwithstanding rather ower pompous a style o' panegyric. But that's the way o' a' your creetics—high and low—rich and poor—Grosvenor Square and Grub Street—Royal Circus and Lawnmarket—you're a' upon stilts, and wi' speakin'-trumpets, and talk o' the stage as if play-actors and play-actresses were onything mair than puppets, and could hae ony serious or permanent influence on the affairs o' this world. Whew, whew!

NORTH.

Would you believe it, James, that many modern Athenians assisted at the dinner you speak of, and did not subscribe a farthing; some not more than a

penny, wrapped up in a bit of brown paper, as if it had been the Holy Alliance of Sovereigns?

TICKLER.

I think little about that—but do you know, James, that there are absolutely gentlemen in Edinburgh that are opposing, and going to appeal to Parliament, against the new improvements of the City—the South and the West approaches, and all because they may be taxed some ten or twenty shillings a-year?

NORTH.

They use two arguments—first, that the South and West approaches are local, and therefore ought not to cost those people anything who live in another part of the town.

SHEPHERD.

Haw, haw, haw! So there's nae sic thing as a City! according to that rule; every bit dirty close maun tak' care o' itsel, and there maun be nae general pervadin' spirit, like the vera spirit o' life in modern Athens. What sumphs and meesers!

NORTH.

The second argument is, that every new improvement in one part of a city, deteriorates property in some other part—and that if there be a fine couple of approaches to Edinburgh from the West and the South, the northern part of the New Town, especially the Royal Circus, will be ruined and the houses sell for nothing.

SHEPHERD.

Haw, haw, haw! Hip, hip, hurraw! What sumphs!

TICKLER.

Then the Oppositionists have "opened at Budge's a subscription for receiving donations!"

SHEPHERD.

That's desperate bad English surely—bit what for dinna ye publish the names o' the Opposition, sir?

NORTH.

Because I hate all personality, James, and besides, the names, with some two or three exceptions, are so obscure that nobody would believe them to be real names, such as Smith, Taylor, Thomson, &c. &c.

SHEPHERD.

And anonymous names o' that sort—weel, weel. I see the creturs, in this ill-written manifesto o' theirs, sir, that you hae gien me to glance at, object to the improvements, because they're to cost some two or three hundred thousand pounds. That's the verra reason I wad agree to them—for it shows they're on a gran' and magnificent scale, and I like a' things that's gran' and magnificent. Then, is na Embro' said to be a City o' Palaces?

NORTH.

James, you're very high on your chair to-night—you're surely sitting on something.

SHEPHERD.

Ay—the last month's Magazines and Reviews. They're a' but indifferent numbers, this last month—and your ain, sir, no muckle better than the lave—though it maintains a sort o' superiority.

NORTH.

I can afford, now and then, to be stupid. Wait till May-day, my dear Shepherd, and you shall see GLORIOUS TWINS.

TICKLER.

The Monthly Review is a creditable work; and you surprise me, North, by telling me that it does not sell. The articles are heavy indeed, and any thing but brilliant; but there is a sort of sober, steady stupidity about many of them, that I should have thought would have been popular among a certain set.

NORTH.

It sells pretty well—about 600 I understand. That number will pay a few pounds, occasionally, to a crack contributor, and the common run of its writers are not persons who can expect to be paid any other remuneration than a

taverna supper once a-quarter, which costs Mr Knight but little—and he is too generous a fellow, we all know, to care about such a trifle.

SHEPHERD.

I canna thole't. The Editor, I fear's, a guse—and he maun aye be kecklin' himsel', after laying a big muckle clumsy egg amang the nettles, and then hissin' at you, as if you were gaun to gie him a kick—haudin' his doup up in the air in triumph, as if he were about to fire a royal salute. A guse is a lang-leaved bird, but that's only when he leads a quate life, in or about some auld ha' or castle, and has naething to disturb him—but a guse, though slow in understandin', is a bird o' quick feelings, and allow him to harass himsel' wi' passengers and passers by, and he will get lean in a twelvemonth, dwine away in perfect vexation, and waddling a' by himsel', like a rejected lover, into some obscure nook, expire the victim o' sensibility.

TICKLER.

North, do you know anything about this Journal of Foreign Literature about to be published in London?

NORTH.

Something. I have heard some great, and many respectable names, spoken off in connection with it, and if not started till the plan is matured, and regular contributors engaged, it will certainly succeed—otherwise, as certainly fail. It is, I hear, to be published by an eminent German house in London, and is intended to give the spirit of continental literature and philosophy.

TICKLER.

A fine field undoubtedly—and I am happy to hear the plan is not to be confined to the literature and philosophy of Germany.

SHEPHERD.

So am I—for the German authors are like pigs—great cry and little wool. I hae read about some thretty volumms o' translations frae the German this last year, chiefly tales, and deevil tak me, if there be a first-rate tale in the hail lot.

NORTH.

A first-rate tale, James, is rather a rarity. I can't say that I ever read one. The Crusaders of Sir Walter Scott comes pretty near my notion of one, but not quite up to it—there being somewhat too much changing of dresses, and too much legerdmain. Redgauntlet, by the same writer, is somewhere, I opine, about a tenth-rate tale—Peveril of the Peak a fourth-rate one—Quentin Durward a third-rate—Waverley a second—The Pirate a third—Ivanhoe and Kenilworth—

SHEPHERD.

Let's see a tale o' your ain, sir, afore ye speak sae bauldly o' your betters.

NORTH.

Jeffrey and I never write anything original. It's porter's work.

SHEPHERD.

Because ye canna. Ye're only creetics, and writin' a review's ae thing, and writin' a byuock's anither, let me tell you that, sir; and yet, I dinna ken, Mr North, although I hae nae houns o' Mr Jaffray, oh! man, but I do think, that you that wrote the "Birds," and "Streams," and "Cottages," and "Hints for the Holidays," and "Selby's Ornithology," and other Leading Articles, last year, might write a byuock to shame us a', gin ye wad only let yersel' lowse on a subject, and poor yersel' out wi' a' your birr ower four vollums, like a spate carryin' everything afore you on to Finis, and drownin' the catastrophe in a flood o' tears.

NORTH.

James, I'll tell you a kind of composition that would tell.

SHEPHERD.

What is't, man? Let's hear't.

NORTH.

Pastoral Dramatic Poetry, partly prose and partly verse—like the Winter's Tale, or As You Like It, or The Tempest, or The Midsummer Night's Dream.

SHEPHERD.

You're just the man for that, Mr North, sir,—only you're rather auld.

NORTH.

I have four such dramas, James, in my sacrotaire.

SHEPHERD.

Out wi' them, and let's see whether they'll be damned or no. Oh, sir, but you're hated by the Cockneys!

NORTH.

I—I—James—hated by the cockneys? What harm did I ever to the nation?

SHEPHERD.

Extirpated them—that's a'—dethroned their king, and drove him into exile,—reduced the Royal Family to beggars—taught the Nobility to spell themselves wi' the letter M,—and rendered Little Britain desolate.

TICKLER.

Dramas of which the scenes are laid in the country, cannot be good, for the people have no character.

SHEPHERD.

Nae character's better than a bad ane, Mr Tickler;—but you see, sir, you're just perfectly ignorant o' what you're talkin' about—for it's only kintra folk that has ony character ava,—and town's-bodies seem to be a' in a slump. Hoo the street rins wi' leevin' creatures, like a stream rinnin' wi' foam-bells! What maitter if they a' break as they gang by? For anither shoal succeeds o' the same empty race!

NORTH.

The passions in the country, methinks, James, are stronger and bolder, and more distinguishable from each other, than in towns?

SHEPHERD.

Deevil a passion's in the town, but envy, and back-biting, and conceitedness. As for friendship, or love, or hate, or revenge—ye never meet wi' them where men and women are a' jumbled through ither, in what is ca'd ceevileezed society. In solitary places, the sight o' a human face aye brings wi't a corresponding feeling o' some kind or ither,—there can be nae sic thing as indifference in habitations stannin' here and there, in woods and glens, and on hill-sides, and the shores o' lochs or the sea.

TICKLER.

Are no robberies, murders, and adulteries, perpetrated in towns, James?

SHEPHERD.

Plenty—and because there are nae passions to guard frae guilt. What man wi' a sowl glowin' wi' the free feelings o' nature, and made thereby happy and contented, wi' his plaid across his breast, would condescend to be a highway rubber, or by habit and repute a thief? What man, whose heart loup't to his mouth whenever he foregather'd wi' his ain lassie, and never preed her bonny mou', but wi' a whispered benediction in her ear, wad at ance damna and de-mean himsel' by breakin' the seventh commandment? As for committin' murder, leave that to the like o' Thurtell and Probert, and the like, wha seem to have had nae passions o' ony kind, but a passion for pork chops and porter, drivin' in gigs, wearin' rough big coats wi' a dizzen necks, and cuffin' ane anither's heads wi' boxin' gloves on their neives,—but nae real South kintra shepherd ever was known to commit murder, for they're ower fond o' fechtin' at fairs, and kirns, and the like, to tak the trouble o' puttin' ye to death in cool blood—

TICKLER.

James, would ye seriously have North to write dramas about the loves of the lower orders—men in corduroy-breeches, and women in linsey-woollen petticoats—

SHEPHERD.

Wha are ye, sir, to speak o' the lower orders? Look up to the sky, sir, on a stary nicht, and puir, ignorant, thochtless upsettin' cretur you'll be, gin you dinna feel far within and deep down your ain sowl, that you are, in good truth, ane o' the lower orders—no perhaps o' men, but o' intelligences! and that it requires some dreadfu' mystery far beyond your comprehension, to mak you worthy o' ever in after life becoming a dweller among those celestial mansions. Yet, think ye, sir, that thousan's and tens o' thousan's o' millions,

since the time when first God's wrath smote the earth's soil with the curse o' barrenness, and human creatures had to earn their bread wi' sweat and dust, hae na lived and toiled, and laughed and sighed, and groaned and grat, o' the *lower orders*, that are noo in eternal bliss, and shall sit above you and Mr North, and ithers o' the best o' the clan, in the realms o' heaven?

TICKLER.

'Pon my soul, James, I said nothing to justify this tirade.

SHEPHERD.

You did though. Hearken till me, sir. If there be no agonies that wring the hearts of men and women lowly born, why should they ever read the Bible? If there be no heavy griefs makin' aftentimes the burden o' life hard to bear, what means that sweet voice callin' on them to "come unto me, for I will give them rest?" If love, strong as death, adhere not to yon auld widow's heart, while sairly bowed down, till her dim een canna see the lift, but only the grass aneath her feet, hoo else wou'd she or cou'd she totter every Sabbath to kirk, and wi' her broken, feeble, and quiverin' voice, and withered hands clasped thegither on her breast, join, a happy and a hopeful' thing, in the holy Psalm? If—

TICKLER.

James, you affect me, but less by the pictures you draw, than by the suspicion—nay more than the suspicion—you intimate that I am insensible to these things—

SHEPHERD.

I refer to you, Mr North, if he didna mean, by what he said about corduroy breeks and lincey-woollen petticoats, to throw ridicule on all that wore them, and to assert that nae men o' genius, like you or me, ought to regard them as worthy o' being caractereezed in prose or rhyme?

NORTH.

My dear James, you have put the argument on an immovable basis. Poor, lonely, humble people, who live in shielings, and huts, and cottages, and farm-houses, have souls worthy of being saved, and therefore not unworthy of being written about by such authors as have also souls to be saved; among whom you and I, and Tickler himself—

SHEPHERD.

Yes, yes—Tickler himself sure aneugh. Gie's your haun', Mr Tickler, gie's your haun'—we're baith in the right; for I agree wi' you, that nae hero o' a tragedy or a Yepic should be brought forrit ostentatiously in corduroy breeks, and that, I suppose, is a' you intended to say.

TICKLER.

It is indeed, James; I meant to say no more.

NORTH.

James, you would make a fine Bust.

SHEPHERD.

I dinna like busts, except o' ideal characters, sic as water-nymphs, and dryads, and fawns, and Venuses, and Jupiters. A man o' real life, aiblins, Mr Tickler, wi' corduroy breeks, or at the best velveteens, has naething to do wi' a bust; and then you maun be represented without your neckcloth, and your breast bare; and wi' only head and shouthers, perhaps; sittin' a daft-like image on a pedestal. I dinna like busts.

TICKLER.

Byron's Bust, James?

SHEPHERD.

Ay, I like it—for he had a beautiful face, like as o' Apollo,—high birth too,—a genius rare aneath the skies; and he died young, and far aff in a foreign land—the land, too, o' busts, and o' immortal song. I see warrant that his een took a thousand expressions in the course o' ae single hour, but in those serene marble orbs there is but one—an expression o' uninterrupted and eternal peace. His lip, they said, was apt to curl into scorn—and nae wunner, for it was a tryin' thing, wi' a' his faults, to be used as he was used by those that micht hae forgien; but in the bust I saw, his mouth was mild as that o' a man in a dreamless sleep,—and yet something there was about it, too, that tauld the leevin' lips it imaged must have been eloquent to express all

the noblest, best emotions o' a great poet's soul! Byron was entitled to a breathin' bust—a cold, still, marble image, peacefully divine; but I, sirs, am weel contented wi' my picture in body-colours by Nicholson, and so should you too, Mr Tickler—while as to Mr North, I hae some diffeculty in determining—yet, on the whole, I'm disposed to think he should be sculptured by Chantry—

TICKLER.

And placed on the Half-Moon Battery, James, beside the statue of our most gracious King!

NORTH.

Cease your fooling, lads. James, I intend commencing a series of articles on the British Navy.

SHEPHERD.

O! do, sir—do, sir—do, sir. It's a gran' topic, and you're just the man to do't, wi' your aaval knowledge and national enthusiasm.

NORTH.

All the Fleet-fights, James, all the actions of single ships—all boat-affairs, such as cuttings-out, storming of batteries, &c. &c. &c.

SHEPHERD.

The whole sailor's life at sea, my boys. If you'll promise, sir, aye to read my Shepherd's Calendar, I'll promise aye to read your Naval Chronicle.

NORTH.

A bargain, James. Pray, James, by the way, have you read Almack's?

SHEPHERD.

The author sent me a copy—for he's a chiel that I used to ken when he was a clerk in the coach-office o' the Star Inn, Prince's Street, and he had aye a turn for what he ca'd high life. He used to get into that sort of society in Embro by pretending to be a flunky, and stannin' ahint chairs at great parties—and he's naturally a genteel lad, and no that stupid—so that, noo that he fills a situation something similar, as I have heard, in London, he gets access to Lords and Leddies by flunkeyin't; which is, however, a species of forgin', and sometimes subjects a lad to being sair kickit—whilk has, mair than ance or twice either, happened until the author o' Almack's. But a clour on the head's waur than a kick on the bottom.

NORTH.

What's the fellow's name?

SHEPHERD.

That's surprising! You've just driven his name out o' my head by askin' for it. I canna remember't—but it's a very common name, and o' nae repute, except among the mechanical tredda.

TICKLER.

What is Crockford-house, Mr North?

NORTH.

A clever satire of Luttrell's on one of the Devils of one of the London Hells. You know Luttrell, I presume, sir?

TICKLER.

Know him—that I do—and one of the most accomplished men in all England—a wit and a scholar.

SHEPHERD.

I think verra little in general o' your wits and your scholars, and your most accomplished men in all England. They may be very clever and agreeable chieils in company and conversation, but clap a pen into their hand, and bid them write something, and, oh! but their expressions are sairly deficient in point, their love-sangs cauld and clear as the drap at a man's nose on a frosty mornin',—as for their charauds, even after you've been tauld them; there's nae findin' them out; and, hech, sirs! but their prologues and their epilogues are, twenty yawns to the line, soporifics that neither watchman nor sick-nurse could support.

TICKLER.

The Honourable William Spencer, although a wit and a scholar, is, like my friend Luttrell, an exception to your general rule, James.

SHEPHERD.

Is that him that wrote Bedgelert, or the Grave o' the Grayhound? Faith that chiel's a poet. Thae verses hae muckle o' the auld ballant pathos and simplicity;—and then he translated Leonora, too, did na he? That's anither feather in his cap that Time's hand'll no pluck fae't.—What for did ye no send me out to Altrive Hood's National Tales? You Whims and Oddities o' his were maist ingenious and divertin'. Are the National Tales gude?

NORTH.

Some of them are excellent, and few are without the impress of originality. I am glad to see that they are published by Mr Ainsworth, to whom I wish all success in his new profession. He is himself a young gentleman of talents, and his Sir John Chiverton is a spirited and romantic performance.

SHEPHERD.

Surely, Mr North, you'll no allow anither Spring to gang by without comin' out to the fishing? I dinna understan' your aye gaun up to the Cruick-Inn in Tweedsmuir. The Yarrow Trouts are far better eatin'—and they mak far better sport too—loupin' out the linns in somersets like tumblers frae a spring-brod, head ower heels,—and gin your pirl does na rin free, snappin' aff your tackle, and doon wi' a plunge four fathem deep i' the pool, or awa' like the shadow o' a hawk's wing along the shallows.

NORTH.

Would you believe it, my dear Shepherd, that my piscatory passions are almost dead within me; and I like now to saunter along the banks and braes, eyeing the younkens angling, or to lay me down on some sunny spot, and with my face up to heaven, watch the slow-changing clouds!

SHEPHERD.

I'll no believe that, sir, till I see't,—and scarcely then,—for a bludrier-minded fisher nor Christopher North never threw a hackle. Your creel fu',—your shootin'-bag fu',—your jacket-pouches fu',—the pouches o' your verra breeks fu',—half a dozen wes anes in your waistcoat, no to forget them in the croon o' your hat,—and, last o' a', when there's nae place to stow awa' ony mair o' them, a willow-wand, drawn through the gills of some great big anes like them ither folk would grup wi' the worm or the mennon—but a' gruppit wi' the flee—Phin's delight, as you ca't,—a killin' insect,—and on gut that's no easily broken, witness ye four-pounder aneath Elibank wood, where your line, sir, got entangled wi' the auld oak-root, and yet at last ye landed him on the bank, wi' a' his crosses and his stars glitterin' like gold and silver amang the gravel! I confess, sir, you're the king o' anglers. But dinna tell me that you have lost your passion for the art; for we never lose our passion for ony pastime at which we continue to excel.

TICKLER.

Now that you two have begun upon angling, I shall ring the bell for my nightcap.

SHEPHERD.

What! do you sleep wi' a night-cap?

TICKLER.

Yes, I do, James—and also with a night-shirt—extraordinary as such conduct may appear to some people. I am a singular character, James, and do many odd things, which, if known to the public, would make the old lady turn up the whites of her eyes in astonishment.

SHEPHERD.

Howsomever that be, sir, dinna ring for a night-cap, for we're no gaun to talk ony mair about angling! We baith hae our weakness, Mr North and me;—but there's Mr Awmrose—(Enter Mr Ambrose)—bring supper, Mr Awmrose—Verra weel, sir, I thank ye—hoo hae you been yoursel', and hoo's a' wi' the wife and weans?—Whenever you like, sir; the sooner the better.

[Exit Mr Ambrose.]

NORTH.

You knew Bishop Heber, Mr Tickler, I think? He was a noble creature—

TICKLER.

He was so. Why did not the writer of that most excellent article about

him in the Quarterly, give us a quotation from Sir Charles Grey's beautiful funeral oration over his illustrious friend?

NORTH.

That is a question I cannot answer; but such an omission was most unpardonable. Neither could it have been from ignorance—it must have been intentional.

TICKLER.

Perhaps he feared that Sir Charles Grey's pathetic oration would have made his own eulogy seem dull.

NORTH.

He need not have feared that—for they would have naturally set off each other—the reviewer, whoever he may be, being a man of fine talents, and a forcible writer.

TICKLER.

For all that he may be capable of——

SHEPHERD.

Mr Soothey's the author o' that article, in my opinion; and Mr Soothey's no capable o' ony thing that's no just perfectly richt. There's no a man leavin' that I think mair o' than Mr Soothey—and if ever I forget his kindness to me at Keswick, may I die in a strait-waistcoat.

TICKLER.

What an idea!

SHEPHERD.

Tak Mr Soothey in prose and verse, I ken nane but ane that's his equal.

NORTH.

Who's that?

SHEPHERD.

No you, sir—for you canna write verse.—As for your prose, name bangs it, serious or comic, ludicrous or sublime—but what can be the maitter wi' thae eisters? Mr Gurney! are you there again, sir, ye gentleman o' the press? For if you be, you may step out, now that the Noctes is drawin' to a close, and partake o' the eisters.

NORTH.

James, you don't know S. T. Coleridge—do you? He writes but indifferent books, begging his pardon; witness his *Friend*, his *Lay Sermons*, and, latterly, his *Aids to Reflection*; but he becomes inspired by the sound of his own silver voice, and pours out wisdom like a sea. Had he a domestic Gurney, he might publish a *Moral Essay*, or a *Theological Discourse*, or a *Metaphysical Disquisition*, or a *Political Harangue*, every morning throughout the year during his lifetime.

TICKLER.

Mr Coleridge does not seem to be aware that he cannot write a book, but opines that he absolutely has written several, and set many questions at rest. There's a want of some kind, or another, in his mind; but perhaps when he awakes out of his dream, he may get rational and sober-witted, like other men, who are not always asleep.

SHEPHERD.

The author o' *Christabel*, and the Auncient Mariner, had better just continue to see visions, and to dream dreams—for he's no fit for the wakin' world.

NORTH.

All men should be suffered to take their own swing—for divert them from their natural course, and you extinguish genius never to be rekindled.

SHEPHERD.

Are thae eisters never gaun to come ben!

NORTH.

James, who do you think will be the first Lord of the Treasury?

SHEPHERD.

Come here, sir, and lay your lug close to mine—but swear you won't blab it. (*Whispers.*)

NORTH.

Right, James, you have hit it.—HE IS TO BE THE MAN.

TICKLER.

Who? Canning, or Peel, or Robinson, or Bathurst, or Wellington—or—
SHEPHERD.

I'll communicate the secret, *vias voce*, to nae ither man but Mr North; but if you like, I'll write the name doon wi' my keilavine pen, and seal up the paper wi' waux, so to be opened till after the nation has been informed o' the King's choice.

TICKLER.

Whew! what care I who's Prime Minister? The country has got into a way of going on by and of itself, just as comfortably without as with a ministry. A government's a mere matter of form.

NORTH.

Just so with Maga. On she goes, and on she would go, if editor and contributors were all asleep, nay, all dead and buried.

TICKLER.

No yawning, James,—a barn-door's a joke to such jaws.

NORTH.

Give us a song, my dear Shepherd—"Paddy o' Rafferty," or "Low dooms i' the Broom," or "O Jeanie there's naething to fear ye," or "Love's like a Dizziness," or "Rule Britannia," or "Aiken Drum," or—

TICKLER.

Beethoven, they say, is starving in his native country, and the Philharmonic Society of London, or some other association with music in their souls, have sent him a hundred pounds to keep him alive—he is deaf, destitute, and a paralytic.—Alas! alas!

SHEPHERD.

Whisht! I hear Mr Awwrose's tread in the trans!

"His verra foot has music in't

As he comes up the stair."

Enter Mr AMBROS and Assistants.

Hee many hunder eisters are there on the brod, Mr Awwrose?—Oh! ho! Three brods!—One for each o' us!—A month without an R has nae right being in the year. Noo, gentlemen, let naebody speak to me for the neist half hour. Mr Awwrose, we'll ring when we want the rizzars—and the tested cheese—and the deevil'd turkey—Hae the kettle on the boil, and put back the lang haun' o' the clock, for I fear this is Saturday nicht, and nane o' us are folk to break in on the Sabbath. Help Mr North to butter and breed,—and there, sir,—there's the vinnekar cruet. Pepper awa', gents.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

A Series of Memoirs and Anecdotes, under the title of Courts and Courtiers, is preparing for the press, from the pen of the Author of "Memoirs of the Princess de Lamballe." In 2 vols.

The Author of "Granby" has a new tale of fashionable Life in the press.

Mr J. C. Loudon has in the press *Hortus Britannicus*; a Catalogue of all the Plants Indigenous, cultivated in, or introduced into, Britain.

A History of the Right Hon. William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, containing his Speeches in Parliament, a considerable portion of his Correspondence when Secretary of State, upon French, Spanish, and American Affairs, never before published; with an Account of the principal Events and Persons connected with his Life, Sentiments, and Administrations. By the Rev. Francis Thackeray, A.M. In 2 vols. 4to, with a Portrait.

The Rev. Mr Fry, Rector of Deptford, announces a New Translation and Exposition of the Book of Job, with Notes, explanatory and philological.

Scientific Aphorisms; being the Outline of an Attempt to establish fixed Principles of Science, and to explain from them the general Nature of the Constitution and Mechanism of the Material System, and the dependence of that System on Mind. By Robert Blair, M.D. F.R.S.E.

Memoirs of the Court of Queen Anne. By a Lady.

A new Poem is announced, under the title of "The Brazen Serpent."

Mr Cooper, the author of "The Pilot," "The Spy," &c. is about to publish a Tale, to be entitled the "Prairie."

The Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin, of the Theatres Royal Drury-lane, Covent Garden, Haymarket, &c. and Author of the "Cabinet," the "Jew and the Doctor," &c. &c.

The Venerable the Archdeacon Coxe is preparing for the press, The History of the Administration of the Right Hon. Henry Pelham, drawn from Authentic Sources, with Private and Original Correspondence, from 1743 to 1754.

The Military Sketch Book; containing Reminiscences of Seventeen Years in the Service Abroad and at Home. With Opinions, Comments, Anecdotes, &c. By an Officer of the Line.

A Novel is in the press, to be entitled, A Retrospect of a Man of Letters.

Nearly ready for publication, Directions for the Study of Theology, in a Series of Letters from a Bishop to his Son. By the Rev. G. Gleig, LL.D. &c. 8vo.

Mr William Jervais has in the press, Systematic Morality; or a Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Human Duty on the grounds of Natural Religion.

Van Halens' Flight from the Dungeons of the Inquisition to the Foot of the Caucasus, with an account of his Adventures in Russia, &c. &c.

Mr Blanco White is said to be preparing a New Work for the press.

A Third Series of Highways and Byways is in the press.

The Vallies; or Scenes and Thoughts from Secluded Life. 2 vols. 12mo.

Miss Benger is about to publish Memoirs of Henry the Fourth of France.

The Seventh Volume of the Personal Narrative of Travels in Colombia, by Baron de Humboldt, from the original French, by Helen Maria Williams, is just ready for publication.

The Anatomy and Surgical Treatment of Hernia, by Sir Astley Cooper. Second Edit. By C. Aston Key, Surgeon to Guy's Hospital, Lecturer on Surgery, &c. 1 vol. folio.

The Institutions of Physiology. By J. F. Blumenbach, M.D. Professor of Medicine in the University of Göttingen. Translated from the last Latin Edit. With copious Notes, by John Elliotson, M.D.

Allan Cunningham is preparing for publication a Romance, to be entitled Sir Michael Scott.

Mr Hood is about to publish a Second Volume of his Odes and Addresses to Great People.

The Third Volume of Godwin's History of the Commonwealth of England, is just ready for publication.

Richmond; or, Scenes in the Life of a Bow-Street Officer.

The Rev. Robert Wilson, announces for early publication, a Popular Exposition of the Epistle to the Romans.

A History of the Council of Trent, held A.D. 1545-1564 is about to appear.

Mr Thomas Moore has a New Poem in the press, to be entitled the "Epicurean."

Forty Years Diary of a Nonconformist Divine, with Notes, &c. &c.

The Second Part of *Recessio Synoptica Annotationis Sacrae*, being a Critical Digest

and Synoptical Arrangement of the most important Annotations, Exegetical, Philological, and Theological, on the New Testament. By the Rev. S. T. Bloomfield, A. M.

The Rev. William Trollope, M.A. has in the press a new *Homeri Iliad*, with English Notes, the Text chiefly from Heyne.

The Remedy. A Reply to Dr Doyle's "Essay on the Catholic Claims."

In the press, Six Discourses delivered before the Royal Society, at their Anniversary Meetings, on the Award of the Royal and Copley Medals, preceded by an Address to the Society, delivered in 1800, on the Progress and Prospects of Science. By Sir Humphry Davy, Bart.

The Author of *Tremaine* announces a new Novel, under the title of "De Vere, or the Man of Independence."

Mr Bernard Barton has a new Poem in the Press, to be entitled, the Widow's Tale.

Nearly ready for publication, *Memoirs of the Life and Character of Mr Robert Spence* (late Bookseller of York,) with some information respecting the introduction of Methodism into York and the Neighbourhood, &c. &c. By Richard Burdett.

Travels from India to England, by the way of the Burman empire, Persia, Asia Minor, Turkey, &c. in the years 1825-6. By J. E. Alexander, Esquire.

The Children of the Mist, The Conqueror, and Other Poems. By Miss Annette Turner.

Mr Newham is about to publish, in two volumes, *The Principles of Physical, Intellectual, Moral, and Religious Education*.

A new Novel is announced, under the title of *Tales of an Antiquary*.

Mr H. W. Dewhurst is preparing for publication, *The Anatomy and Physiology of the Eye*, with an explanation of the Theory of Vision. The same Gentleman has in the press, *A Guide to Phrenology*.

Captain George Matthew Jones is about to publish *Travels in Norway, Sweden, Finland, the Coasts of the Sea of Azof, and the Black Sea*.

Narrative of a Tour through the Interior Provinces of Columbia. By Colonel J. P. Hamilton, late Chief Commissioner from his Britannic Majesty to the Republic of Columbia.

A new Novel is announced, to be entitled "Flirtation."

A History of the Parish of Clerkenwell is just ready for the press.

The History of George Godfrey, related by himself, 3 vols.

A Volume is in the press, to be called *Vagaries in Quest of the Wild and Whimsical*.

Mr Kendal, the author of the popular book for young people, entitled, *Keeper's*

Travels, is about to publish a second volume, under the title of *Keeper at Home*.

Leoldo, or the Italian; a Tale founded on facts, and relating the Adventures of a Young Foreigner, and his Conversion from the Catholic to the Protestant Faith. The materials for this work have been chiefly collected by the author, during a Tour made on the Continent in the course of the preceding summer; and in the Appendix will be given the principal arguments which led to the conversion of the subject of the tale, and which were found among his papers.

A new edition of the *Meteorological Essays*. By James Frederick Daniell, Esq. F.R.S.

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MAY-DAY.

ART thou beautiful, as of old, O wild, moorland, sylvan, and pastoral Parish—the Paradise in which my spirit dwelt beneath the glorious dawning of life? Can it be, beloved world of boyhood, that thou art indeed beautiful, as of old? Though round and round thy boundaries in a few minutes could fly the flapping dove,—though the martens, wheeling to and fro that ivied and wall-flowered ruin of a Castle, central in its own domain, seem in their more distant flight, to glance their crescent wings over a vale rejoicing apart in a kirk-spire of its own; yet how full of streams, and rivulets, and rills, art Thou—each with its own peculiar murmur! How endless the interchange of woods and meadows, glens, dells, and boomy nooks, without number, among banks and braes!—And then of human dwellings—how rises the smoke, ever and anon, into the sky, all neighbouring on each other, so that the cock-crow is heard from homestead to homestead,—while as you wander onwards, each roof still rises unexpectedly—and as solitary, as if it had been far remote! Fairest of Scotland's thousand parishes—neither Highland, nor Lowland—but undulating, like the sea in sunset, after a day of storms,—yes, Heaven's blessing be upon thee! Thou art indeed beautiful, as of old!

The same Heavens! More blue than any colour that tinges the flowers of earth—even than the violet placed

among the veins of a virgin's bosom. The stillness of those lofty clouds makes them seem whiter than the snow! Return, O lark! to thy grassy nest, in the furrow of the green braided corn, for thy brooding mate can no longer hear thee soaring in the sky.—Methinks, there is little or no change on these coppice-woods, with their full budding branches all impatient for the spring. Yet twice have the axe and bill-hook levelled them with the mossy stones, since among the broomy and briery knolls I sought the grey linnet's nest, or wandered to spy, among the rustling leaves, the robin-redbreast seemingly forgetful of his winter benefactor, man!—Surely there were trees here in former times, that now are gone—tall, far-spreading single trees, in whose shade used to lie the ruminating cattle, with the small herd-girl asleep! Gone are they, and dimly remembered, as the uncertain shadows of dreams; yet not more forgotten than some living beings with whom my infancy and boyhood held converse—whose voices, laughter, eyes, forehead—hands so often grasped—arms linked in mine, as we danced along the braes—have long ceased to be more than images and echoes, incapable of commanding so much as one single tear. For oh! the treachery of memory to all the holiest human affections, when beguiled by the slow but sure sorcery of time!

It is MAY-DAY, and I shall be

happy as the season. What although some sad and solemn thoughts come suddenly across me, the day is not at night-fall felt to have been the less delightful, because that shadows now and then bedimmed it, and moments almost mournful, of an un-hymning hush, took possession of field or forest. I am all alone,—a solitary pedestrian,—and obeying the fine impulses of a will whose motives are changeable as the chameleon's hues, my feet shall bear me glancingly along to the merry music of streams,—or linger by the silent shores of lochs,—or upon the hill-summit pause, I the only spectator of a panorama painted by Spring, for my sole delight,—or plunge into the old wood's magnificent exclusion from sky,—where, all summer long, day is as night,—but not so now, for this is the season of buds and blossoms—and the cushat's nest is yet visible on the almost leafless boughs, and the sunshine streams in upon the ground-flowers, that in another month will be cold and pale in the forest gloom, almost as those that bedeck the dead when the vault-door is closed and all is silence.

What! shall I linger here within a little mile of the MANSE, wherein and among its pleasant bounds my infant and boyish life glided, murmuring away like a stream, that never, till it leaves its native hills, knows taint or pollution—and not hasten on to the dell, in which, nest-like, it is built and guarded by some wonderful felicity of situation, equally against all the winds? No—thither as yet have I not courage to direct my footsteps—for that venerable Man has long been dead—Not one of his ancient household now remains on earth. There the change, though it was gradual and unpainful, according to the gentlest laws of nature, has been entire and complete. The old familiar faces I can dream of, but never more shall see—and the voices that are now heard within these walls, what can they ever be to me, when I would fain listen in the silence of my own spirit to the echoes of departed years? It is an appalling trial to approach a place where once we have been happier—Oh! happier far than ever we can be on this earth again—ay—a worse evil doth it seem to my imagination to return to Paradise, with a changed and saddened heart, than at first to be driven from it into the outer

world, if still permitted to carry thither something of that spirit that had glorified our celestial prime!

But yonder, I see, yet towers the Sycamore on the crown of the hill,—the first great Tree in the parish that used to get green,—for stony as seems the hard glebe, constricted by its bare and gnarled roots, they draw sustenance from afar; and not another knoll on which the sun so delights to pour his beams, from morn to dewy eve. Weeks before any other Sycamore, and as early even as the alder or the birch,—the GLORY OF MOUNT PLEASANT, for so we school-boys called it, unfolded itself like a banner. You could then see only the low windows of the dwelling,—for eaves, roof, rigging, and chimneys, all disappeared,—and then, when you stood beneath, was not the sound of the bees like the very sound of the sea itself, continuous, unabating, all day long unto evening, when, as if the tide of life had ebbed, there was a perfect silence?

MOUNT PLEASANT! well indeed dost thou deserve the name, bestowed on thee, perhaps, long ago, not by any one of the humble proprietors, but by the general voice of praise, all visitors being won by thy cheerful beauty. For from that shaded platform, what a sweet vision of fields and meadows, knolls, braes, and hills, uncertain gleamings of a river, the smoke of many houses, and glittering, perhaps, in the sunshine, the spire of the House of God! To have seen Adam Morrison, the elder, sitting with his solemn, his austere Sabbath-face, beneath the pulpit, with his expressive eyes fixed on the preacher, you could not but have judged him to be a man of a stern character and austere demeanour. To have seen him at labour on the working-days, you might almost have thought him the serf of some tyrant-lord, for into all the toils of the field he carried the force of a mind that would suffer nothing to be undone that strength and skill could achieve; but within the humble porch of his own house, beside his own board, and his own fireside, he was a man to be kindly esteemed by his guests, by his own family tenderly and reverently beloved. His wife was the comeliest matron in the parish, a woman of active habits and a strong mind, but tempering the natural sternness of her husband's character with that genial and

bound cheerfulness, that of all the lesser virtues is the most efficient to the happiness of a household. One daughter only had they, and I could charm my own heart even now, by evoking the vanished from oblivion, and imaging her over and over again in the light of words; but although all objects, animate and inanimate, seem always tinged with an air of sadness when they are past,—and as at present I am determined to be cheerful—obstinately to resist all access of melancholy—an enemy to the pathetic—and a scorner of shedders of tears—therefore let Mary Morrison rest in her grave, and let me paint a pleasant picture of a May-Day afternoon, and enjoy it as it was enjoyed of old, beneath that stately Sycamore, with the grandisonant name of THE GLORY OF MOUNT PLEASANT.

There, under that murmuring shadow, round and round that noble stem, there used on MAY-DAY to be fitted a somewhat fantastic board, all deftly arrayed in home-spun drapery, white as the patches of unmelted snow on the distant mountain-head; and on various seats,—stumps, stones, stools, creepers, forms, chairs, armless and with no spine, or high-backed and elbowed, and the carving-work thereof most intricate and allegorical—took their places, after much formal ceremony of scraping and bowing, blushing and curtsying, old, young, and middle-aged, of high and low degree, till in one moment all were hushed by the Minister shutting his eyes, and holding up his hand to ask a blessing. And “well worthy of a grace as lang’s a tether,” was the MAY-DAY meal spread beneath the shadow of the GLORY OF MOUNT PLEASANT. But the Minister uttered only a few fervent sentences—and then we all fell to the cards and cream. What smooth, pure, bright burnished beauty on those horn-spoons! How apt to the hand the stalk—to the mouth how apt the bowl! Each guest drew closer to his breast the deep broth-plate of delft, rather more than half full of curds, many million times more deliciously desirable even than blanc-mange, and then filled up to the very brim with a blessed outpouring of creamy richness, that tenaciously descended from an enormous jug, the peculiar expression of whose physiognomy, particularly the nose, I will carry with me to the

grave! The dairy at MOUNT PLEASANT consisted of twenty cows—almost all spring calves, and of the Ayrshire breed—so you may guess what cream! The spoon could not stand in it—it was not so thick as that—for that is too thick—but the spoon when placed upright in any depth of it, retained its perpendicularity for a moment, and then, when uncertain towards which side to fall, was grasped by the hand of delighted and wondering schoolboy, and steered with its first fresh and fragrant freight into a mouth already open in astonishment. Never beneath the sun, moon, and stars, were there such oatmeal cakes, pease-scones, and barley-bannocks, as at MOUNT PLEASANT. You could have eaten away at them with pleasure, even although not hungry—and yet it was impossible of them to eat too much—Manna that they were!! Seldom—seldom indeed—is butter yellow on May-day. But the butter of the gudewife of Mount Pleasant—such, and so rich was the old lea-pasture—was coloured like the crocus, before the young thrushes had left the nest in the honey-suckled corner of the gavel-end. Not a single hair in a churn! Then what honey and what jam! The first, not heather, for that is too luscious, especially after such cream,—but the pure white virgin honey, like dew shaken from clover,—and oh! over a layer of such butter on such barley bannocks, was such honey, on such a day, on such company, and to such palates, too divine to be described by such a pen as that now wielded by such a writer as I, in such a Periodical! The jam! It was of gooseberries—the small black hairy ones—gathered to a very minute from the bush, and boiled to a very moment in the pan! A bannock studded with some dozen or two of such grozets was more beautiful than a corresponding expanse of heaven adorned with as many stars. The question, with the gawdy and generous gudewife of Mount Pleasant, was not—“My dear laddie, which will ye hae—hinny or jam?” but, “Which will ye hae first?” The honey, I well remember, was in two huge brown jugs, or jars, or creeks; the jam, in half a dozen white cans of more moderate dimensions, from whose mouths a veil of thin transparent paper was withdrawn, while, like a steam of rich distilled perfumes,

rose a fruity fragrance, that blended with the vernal balminess of the humming Sycamore. There the bees were all at work for next May-day, happy as ever bees were on Hybla itself; and gone now though be the age of gold, happy as Arcadians were we, nor wanted our festal-day or pipe or song; for to the breath of Harry Wilton, the young English boy, the flute gave forth tones almost as liquid sweet as those that flowed from the lips of Mary Morrison, who alone, of all singers in hut or hall that ever drew tears, left nothing for the heart or the imagination to desire in any one of Scotland's ancient melodies.

Never had Mary Morrison heard the old ballad-airs sung, except during the mid-day hour of rest, in the corn or hay-field—and rude singers are they all—whether male or female voices—although sometimes with a touch of natural pathos that finds its way to the heart. But as the nightingale would sing truly its own beautiful song, although it never were to hear any one of its own kind warbling from among the shrub-roots, so all untaught but by the nature within her, and inspired by her own delightful genius alone, did Mary Morrison feel all the measures of those ancient melodies, and give to them all an expression at once simple and profound. People that said they did not care about music—especially Scottish music, it was so monotonous and insipid—laid aside their indifferent looks before three notes of the simplest air had left Mary Morrison's lips, as she sat faintly blushing, less in bashfulness than in her own soul's emotion, with her little hands playing perhaps with flowers, and her eyes fixed on the ground, or raised, ever and anon, in the dewy light of a beautiful enthusiasm, to the skies. "In all common things," would most people say, "she is but a very ordinary girl—but her musical turn is really very singular indeed;"—but her happy father and mother knew, that in all common things—that is, in all the duties of a humble and innocent life, their Mary was by nature excellent, as in the melodies and harmonies of song—and that while her voice in the evening-psalm was as angel's sweet, so was her spirit almost pure as an angel's, and nearly inexperienced of sin.

Proud, indeed, were her parents on

that May-day to look upon her—and to listen to her—as their Mary sat beside the young English boy—admired of all observers—and happier than she had ever been in this world before, in the charm of their blended music, and the unconscious affection—sisterly, yet more than sisterly—for brother she had none—that towards one so kind and noble was yearning at her heart.

Beautiful were they both; and when they sat side by side in their music, insensible must that heart have been by whom they were not both admired and beloved. It was thought that they loved one another too, too well, for Harry Wilton was the grandson of an English Peer, and Mary Morrison a peasant's child; but they could not love too well,—she in her tenderness,—he in his passion,—for, with them, life and love was a delightful dream, out of which they were never to be awakened,—for, as if by some secret sympathy, both sickened on the same day,—of the same fever,—and died at the same hour;—and not from any dim intention of those who buried them, but accidentally, and because the burial-ground of the Minister and the Elder adjoined, were they buried almost in the same grave, for not half a yard of daisied turf divided them—a curtain between the beds on which brother and sister slept!

In their delirium they both talked about each other—Mary Morrison and Harry Wilton—yet their words were not words of love, only of common kindness; for, although on their death-beds, still they did not talk about death, but frequently about that May-Day Festival, and other pleasant meetings in neighbours' houses, or in the Manse. Mary sometimes rose up in bed, and in imagination joined her voice to that of the flute, that to his lips was to breathe no more! and even at the very self-same moment—so it wonderfully was—did he tell all to be hushed, for that Mary Morrison was about to sing the Flowers of the Forest.

Methinks that no deep impressions of the past, although haply they may sleep for ever, and be as if they had ceased to be, are ever utterly obliterated; but that they may, one and all, reappear at some hour or other, however distant, legible as at the very moment they were first engraven on the

memory. Not by the power of meditation are the long ago vanished thoughts or emotions restored to us, in which we found delight or disturbance; but of themselves do they seem to arise, not undecided indeed, but unbidden, like sea-birds that come unexpectedly floating up into some inland vale, because, unknown to us who wonder at them, the tide is flowing and the breezes blow from the main. Bright as the living image of my own daughter stands now before me the ghost—for what else is it than the ghost—of Mary Morrison, just as she stood before me on one particular day,—in one particular place, more than twenty years ago! It was at the close of one of those mid-summer days which melt away into twilight, rather than into night, although the stars are visible, and bird and beast asleep. All by herself, as she walked along between the braes, was she singing a hymn—

And must this body die?

This mortal frame decay?

And must those feeble limbs of mine

Lie mould'ring in the clay?

Not that the child had any thought of death, for she was as full of life as the star above her was of lustre,—tamed though they both were by the holy hour. At my bidding she renewed the strain that had ceased as we met, and continued to sing it while we parted, her voice dying away in the distance, like an angel's from a broken dream. Never heard I that voice again, for in three little weeks it had gone, to be extinguished no more, to join the heavenly choirs at the feet of the Redeemer.

Did both her parents lose all love to life, when their sole daughter was taken away? and did they die finally of broken hearts? No—such is not the natural working of the human spirit, if kept in repair by pure and pious thought. Never were they so happy indeed as they had once been—nor was their happiness of the same kind—but different, oh! different far in resignation that often wept when it did not repine, and in faith that now held, since their child was there, a tenderer commerce with the skies! Smiles were not very long of being again seen at Mount Pleasant. An orphan cousin of Mary's—they had been as sisters—took her place, and filled it too, as far as the living can ever fill the place of the dead. Common cares continued for a

while to occupy the elder and his wife, for there were not a few to whom their substance was to be a blessing. Ordinary observers could not have discerned any abatement of his activities in field or market; but others saw that the toil to him was now but a duty that had formerly been a delight. When the lease of Mount Pleasant was out, the Morrisons retired to a small house, with a garden, a few hundred yards from the kirk. Let him be strong as a giant, infirmities often come on the hard-working man before you can well call him old. It was so with Adam Morrison. He broke down fast, I have been told, in his sixtieth year, and after that partook but of one single sacrament. Not in tales of fiction alone do those who have long loved and well, lay themselves down and die in each other's arms. Such happy deaths are recorded on humble tombstones; and there is one on which this inscription may be read—"HERE LIE THE BODIES OF ADAM MORRISON AND OF HELEN ARMOUR HIS SPOUSE. THEY DIED ON THE 1ST OF MAY 17—. HERE ALSO LIES THE BODY OF THEIR DAUGHTER, MARY MORRISON, WHO DIED, JUNE 2, 17—." The head-stone is a granite slab—as they almost all are in that kirk-yard—and the kirk itself is of the same enduring material. But touching that grave is a Marble Monument, white almost as the very snow, and, in the midst of the emblazonry of death, adorned with the armorial bearings belonging to a family of the high-born.

Sworn Brother of my soul! during the bright ardours of boyhood, when the present was all-sufficient in its own bliss, the past soon forgotten, and the future unfear'd, what might have been thy lot, my beloved Harry Wilton, had thy span of life been prolonged to this very day? Better—oh! far better was it for thee and thine that thou didst so early die, for it seemeth that a curse is on that lofty lineage; and that, with all their genius, accomplishments, and virtues, dishonour comes and goes, a familiar and privileged guest, out and in their house. Shame never veiled the light of those bold eyes, nor tamed the eloquence of those sunny lips, nor ever for a single moment bowed down that young princely head, that, like a fast-growing flower, seemed each successive morning to be visibly rising up towards a stately manhood. But the time was

not far distant, when, to thy soul and to all thy senses, life would have undergone a rueful transformation: Thy father, expatriated by the spells of a sorceress, and forced into foreign countries, to associate with vice, worthlessness, profligacy, and crime!—Thy mother, dead of a broken heart! And that lovely sister, who came to the Manse with her jewelled hair—But all these miserable things who could prophesy, at the hour when we and the weeping villagers laid thee, apart from the palace and the burial-vault of thy high-born ancestors, without anthem or organ-peal, among the humble dead? Needless and foolish were all those floods of tears. In thy brief and beautiful course, nothing have we that loved thee to lament or condemn. In few memories, indeed, doth thy image now survive: for, in twenty years, what young face fadeeth not away from eyes busied with the shows of this living world?—What young voice is not bedumbed to ears for ever filled with its perplexing din? Yet thou, Nature, on this glorious May-day, rejoicing in all the plenitude of thy bliss—I call upon thee to bear witness to the intensity of my never-dying grief! Ye fields, that long ago we so often trod together, with the wind-swept shadows hovering about our path—Ye streams, whose murmur awoke our imaginations, as we lay reading, or musing together in day-dreams, among the broomy braes—Ye woods, where we started at the startled cushat, or paused, without a word, to hear the creature's solitary moans and murmurs deepening the far-off hush, already so profound—Ye moors and mosses, black yet beautiful, with your peat-trenches overshadowed with the heather-blossoms that scented the wilderness afar,—where the little maiden, sent from her shieling on errands to town or village in the country below, seemed, as we met her in the sunshine, to rise up before us for our delight, like a fairy from the desert bloom—Thou loch, remote in thy treeless solitude, and with nought reflected in thy many-springed waters but those low pastoral hills of such excessive green, and the white-barred blue of heaven; no creature on its shores but our two selves, keenly angling in the breezes, or lying in the shaded sunshine, with some book of old ballads, or strain of some immortal yet alive on earth—one and

all, bear witness to my undying affliction, that silently now feeds on grief! And, oh! what overflowing thoughts did that shout of mine now awaken from the hanging tower of the Old Castle—"Wilton, Wilton!" The name of the long-ago buried family and afar-off repeated by an echo!

A pensive shade, methinks, has fallen across MAY-DAY; and while the sun is behind those castellated clouds, my imagination is willing to retire into the saddest places of memory, and gather together stories and tales of tears. And many such there are, annually sprinkled all round the humble huts of our imaginative and religious land, even like the wild-flowers that, in endless succession, disappearing and reappearing in their beauty, Spring drops down upon every brae. And as oftentimes some one particular tune, some one pathetic but imperfect and fragmentary part of an old melody will nearly touch the heart, when it is dead to the finest and most finished strain; so now a faint and dim tradition comes upon me, giving birth to uncertain and mysterious thoughts. It is an old Tradition. They were called the HOLY FAMILY! Far up at the head of yonder glen of old was their dwelling, and in their garden sparkled the translucent well that is the source of the stream that animates the parish with a hundred waterfalls. Father, mother, and daughter—it was hard to say which of the three was the most beloved! Yet they were not native here, but brought with them, from some distant place, the soft and silvery accents of the pure English tongue, and manners most gracious in their serene simplicity; while over a life composed of acts of charity was spread a stillness that nothing ever disturbed—the stillness of a thoughtful pity for human sins and sorrows, yet not unwilling to be moved to smiles by the breath of joy. In those days the very heart of Scotland was distracted—persecution scattered her prayers—and during the summer months, families remained shut up in fear within their huts, as if the snowdrifts of winter had blocked up and buried their doors. It was as if the shadow of a thunder-cloud hung over all the land, so that men's hearts quaked as they looked up to heaven—when, lo! all at once, Three gracious Visitants appeared! Imagination invested their

foreheads with a halo; and as they walked on their missions of mercy, exclaimed—How beautiful are their feet! Few words was the Child ever heard to speak, except some words of prayer; but her image-like stillness breathed a blessing wherever it smiled, and all the little maidens loved her, when hushed almost into awe by her spiritual beauty, as she knelt with them in their morning and evening prayers. The Mother's face, too, it is said, was pale as a face of grief, while her eyes seemed always happy, and a tone of thanksgiving was in her voice. Her Husband leant upon her on his way to the grave—for his eye's extensive brightness glittered with death—and often, as he prayed beside the sick-bed, his cheek became like ashes, for his heart in a moment ceased to beat, and then, as if about to burst in agony, sounded audibly in the silence. Journeying on did they all seem to Heaven; yet as they were passing by, how loving and how full of mercy! To them belonged some blessed power to wave away the sword that would fain have smitten the Saints. The dew-drops on the greenward before the cottage-door, they suffered not to be polluted with blood. Guardian Angels were they thought to be, and such indeed they were, for what else are the holy powers of innocence,—Guardian Angels sent to save some of God's servants on earth from the chafing tide and the scorching fire. Often, in the clear and starry nights, did the dwellers among all these litledells, and up along all these low hill-sides, hear music flowing down from heaven, responsive to the hymns of the Holy Family. Music without the syllabing of words—yet breathing worship, and with the spirit of piety filling all the Night-Heavens! One whole day and night passed by, and not a hut had been enlightened by their presence. Perhaps they had gone away without warning, as they had come—having been sent on another mission. With soft steps one maiden, and then another, entered the door, and then was heard the voice of weeping and of loud lament. The Three lay, side by side, with their pale faces up to heaven. Dora, for that is the name tradition has handed down—Dorothea, the gift of God, lay between her Father and her Mother, and all their hands were lo-

vingly and peacefully entwined. No agonies had been there—unknown what hand, human or divine, had closed their eyelids and composed their limbs; but there they lay as if asleep, not to be awakened by the burst of sunshine that dazzled upon their smiling countenances, cheek to cheek in the awful beauty of united death!

The deep religion of that troubled time had sanctified the Strangers almost into an angelic character; and when the little kirk-bells were again heard tinkling through the air of peace, (the number of the martyrs being complete,) the beauty with which their living foreheads had been invested, reappeared to the eyes of imagination, as the Poets whom Nature kept to herself, walked along the moonlight hills.—“The Holy Family,” which had been as a household word, appertaining to them while they lived, how when centuries have gone by, is still full of a dim but divine meaning; the spirit of the tradition having remained, while its frame-work has almost fallen into decay.

How beautifully emerges that sun-stricken Cottage from the rocks, that all around it are floating in a blue vapoury light! Were I so disposed, methinks I could easily write a little book entirely about the obscure people that have lived and died about that farm, by name LOGAN BRACK! Neither is it without its old traditions. One May-day long ago—some two or three centuries since—that rural festival was there interrupted by a thunder-storm, and the party of youths and maidens, driven from the budding arbours, were all assembled in the ample kitchen. The house seemed to be in the very heart of the thunder; and the master began to read, without declaring it to be a religious service, a chapter of the Bible; but the frequent flashes of lightning so blinded him, that he was forced to lay down the Book, and all then sat still, without speaking a word; many with pale faces, and none without a mingled sense of awe and fear. The maiden forgot her bashfulness as the rattling peals shook the roof-tree, and hid her face in her lover's bosom; the children crept closer and closer, each to some protecting knee, and the dogs came all into the house, and lay down in dark places. Now and then there was a convulsive, irrepressible, but half-stifled shriek—

some sobbed—and a loud hysterical laugh from one overcome with terror sounded ghastly between the deepest of all dread repose—that which separates one peal from another, when the flash and the roar are as one, and the thick air smells of sulphur. The body feels its perishable and mortal nature, and shrinks as if about to be withered into nothing. Now the muttering thunder seems to have changed its place to some distant cloud—now, as if returning to blast those whom it had spared, waxes louder and fiercer than before—till the Great Tree that shelters the house is shivered with a noise like the masts of a ship carried away by the board in battle. “Look father, look—see yonder is an Angel all in white, descending from heaven,” said little Alice, who had already been almost in the attitude of prayer, and now clasped her hands together, and stedfastly, and without fear of the lightning, eyed the sky. “One of God’s Holy Angels—one of those who sing before the Lamb;” and with an inspired rapture the fair child sprung to her feet. “See ye her not—see ye her not—father—mother? Lo! she beckons to me with a palm in her hand, like one of the palms in that picture in our Bible, when our Saviour is entering into Jerusalem! There she comes, nearer and nearer the earth—Oh! pity, forgive, and have mercy on me, thou most beautiful of all the Angels,—even for His name’s sake.” All eyes were turned towards the black heavens, and then to the raving child. Her mother clasped her to her bosom, afraid that terror had turned her brain—and her father going to the door, surveyed an ampler space of the sky. She flew to his side, and clinging to him again, exclaimed, in a wild outcry, “On her forehead a star! on her forehead a star! And oh! on what lovely wings she is floating away, away into eternity! The Angel, Father, is calling me by my Christian name, and I must no more abide on earth; but touching the hem of her garment, be wafted away to Heaven!” Sudden as a bird let loose from the hand, darted the maiden from her father’s bosom, and with her face upward to the skies, pursued her flight. Young and old left the house, and at that moment the forked lightning came from the crashing cloud, and struck the whole tenement into ruins. Not a hair on any

head was singed; and with one accord all the people fell down upon their knees. From the eyes of the child, the Angel, or Vision of the Angel, had disappeared; but on her return to heaven, the Celestial heard the hymn that rose from those that were saved, and above all the voices, the small sweet silvery voice of her whose eyes alone were worthy of beholding a Saint Transfigured, for she had known no sin, and her spirit was taken, as the tradition says, that very night to the abodes of eternal bliss.

For several hundred years has that farm belonged to the family of the Logans, nor has son or daughter ever stained the name—while some have imparted to it, in its humble annals, what well may be called lustre. Many a time have I stood when a boy, all alone, beginning to be disturbed by the record of heroic or holy lives, in the kirk-yard, beside the GRAVE OF THE MARTYRS—the grave in which Christian and Hannah Logan, mother and daughter, were interred. Many a time have I listened to the story of their deaths, from the lips of one who knew well how to stir the hearts of the young, “till from their eyes they wiped the tears that sacred pity had engendered.” Upwards of a hundred years old was she that eloquent narrator—the Minister’s mother—yet she could hear a whisper, and read the Bible without spectacles—although we sometimes used to suspect her of pretending to be reading off the Book, when, in fact, she was reciting from memory. The old lady often took a walk into the kirk-yard—and being of a pleasant and cheerful nature, though in religious principle inflexibly austere, many were the most amusing anecdotes that she related to me and my compeers, all huddled round her, “where heaved the turf in many a mouldering heap.” But the evening converse was always sure to have a serious termination—and the venerable matron could not be more willing to tell, than were we to hear again and again, were it for the twentieth repetition, some old tragic event that gathered a deeper interest from every recital, as if on each we became better and better acquainted with the characters of those to whom it had befallen, till the chasm that time had dug between them and us disappeared;

and we felt for the while that their happiness or misery and ours were essentially mingled and interdependent. At first she used, I well remember, to fix her solemn spirit-like eyes on our faces, to mark the different effects her story produced on her hearers; but ere long she became possessed wholly by the pathos of her own narrative, and with fluctuating features and earnest action of head and hands, poured forth her eloquence, as if soliloquizing among the tombs. "Ay, ay, my dear boys, that is the grave o' the Martyrs. My father saw them die. The tide o' the far-ebbed sea was again beginning to flow, but the sands o' the bay o' death lay sae dry, that there were but few spots where a bairn could hae wat its feet.

"Thousands and tens o' thousands were standing a' roun' the edge of the bay—that was in shape just like that moon—and twa stakes were driven deep into the sand, that the waves o' the returning sea nicht na loosen them—and then my father, who was but a boy like ane o' yourselves noo, waes me, didna he see wi' his ain een Christian Logan, and her wee dochter Hannah, for she was but eleven years auld—hurried along by the enemies o' the Lord, and tied to their accursed stakes within the power o' the sea. He who holds the waters in the hollow o' his hand, thocht my father, will not suffer them to choke the prayer within those holy lips—but what kent he o' the dreadful judgments o' the Almighty? Dreadfu' as those judgments seemed to be, o' a' that crowd o' mortal creatures there were but only twa that drew their breath without a shudder—and these twa were Christian Logan and her beautifu' wee dochter Hannah, wi' her rosy cheeks, for they blanched not in that last extremity, her blue een, and her gouden hair, that glittered like a star in the darkness o' that dismal day. 'Mother, be not afraid,' she was heard to say, when the foam o' the first wave broke about their feet—and just as these words were uttered, all the great black clouds melted away from the sky, and the sun shone forth in the firmament, like the all-seeing eye o' God. The martyrs turned their faces a little towards one another, for that the cords could not wholly hinder, and wi' voices as steady and as clear as ever they sang the psalm wi' within the walls o' that kirk, did they, while the sea was mounting up—up

from knee—waist—breast—neck—chin—lip—sing praises and thanksgivings unto God. As soon as Hannah's voice was drowned, it seemed as if her mother, before the water reached her own lips, bowed and gave up the ghost. While the people were all gazing, the heads of both martyrs disappeared, and nothing then was to be seen on the face o' the waters, but here and there a bit white breaking wave, or silly sea-bird that had come from afar, floating on the flow o' the tide into that sheltered bay. Back and back had aye fallen the people, as the tide was roarin' on wi' a hollow soun'—and now that the water was high above the heads o' the martyrs, what chained that dismal congregation to the sea-shore? It was the countenance o' a man that had suddenly come down from his hiding-place among the moors,—and who now knew that his wife and daughter were bound to stakes deep down in the waters o' the very bay that his eyes beheld rolling, and his ears heard roaring—all the while that there was a God in heaven! Naeboddy could speak to him—although they all beseeched their Maker to have compassion upon him, and not to let his heart break and his reason fail in the uttermost distraction o' despair. 'The stakes! the stakes! Oh! Jesus! point out to me, with thy own scarred hand, the place where my wife and daughter are bound to the stakes,—and I may yet bear them up out of the sand, and bury the bodies ashore—to be restored to life! O brethren, brethren,—said ye that my Christian and my Hannah have been for an hour below the sea? And was it from fear of fifty armed men, that so many thousand fathers and mothers, and sons and daughters, and brothers and sisters, rescued them not from such cruel, cruel death?' After uttering many more raving words, he suddenly plunged into the sea, and being a strong swimmer, was soon far out into the bay,—and led, as if by some holy instinct, even to the very place where the stake was fixed in the sand! Perfectly resigned had the martyrs been to their doom,—but in the agonies o' that horrible death, there had been some struggles o' the mortal body, and the weight o' the waters had borne down the stakes, so that, just as if they had been lashed to a spar to enable them to escape

frae shipwreck, lo! both the bodies came floatin' to the surface, and his hand grasped, without knowing it, his ain Hannah's gowden hair,—sorely dashed, ye may weel think, wi' the sand; and baith their faces changed frae what they ance were by the wrench o' death. Father, mother, and daughter came altogether to the shore,—and there was a cry went far and wide, up even to the hiding places o' the faithful among the hags and cloughs i' the moors, that the sea had given up the living, and that the martyrs were triumphant, even in this world, over the powers o' Sin and o' Death. Yea, they were indeed triumphant;—and well might the faithful sing aloud in the desert, 'O Death, where is thy sting, O Grave, where is thy victory?' for those three bodies were but as the weeds on which they lay stretched out to the pitying gaze of the multitude, but their spirits had gane to heaven, to receive the eternal rewards of sanctity and truth."

Not a house in all the parish—scarcely excepting Mount Pleasant itself—all round and about which my heart could in some dreamy hour raise to life a greater multitude of dear old remembrances, all touching myself, than **LOGAN BRAES**. The old people we used, when we first knew them, to think somewhat apt to be surly—for they were Seceders—and owing to some unavoidable prejudices, which we were at no great pains to vanquish, we Mansie-boys recognised something repulsive in that most respectable word. Yet for the sake of that sad story of the Martyrs, there was always something affecting to us in the name of Logan Braes; and though Beltane was of old a Pagan Festival, celebrated with grave idolatries round fires a-blaze on a thousand hills,—yet old Laurence Logan would sweeten his vinegar aspect on May-day, would wipe out a score of wrinkles, and calm, as far as that might be, the terrors of his shaggy eye-brows. A little gentleness of manner goes a long way with such children as we were all then, when it is seen naturally, and easily worn for our sakes, and in sympathy with our accustomed glee, by one who, in his ordinary deportment, may have added the austerity of religion to the venerableness of old age. Smiles from old Laurence Logan the Seceder, were like rare sun-glimpses in the gloom—and

made the hush of his house pleasant as a more cheerful place; for through the restraint laid on reverent youth by a feeling akin to fear, the heart ever and anon bounded with freedom in the smile of the old man's eyes. Plain was his own apparel—a suit of the hoddie-grey. His wife, when in full dress, did not remind me of a Quakeress, for a Quakeress then had I never seen—but I often think now, when in company with a still sensible, cheerful, and comely-visaged matron of that sect, of her of Logan Braes. No water was she of her tears, or her smiles, or her words, or her money, or her meal—either among those of her own blood, or the stranger or the beggar that was within her gates. You heard not her foot on the floor—yet never was she idle—moving about in doors and out, from morning till night, so placid, and so composed, and always at small cost dressed so decently, so becomingly to one who was not yet old, and had not forgotten—why should she not remember it—that she was esteemed in youth a beauty, and that it was not for want of a richer and younger lover, that she agreed at last to become the wife of the Laird of Logan Braes.

Their family consisted of two sons and a niece;—and be thou who thou mayest, that hast so far read my May-day, I doubt not that thine eyes will glance—however rapidly—over another page, now fling Mags contemptuously aside, because amidst all the chance and change of administrations, ministries, and ministers in high places, there murmur along the channels of her columns, the simple annals of the poor, like unpolluted streams that sweep not by city walls.

Never were two brothers more unlike in all things,—in mind, body, habits, and disposition,—than Laurence and Willie Logan,—and I see as in a glass, at this very moment, both their images. "Wee Wee Willie"—for by that name he was known over several parishes—was one of those extraordinary creatures that one may liken to a rarest plant, which nature sows here and there—sometimes for ever unregarded—among the common families of Flowers. Early sickness had been his lot—continued with scarcely any interruption from his cradle to school-years—so that not only was his stature stunted, but his whole frame was deli-

case in the extreme; and his pale small-featured face, remarkable for large, soft, down-looking, hazel eyes, dark-lashed in their lustre, had a sweet feminine character, that corresponded well with his voice, his motions, and his indoor pursuits—all serene and composed, and interfering with the ongoings of no other living thing. All sorts of scholarship, such as the parish schoolmaster knew, he mastered as if by intuition. His slate was quickly covered with long calculations, by which the most puzzling questions were solved; and ere he was nine years old, he had made many pretty mechanical contrivances, with wheels and pulleys, that showed in what direction lay the natural bent of his genius. Languages, too, the creature seemed to see into with quickest eyes, and with quickest ears to catch their sounds,—so that, at the same tender age, he might have been called a linguist, sitting with his Greek and Latin books on a stool beside him by the fireside during the long winter nights. All the neighbours who had any books, cheerfully lent them to "Wee Wise Willie," and the Manse-boys gave him many a delightful supply. At the head of every class he, of course, was found—but no ambition had he to be there—and like a bee that works among many thousand others on the clover-lee, heedless of their murmurs, and intent wholly on its own fragrant toil, did he go from task to task—although that was no fitting name for the studious creature's meditations, on all he read or wrought—no more a task for him to grow in knowledge and in thought, than for a lily of the field to lift up its head towards the sun. That child's religion was like all the other parts of his character—as prone to tears as that of other children, when they read of the Divine Friend dying for them on the cross; but it was profounder far than theirs, when it shed no tears, and only made the paleness of his countenance more like that which we imagine to be the paleness of a ghost. No one ever saw him angry, complaining, or displeased, for angelical indeed was his temper, purified, like gold in fire, by disease. He shunned not the company of other children, but loved all, as by them all he was more than beloved. In few of their plays could he take an active share—but sitting a little way off, still attached to the merry

brothelstained, though in their society he had no part to enact, he read his book on the knoll, or, happy happy dreamer, sunk away among the visions of his own thoughts. There was poetry in that child's spirit, but it was too essentially blended with his whole happiness in life, often to be embodied in written words. A few compositions were found in his own small beautiful handwriting after his death—hymns and psalms! Prayers, too, had his heart indited—but they were not in measured language—framed, in his devout simplicity, on the model of our Lord's. How many hundred times have we formed a circle round him in the gloaming, all sitting or lying on the greensward, before the dews had begun to descend, listening to his tales and stories of holy or heroic men and women who had been greatly good and glorious in the days of old! Not unendowed to his imagination were the patriots, who, living and dying, loved the liberties of the land—Tell—Bruce—or Wallace—he, in whose immortal name a thousand rocks rejoice, while many a wood bears it on its summits, as they are swinging to the storm. Weak as a reed that is shaken in the wind, or the stalk of a flower that tremblingly sustains its own fresh blossoms beneath the dews that feed their transitory lustre, was he whose lips were so eloquent to read the eulogies of mighty men of war riding mailed through bloody battles. What matters it that this frame of dust be faint, frail, fading, and of tiny size,—still may it be the tenement of a lordly spirit! But high as such warfare was, it satisfied not that wonderful child—for other warfare there was to read of, which was to him a far deeper and more divine delight—the warfare waged by good men against the legions of sin, and closed triumphant in the eye of God—let this world deem as it will—an obscurest death-bed, or at the stake, or on the scaffold, where a profounder even than Sabbath silence glorifies the martyr far beyond a shout that, from the immense multitude, would have torn the concave of the heavens!

What a contrast to this creature was his elder brother! Laurie was seventeen years old when first I visited Logan Braes, and was a perfect hero in strength and stature. In the afternoon, after his work was over in

the fields or in the barn, he had pleasure in getting us Manse-boys to accompany him to the Moor-Lochs for an hour's angling or two in the evening, when the large trouts came to the gravelly shallows, and, as we waded mid-leg-deep, would sometimes take the fly among our very feet. Or he would go with us into the heart of the great wood, to show us where the foxes had their earths—the party being sometimes so fortunate as to see the cubs disporting at the mouth of the briery aperture in the strong and root-bound soil. Or we followed him, so far as he thought it safe for us to do so, up the foundations of the castle, and in fear and wonder that no repetition of the adventurous feat ever diminished, saw him take the young starling from the crevice beneath the tuft of wall-flowers. What was there of the bold and daring that Laurie Logan was not, in our belief, able to perform? We were all several years younger—boys from nine to fifteen—and he had shot up into sudden manhood—not only into its shape but its strength—yet still the boyish spirit was fresh within him, and he never wearied of us in such excursions. The minister had a good opinion of his principles, knowing how he had been brought up, and did not discountenance his visits to the Manse, nor ours to Logan Braes. Then what danger could we be in, go where we might, with one who had more than once shown how eager he was to risk his own life when that of another was in jeopardy? Generous and fearless youth! To thee I owed my own life—although seldom is that rescue now remembered—(for what will not in this turmoiling world be forgotten?) when in the pride of the late-acquired art of swimming, I ventured—with my clothes on too—some ten yards into the Brother-Loch, to disentangle my line from the water-lilies. It seemed that a hundred cords had got entangled round my legs, and my heart quaked too desperately to suffer me to shriek—but Laurie Logan had his hand on me in a minute, and brought me to shore as easily as a Newfoundland dog lands a bit of floating timber. But that was a momentary danger, and Laurie Logan ran but small risk, you will say, in saving me; so let me not extol that instance of his intrepidity. So fancy to yourself, gentle reader, the hideous mouth of an old coal-pit, that had not been

worked for time immemorial, overgrown with thorns, and briars, and brackens, but still visible from a small mount above it, for some yards down its throat—the very throat of death and perdition. But can you fancy also the childish and superstitious terror with which we all regarded that coal-pit, for it was said to be a hundred fathom deep—with water at the bottom—so that you had to wait for many moments—almost a minute—before you heard a stone, first beating against its sides—from one to the other—plunge at last into the pool profound. In that very field, too, a murder had been perpetrated, and the woman's corpse flung by her sweet-heart into that coal-pit. One day some unaccountable impulse had led a band of us into that interdicted field—which I remember was not arable—but said to be a place where a hare was always sure to be found sitting among the binweeds and thistles. A sort of thrilling horror urged us on closer and closer to the mouth of the pit—when Willie Logan's foot slipping on the brae, he bounded with inexplicable force along—in among the thorns, briars, and brackens—through the whole hanging mat, and without a shriek, down—down—down into destruction. We all saw it happen—every one of us—and it is scarcely too much to say, that we were for a while all mad with distraction. Yet we felt ourselves borne back instinctively from the horrible grave—and as aid we could give none, unless God had granted to our prayers an angel's wings—we listened if we could hear any cry—but there was none—and we all flew together out of the dreadful field, and again collecting ourselves together, feared to separate on the different roads to our homes. "Oh! can it be that our Wee Wise Willie has this moment died sic a death—and no a single ane among us a' greetin' for his sake?" said one of us aloud; and then indeed did we burst out into rueful sobbing, and ask one another who could carry such tidings to Logan Braes. All at once we heard a clear, rich, mellow whistle—as of a blackbird—and there with his favourite colley, searching for a stray lamb among the knolls, was Laurie Logan, who hailed us with a laughing voice, and then asked us, "Where is Wee Willie?—hae ye flung him like another Joseph into the pit?"

The consternation of our faces could not be misunderstood—whether we told him or not what had happened I do not know—but he staggered as if he would have fallen down—and then ran off with amazing speed—not towards Logan Braes—but the village. We continued in a helpless horror to wander about back and forwards along the edge of a wood, when we beheld a multitude of people rapidly advancing, and in a few minutes they surrounded the mouth of the pit. It was about the very end of the hay-harvest—and a great many ropes, that had been employed that very day in the leading of the hay of the Landlord of the Inn, who was also an extensive farmer, were tied together to the length of at least fifty fathom. Hope was quite dead—but her work is often done by Despair. For a while, great confusion prevailed all round the pit-mouth, but with a white fixed face and glaring eyes, Laurie Logan advanced to the very brink, with the rope bound in many firm folds around him, and immediately behind him stood his grey-headed father, unbennetted, just as he had risen from a prayer. “Is’t my ain father that’s gaun to help me to gang doon to bring up Willie’s body?—O! merciful God, what a judgment is this! Father—father—Oh! lie down at some distance awa’ frae the sight o’ this place. Robin Alison, and Gabriel Strong, and John Borland, ’ll haud the ropes firm and safe. O, father—father—lie down, a bit apart frae the crowd; and have mercy upon him—O thou, great God, have mercy upon him!” But the old man kept his place; and the only one that now survived to him disappeared within the jaws of the same murderous pit, and was lowered slowly down, nearer and nearer to his little brother’s corpse. They had spoken to him of foul air, of which to breathe is death, but he had taken his resolution, and not another word had been said to shake it. And now, for a short time, there was no weight at the line, except that of its own length. It was plain, that he had reached the bottom of the pit. Silent was all that congregation, as if assembled in divine worship. Again, there was a weight at the rope, and in a minute or two, a voice was heard far down the pit that spread a sort of wild hope—else, why should it have spoken at all—and, lo! the child—not like one of the dead—clasped in the arms

of his brother, who was all covered with dust and blood. “Fall all down on your knees—in the face o’ heaven, and sing praises to God, for my brother is yet alive!” And, as if with one heart, the congregation sang aloud, “All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.”
&c. &c. &c.

But during that Psalm, father, mother, and both their sons—the rescuer and the rescued—and their sweet cousin too, Annie Raeburn, the orphan, were lying embraced in speechless—almost senseless trances, for the agony of such a deliverance was more than could well by mortal creatures be endured.

The child, himself, was the first to tell how his life had been miraculously saved. A few shrubs had for many years been growing out of the inside of the pit, almost as far down as the light could reach, and among them had he been entangled in his descent, and held fast. For days, and weeks, and months after that deliverance, few persons visited Logan Braes, for it was thought that old Laurence’s brain had received a shock from which it might never recover; but the trouble that tried him subsided, and the inside of the house was again quiet as before, and its hospitable door open to all the neighbours.

Never forgetful of his primal duties,—but too apt to forget the many smaller ones that are wrapped round a life of poverty like invisible threads, and that cannot be broken violently or carelessly, without endangering the calm consistency of all its on-goings, and ultimately causing perhaps great losses, errors, and distress, was that bold boy. He did not keep evil society—but neither did he shun it; and having a pride in feats of strength and activity, as was natural to a stripling whose corporeal faculties could not be excelled, he frequented all meetings where he was likely to fall in with worthy competitors, and in such trials of power, by degrees acquired a character for recklessness, and even violence, of which prudent men prognosticated evil, and that sorely disturbed his parents, who were, in their quiet retreat, lovers of all peace. With what wonder and admiration did all the Manse-boys witness and hear reported the feats of Laurie Logan! It was he that, in pu-

gilted contest, vanquished Black King Carey the Egyptian, who travelled the country with two wives and a waggon of Staffordshire pottery, and had struck the "Yokel," as he called Laurie, in the midst of all the tents on Leddrie Green at the great annual Baldernoch fair. Six times did the bare and bronzed Egyptian bite the dust;—nor did Laurie Logan always stand against the blows of one whose provincial fame was high in England, as the head of the Rough-and-Ready School. Even now—as in an ugly dream—I see the combatants alternately prostrate, and returning to the encounter, covered with mire and blood. All the women left the Green, and the old men shook their heads at such unchristian work; but Laurie Logan did not want backers in the shepherds and the ploughmen, to see fair play against all the attempts of the Showmen and the Newcastle horse-couplers, who laid their money thick on the King; till a right-hander in the pit of the stomach, which had nearly been the gipsy's everlasting quietus, gave the victory to Laurie, amid acclamations that would have fitlier graced a triumph in a better cause. But that day was an evil day to all at Logan Braes. A recruiting sergeant got Laurie into the tent, over which floated the colours of the 42d Regiment, and in the intoxication of victory, whisky, and the bag-pipe, the young champion was as fairly enlisted into his Majesty's service, as ever young girl, without almost knowing it, was married at Gretna-Green; and as the 42d were under orders to sail in a week, gold could not have bought off such a man, and Laurie Logan went on board a transport.

Logan Braes was not the same place—indeed, the whole parish seemed altered—after Laurie was gone, and our visits were thenceforth anything but cheerful ones, going by turns to inquire for Willie, who seemed to be pining away—not in any deadly disease, but just as if he himself knew, that without silling much he was not to be a long liver. Yet nearly two years passed on, and all that time the principle of life had seemed like a flickering flame within him, that when you think it expiring or expired, streams up again with surprising brightness, and continues to glimmer constantly with a protracted light. Every week—nay, almost every day, they

seemed to lose him—yet there he still was at morning and evening prayers! The second spring, after the loss of his brother, was remarkably mild, and breathing with west-winds, that came softened over many woody smiles from the sea. He seemed stronger, and more cheerful, and expressed a wish that the Manse-boys, and some others of his companions should come to Logan Braes, and once again celebrate May-Day. There we all sat at the long table, and both parents did their best to look cheerful during the feast. Indeed, all that had once been harsh and forbidding in the old man's looks and manners, was now softened down by the perpetual yearnings at his heart towards "the distant far, and absent long," nor less towards him—that peaceful and pious child—whom, every hour, he saw, or thought he saw, awaiting a call from the eternal voice. Although sometimes sadness fell across us like a shadow, yet the hours passed on as May-Day hours should do; and what with our many-toned talk and laughter, the cooing of the pigeons on the roof, and the twittering of the swallows beneath the eaves, and the lark-songs ringing like silver bells over all the heavens, it seemed a day that ought to bring good tidings—or, the Soldier himself returning from the wars to bless the eyes of his parents once more, so that they might die in peace. "Heaven hold us in its keeping, for there's his wraith!" ejaculated Annie Raeburn. "It passed before the window, and my Laurie, I now know, is with the dead!"—Bending his stately head beneath the lintel of the door, in the dress, and with the bearing of a soldier, Laurie Logan stepped again across his father's threshold, and, ere he well uttered "God be with you all!" Willie was within his arms, and on his bosom. His father and his mother rose not from their chairs, but sat still, with faces like ashes. But we boys could not resist our joy, and shouted his name aloud, while Luath, from his sleep in the corner, leapt up on his master breast-high, whining his dumb delight, frisked round him as of yore, when impatient to snuff the dawn on the hill-side. "Let us go out and play," said a boy's voice, and, issuing with whoop and holla into the sunshine, we left the family within to themselves, nor returned till Willie came for us down to the Bridge.

The sun has mounted high in heaven, while thus I have been somewhat idly dreaming away the hours—twenty miles at least have I slowly wandered over since the dawn, along pleasant bye-paths, where never dust lay, or from gate to gate of pathless enclosures, a trespasser fearless of those threatening nonentities, spring-guns. There is the turnpike-road—the great north and south road—for it is either the one or the other, according to the air towards which you chuse to turn your face. Lo! a little **WAYSIDE INN**, neatly thatched, and with a white-washed front, and a sign-board hanging from a tree, on which are painted the figures of two jolly gentlemen, one in kilts and the other in breeches, shaking hands cautiously across a running brook. The meal of all meals is a paulo-post-meridian breakfast. The rosiness of the combs of these strapping hens is good augury;—hark, a cackle from the barn—another egg is laid—and chanticleer, stretching himself up on tip-claw, and clapping his wings of the bonny beaten gold, crows aloud to his sultana till the welkin rings. “Turn to the left, sir, if you please,” quoth a comely matron, about my own age; and I find myself snugly seated in an arm-chair, not wearied, but to rest willing, while the clock ticks pleasantly, and I take no note of time but by its gain; for here is my journal, in which I shall put down a few jottings for a Leading Article, to be called **MAY-DAY**. Three boiled eggs—one to each penny-roll—are sufficient, under any circumstances, along with the same number fried with mutton-ham, for the breakfast of a Gentleman and a Tory. Nor do we remember—when tea-cups have been on a proper scale, ever to have wished to go beyond the Golden Rule of Three. In politics, we confess that we are rather ultra—but in all things else we love moderation. —“Come in, my bouny little lassie—ye needna keep keekin’ in that gate frae ahint the door”—and in a few minutes the curly-pated prattler is murmuring on my knee. The sonnie wife, well-pleased with the sight, and knowing, from my kindness to children, that I am on the same side of politics with her gudeman—**Ex-sergeant in the Black Watch**, and once **Orderly to Garth himself**—brings out her ain bottle from the spence—a hollow square, and green as

emerald. Bless the gurgle of its honest mouth! With prim lips mine hostess kisses the glass, previously letting fall a not inelegant curtsy—for she had, I now learned, been a lady’s maid in her youth to one who is indeed a lady, all the time her lover was abroad in the army, in Egypt, Ireland, and the West Indies, and Malta, and Guernsey, Sicily, Portugal, Holland, and, I think she said, Corfu. One of the children has been sent to the field, where her husband is sowing barley, to tell him that there is fear lest dinner should cool—and the mistress now draws herself up in pride of his noble appearance, as the stately Highlander salutes me with the respectful, but bold air of one who has seen a little service at home and abroad. Never knew I a man make other than a good bow, who had partaken often and freely of a charge of bayonets.

Shenstone’s lines about always meeting the warmest welcome in an inn, are very natural and tender—as most of his compositions are, when he was at all in earnest. For my own part, I cannot complain of ever meeting any other welcome than a warm one, go where I may; for I am not obtrusive, and where I am not either liked, or loved, or esteemed, or admired, (that last is a strong word, yet we have all our admirers,) I am exceeding chary of the light of my countenance. But at an inn, the only kind of welcome that is indispensable, is a civil one. When that is not forthcoming, I shake the dust, or the dirt, off my feet, and pursue my journey, well assured that a few mile-stones will bring me to a humaner roof. Incivility and surliness have occasionally given me opportunities of beholding rare celestial phenomena—meteors—falling, and shooting stars—the *Aurora Borealis*, in her shifting splendours,—haloes round the moon, variously bright as the rainbow—electrical arches forming themselves on the sky in a manner so wondrously beautiful, that I should be sorry to hear them accounted for by philosophers—one half of the horizon blue, and without a cloud, and the other driving tempestuously like the sea-foam, with waves mountain-high—and divinest show of all for a solitary night-wandering man, who has anything of a soul at all, far an wide, and high up into the gracious heavens, Planets and Stars all burning as if their urns were newly fed

with light, not twinkling as they do in a dewy or a vapoury night, although then, too, are the softened or veiled luminaries beautiful—most beautiful—but large, full, and free over the whole firmament—a galaxy of shining and unanswerable arguments in proof of the Immortality of the Soul.

The whole world is improving; nor can there be a pleasanter proof of that than this very way-side inn—ycleped the SALUTATION. Twenty years ago, what a miserable pot-house it was, with a rusty-hinged door, that would neither open nor shut—neither let you out nor in—immovable and intractable to foot or hand—or all at once, when you least expected it to yield, slamming to with a bang;—a constant puddle in front during rainy weather, and heaped up dust in dry,—roof partly thatched, partly slated, partly tiled, and partly open to the elements, with its naked rafters! Broken windows repaired with an old petticoat, or a still older pair of breeches, and walls that had always been plastered, and better plastered, in frosty weather, all labour in vain, as crumbling patches told, and variegated streaks, and stains of dismal ochre, meanest of all colours, and still symptomatic of want, mismanagement, bankruptcy, and perpetual flittings from a tenement that was never known to have paid any rent. Then what a pair of drunkards were Saunders Donald and his spouse! Yet never once were they seen drunk on a Sabbath, or a fast-day—regular kirkgoers, and attentive observers of ordinances! They had not very many children, yet, pass the door when you might, you were sure to hear a squall or a shriek, or the ban of the mother, or the smacking of the palm of the hand on the part of the enemy easiest of access; or you saw one of the ragged fiends pursued by a parent round the corner, and brought back by the hair of the head till its eyes were like those of a Chinese. Now, what decency—what neatness—what order—in this household—This private public!—into which customers step like neighbours on a visit, and are served with a heartiness and good-will that deserves the name of hospitality, for it is gratuitous, and can only be repaid in kind. A limited prospect does that latticed window command, (and the small panes cut objects into too many parts) little more than the breadth of the turnpike road; and a hundred

yards of the same, to the north and to the south, with a few budding hedges, half a dozen trees, and some green braes. Yet could I sit and moralize, and intellectualize, for hours at this window, nor hear the striking clock. There trips by a blooming maiden of middle degree, all alone—the more's the pity—yet perfectly happy in her own society, and one that never received a love-letter, valentines excepted, in all her innocent days. A fat man sitting by himself in a gig! somewhat red in the face, as if he had dined early, and not so sure of the road as his horse, who has drank nothing but a single pailfull of water, and is anxious to get to town that he may be rubbed down, and see oats once more. Scamper away, ye joyous schoolboys, and, for your sake, may that cloud breathe forth rain and breeze, before you reach the river, which you seem to fear may run dry before you can see the Pool where the two-pounders lie. Methinks I know that old woman, and of the first novel I write she shall be the heroine. Ha! a brilliant bevy of mounted maidens, in riding-habits, and Spanish hats, with “swaling feathers”—sisters, it is easy to see, and daughters of one whom I either loved, or thought I loved; but now they say she is fat and vulgar, is the devil's own scold, and makes her servants and her husband lead the lives of slaves. All that I can say is, that twenty years ago it was *toute une autre chose*; for a smaller foot, a slimmer ankle, a more delicate waist, arms more lovely, reposing in their gracefulness beneath her bosom, tresses of brighter and more burnished auburn—such starlike eyes, thrilling without seeking to reach the soul—But phoo! phoo! phoo! she married a jolter-headed squire, with three thousand acres, and, in self-defence, has grown fat, vulgar, and a scold. There is a Head for a painter! and what perfect peace and placidity all over the Blind Man's countenance! He is not a beggar, although he lives on alms—these sightless orbs ask not for charity, nor yet those withered hands, as, staff-supported, he stops at the kind voice of the traveller, and tells his story in a few words. On the ancient Dervise moves, with his long silvery hair, journeying contentedly in darkness towards the eternal light! A gang of gipsies! with their numerous assery laden with horn-spoons, pots, and

pans, and black-eyed children.—I should not be surprised to read some day in the newspapers, that the villain who leads the van had been executed for burglary, arson, and murder. That is the misfortune of having a bad physiognomy, a side-long look, a scarred cheek, and a cruel grin about the muscles of the mouth; to say nothing about rusty hair protruding through the holes of a brown hat, not made for the wearer,—long, sinewy arms, all of one thickness, terminating in huge, hairy, horny hands, chiefly knuckles and nails,—a shambling gait, notwithstanding that his legs are finely proportioned, as if the night prowler were cautious not to be heard by the sleeping house, nor to waken—so noiseless are his stealthy advances—the unchained mastiff in his kennel. But, hark! the spirit-stirring music of fife and drum! A whole regiment of soldiers on their march to replace another whole regiment of soldiers,—and that is as much as I can be expected to know about their movements. Food for the cannon's mouth; but the maw of war has been gorged and satiated, and the glittering soap-bubbles of reputation, blown by windy-cheeked Fame from the bole of her pipe, have all burst as they have been clutched by the hands of tall fellows in red raiment, and with feathers on their heads, just before going to lie down on what is called the bed of honour. Melancholy, indeed, to think, that all these fine, fierce, ferocious fire-eaters are doomed, but for some unlooked-for revolution in the affairs of Europe and the world, to die in their beds! Yet there is some comfort in thinking of the composition of a Company of brave defenders of their country. It is, we shall suppose, Seventy strong. Well, jot down three ploughmen, genuine clod-hoppers, chaw-bacons *sans peur et sans reproche*, except that the overseers of the parish were upon them with orders of affiliation; add one shepherd, who made contradictory statements about the number of the spring lambs, and in whose house had been found during winter certain fleeces, for which no ingenuity could account; a laird's son, long known by the name of the Neer-doweel; a Man of tailors, forced to accept the bounty-money during a protracted strike,—not dungs they, but flints all the nine; a barber, like many a son of genius, ruined by his wit, and who, after being driven from

pole to pole, found refuge in the army at last; a bankrupt butcher, once a bully, and now a poltroon; two of the Seven Young Men—all that now survive—impatient of the drudgery of the counting-house, and the injustice of the age,—but they, I believe, are in the band—the trombone and the serpent; twelve cotton-spinners at the least; six weavers of woollens; a couple of colliers from the bowels of the earth; and a score of miscellaneous rabble—flunkies long out of place, and unable to live on their liveries—felons acquitted, or that have dreed their punishment—picked men from the shilling galleries of playhouses—and the élite of the refuse and sweepings of the jails. Look how all the rogues and reprobates march like one man! Alas! is it of such materials that our conquering army was made?—are such the heroes of Talavera, Salamanca, Vittoria, and Waterloo?—A baggage-wagon stops on the road, and some refreshment is sent for to the women and children. Ay, creatures not far advanced in their teens are there,—a year ago, at school or service, happy as the day was long; now mothers, with babies at their breasts—happy still perhaps; but that pretty face is woefully wan—that hair did not use to be so dishevelled—and boney, and clammy, and blue-veined is the hand that, a twelvemonth ago, lay so white, and warm, and smooth, in the grasp of the seducer. Yet she thinks she is his wife; and, in truth, there is a ring on her marriage-finger.—But should the regiment embark, so many women, and no more, are suffered to go with a company—and should one of the lots not fall on her—she may take of her husband an everlasting farewell. The Highflyer Coach! carrying six in, and twelve outsides—driver and guard excluded,—rate of motion eleven miles an hour with stoppages. Why, in the name of heaven, are all people now-a-days in such haste and hurry? Is it absolutely necessary that one and all of this dozen and a half Protestants and Catholics—alike anxious for emancipation—should be at a particular place at one very particular precise moment of time, out of the twenty-four hours given to man for motion and for rest? Confident am I, that that obese elderly gentleman beside the coachman, whose ample rotundity was incased in that antique and almost obsolete invention, a Spencer—needed not to have been so carried

in a whirlwind to his comfortable home. Scarcely was there time for pity, as I beheld an honest man's wife pale as putty in the face, at a tremendous swing, or lunge, or lurch of the Highflyer, and holding like grim death to the balustrades. But umbrellas, parasols, plaids, shawls, bonnets, and great coats with as many necks as a Hydra—the Pile of Life has disappeared in a cloud of dust, and the faint bugle tells that already it has spun and reeled onwards a mile! But here comes a vehicle at a more rational pace! Mercy on us—a hearse and six horses returning leisurely from a funeral! Not improbable that the person who has just quitted it, had never, till he was a corp, got higher than a single-horse Chay—yet no fewer than half-a-dozen hackneys must be hired for his dust. “Hurra! hurra! he rides a race, 'tis for a thousand pound!” Another, and another, and another—all working away with legs and knees, arms and shoulders, on cart-horses in the Brooze—the Brooze! The hearse-horses take no sort of notice of the cavalry of cart and plough, but each in turn keeps its snorting nostrils deep plunged in the pall of meal and water—for well may they be thirsty—the kirk-yard being far among the hills, and the roads not yet civilized. “May I ask, friend,” addressing myself to the hearseman, “whom you have had inside?” “Only Dr Sandilands, sir—if you are going my way, you may have a lift for a dram!” I had always thought there was a superstition in Scotland against marrying in the month of May; but it appears that people are wedded and bedded in that month too—some in warm sheets—and some in cold—cold—cold—dripping damp as the grave!

But I must up and off.—Not many gentlemen's houses in the parish—that is to say, old family seats,—for of modern villas, or boxes, inhabited by persons imagining themselves gentlemen, and for anything I know to the contrary, not wholly deceived in that belief, there is rather too great an abundance. Four family-seats, however, there certainly are, of sufficient antiquity to please a lover of the olden time; and of these four, the one which I used to love best to look at, was—THE MAINS. No need to describe it in many words.—A Hall on a river side, embosomed in woods,—holms and meadows winding

away in front, with their low thick hedge-rows and stately single trees,—on—on—on—as far as the eye can reach, a crowd of grove-tops—elms chiefly, or beeches—and a beautiful boundary of blue mountains, where the red-deer rove. “Good-day, Sergeant Stewart,—farewell Ma'am—farewell,”—and in half-an-hour I am sitting in the moss-house at the edge of the outer garden, and gazing up at the many-windowed grey walls of the MAINS, and its high steep-ridged roof, discoloured into beauty by the weather-stains of centuries. “The taxes on such a house,” quod Sergeant Stewart, “are of themselves enough to ruin a man of moderate fortune,—as the Mains, sir, has been uninhabited for a good many years.” But he was speaking to one who knew far more about the Mains than he could do,—and who was not sorry that the Old Place was allowed to stand undisturbed by any rich upstart, in the venerable silence of its own decay. And this is the moss-house that I helped to build with my own hands,—at least to hang the tapestry, and studd the cornice with shells! I was the paviour of that pebbled floor,—and that bright scintillating piece of spar, the centre of the circle, came all the way from Derbyshire in the knapsack of a geologist, who is now a Professor. It is strange the roof has not fallen in long ago,—but what a slight ligature will often hold together a heap of ruins from tumbling into utter decay! The old moss-house, though somewhat decrepit, is quite alive,—and if these swallows don't take care, they will be stunning themselves against my face, jerking out and in, through door and window, twenty times in a minute. Yet with all that twittering of swallows—and with all that frequent crowing of a cock—and all that cawing of rooks—and cooing of doves—and lowing of cattle too along the holms—and bleating of lambs along the braes—it is nevertheless a pensive place; and here sit I like a hermit, world-sick, and to be revived only by hearkening in the solitude to the voices of other years!

What more mournful thought than that of a Decayed Family—a high-born race gradually worn out, and finally ceasing to be! The remote ancestors of that house were famous men of war—then some no less famous statesmen—then poets

and historians—then minds still of fine, but of less energetic mould—and last of all, the mystery of madness breaking suddenly forth from spirits, that seemed to have been especially formed for profoundest peace! There were three sons and two daughters, undegenerate from the ancient stateliness of the race—The oldest not yet approaching manhood, but erect as the young cedar, that seems conscious of being destined one day to be the tallest tree in the woods. The twin-sisters were ladies indeed! Lovely as often are the low-born, no maiden ever stepped from her native cottage-door, even in a poet's dream, with such an air as that with which those fair beings walked along their saloons and lawns. Their beauty no one could ever at all describe—and no one ever beheld it for the first time, who did not say that it transcended all that imagination had ever been able to picture of something angelic and divine. As the sisters were, so were the brothers—distinguished above all their mates conspicuously, and beyond all possibility of mistake; so that strangers could single them out at once, as the heirs of beauty, that according to veritable pictures and true traditions, had been an unalienable gift from nature to that family ever since it bore the name. For the last three generations, none of that house had ever reached even the meridian of life—and those of whom I now speak had from childhood been orphans. Yet how joyous and free were they one and all, and how often from this cell did evening hear their holy harmonies, as the Five united together with voice, harp, and dulcimer, till the stars themselves rejoiced!—One morning, Louisa, who loved the dewy dawn, was met bewildered in her mind, and perfectly astray—with no symptom of having been suddenly alarmed or terrified—but with an unrecognising smile, and eyes scarcely changed in their expression, although they knew not—but rarely—on whom they looked. It was but a few months till she died—and Adelaide was laughing carelessly on her sister's funeral day—and asked why mourning should be worn at a marriage, and a plumed hearse sent to take away the bride. Fairest of God's creatures! can it be that thou art still alive? Not with cherubs smiling round thy knees—not walking in the free realms of earth and heaven with thy husband—the noble

youth, who loved thee from thy childhood when himself a child—but oh that such misery can be beneath the sun—shut up in some narrow cell perhaps—no one knows where—whether in this thy native kingdom, or in some foreign land—with those hands manacled—a demon-light in eyes once most angelical—and ringing through undistinguishable days and nights imaginary shriekings and yellings in thy poor distracted brain!—Down went the ship with all her crew in which Percy sailed—the sabre must have been in the hand of a skilful swordsman that in one of the Spanish battles hewed Sholto down—and the gentle Richard—whose soul—while he possessed it clearly—was for ever among the sacred books, although too too long he was as a star vainly sought for in a cloudy region, yet did for a short time star-like reappear—and on his death-bed, he knew me and the other mortal creatures weeping beside him, and that there was One who had died to save sinners!

Let me away—let me away from this overpowering place—and make my escape from such unendurable sadness. Is this fit celebration of merry May-Day? and this the spirit in which I ought to look over the bosom of the earth, all teeming with buds and flowers, just as man's heart should be teeming—and why not mine—with hopes and joys? Yet beautiful as this May-Day is—and all the country round, which it so tenderly illumines—I came not hither, a solitary pilgrim from my distant home, to indulge myself in a joyful happiness. No, hither came I purposely to weep—even to weep—among the scenes which in blessed boyhood I seldom gazed on through the glimmer of tears. And therefore I have chosen the gayest day of all the year, when all life is rejoicing, from the grasshopper among my feet to the lark in the cloud. Melancholy, and not mirth, doth he hope to find, who, after a life of wandering—and maybe not without sorrow—comes back to gaze on the banks and braes whereon, to his eyes, once grew the flowers of Paradise. Flowers of Paradise are ye still—for praise be to Heaven—the sense of beauty is still strong within me—and methinks that my soul could enjoy the beauty of such a rich vale as this is—even if my heart were broken!

ODE FOR MUSIC.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

By the Eltrick Shepherd.

PRELUDE.

O came ye by Dee's winding waters,
 That rave down the Forests of Marr,
 Or over the glens of the Gordons,
 And down by the dark Loch-na-Gaur ?
 For there, at the fall of the even,
 Was heard a wild song of despair,
 As if the sweet seraphs of heaven
 Had mix'd with the fiends of the air.

The angels in songs were bewailing
 The fall of a bard in his prime ;
 While demons of discord were yelling
 A coronach loud and sublime.
 The cliff, like a bay'd deer, was quaking ;
 The hill shook his temples of grey ;
 The stars drizzled blood on the braken,
 As pour'd this dread strain from the brae :

CHORUS OF DEMONS.

Sound ! sound
 Your anthem profound,
 Spirits of peril, unawed and unbound !
 Clamour away,
 To mortals' dismay,
 Till the Christian turn on his pillow to pray.
 Sound, sound, &c.

Wake up your pipe and your carol with speed,
 The pipe of the storm, and the dance of the dead ;
 Light up your torches, the dark heavens under,
 The torch of the lightning, and bass of the thunder !
 Roar it and revel it, riot and rumble,
 Till earth from her inmost core grovel and grumble ;
 And then in deep horrors her moody front swaddle,
 Till all these dark mountains shall rock like a cradle !
 Sound, sound, &c.

For he, the greatest of earthly name,
 Whose soul, of our own elemental flame,
 Was a shred of so bright and appalling a glow,
 As ne'er was inclosed in a frame below—
 Spirits, that ònergy, all in prime,
 Must join this night in our revels sublime !

Then sound, sound
 Your anthem profound,
 Spirits of peril, unawed and unbound !
 Sound overhead
 Your symphony dread,
 Till shudders the dust of the sleeping dead.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Hail, Hail,
 With harp and with vaile,
 Yon spirit that comes on the gloaming gale !

Sing! Sing!
 Till heaven's arch ring,
 To hail the favour'd of our King

Gray Shade of Selma, where art thou sailing?
 Light from thy dim cloud, and cease thy bewailing;
 Though the greatest of all the choral throng,
 That ever own'd thy harp and song,
 Hath fallen at Freedom's holy shrine,
 Yet the light of his glory for ever shall shine:
 Spirit of Ossian, cease thy bewailing,
 Our sorrows atone not for human failing;
 But let us rejoice, that there is above
 A Father of pity, a God of love,
 Who never from erring being will crave
 Beyond what his heavenly bounty gave;
 And never was given in Heaven's o'erjoy
 So bright a portion without an alloy.

Then hail to his rest,
 This unparallel'd guest,
 With songs that pertain to the land of the blest!
 For stars shall expire,
 And earth roll in fire,
 Ere perish the strains of his sovereign lyre;

That spirit of flame that had its birth
 In heaven, to blaze for a moment on earth,
 Mid tempest and tumult, mid fervour and flame,
 Then mount to the glories from whence it came.—
 And there for his home of bliss shall be given
 The highest hills on the verge of heaven,
 To thrill with his strains afar and wide,
 And laugh at the fiends in the worlds aside.

Then hie thee, for shame,
 Ye spirits of blame,
 Away to your revels in thunder and flame;
 For ours the avail,
 To hallow and hail
 Yon spirit that comes on the gloaming gale.

Then bounding through the fields of air,
 A spirit approach'd in chariot fair,
 That seem'd from the arch of the rainbow won,
 Or beam of the red departing sun.
 A hum of melody far was shed,
 And a halo of glory around it spread;
 For that spirit came the dells to see,
 Where first it was join'd with mortality,
 Where first it breathed the inspired strain,
 And return its harp to heaven again.
 Then far above the cliffs so gray,
 This closing measure died away:
 With joint acclaim
 Let's hail the name
 Of our great Bard, whose mighty fame
 Must spread for aye,
 Ne'er to decay
 Till heaven and earth shall pass away.

REMARKS ON THE CASE OF WAKEFIELD.

Few cases have been made the subject of so much discussion before trial as that of Edward Gibbon Wakefield and Helen Turner. The story as first announced was so marvellous—the details of it were so unprecedented, and the series of coincidences requisite to give effect to it were so much out of ordinary calculation, that if submitted to the public in the form of a romance, it would have been thought too extravagant.—Such a story in real life, therefore, could not fail to attract attention, and the result of a plot, by which a young lady of fortune had been imposed upon, run away with, and deceived into marriage, was of course watched with anxiety, especially by those to whom every thing connected with elopement and marriage has the highest charms of interest. Extensive and audacious forgeries—daring robberies and burglaries—shocking details of barbarous murders, all lost their relish, and the most heart-rending accounts of occurrences, whereby numbers of human beings perished, and which, at any other time, would have been honoured with a proper share of attention, passed unnoticed, or were instantly forgotten. Such was the hold which the affair of Mr Wakefield and Miss Turner had taken of the minds of those who devote themselves to the study of the accidents and offences of the day. For one whole year the greatest pains seem to have been taken to keep that feeling alive. At length public curiosity has been in a great degree gratified.—The Wakefields have been tried and convicted, and of course they are to be punished as their offences merit.

Notwithstanding the curiosity excited by this case, it does not seem to be one in which the interests of the community are very materially or permanently concerned; not that the offence for which Wakefield was tried is a trivial one, or that the community is not interested in repressing it, but that the very circumstances which rendered this case singularly attractive and curious, diminish its real importance to the permanent interests of society. The laws of England are not in their infancy, but they never had occasion to take cognizance of a case like this, and we may safely predict, that centuries will elapse before any case, similar in its circumstances, can

again occur. Every age does not produce such a Quixote as Mr Wakefield, nor is every heiress, especially if she is a “clever” girl, and “well educated,” so credulous as to believe any cock-and-a-bull story told to her by an utter stranger—a man of whom she had never seen or heard anything before; or so courageous as to put herself under the charge of such a stranger, and set out with him on a journey, scarcely knowing where; or, above all, so exceedingly pliable as in a few hours to consent to marry him, on the strength of his mere statement as to her father’s wishes, and the situation of her father’s affairs. But how many ages may elapse before such a Quixote, if he does exist, shall stumble on such an heiress, if there be such a one, and even then, how many thousand chances to one are there against the completion of the scheme. In short, in all human probability, such a case will never again occur. Mr Wakefield was guilty not only of a shameful deception, but of a criminal act. The perfection of the law in its power to reach the rarest case has been made manifest in his conviction. It is not likely to be again put to the test under similar circumstances.

Although this case was so singular, and attracted so much attention, the most confused and inaccurate notions of it seem to pervade all classes, especially in regard to the trial and its supposed effects. Indeed, few people seem to know wherein the crime consisted, or what it was that Wakefield was tried for. Some think the trial was in regard to the validity of the marriage—others, more knowing, think that the trial was for a different offence from mere matrimony, and that the validity of the marriage was only a collateral question, the fate of which necessarily depended on the verdict acquitting or convicting Wakefield. And not a few think that the legal guilt, as well as moral wrong, consisted in the deception practised on the credulity of Miss Turner. The abduction—the deception, and the irregular marriage at Gretna Green are all huddled together, and a considerable share of the odium justly excited by Mr Wakefield’s conduct, has been directed against the law of Scotland in regard to marriage. Nor is it surpri-

sing that such notions should prevail among persons who had no opportunity of witnessing the trial, for even those who had that opportunity do not seem to have carried away the most distinct impressions, if we may judge from the accounts they have given to the public.

This may perhaps be in some measure ascribed to the confusion of ideas created by a proceeding which seems actually to have taken place in the midst of Mr Wakefield's trial; we mean a sort of separate incidental trial as to the validity of the marriage. That incidental question, however, was not raised as affording a defence against the charge for which Mr Wakefield was on trial. On the contrary, it rather imported an admission of the offence, but it was a circumstance relied on merely as affording a supposed objection to the admissibility of one of the witnesses, Miss Turner. How that question came to be tried after Miss Turner's evidence had been fully given, or indeed to be tried at all, does appear to the uninitiated rather strange—there are mysteries in the law, and this may be one of them; but the unlearned would suppose that when an objection was stated to the admissibility of a witness on the ground that she was the wife of the accused, the first thing to be determined was, whether the circumstance of her being the wife of the accused would really be a good objection in law to her admissibility. If that circumstance would not be a good objection in law, as seems to have been decided here, then there was no occasion for going further—all inquiry as to whether she was or was not the wife of the accused, was unnecessary and useless. If the circumstance would constitute a good objection in law, the party making the objection was entitled to the benefit of it, and, in that case, to delay consideration of the objection till the evidence it was calculated to exclude should first be taken, seems to be pretty much the same thing in effect as overruling the objection. We do not say that this is law, quite the contrary; for we observe that a different course was followed at the trial. The objection was stated, but not disposed of—the witness objected to was then fully examined—evidence was next taken of the fact on which the objection to her admissibility was rested, and then it

was decided that the fact, though proved, would not be of any consequence, or constitute any objection. But all this, though it is of course correct and clear in law, had the effect of creating much confusion in the minds of those who were not lawyers, and who, not unnaturally, supposed that the validity of the marriage was a part of the case, when they found the evidence upon that point led in the course of the defence, after Miss Turner's evidence had been fully given.

If any of our readers have fallen into this mistake, they will now understand, that the validity of the marriage had nothing to do with the question of Mr Wakefield's guilt or innocence of the offence for which he was tried. His guilt consisted in things quite apart from any consideration as to the validity of the marriage. The offence for which he was tried, was in fact committed before the marriage was contracted, before the parties got to Scotland, and the marriage, wherever, or by whomsoever celebrated, or however valid, could not wipe away his guilt of that offence. On the other hand, the validity of the marriage is in no respect determined by the verdict against Mr Wakefield on the indictment.

Again, Mr Wakefield's guilt in law did not consist in writing the false letter to Miss Dalby, whereby that lady was induced to send Miss Turner away from school under charge of Mr Wakefield's servant—nor in the false representation made to Miss Turner as to the state of her father's affairs, whereby she was induced first to accompany Mr Wakefield in his carriage, and afterwards to consent to marry him. In a moral point of view these things were bad—very bad—they were perhaps the worst part of his conduct—but his guilt in law was independent of any of them, except in so far as they were the engines used by him in the perpetration of the offence. Some young people, especially in Scotland, may not have heard of an English statute, whereby an heiress under 16 is restrained from marrying against her father's will, and whereby any lover who should be so passionate as to elope with her, would be guilty of a serious offence, for it seems that “it is no legal excuse for this offence that the defendant being related to the lady's father

and frequently invited to the house; made use of no other seduction than the common blandishments of a lover to induce the lady secretly to elope and marry him, if it appear that the father intended to marry her to another person, and so that the taking was against his consent."* If Mr Wakefield had written no letter—had made no false statement—had been no stranger to Miss Turner—had obtained her full consent before she left the school—if she had even thrown herself into his arms from her love for him, and her desire to escape a union projected by her father, but repugnant to her inclinations, it seems he would have been guilty of an offence, and amenable to punishment by the law of England. He was tried and convicted on a charge for a conspiracy to carry off an heiress, and marry her without her father's consent and against the statute, not by force or intimidation, for on that count of the indictment he was acquitted.

With all this the law of Scotland, in regard to marriage, had nothing to do, except in so far as the obstacles to willing parties contracting marriages are fewer in Scotland than in England. In this point of view, the law of Scotland may have held out hopes of success, as affording facilities to Mr Wakefield which he might not otherwise have had; but these must have been very remote, and can scarcely be supposed to have formed any part of his calculation. The offence itself was committed before he got to Scotland; and it would have made no difference where, or in what form, the marriage was celebrated.

Mr Wakefield's guilt, which consisted in conspiring to carry off Miss Turner, and in accomplishing that object, being now ascertained without any reference to the law of Scotland, with which it really had nothing to do, and from which it ought to be carefully separated; there still remains an interesting question as to the validity of the marriage.—With that question the law of Scotland has much to do, for it is understood to be a rule of the law of England that a marriage is valid in England, if it was validly contracted according to the law of the country in which it was contracted.

We are aware that among our south-

ern friends very erroneous notions prevail, relative to Scotch marriages, particularly marriages made at Gretna Green. They seem to think that there is some privilege of place or person, by which the performances of the veteran there are sanctified. And because his predecessor, who forged the chains of so many fugitive supplicants for his decrees of perpetual bondage, was a disciple of Vulcan; it seems to be thought that in Scotland there is some sort of alliance between the occupations of Clergymen and Blacksmiths, such as subsisted at no very distant period between those of Surgeons and Barbers. We wish to correct these erroneous notions, and to explain to our Southern friends, that in this respect Gretna Green has no privilege and no charm, except those which it derives from its proximity to England. Those who pass the border to escape the obstacles which the law of England has opposed to the lawful enjoyment of expected bliss, generally repair to the nearest spot at which their happiness can be consummated—hence the celebrity of Gretna Green; neither has the veteran minister of bliss there any privilege whatever, which does not belong to any other individual who happens for the time to be on the Scotch side of the border. The law of Scotland has prescribed certain ceremonials to be observed in the regular celebration of marriage,—the publication of banns and the benediction of a clergyman. But although a marriage made without these ceremonials is not *regular*, it is not on that account invalid. To make a *valid* marriage, nothing is requisite but a mutual interchange of real consent, with a full intention to constitute, as at that date, the relation of husband and wife; and evidence of that fact, either in writings in which it is declared, or by witnesses before whom it has been declared. The Bishop of Gretna is a mere witness. The declaration might with equal effect be made in any other part of Scotland, and be witnessed by any other person. A mere promise of marriage, if followed by commixtion of bodies, makes a valid marriage in Scotland.

As to the wisdom of the law, which affords such facilities to marriage; and as to its moral effects on the peo-

* Russell on Crimes.

ple,—there may be differences of opinion. We, however, should not judge unfavourably of a system of law, which theoretically seems to oppose the most wholesome and effectual check to the rash and criminal indulgence of ardent passions, as well as to the cooler, but more criminal guilt of deliberate seduction—and under which, practically, morality seems to flourish more than under any other system. The advocates of that system of law, if forced to make comparisons, might hold it up in contrast with a system where the obstacles to marriage are an encouragement to the indulgence of illegitimate desire—where the multiplicity of requisites to the validity of marriage renders it doubtful whether the best intentioned and most virtuous couple are not unconsciously indulging in what the law shall one day, to the consternation and ruin of innocent persons, declare to have been an illicit intercourse—where the accomplished and heartless seducer may cast off the unfortunate victim of his treachery who had confided in his supposed honour and solemn pledge, or had been united to him with all the pomp and apparent formality of a supposed holy union, now set at naught on account of some minute error in the celebration of the rite, or perhaps on account of that very youthfulness, the charms whereof first attracted the betrayer, and which, at the same time, made her an easier prey to his arts.

Perhaps the system of Gretna Green marriages might with advantage be subjected to some legislative modification, without affecting the law of Scotland, or the people who live under that law. Although the people of Scotland are entitled to retain their own laws while they live happily under them, there does not seem to be any good reason why those laws should operate as an annoyance to the people of Eng-

land. It is a matter worthy of consideration, whether such marriages between natives of England, who have not resided a definite time in Scotland, should be recognised. Having thrown out this hint, we return from our digression and resume the case of Mr Wakefield.

We have already said, that to make a valid marriage in Scotland, nothing is requisite but a mutual interchange of real consent, with a full intention to constitute, as at that date, the relation of husband and wife, and proper evidence of that fact. We understand it to be true, as a proposition in Scotch law, that marriage “is constituted by consent alone, by the *conjunctio animorum*, though the parties, after consent given, should, by death, disagreement, or other cause whatever, happen not to consummate the marriage *conjunctione corporum*.”* No person, we believe, has ventured to question this proposition since the decisions in the cases of Gordon against Dalrymple, and of Walker against Macadam. Indeed, we should think it impossible for any person, be he lawyer or not, to read the judgment of Sir William Scott in the former of these cases, without giving his full assent to the above proposition.†

There may, in any case of irregular marriage, be a question whether there was a real intention to constitute at the time the relation of husband and wife, or whether the circumstances founded upon as indicating that intention, were not meant either as a cloak for the accomplishment of some other purpose, without any real intention of marriage, or as a mere promise or engagement to enter into marriage at some future period: That question must, like any other question of fact, be determined according to evidence. If the marriage was celebrated regularly, *in facie ecclesie*, by publication of banns, &c., the law

* Erskine.

† In most of the newspaper accounts of the trial of Wakefield, Mr M'Neill is reported to have said, that three of the present Judges of Scotland had sworn to their opinion of the nullity of the marriage. This is obviously a mistake on the part of the reporters, for none of the Scotch Judges could have given, still less sworn to, any opinion on that case, the facts of which never were before them. We understand, that the question put to the witness related to the opinions given by Lords Eldin, Gillies, and Alloway, when they were at the Bar, and were examined as witnesses in the case of Dalrymple, on the necessity of consummation to perfect the irregular marriage, and that the answer admitted these opinions to have been against that of the witness,—but explained, that they were also against the opinions of several gentlemen of equal respectability examined in that case, and some of whom also are now on the Bench, and against the decided cases and institutional writers

would presume the intent to marry, and, probably, would not allow it to be disproved,—whereas, in the case of an irregular marriage, the inquiry would be allowed; but if the intent to marry should appear, the one marriage would be as valid as the other, though there should be no consummation.

Put the case of a man and woman, of mature age, going from England to Gretna Green for the purpose of contracting marriage, and there making a declaration of marriage before witnesses, with the full intent of constituting the relation of husband and wife,—then travelling into France, and there living together for some time in the character of man and wife, and in the perfect conviction that they were lawfully married; although these parties should, “by death, disagreement, or other cause whatever, happen not to consummate the marriage *conjunctione corporum*,”*—though “it should be known and acknowledged that all their lives they did abstain,”† the marriage would still be as valid, in all respects, as if it had been celebrated in the most regular manner, by a clergyman of the Kirk of Scotland, or the highest dignitary of the Church of England. That there may be grounds for setting aside such a marriage, as there may be grounds for setting aside the most regularly solemnized marriage, is a separate matter; but the grounds must be the same in either case.

In the case just put, the parties are supposed to have been of mature age. Miss Turner was little more than 15; but that circumstance, though it may affect the validity of an English mar-

riage, does not affect the validity of a Scotch marriage. By the law of Scotland, a girl after she is *twelve* years of age may validly contract marriage. Miss Turner was more than three years beyond the age when she might have validly contracted marriage in Scotland. Her youth, therefore, is not an ingredient in the question. Neither is the want of the consent of her parents an ingredient, because in Scotland the consent of parents is not necessary. When a girl arrives at the age at which she can validly contract marriage, she may marry to please herself, without consent of parents or guardians. The law of Scotland does not recognise control in marriage. It does not say, that at one age a girl is to marry to please her parents, and at another to please herself. It fixes an age before which she cannot marry at all; but after she passes that age, it leaves her to her own choice of a husband. In short, a girl under 16 may elope from her parents in England, and contract a valid marriage at Gretna Green, and not the less that she is an heiress.

That Miss Turner intended to contract marriage at Gretna, fully appears from her own evidence. She says, that the proposal was submitted to her at Kendal, and that at Carlisle she consented to marry Mr Wakefield; How that consent was obtained, is a separate matter, which may perhaps affect the validity of the marriage. But she did consent at Carlisle. From thence she proceeded to Gretna, for the purpose of contracting marriage. At Gretna, a ceremony was performed, and she declared herself to be the wife of Mr Wakefield, seriously intending to

as he understood them,—that these opinions were also contradicted by the decision in the cause in which they were given,—and that the decision of the Court of Session, in the case of Walker and Macadam, then under appeal, and which was treated in these opinions as a wrong decision, and of no authority, had been afterwards affirmed in the House of Lords. The only reported case we know of in which a marriage was set aside before consummation, where there was anything like evidence of an intent to marry, is the case of Cameron against Malcolm, in 1756. In that case the girl was just 12 years old, and her father was dead. The parties met in the same inn, and the ceremony was performed without any previous consent, while the mother happened to be out of the room. On her return, the mother instantly declared her dissent, “a sort of squabble ensued,” and the mother immediately carried off her daughter. The Court, by a majority, annulled the marriage. Lord Kames, who reports the case, and who composed one of the majority, can find no grounds in law whereon to rest the judgment, but says, that “the Court, moved with indignation at so gross a wrong, gave the above-mentioned judgment upon *sentiment* rather than upon *principle*.” This case has never been regarded as a legal precedent to be followed; and, accordingly, we observe that it was not even alluded to by Lords Eldon, Giffles, and Alway, as an authority for their opinion in the case of Dalrymple.

constitute at that time and for ever the relation of husband and wife. She travelled with him to France, and there lived with him for some time in the perfect understanding and belief that she was his lawful wife, till her uncle, and the solicitor by whom he was attended, told her that the marriage was not valid. There is here everything which the law requires to make a valid marriage, unless it is vitiated by some of those antecedent or concomitant circumstances which the law of Scotland recognises as grounds of nullity of marriage. In the meantime, we may hold, that if there is a nullity, it does not arise from the want of age, or the want of the consent of parents, or the want of regular celebration, or the want of consummation. No one of these things was necessary to the validity of the marriage—the absence of the whole of them does not touch it.

Neither is there any room for holding that the proceedings at Greta were adopted for any purpose, or with any intention, short of constituting immediately the relation of husband and wife. Miss Turner's own statement on that subject is conclusive. Still the enquiry remains, By what means was she induced to consent to become Mr Wakefield's wife—to entertain seriously the intention of constituting the relation of husband and wife, and to take those steps which she believed were calculated to carry that intention into full and lawful execution? Were those means such as vitiate and nullify the whole proceedings?

We understand that the opinion of the only Scotch lawyer examined as a witness on the subject was, that these means were not such as to invalidate the marriage; and we believe this is the general opinion of those who have studied the question professionally. But let us first see what the means were, and then let us see how they operate on the question. We begin by stating, that there was a deliberate plot laid to deceive Miss Turner, by a series of false statements. That plot had two parts. The first, which consisted in sending a false letter to Miss Dalby, alleging illness of the mother, was intended to get Miss Turner away from the school, and to give Mr Wakefield access to her ear, and opportunity to deceive her by another false statement. It was a cruel part of the plot, trifling in the most wanton manner with her

feelings; but it had no influence on her consent to marry Mr Wakefield, for she was undeceived as to the statement in that letter, before she even entered the same carriage with Mr Wakefield. Indeed, the first conversation that passed between them when they met for the first time in their lives at the inn at Manchester, was a statement by Mr Wakefield, that the contents of that letter were not true, but were intended as a cover for the real cause of taking her from school. That statement, as coming from a stranger, was rather calculated to excite, than to allay suspicion, as to the accuracy of his future statements; but at all events it had nothing to do with the story which afterwards obtained her consent to marry Mr Wakefield. The second part of the plot was what obtained that consent. This part consisted of a series of false statements as to the situation of her father's affairs—the probability of his being ruined by the losses he had sustained—the pretended loans by a relation of Wakefield, to whom the estate of Sbrigley was to be the security—the pretence that the property might become her's and be saved by her marriage—and the allegation that her father and his solicitor had suggested that Wakefield should be the husband. She pondered over these statements from Kendal to Carlisle, without returning any answer. At Carlisle she was falsely told that her father was in the town in concealment—that the Wakefields had seen him, and that he had sent a message to her, if ever she loved him, not to hesitate to accept of Mr Wakefield as a husband. She then consented, without expressing any desire to have communication with her father on the subject, either personally or by writing. From that moment, she resolved to become the lawful wife of Mr Wakefield, and acted accordingly. The question then arises, Whether the falsehood and deception by which the consent was obtained, and the marriage brought about, is a ground of nullity?

Had there been force, or threats of immediate personal violence, there is abundant authority for holding that the marriage might be set aside; but this is not a case of force. There was no actual force, or intention to use force, and accordingly there was a verdict for the defendants on the count which charged force. There was no

threat of immediate violence, or of violence at all, to Miss Turner—there was no threat of violence towards any person—there was no threat of any illegal act. There does not seem to have been even a pretence by Mr Wakefield, that he could control Mr Turner's creditors—could cry them on or whistle them back at his pleasure, and intended to exercise that power just according to Miss Turner's decision on his proposal of marriage. The scheme of marriage seemed to have been suggested to her as a device contrived to defeat the alleged creditors of her father. There was, therefore, no force real or constructive. There was a false statement as to her father's circumstances, and of pecuniary benefits likely to result to, and pecuniary evils likely to be averted from, her father and her family by the marriage, and of his wishes that it should take place. She believed these false statements without inquiry—they operated on her reverential regard for her father. The whole was a fabrication, devised to work in this instance upon the best feelings of the mind—it might have been upon the most sordid passions. Is there anything in the law of Scotland for holding that, in either case, such a deception would be a sufficient reason for setting aside the marriage?

We have not found any such authority; on the contrary, we have found, that "Reverential fear lest one should offend parents, unless threats or force concurred, will not annul marriage;" and that "a mistake in the fortune, or other quality or circumstance not essential to marriage, will not give ground for annulling it, because though it is probable, if the party had truly known that circumstance, he or she would not have married; yet it was incumbent on them to have inquired into these matters."* And we read in the greatest authority on the law of Scotland, that "Errors in qualities, or circumstances, vitiate not; as if one supposing he had married a maid or a chaste woman, had married a whore."† What deception can be more gross than this? What greater fraud can be practised in the constitution of marriage, than to pass off a strumpet from the stews as a lady of virtue?—And yet, according to the highest au-

thority in the law of Scotland, this would not be sufficient to annul the marriage.

We have no authority for holding that any fraud short of a deception as to the identity of the person, will annul a marriage; and there the principle is, that there was *no intention to marry that individual*. In like manner, if a person is, by continued intoxication, deprived of the *capacity* to contract or consent, there can be no marriage. But we know no instance of a marriage set aside on the ground of mis-statement as to circumstances and fortune. If such a principle should once be admitted, where would it stop?—how many marriages are tainted, or rather how few are not tainted, by deception of some kind?—how many pass themselves off for persons of higher rank and larger fortune than they possess, and gain their object by practising on the vanity, or sordid feelings, or needy circumstances, or love of splendour, of those on whom they have set their minds?—how many conceal their years and their wrinkles, and their grey hairs, (thanks to the Tyrian die,) and their defects of person and the obscurity, or maybe stains of their birth? In short, where is the matter to stop, if any deception as to circumstances is to be made a ground for annulling marriages? Put the case, that Mr Turner's affairs had actually been embarrassed, and that Mr Wakefield had represented himself as having the inclination and the means to relieve the family, and upon that representation had obtained Miss Turner's hand, when he was not worth a farthing;—that would have been a stronger case; yet it would not have been a ground for annulling the marriage. And on what principle can the law take into consideration a deceptive or false statement relative to the fortune and circumstances of the party to whom the statement is addressed, or of those with whom she is more immediately connected, and as to whom she must be presumed to have the means of making inquiry, and ascertaining any facts she considers essential.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that marriage is on the same footing with ordinary contracts. In these there is frequently no opportunity, and generally no necessity, to deliberate or enquire.

* Lord Bankton.

† Lord Stair.

The law recognises a reliance on the mere statements, even on the silence of the parties transacting. The consideration is pecuniary; and if a wrong is done, pecuniary restitution can always be obtained, and is all that can ever be wished for. But in marriage, there is no consideration which the law can look to, *save the person*, and the marriage is presumed to have been entered into with full deliberation, and after all the enquiry which the party cared to make. If Edward and Helen mutually accept each other as husband and wife, with a real intent to constitute at that date and for ever, the relation of husband and wife, the law recognises in that proceeding no motive or purpose, on either part, other than the one for which marriage was first instituted. Rank, or riches, or beauty, or virtue, may have been the inducement; but the law regards them not. They are not essentials of marriage, though, but for them, the particular marriage might never have taken place. And although it should afterwards turn out that the pedigree was assumed—the boasted riches a fiction—the beauty mere paint and padding—and the air of virtue gross dissimulation, the law of Scotland will not interfere. If Edward has got for a help-mate that individual Helen, whom he really intended to marry, and if she has got for a husband that same individual Edward, to whom she intended to surrender herself as his lawful wife, and if they are capable of discharging towards each other the respective duties of husband and wife, the law is satisfied.

This doctrine of the law of Scotland does not seem to differ very much from the doctrine of the law of England. Put the case, that Miss Turner had been of mature age, and had, by the same or a similar story, been prevailed upon to contract matrimony with Mr Wakefield in England, and that the marriage had been celebrated according to the forms of the Church of England; would the mere deception have been a ground for setting aside that marriage?

In the case *Wakefield** against M^r. Kay, an attempt was made by the husband to set aside the marriage, alleging, among other grounds, that the woman gave herself a false name, pretended

that she was the niece of a certain lady of respectability, and was related to certain noble and illustrious families, whereby he was prevailed upon to consent to marry her, when, in fact, she was not so related, and was a natural child of some person unknown. In giving judgment in that case, Sir William Scott, after stating that there was no evidence of the deception, proceeded thus: "But taking the fact to be otherwise, that a *fraud* had been practised with this view, and that *it had been successful*—that Mr Wakefield had been captivated by this pedigree which she had assumed to herself, still that will not *in the least*, of itself, affect the validity of the marriage. Errors about the fortune or family of the individual, though produced by disingenuous representations, *do not at all affect* the validity of the marriage; a man who means to act on such representations, should verify them by his own enquiries. The law presumes that he uses due caution in a matter in which his happiness for life is so materially involved, and it makes no provision for the relief of a blind credulity, *however it may have been produced*."[†]

In giving judgment in a later case, (*Sullivan v. Sullivan*) the same able and eloquent judge thus expounded the law: "I will not lay it down, that in no possible case can a marriage be set aside on the ground of having been effected by a conspiracy. Suppose three or four persons were to combine to effect such a purpose by intoxicating another, and marrying him in that perverted state of mind, this Court would not hesitate to annul a marriage, on clear proof of such a cause connected with such an effect. Not many other cases occur to me in which the co-operation of other persons to produce a marriage can be so considered, if the party was not in a state of disability, natural or artificial, which created a want of reason or volition, *amounting to an incapacity to consent*."

"Suppose a young man of sixteen, in the first bloom of youth, the representative of a noble family, and the inheritor of a splendid fortune; suppose that he is induced by persons connected with a female in all respects unworthy of such an alliance, to contract a marriage with her after due publication of banns in a parish church to

* A near relation, we believe, of the subject of our present observations.

† Haggard's Reports of Sir William Scott's Judgments.

which both are strangers,—I say the strongest case you could establish of the most deliberate plot, leading to a marriage the most unseemly in all disproportions of rank, of fortune, of habits of life, and even of age itself, would not enable this Court to release him from chains, which, though forged by others, he had rivetted on himself. If he is capable of consent, and has consented, the law does not ask how the consent has been induced. His own consent, however procured, is his own act, and he must impute all the consequences resulting from it to himself, or to others whose happiness he ought to have consulted, to his own responsibility for that consent. *The law looks no farther back.*”*

The law of England would probably find an easy mode of dealing with the case of Mr Wakefield on the ground of the years of the lady, and the want of consent by her parents; but viewing it in relation to the law of Scotland, these circumstances are of no consequence; and if this was a case of a regular marriage of persons above sixteen in England, but brought about by the same false story, how would the law of England deal with it on the principles laid down by Sir William Scott? The law of England may perhaps not be so inflexible as the law of Scotland, but the principles do not seem to be materially different; and if the one is wise and just, the other cannot be branded with folly or injustice.

There is one other consideration connected with the validity of this marriage, which does appear to us to be of considerable importance. If Miss Turner is not the wife of Mr Wakefield, Mr Wakefield is not married to Miss Turner. Both are married or neither. The law of Scotland knows no such thing as an obligation to marry, at least it knows no way of enforcing such an obligation. If Miss Turner can shake herself free of Mr Wakefield, it follows that Mr Wakefield can shake himself free of Miss Turner. Now, how would those who doubt the validity of the marriage have regarded the question, if, at Calais, Mr Wakefield had stated that he did not intend to proceed further in the matter—

that he had repented, or had met with a more attractive object, and set at naught all the entreaties of Miss Turner to be allowed to abide with him as his lawful wife? Yet it is plain, that if there is no valid marriage, either party can draw back, and if there is a valid marriage, neither party can draw back. Let us carry the matter a little farther, and ask how long Miss Turner's right to draw back continued. It continued for weeks—Would it have continued for months or years, or so long as she remained in ignorance of the trick which had been practised upon her?—Would the marriage have been *invalid* all that time? If so, Mr Wakefield's right to draw back continued also. Let us carry our suppositions a little farther, and suppose that in this long period of ignorance, Miss Turner had yielded to Mr Wakefield all the rights of a husband, and had borne him children, that would not have altered the question, because the marriage was as complete without consummation as with it; and if it laboured under a nullity on account of the deception, the consummation which had taken place under the same deception could not cure the nullity or take away Miss Turner's right to have the marriage declared null. Yet, if the marriage was null—if Miss Turner was not truly the wife of Mr Wakefield, neither was he her husband, and not being her husband, he too was entitled to set at defiance all that had passed and bear himself as an unmarried person. It is truly appalling to contemplate the consequences to which such a doctrine would lead,—consequences utterly repugnant to the whole principles of the Scotch law of marriage; and we cannot believe, that under any circumstances they can be the offspring of that law. The Legislature may find extraordinary remedies for extraordinary cases, and it is fitting that it should do so; but to endeavour to reach them by a forced interpretation of the law, or by substituting sentiment for principle, would indeed be a dangerous innovation, and a fearful breach of the barrier, by which all our rights and interests are protected, and our present relations preserved.

* Haggard's Reports of Sir William Scott's Judgments.

A SUBALTERN IN AMERICA.

CHAPTER IX.

LITTLE occurred worthy of particular notice, from the morning of the first till the evening of the eleventh of September. During the first five days of the month, the fleet remained stationary; those at the head of affairs being occupied in preparing their dispatches, whilst I and my companions killed time, by having recourse to as many expedients as our situation enabled us to adopt. We walked the deck; we read the few volumes that were within our reach, till we had almost learned them by heart;—we bathed in the river, rowed about from ship to ship, and occasionally ventured to put foot upon its banks, and even to penetrate a little way beyond them. Our sportsmen, moreover, myself among the number, brought their guns and fishing-tackle into requisition; with both of which they succeeded in obtaining considerable amusement. The Patuxent abounded with fish,—we took in our nets, not unfrequently, as many as five or six dozen of different kinds in a morning; and the woods proving to be full of partridges, quails, and hares, and aboveall, of wild turkeys, there was no lack of game to reward our labours on shore. Two of the latter I was one day fortunate enough to kill, and they proved a very acceptable addition to our mess.

In the meanwhile the wounded were divided into three classes, according to the nature and severity of their hurts. Such as, like myself, had received mere scratches, being placed upon the list of convalescents, were regarded as fit for duty, and left in their respective transports. Such as had been more severely, and yet not very seriously injured, were removed to the *Majestic*, for the purpose of being carried to Halifax; whilst the dangerously wounded men, whose ultimate recovery, if they recovered at all, promised not to occur for many months to come, were lodged on board of the *Iphigenia*, already appointed to bear the news of our victory to England. Every exertion was, moreover, made, to restore to the little army that perfect discipline and order, which the progress of a dashing

campaign had unavoidably weakened. His own knapsack, for example, was, as far as could be, returned to each of the men, and the necessities of as many as had suffered a loss in the late operations, were made good. The clothing, accoutrements, and arms of all were carefully cleaned and repaired; in a word, every advantage was taken of the breathing time, to place, as perfectly as circumstances would allow, the armament in a state of renewed efficiency.

Besides these more important transactions, other little affairs occurred, which again brought our finer feelings somewhat forcibly into play. The effects of our deceased comrades were put up to sale; and subscriptions were entered into for one or two widows, who had really loved their husbands, and being deprived of them, desired to return home. Soldiers, of all ranks, are, during a state of warfare, made up of singularly discordant materials. We all, for example, felt sincerely for these poor creatures, and readily contributed our respective mites, to render their homeward passage as comfortable as their frame of mind would allow. There was not a man amongst us, too, who lamented not the fall of the individual, for part of whose wardrobe he was bidding. Yet a passing observer would have scarcely discovered this; so little in accordance with the sentiments of our hearts, were our outward manner and conversation. Let me not, however, be misunderstood. Nothing was said or done on these occasions calculated to give pain to the nearest relative of the deceased, had he stood by; on the contrary, every man felt that the drama in which he now took a part, might, before long, be represented again in consequence of his own dissolution; and with this feeling upon his mind, it was not possible for him to act otherwise than he should desire his comrades to act, were that event to take place on the morrow.

Matters continued thus till an early hour on the morning of the 6th, when a signal was made to weigh anchor; the whole fleet got under sail, and,

guided by a gentle breeze in their sterns, stood majestically towards the bay. I do not know that I ever beheld a more striking marine spectacle than this general movement presented. At a moderate computation, there could not be fewer than seventy sail of vessels, of all classes and sizes, in the fleet; they lay within a roadstead, which exceeded not a gunshot from one extremity to the other; and lifting their anchors, and shaking out their canvass, all at the same moment, they gave to the river an appearance of life and bustle, such as it has probably never exhibited before, and will not speedily exhibit again. Nor was it by looking to the ships alone that we idlers found an ample fund of interest and amusement. The sun began, before long, to shine brightly upon the banks, and a shifting panorama of the most exquisite beauty presented itself, piecemeal, as it were, to our observation. I have hitherto abstained from saying anything of the extreme loveliness of this district,—partly because its most striking features have been described already, and partly because I am quite conscious that no words could do it justice. But it may be permitted me to observe, that though I have visited many countries, and beheld almost every variety of national scenery, I have never beheld any more picturesque than that which the banks of the Patuxent displayed. There was nothing grand, it is true;—no rocks, no mountains, no castles, convents, or even lordly seats, were in view; but if sloping downs, studded with the modest houses of settlers, intersected by luxuriant corn fields, and closed in by forests, dark as night, and perfectly trackless, entitle the banks of a river to the appellation of beautiful, the appellation may surely be bestowed here. It was a scene of peace, and perhaps of humility; but it was probably not the less attractive on that account, in the eyes of one, whose business was war.

We reached the bay a little after noon, and were met by the *Tonnant*, which had sailed a day or two before, and seemed now to be returning. Whither we were going, or what the service on which we were about to be employed, no one appeared to know; but a feeling of surprise became general amongst us, when, instead of ta-

king advantage of a wind which blew directly up the Chesapeake, a signal was hung out for all ships to cast anchor. We had flattered ourselves that, now we had fairly begun our observations, not an hour would be wasted in carrying them on. Baltimore, Annapolis, and other towns, were all within our reach; we confidently anticipated that each would, in its turn, receive a visit. But whatever our wishes might be, there remained but one course for us to follow. We obeyed the signal, and anchored immediately.

No great while elapsed, however, before we became satisfied that every thing had been done for the best. As soon as he had got his fleet well about him, the Admiral began to hold a correspondence with the other ships of war, which, as we chanced to be in possession of a signal-book, we were enabled to decipher. Each vessel was required to send in a return of the number of seamen, independently of marines, which it could afford to land with small arms; and it was farther ordered, that no time should be lost in drilling them to the use of their weapon. There was something exceedingly cheering in such a communication. Not only were we quite satisfied that Jack, however awkward he might be upon parade, would prove, in the hour of a trial, a most efficient ally; but we concluded, from the anxiety displayed to increase the land force to the utmost, that some momentous scheme was in agitation. The rest of the day was accordingly spent in far better humour than had marked the passage of some days preceding, and we retired to rest, in the full expectation, that to-morrow, or at farthest, the next day, would see us once more employed in the field.

Our hopes in this respect suffered no diminution, when, on ascending the deck on the following morning, we found that the fleet was again under weigh, and moving towards the Potomac. The last circumstance, indeed, did puzzle us a little. What could be done there? Alexandria had been already visited by Captain Gordon; nor was there any other place of note along its course. Nevertheless, we took it for granted, that there must be some object in view, and, provided only they saw fit to bring us into play, we cared but little whither the heads

of the expedition should lead us. In all this, however, we were doomed to endure the misery of hope deferred. Having stemmed the current during the whole of that day, and till dusk on the day following, the fleet once more cast anchor; and we, as a matter of course, felt ourselves once more unable to guess for what purpose these repeated delays were permitted.

I well recollect, that on the night of the 8th of September, the Poto-mac was visited by one of those sublime thunder storms, of which I have already spoken as occurring so frequently in this hemisphere. During the whole of the day, there had been an oppressive closeness in the atmosphere; and as the sun drew towards his setting, many masses of clouds began to rise at different points in the horizon. These gradually increased in quantity and blackness, till at last the whole face of the sky became overspread with them. The thunder and lightning followed; thunder, which in the stillness of night made the far-off forests re-echo; and lightning, which at every flash rendered the minutest object distinctly visible, both throughout the fleet and on the shore. Nor was rain long wanting; it came down, as it generally does under such circumstances, in torrents; and as there was no finding shelter against it anywhere, except in the cabin, I was reluctantly compelled to abandon the seat which I had taken on one of the guns for the purpose of watching the storm, and retire below.

An early hour on the morning of the 9th saw us again under weigh, and stemming the current at a slow and majestic rate; but our progress was very limited. The Tonnant, shooting a-head, pushed on by herself; whilst the remainder of the ships, in defiance of as fair a wind as ever blew, beat backwards and forwards, from one side of the river to the other. What was to be done, we could not surmise. That a landing would take place before long, everything about us testified, but whether the port of debarkation had as yet been determined upon, seemed extremely problematical. Thus was it with us during the whole of the morning; hour after hour passed away in anxious suspense; till at last, when the sun was again approaching the west, our doubts and anxiety were put an end to. The Tonnant, of which we

had long lost sight, once more made her appearance; all her canvass was set, and she was followed by a numerous fleet of small craft, each of which bore an English ensign at its mast-head, with an American flag under. The vessels thus distinguished were prizes; they soon joined us, and the whole squadron putting about, bore down in a body towards the bay. Finally, a signal was thrown out from the Admiral's ship, which directed us to steer towards the Patapsco; and it became immediately known, among all ranks, that the capture of Baltimore would be attempted.

Now men's minds became to a certain degree tranquil; curiosity was set at rest; and it remained for us only to make such preparations as each might think necessary for taking the field. Nor were we tardy in anything about that matter, inasmuch as but little time seemed likely to be granted for the purpose; for, as if Heaven had favoured our designs, the fleet scarcely reached the bay, when the wind, shifting a few points, blew directly towards the place of landing; and we stood on our course with a rapidity which promised to bring us, within a few hours, to the end of our voyage. This was, in itself, sufficiently agreeable; but there were other circumstances attending the passage, which gave to it a more than ordinary degree of interest. The breeze coming upon the larboard side, enabled us to stand in close to the shores of Maryland; and seldom have I looked upon a more striking spectacle than these shores presented.

It is well known that Maryland happens to be one of the most thickly inhabited and civilized States in the Union. Besides its two great cities of Annapolis and Baltimore, it can boast of several towns and villages of different sizes; while a countless number of hamlets, seats, and solitary farm-houses, are scattered in every direction over its extent. Of these very many, with Annapolis among the number, have been planted close to the water's edge; partly, perhaps, on account of the additional salubrity which the sea-breezes bring, and partly because the situation accorded well with the leading habits of the people. But there were other erections, besides towns and villages, which attracted our attention. Numerous watch-towers,

forts, signal stations, and places of arms, occupied the high grounds; whilst, nearer the beach, guard rooms for the accommodation of cavalry patrols, open batteries for the cover of guns, with all the other edifices which a people invaded are apt to throw up, extended, in a regular chain, from one extremity of the State to the other. Of these we were enabled, by keeping close in shore, to obtain a distinct view. We saw horsemen mount at every station, as we approached it, and gallop with all haste towards the interior. Beacon after beacon burst into a blaze; guns were fired from every tower; and telegraphic communication carried on without intermission. Then, again, as we drew near to a town or village, every house was seen to pour forth its inhabitants; while carts, waggon, and carriages of all descriptions hastened off, loaded, as we could distinctly perceive, with people and effects. In Annapolis, in particular, confusion and alarm appeared to prevail to an extraordinary excess. Being the capital of the State, and exposed, in a remarkable degree, to insult, its inmates doubtless anticipated nothing else than a hostile visitation; and truly, if to destroy a neat, clean town, surrounded on all sides by elegant villas, had been our object, no task could have been more easily performed. We passed it by, however, unharmed; not, perhaps, quite satisfied that so fine a prize should be permitted to escape, but hugging ourselves in the idea that another, and no less valuable one, was before us.

Whilst the transports and larger vessels of war swept up the Chesapeake in a body, the *Sea-Horse* frigate, with one or two lighter ships, dashed forward to ascertain the course or channel of the river. This measure was resorted to, because, though the *Patapasco* was known not to excel in depth, it was deemed highly desirable that some part of the navy should, at all events, co-operate with the troops in the reduction of Baltimore. Captain Gordon was accordingly directed, not only to take soundings with all accuracy, but clapping a press of canvass upon his ship, to drive her, in case of any sudden obstruction, through the mud; and to break, at all hazards, such booms, or other impediments, as might be laid across the channel. That gallant officer failed not to execute his

orders as far as it was possible to obey them. He actually sunk his frigate's keel some feet in the slime, and tore through banks, by which the progress of almost any other individual would have been arrested,—but all would not do. The frigate stuck fast in the end; and it was only by lightening her of her main-deck guns, and most of her stores, that he succeeded in bringing her off.

The day was drawing rapidly to a close, when the *Sea-Horse*, which lay at anchor off a sharp promontory ahead, gave notice that it would be necessary for us to bring up. We obeyed, and came to our moorings just where the *Patapasco* falls into the bay; by which, indeed, on one side, and a sort of creek, or inlet of the sea, on the other, the promontory in question was formed. It was a beautiful evening. The sun went down in softened majesty, tinging the whole surface of the waters with his departing glory. The wind, falling with the sea, sunk into a perfect calm; and the waves, which had never been boisterous, became gradually more and more quiet, till the Chesapeake presented at last the appearance of a placid lake. The reader must, doubtless, be aware, that in these regions the night is but of short duration. The sun left us to-night with its usual abruptness, but its last feeble rays had not yet been extinguished, when a bright full moon arose. By her light, not the shipping alone, but the beach, the green fields beyond it, and the hoary forests in the back-ground, became again distinctly visible. Another writer has spoken in terms of rapture of the effect of that moonlight; nor could I pursue the subject without quoting his very words; but this I must say, that at no moment in my life have I felt the influence of a night-scene more forcibly than I felt it then.

But no great while was granted for such indulgences. Orders had already been issued to prepare the troops for immediate disembarkation, and these it was the duty of every officer to exert himself in carrying into effect. Like my comrades, I accordingly devoted the greater portion of my waking hours to the inspection of arms, the arrangement of necessaries, and the handing out of accoutrements. On the present occasion, as the distance between Baltimore and the beach could, it was

calculated, be traversed in twelve hours, the men were not encumbered, as they had been encumbered during the inroad upon Washington, with their full quantity of baggage. Three days' provisions were, indeed, put up in their haversacks, but as far as clothing is concerned, a knapsack, containing a spare shirt, with a blanket strapped over it, constituted the whole load that each was required to carry. In one respect, however, the burden was increased:—some inconvenience having been formerly experienced in bringing up ammunition, the store of powder and ball committed to our charge was, on the present occasion, greater than usual. A soldier's pouch, as any military man knows, is made to contain sixty rounds of cartridges; to-night, twenty additional rounds, carefully wrapped up in stout paper, were assigned to each of the privates.

This done, all, both officers and men, addressed themselves to repose. We lay down, some in the bed-places, others upon the deck, clothed and accoutred for service; and in a shorter space of time than might have been expected, the majority were fast asleep; but I know not whence it came, I could not follow their example. It was in vain that I had recourse to the expedients customary in such cases,—closing my eyes, and counting hundreds and thousands, and tens of thou-

sands. Sleep obstinately refused to come upon me; till wearied at last with the fruitless effort, I rose and ascended the deck. The night was as clear and balmy as ever; a heavy dew, indeed, fell, but its moisture, so far from being disagreeable, served to refresh both living and dead substances, after the excessive heat of the day. There was not a sound to be heard, except the ripple of the water against the ship's side, the cry of sentinels exclaiming, as every half hour came round, "All's well!" and the heavy breathing of those who preferred the cool deck to the suffocating atmosphere of the cabin. It was, take it all in all, as striking a night-scene as I recollect at any time to have witnessed. What my own feelings were, however, I cannot pretend to state. That I looked forward to the morrow without something like uneasiness, it would be the height of folly to affirm; no man can believe himself to stand on the brink, as it were, of eternity, without uneasiness; yet were all the anticipations of what that morrow might bring forth, inadequate to repress a consciousness of exquisite enjoyment, to which the sights and sounds about me gave birth. I walked the deck for some hours in a state bordering upon enthusiasm;—nor did I quit it, till the bells of the different ships striking eight, warned me that midnight was passed.

CHAPTER X

THE moon had set, and there was no light in the sky, except that which a multitude of brilliant stars afforded, when a general stir throughout the fleet gave notice that the moment of disembarkation was at hand. The soldiers, rousing from their sleep, began to assemble upon the decks in the order in which it had been previously agreed that they should step into the boats; the seamen, applying sedulously to their tasks, hoisted out barges, launches, gigs, &c. with all dispatch; whilst the few stores deemed essential to the operations of the campaign were so arranged, as to be transported at once from the shipping to the beach. All, however, was done in profound silence. No conversation passed from rank to rank, and even the cries of the sailors were repressed; lest being overheard by the parties which, we could

not doubt, were watching us from the shore, an alarm might be communicated, and the people of Baltimore apprised of their danger.

Whilst these things were doing in the other vessels, a light gun-brig, which had weighed anchor for the purpose about an hour before, ran in with the tide; and took her station, broadside on, within cable's length of the beach. There she lay ready, in case of need, to sweep the shore with her fire. Every gun was loaded to the muzzle with grape and cannon shot. But the event proved that no opposition to the landing was contemplated. The leading boat touched the strand in safety; the soldiers contained in it sprang up the slope, and spreading themselves at extended order along the ridge, lay down. Others quickly followed, and in half an hour after the

first movement had been made, a thousand men were in line, to cover the arrival of their comrades. All this took place before the first blush of dawn had shown itself in the eastern horizon. Nor was the remainder of the army tardy in reaching its destination. Exerting themselves to the utmost, our gallant tars, without any intermission of labour for several hours, pulled backwards and forwards, and by seven o'clock, infantry, artillery, baggage, and horses, appeared to be all on shore.

It so happened, that the transport in which I was embarked lay very near the land, by which means our division made good its debarkation among the first; and I shall not readily forget the nature of the scene which was thus brought before me. When we gained the shore, only a single small boat, containing about twenty soldiers, had reached it. We leaped from the bow, one after another, and collecting close to the water's edge, proceeded, at a quick pace, to ascend a sloping sand-bank; at the summit of which we found our companions. The officer in command of that small party alone stood upright; the men were flat upon their bellies; but at our suggestion they rose, and advancing about forty yards farther inland, we all lay down again. Let the reader recollect, that we knew nothing of the preparations which had been made for our reception: for aught we could tell, a whole army might be in position within a stone's throw of our ground; and he will not be surprised to learn, that we held our very breath, in anxious expectation of what the next instant might bring forth. Yet was the excitation very far from being disagreeable. True, we might be called upon to sustain the first shock of a force a great deal too numerous to be long opposed with success; but we were aware, that succour would not be slow of arriving; and we could not for a moment doubt as to the final issue. Then there was much in our very position and attitude in the highest degree imposing. You could tell that troops were in line beside you, only by an occasional rustle in the long grass among which they couched; for all kept close to the earth, and not a man spoke, even in a whisper, to his nearest neighbour.

As day dawned, however, it became abundantly manifest that so much

caution had been quite unnecessary; not a living creature was in sight, not could the smallest trace that even a picquet had kept guard here, be observed. Before us lay a few open green fields, measuring, perhaps, some three hundred yards across, and then their condition furnished proof enough that neither infantry nor cavalry had traversed them. The grass waved in the breeze, undefiled by horses' tread or human tramp; no track of foragers intersected it; and even upon the road, which ran a little to our right, the dust lay wholly undisturbed. In these fields the army accordingly mustered. The different regiments drew up according to their brigades; the officers took their stations, and the word was given to advance. The following is the order in which the column moved:

Major Browne, the officer who led the advance in the inroad upon Washington, having been severely wounded and left behind at Bladenburg, General Ross saw fit to dissolve the little corps altogether. Whether this arose from a feeling that there was not, in the army, another man capable of guiding it aright, I know not. All that I do know is, that in Browne he reposed the most unbounded confidence—that Browne fully deserved that confidence—and that if he changed his plan from the apprehension that there was no fit successor to him, his judgment was not very erroneous. When I say that this advance was dissolved, I mean not to affirm, that the army began its march with a front entirely uncovered. Three companies were, as formerly, pushed forward; but instead of forming a separate division, placed permanently under the command of a distinct leader, they fell, for the moment, under the guidance of the officer who chanced to be senior in rank among those attached to them. It was to that unfortunate arrangement, without doubt, that the country owed the early death of our gallant leader. After the first day's march towards Washington, General Ross gave himself little or no concern about the advanced guard; he saw that the individual to whom he had intrusted it, understood his business perfectly; and to him the business was entirely left. It was not so now. Ignorant of the talents of those on whose sagacity the welfare of the whole column so much depended, the

General could not keep behind; he would, in his own person, see that things were going on as he wished them to go on; and he fell in the very first skirmish.

In rear of the three companies, leaving, however, a sufficient interval between, came the light brigade, now under the command of Major Jones. Next to that corps moved a brigade of seamen, armed with muskets, and amounting to nearly a thousand men; then followed the artillery, of which eight pieces—six guns, and two howitzers—were in the field; and as a sufficient number of horses to drag them had been procured, they bid fair to prove of marked utility in the enterprise. Immediately upon the artillery came the second brigade; and immediately upon the second brigade came the third. Of the exact number of combatants thus brought together, I can hardly venture to offer an opinion. We had lost at Bladensburg about five hundred men in all; but of these many were already so far convalescent as to take the field again; and our reinforcements from the fleet were considerable. Balancing the one against the other, therefore, I should be disposed to say, that somewhere about five thousand, or five thousand five hundred men, moved from the water's edge this morning.

It fell to the lot of my friend and myself, on this present occasion, to form part of the flank patrol. Having cleared the open fields, we soon found ourselves in a country resembling, in many respects, that which we had traversed in our late operations; that is to say, thick woods hemmed us in on every side, and the spots of cultivated soil were few and of small compass. There was, however, one striking difference to be observed. Little lakes, or rather large ponds, abounded here; they were equally plentiful on both sides of the way; and being in general deep enough to hinder us from fording, they, for the most part, occasioned us no little trouble, and some fatigue, before we succeeded in passing them. Small streams, likewise, landing in the heads of creeks, more than once interrupted our progress. In a word, the country presented a thousand defensible posts, even to a people so little accustomed as we were to examine a country with the eye of soldiers; and it surprised us not a lit-

tle to find, that no attempt was made to defend it.

We had continued our journey about an hour, when arriving suddenly at a space of open ground, three troopers, dressed in dark-green uniforms, were discovered. They occupied the summit of a gentle eminence, and appeared to be anxiously watching the movement of the column along the high road. Instantly the word was passed to be attentive; and instantly we began to steal round the height, keeping just within cover of the wood, for the purpose of surprising them. But scarlet is an inconvenient colour, in cases where concealment happens to be desirable;—the Americans soon discovered us; and clapping spurs to their horses, galloped off. Concluding, of course, that they must be well acquainted with the different roads which intersected the forest, we very naturally gave them up as lost, and continued our journey, with the conviction in our minds that more work would be cut out for us, ere many hours should pass by.

Soon after this, the bugles of the army sounded a halt, and we, as well as the main body, prepared to obey it; but just as we had fixed upon a convenient spot for the purpose, a soldier came running up with intelligence that the three horsemen were still in the thicket, about musket-shot from our right. Taking with me a dozen men, I instantly plunged into the wood; and here, sure enough, they sat upon the edge of one of the lakes, their horses being fastened by the bridles to a tree hard by. My party preserved a profound silence, and we closed gradually round them; but the crashing of the boughs there was no stifling, and when we reached the spot they were gone. They had leaped into a canoe on the first alarm, and were now paddling, as fast as they could, to the opposite shore. There was no time to be lost. I called out to them to surrender, and by way of enforcing the summons, commanded the whole of my people to level their pieces. The spectacle was too alarming for raw recruits, so they held up a white handkerchief in token of submission, and pulled back again. Immediately on landing, they were, as may be supposed, disarmed, and then, with their three beautiful chargers, conducted to head-quarters.

On coming in with the prisoners, we found the army halted near a farmhouse, around which were several cleared fields, well adapted, in case of need, for a rapid military formation. The General himself, attended by Admiral Cockburn, was sitting in the midst of his staff by the way side, and a few orderlies were leading their horses backwards and forwards. Of the soldiers, a few had strayed from their ranks; but blue jackets might be seen in every direction, pursuing pigs, fowls, and other live stock, at full speed, and with much apparent satisfaction. Nor was it possible to refrain from laughing at the singular behaviour of these men. All the threats, orders, and entreaties, of their officers were set at defiance; they knew nothing about discipline on shore, and they were not now going to learn it. At last, the very endeavour to bring them back was abandoned, and they continued to amuse themselves, as well as us, till the column again began to move. Nor did any one appear to enjoy the joke more than General Ross. He was laughing heartily, as were the Admiral and the rest of the group, when we appeared; and he with difficulty suppressed his mirth, even though the presence of the prisoners drew his attention to other graver matters.

Having put a few questions to the young men, as to the duty on which they had been themselves employed, General Ross proceeded to catechise them respecting the number and position of the force appointed for the defence of Baltimore. Their answers were neither very distinct nor very satisfactory. They spoke of a *levy en masse*—hinted that every male capable of bearing arms was enrolled—and calculated the strength of the whole, including three thousand regulars, at twenty thousand men. The cavalry, they said, consisted principally of volunteer troops, to one of which they had themselves belonged; and most of it, as well as a large portion of the infantry, had met us in the field of Bladensburg. In artillery, again, they affirmed, that the strength of the Americans was prodigious; upwards of one hundred pieces of cannon were in battery; and these being manned by seamen from the fleet, would, they observed to us, do their duty. The General heard all this with a countenance which never

once varied in its expression; and then ordering them to the rear, in spite of many urgent entreaties that he would dismiss them on their parole, he commanded the bugle to sound, and the troops again stood to their arms.

Whilst the column was making ready to prosecute its more orderly advance, we stoutly plunged once more into the thickets, and pressed on. For about half an hour we proceeded without the occurrence of any circumstance calculated to excite in us a more than usual degree of alacrity. There were the same obstacles of brake and briar to overcome, and, from time to time, the same impediments of ponds and creeks to be surmounted; but still no enemy, nor any trace of an enemy, could be descried. At length, however, the face of affairs underwent a change. A few figures suddenly showed themselves, stealing from tree to tree, and bush to bush; they became more and more numerous as we went on; and, finally, we beheld about four or five hundred riflemen scattered through the wood, and prepared to dispute with us our farther progress. Nor were many moments wasted in idly gazing at each other. Having warned the column, by the sound of our bugles, that an enemy was in sight; we rushed forward, and the forest echoed again to the report of ours and the Americans' muskets.

There is nothing in war more interesting, and, if it be conducted with any science, more entertaining, than a skirmish in the bosom of a deep wood. The cover is generally so abundant, and so excellent in kind, that fewer casualties take place, than one unaccustomed to such affairs might expect; whilst, from the very nature of the encounter, your thoughts are never for an instant unemployed, nor your body for an instant at rest. When advancing, you dart from tree to tree, passing with the rapidity of thought over the space between, as if you had singled out one or two individuals among the enemy, to overtake whom was the great object of your wishes. Then, again, there is the necessity imposed upon you, of watching that your men keep well up; that they are careful not to expose themselves unnecessarily; that they are cool, take a good and deliberate aim, and abstain from throwing their fire away for no purpose. As to preserving a regular line,

that is seldom attempted ; men rarely carry into the field the niceties of the parade-ground ; it is enough if you see, that when the right is hard pressed, the left shall not push too far ahead of it ; nor, when the left hangs back, that the right pass it by. Above all, the officer must, in such situations, be careful to show his men a becoming example. He ought not, indeed, to hurry too far before them, because by so doing, though he may lead some to follow, others taking advantage of the license which his blind impetuosity grants, may keep out of the fire altogether ; but still less ought he to lag behind. He is the best director of a skirmish, who moves backwards and forwards among his troops ; cheers and animates them by his voice and gestures ; scruples not to expose himself occasionally more than may be exactly required, and appears to treat his enemies with contempt. The spirit which actuates him never fails to arise among his followers, and when once men despise their enemies, they seldom fail to beat them.

Our skirmish to-day was for a while tolerably hot, and extremely animated. The Americans outnumbered us beyond calculation, whilst, as individuals, they were at least our equals in the skill with which they used their weapon ; yet, from the very commencement, it was on our part a continual advance, on theirs a continual retreat. We drove them from thicket to thicket, and tree to tree, not, indeed, with any heavy loss, for they were no less expert in finding shelter than in taking aim ; but occasionally bringing down an individual as he was running from one cover to another. Our own loss, again, was very trifling. Two men killed, and about a dozen wounded, made up the sum of our casualties ; and it may with truth be asserted, that everything was going on as the General himself could have wished. But unhappily he was not satisfied of this. The firing struck him as being more heavy and more continued than it ought to be ; he was apprehensive that we had fallen into some serious ambuscade, and, unwilling to trifle with the safety even of a few companies, he rode forward for the purpose of satisfying himself that they were safe. How bitterly had the whole expedition cause to lament that step ! He had scarcely entered the wood,

when an American rifleman singled him out ; he fired, and the ball, true to its mark, pierced his side. When the General received his death-wound, I chanced to be standing at no great distance from him : I saw that he was struck, for the reins dropped instantly from his hand, and he leaned forward upon the pommel of his saddle ; and though I would not suffer myself to imagine that there was any danger, I hastened towards him, but I arrived too late. His horse making a movement forward he lost his seat, and, but for the intervention of his aide-de-camp's arm, must have fallen to the ground. As it was, we could only lay him at length upon the grass, for his limbs could no longer perform their office—it was but too manifest that his race was run.

No language can convey any adequate idea of the sensation which this melancholy event produced in the bosoms of all who were aware of it. It may with truth be asserted, that a general, young in command, has rarely obtained the confidence of his troops in the degree in which General Ross had obtained it, or held out more flattering assurances, that he would continue to possess and to deserve it to the last. As a colonel of a regiment, a general of brigade in Lord Wellington's army, his name had long stood high ; and the brilliant success which attended his operations against Washington, satisfied his own soldiers, at least, that his fame was not unmerited. It has been said, that in conducting the inroad last alluded to, he exhibited more of hesitation and diffidence in himself than belongs to a really great mind. Perhaps he might hesitate a little ; perhaps he did lose an hour or two in considering, whether, with a mere handful of men, it would be advisable to march upon the capital of a great nation, more especially as he could not but feel, that little or no permanent advantage to the cause would accrue even from success. But this praise, at least, has never been denied him ; that when once his mind came to be made up, no man ever pursued his object more steadily, or with greater vigour. In the present course of operations, this was conspicuously the case. He was in the act of pushing on, cautiously indeed, but with all the celerity of the school in which he had been trained, when, through the

absence of a few able supporters, he was led to throw his valuable life away. Peace to his ashes. A braver and better man the British army never produced; nor has it lost an officer of brighter promise or higher character.

His aide-de-camp, (Captain M'Dougal,) having seen the general laid by the road side, left him to the care of

Admiral Cockburn, and galloped back for assistance. For myself, my duty called me elsewhere. The firing still went on in front; it was kept up by my own men, and I could not desert them; so I too quitted the mournful group, and once more plunged into action.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN I overtook the skirmishers, they were in full pursuit of the Americans, now flying with all precipitation before them. The wood was accordingly emptied in a trice; but on reaching its skirts, we found what we had, to say the truth, expected to find, that the riflemen now dislodged were nothing more than the outposts, or rather advanced corps, of a regular army. At the opposite extremity of a few open fields, about six or seven thousand men were drawn up in line. Their left resting upon a lake, and their right extending to the mouth of a creek, their centre was protected by high palings, and a row of lofty trees, whilst all before them was exposed and bare, to the distance of nearly half a mile. Of artillery, they appeared to have some six or eight pieces in the field. These were arranged, two upon the main road, which fell in towards the right of the position, three somewhat farther to the left, and the remainder singly, and at different intervals between the corps of infantry. About half musket-shot in front of them, was a farm house, surrounded by numerous barns, stables, and a stack-yard. Whether or not they had filled it with troops, we had no means of ascertaining; but it occurred to Charlton that it might be worth while to seize it, in case they should have neglected a measure to them of so much importance. With this view, we lost no time in rushing on. We sprung over the paling, and having received two discharges of grape from the guns upon the road, reached the house in question, with the loss of only three men. The enemy had not occupied it; we took possession without delay, and rejoicing sincerely in the error of which they had been guilty, determined that no efforts should on our parts be wanting to hinder them from retaking it.

Established in this snug post, abundant leisure was granted for observing as well the dispositions made by the enemy to receive the attack, as the advance of our own troops to make it; and a most animating spectacle both the one and the other presented. On the side of the Americans, mounted officers could be seen riding backwards and forwards, apparently encouraging their men to do their duty. Some companies moving from its rear, wheeled up into the line; others quitting the line, fell back towards the reserve. But the corps which attracted the chief share of our attention, consisted of the identical riflemen, whom we had so lately driven before us out of the wood. They continued for some time to drop in, by sections of eight, six, and ten, and taking post in rear of the line, resumed, as they best could, something like order. Nor were other manifestations of a resolution to keep their ground wanting. Several tumbrils and ammunition waggons arriving, were speedily emptied of their contents; and casks of cartridges, ranged at intervals behind the men, bore testimony to the zeal with which the store-keeper's department had been attended to. Such was the condition of affairs on the right. A way towards the left again, a good deal of marching and counter-marching went on; but whether it arose from some mismanagement in the original disposition of the force, I cannot tell. It struck me, however, as being highly injudicious, to render raw troops thus unsteady, at the very moment when they were about to come under fire; and I confess that I did not augur very favourably of the determination which, on that flank at least, the Americans would exhibit. Lastly, the heads of two columns appearing in the skirts of the more remote thicket, pointed out how the re-

serve was stationed, and almost told of what numbers it consisted.

How different was the prospect to which a glance towards our rear introduced us ! We had taken possession of the farm-house perhaps ten minutes or a quarter of an hour before the leading divisions of our own troops began to emerge from the forest. As soon, however, as they showed themselves, a flank movement to the right was made, and the 85th Regiment, in beautiful regularity, spread itself at extended order, over the whole of the enemy's front. The seamen, who came next, marched straight forward along the road, till they had arrived within cannon shot of the American line, where they halted. The 4th Regiment arriving after them, wheeled on, as the 85th had done, to the right ; but instead of extending itself, filed along in column of half companies, by the rear of the light troops, till it was lost to farther observation in a grove. A similar movement was made by the 44th, and a battalion of Marines, who, forming line in the open field, stood to support the skirmishers ; whilst the 21st, taking up its ground on the road, came in on the rear of the column, of which the seamen constituted the front. All these formations were executed with as much coolness and precision as if the whole had been nothing more than a review ; and in the eyes of us, who watched it, the spectacle was in the highest degree interesting.

In the meanwhile, neither the American artillery nor our own remained idle. The head of the column no sooner appeared, than the enemy's pieces which commanded the road opened upon it, and though the range was somewhat long, did considerable execution. To check this, Captain Carmichael, by whom the British artillery was commanded, instantly ordered two guns and a howitzer to the front, and pushing them forward within point-blank distance of the Americans, soon paid them back, with interest, in their own coin. I do not know that I ever saw shots more accurately thrown. At the first discharge, five American gunners were killed ; at the next, one of the pieces was disabled ; upon which, turning their attention to the infantry, our artillery-men mowed them down by whole sections. On this occasion, the missile principally used was the Shrapnel. It may,

perhaps, be necessary to inform the unmilitary reader, that the Shrapnel is a hollow globe of iron, the cavity in which is filled-up, not with powder only, but with a quantity of musket-balls. It is discharged from a cannon exactly as a round shot is discharged ; and being supplied with a fuse, more or less short, according to the distance to be traversed, it bursts just in front of its object, and throws the whole of its murderous contents forward. To-day it did fearful havoc. The Americans durst not stand before it, but shrunk away from each spot where a shell had fallen, as if there had been something deadly in the very soil.

But it was not upon the road alone that a smart cannonading was kept up. The three guns, of which I have already spoken as being stationed in the fields towards the Americans' left, opened upon the 85th regiment as soon as they had taken their ground. The soldiers, however, paid little heed to the salutation. Being commanded to lie down, they did so, and rested for twenty minutes very composedly, in defiance of the showers of balls that fell thick and fast about them.

At the expiration of that period, every necessary preparation appearing to be complete, Colonel Brooke, on whom the chief command had devolved, was seen to ride along the rear of the line, followed by his staff. Halting about the centre of the field, the little group turned their glasses, for a few moments, in the direction of the enemy's position, and then, as if satisfied that all things were in order, they began to disperse. An aide-de-camp galloped off to the right, Mr Evans flew towards the left, and the orderly bugler sounding the charge, the whole army sprang into its ranks. The spirit-stirring notes were echoed back from all quarters, and the line moved forward.

I have said that our position all this while was among a number of houses and corn-stalks, situated about midway between the hostile armies. Nothing can be conceived more animated, or more imposing, than the spectacle which now met our gaze. The light troops, in extended order, stretching from one thicket to another, covered the entire open space, and advanced, with the same coolness, and in the same admirable style, as if they had been marching upon a parade. In their rear, though far enough removed to

be, in a great measure, secure against the fire of musketry, came a compact line, whose business it was, rather to give support wherever it should be needed, than to take any active part in the battle. On the road again, a dense column of blue-jackets pressed forward, with the alacrity and contempt of danger, which so eminently distinguish the British sailor; whilst a battalion, likewise in column, marched after it, ready to follow up with advantage whatever successes the privileged undisciplined valour of the seamen might obtain.

On the side of the Americans, again, all was stillness and expectation. The corps which up to this moment, had been continually changing their ground, now stood fast. The whole were in line, and, with shouldered arms, appeared to watch the progress of their enemies, like men who were determined not to be beaten. I thought, indeed, that I could perceive a little wavering at one particular point. It was a spot towards their extreme left, which, in the course of the cannonade, had received more than its due proportion of salutations; but whether I was correct or not, it is impossible for me to say, inasmuch as the vision became almost instantly obscured by columns of smoke. The Americans had in their line several pieces of cannon, from which no discharges had as yet taken place. What their object was in keeping them so long idle, I know not; perhaps they imagined, that their fire, when opened unexpectedly, would produce a double effect,—and, on that account, reserved it for the attack. Be this as it may, our infantry had not advanced ten paces, when a volley of grape was poured upon them from every gun in the field; and the plunging of balls all along the grass, the crashing of rails, trees, and other objects struck, as well as not a few prostrations among the soldiers themselves, gave proof that the salutation was not less serious than noisy.

As yet it may be said, that I and my immediate followers ranked nothing more than spectators of the dispositions and movements of our comrades. Occasionally, indeed, a cannon-shot passing through the window of the house, or lodging in one of the stacks, bore testimony that the enemy were not wholly unmindful of us; but

we were already so far in advance, that to push on till the others overtook us, would have been the height of absurdity. Now, however, we began to feel, that a state of quiescence was not exactly that which became us. Having waited till a few of the most forward of the skirmishers began to seek shelter behind our farm-yard, we likewise assumed the offensive, and dashing from our lurking-place, pressed onwards.

Immediately in front of the farmhouse ran a high railing, similar to those of which I have before had occasion to speak, as intersecting almost every field or open spot in this quarter of America. We were in the act of springing over it, when the enemy, directing against us a couple of six-pounders, swept down five or six men out of the company. Among them there was one poor fellow, who received from that fire as horrible a wound as I recollect at any period to have seen. A round shot striking him in the shoulder, tore away the whole of the limb, and left his very lungs exposed to the view of the by-stander. The man was a bit of a favourite with his master. By birth a gypsy, he possessed not only to a high degree the qualities of conviviality and good humour, but he was acknowledged to be by far the most skilful maker of fires, and therefore one of the most useful individuals in the regiment. No rain, however heavy, hindered him from striking a light, and from a light once struck, he never failed to produce a blaze. The loss of such a personage could not but be deeply and universally lamented. It may not be amiss to add here, that in spite of the severity of his wound, the poor fellow lingered many days; he was even removed to the ship before he died.—Might not the blowing out of a man's brains, under such circumstances, be not only justifiable, but praiseworthy?

Up to this moment, not a single musket had been discharged on either side, and the most perfect silence prevailed throughout the ranks of both armies. The British soldiers moved forward with their accustomed fearlessness, and the Americans, with much apparent coolness, stood to receive them. Now, however, when little more than an hundred paces divided the one line from the other, both parties made ready to bring matters more

decidedly to a personal struggle. The Americans were the first to use their small arms. Having rent the air with a shout, they fired a volley, begun upon the right, and carried away regularly to the extreme left; and then loading again, kept up an unintermitted discharge, which soon in a great degree concealed them from our observation. Nor were we backward in returning the salute. A hearty British cheer gave notice of our willingness to meet them; and firing and running, we gradually closed upon them, with the design of bringing the bayonet into play.

I hardly know what language to employ for the purpose of conveying to the mind of a reader who possesses no practical acquaintance with the subject, something like a clear idea of a battle, at that period in its progress at which we have now arrived. Volley upon volley having been given, we were now advanced within less than twenty yards of the American line; yet such was the denseness of the smoke, that it was only when a passing breeze swept away the cloud for a moment, that either force became visible to the other. It was not, therefore, at men's persons that the fire of our soldiers was directed. The flashes of the enemy's muskets alone served as an object to aim at, as, without doubt, the flashes of our muskets alone guided the enemy. At last, however, the wind suddenly sprung up. The obscurity in which both parties had been enveloped was cleared away; and there, sure enough, stood our opponents, not, as they had stood an hour ago, in close and compact array, but confused by the murderous fire to which they had been exposed. Napoleon Buonaparte has affirmed, that he never witnessed anything more terrific than the fire of a British line of infantry. The Emperor was perfectly correct. In the armies of other nations, particularly in those of America, many marksmen, more expert as individuals, may be found; but we may search the world over before we shall discover troops, who, as a body, take aim with the same coolness, reserve their fire so well, or, as a necessary consequence, pour it in with such tremendous effect as our own soldiers. Of this the Americans had to-day received the most appalling proofs; numbers lay dead among the feet of their comrades; numbers more had retired

maimed or wounded; and those who still kept the field, were broken and confused. One thing alone was required to complete the rout. Our gallant fellows, uttering a hearty cheer, threw in their last volley, and then rushed forward with the bayonet; but a shock, which the flower of European armies had never been able to withstand, the Americans ventured not to receive. They lost in a moment all order, and fled, as every man beat could, from the field.

There was but one road along which horses or carriages could move, and it became crowded to excess in a moment. Whilst the infantry, dashing into the forest, thought to conceal themselves among its mazes, the cavalry, of which a few squadrons had been drawn up upon their right, scampered off by the main road; and was immediately followed by guns, tumbrils, ammunition waggons, and the whole *materiel* of the army. To arrest the progress of all, or some part of that force, became now our great object. "Hurrah for the guns!" was a word of command first uttered by Colonel Brooke; it was repeated, with loud laughter and tumultuous outcries, from one rank to another; and desperate and unintermitting were the efforts which we made to overtake and cut off such as were hindmost. But unhappily the absence of even the mounted troopers told sorely against us to-day. The truth of it is, the American ordnance, drawn by fleet horses, readily escaped. And out of the whole party, only two guns, and one tumbril alone, fell into our hands. Of prisoners, however, we were fortunate enough to secure a few. The fourth regiment, which had made a detour for the purpose of turning the enemy's left, though it arrived not in time to take much share in the action, succeeded in cutting off about half of a battalion from the high road; and this body, driven back upon its pursuers, saved itself from annihilation by laying down its arms.

Thus ended the affair of the 12th of September, after about an hour and a half of pretty severe fighting. On our part, the loss sustained could not exceed two hundred men in all; on the part of the Americans, at least double that number had fallen. The dead, indeed, lay in clusters far more frequent, and far more numerous, than

anywhere I at least discovered on the field of Bladensburg; and as the proportion between the killed and wounded in an army is usually as five to one, it was easy to collect that the whole amount of persons rendered hors-de-combat, must have been very considerable. Yet there was not amongst us one man, who did not feel that the victory had been purchased at a terrible price,—it had cost the life of our General, and in so doing, had crippled all our resources.

The day being now considerably advanced, and the troops somewhat fatigued by their exertions, our new leader determined to halt for that night on the field which he had won. With this view, the bugles were directed to sound the recall; whilst the Quarter-Master General proceeded to fix upon a proper spot for the bivouac, and to station the out-posts. Nor were the medical attendants of the army unmindful of their important charge. There chanced to be, in the line of the late operations, two houses of some size; these were of course occupied, and the smaller and more inconvenient being selected as head-quarters, the larger and better was devoted to the accommodation of the wounded. Thither, all who had not been already dressed upon the field and sent back to the boats, were conveyed; nor was the smallest distinction made between the Americans and the English. To say the truth, however, they were but indifferently provided for. The owners having removed every piece of furniture out of the house, the poor soldiers could only be huddled together

on the floors of the different apartments; and as our medical officers were few in number, the delay in paying attention to their wounds was in some cases very great. Yet few, either of the English or the Americans, complained. A groan or a shriek would, indeed, occasionally strike upon the ear of the by-stander; and even a querulous exclamation, as the moving of another's leg or arm happened to bring it into contact with some unfortunate man's broken limb. But there were no murmurs; no whinings because one or other was not immediately looked to. On the contrary, the instances were not rare in which one wounded man would entreat the surgeon to pass him by for the present, that the wound of another more seriously hurt might be dressed in the first place. It is a great mistake to imagine that war renders men necessarily selfish. In such campaigns as that of the French in Russia, where suffering may be said to have reached its height, the better feelings of human nature become, without doubt, entirely blunted; but in ordinary cases, the inquirer will find as much of real generosity and noble-mindedness among soldiers in the field, as among any class of human society.

The troops being checked, not without some difficulty, in the midst of their ardour, the different regiments collected round their colours, and formed into close column. Fires were then, as usual, lighted; and there, but a short space removed from the bodies of the slain, we prepared to pass the night.

CHAPTER XII.

As there still remained some hours of daylight, my friend and myself having partaken of such slight provision as our commissary could furnish, amused ourselves by wandering over the scene of the late contest, and examining, at our leisure, both the nature of the ground occupied by the Americans, and the dispositions made to dislodge them. We found the enemy's position not, indeed, so commanding, in many respects, as that which they had occupied above Bladensburg, but sufficiently so, in all conscience, to have enabled troops better disciplined, and more habituated

to danger, to keep their ground for many hours, even against superior numbers. The left of the line, in particular, struck us as being more strongly posted than frequently falls to the lot of small armies. Not only was the lake which covered it perfectly unfordable, but its banks, steep, precipitous, and woody, furnished the very best species of cover for light troops, by the use of which, an hundred resolute men might have checked the approach of a whole army for half a day. On the right, again, all attempts at turning were rendered hopeless, by the intervention of the

head of a creek, which in this direction stretched considerably inland ; whilst a close and tangled thicket, intersected here and there by narrow pathways, absolutely invited the American general to push forward a corps, which, making a circuit, might have fallen upon the rear of our army at any moment most convenient for themselves, and most injurious to us. Besides all which, the troops themselves stood at the summit of a gentle slope, and in the heart of a belt of oaks, regular as a row of palisades ; whilst the houses, now converted by us to the uses detailed above, were, from their situation, admirably adapted to cover the re-formation of almost any part of the line which might by accident have been broken. But all these advantages were of no avail. There was wanting that, without which any other superiority will be found useless, a confidence in the troops themselves, which nothing, except repeated successes, and a long acquaintance with warfare, bestows.

In passing from one extremity of the field to another, it unavoidably happened, that on more than one occasion we were compelled to pick our steps among the dead ; and it was then that the great disparity between the loss sustained by us, and that on the side of the enemy, struck us. On the main road, indeed, the number of British bodies was considerable ; the seamen and 21st regiment, which occupied that post, had been exposed to a sweeping fire of artillery, and had suffered ; but in other directions, for one body clothed in a scarlet uniform, five corpses of slaughtered republicans might be counted. Nor did it appear to us as being the least remarkable feature in the case, that not one of all the slain was stripped. They had lain already some hours exposed, yet such was the paucity of our camp-followers, or their unskilfulness in their vocation, that they still lay as they had fallen.

Having in this manner gratified our curiosity, we returned to the spot which we had previously selected as a convenient one for passing the night. It was a bare green mound, apart from the rest of the army, and sheltered by the branches of three spreading trees which surmounted it. There we found our fire brightly blazing, a little straw got together, and a supper

of boiled goose and greens ready to be served up. The reader will easily believe, that we addressed ourselves to the last with a satisfaction by no means the less lively, that we had not anticipated anything of the kind. Our servants, it appeared, intent, as all good servants ought to be, upon their masters' comfort, had instituted a search in every direction after viands, and, in a shed near the hospital, had discovered a flock of some sixteen or eighteen geese. Of these they took care to secure a couple before any other individual was let into the secret ; but the birds soon betrayed themselves—their cackling was overheard by the surgeons' attendants, and in five minutes after they all paid the debt of nature. Into the fate of the birds, however, we cared not to inquire ; we were pleased with our own share ; and having proved this in the most satisfactory of all manners, we drank our grog and lay down. In ten minutes after we were both fast asleep.

For the first half of the night, our repose continued to be as sound and unbroken as we could possibly desire. The air was serene and mild ; and the intervention of the boughs overhead, screened us pretty successfully from the dews ; but towards midnight we were awakened by a visitation, to guard against which, even the dense foliage of our bower proved wholly insufficient. The rain fell in torrents. There was no thunder, it is true ; but the fountains of the great deep seemed for the second time to be broken up, so tremendous was the rush of water upon our lairs. We rose, as may be imagined, not in the best humour possible ; yet we soon found out that to repine would be useless ; so drawing our cloaks more closely around us, we crept a little nearer to the fire, and sat for half an hour listening to the storm. By and by, however, drowsiness began again to exert its influence. The water fell as profusely as ever ; our garments were not proof against it ; we were thoroughly saturated, but even in that state sleep was precious. We heaped on an additional quantity of fuel, and laying ourselves as close to the blaze as a regard to our personal safety would allow, we were very soon as ignorant of passing events, as we had been before the storm awoke us.

If any judgment may be formed from the condition of our persons when

the orderly sergeant roused us, the rain must have continued to fall, without any intermission, from midnight up to the moment of the general muster. For myself, I can only aver, that I got up, absolutely heavy with the load of moisture which hung about me. To say that I was wet to the skin, would be to convey a very feeble picture of my predicament. My very skin was perforated,—I was wet to the bones and marrow. Yet I rose in the highest possible spirits, and took post beside my men, every one of whom was as completely drenched as I, and I firmly believe, as merry and light-hearted.

We stood in column upon the ground of our encampment, till day-light began to appear; after which we moved down, and took our stations on the high road, at the head of the column. There we found the other corps and brigades assembling; and I perfectly recollect, to this moment, the degree of mirth which was excited among us soldiers, when our gallant allies, the blue-jackets, proceeded to take up their ground. Even the unmilitary reader will probably understand, that when a column forms, the different companies of the battalion or brigade draw up, as nearly as may be, at regular distances from each other. No men ever set this technical arrangement so completely at defiance, as the sailors. To them it appeared to be a matter of the most perfect indifference how or where they stood; whilst their garrulity exceeded all conceivable bounds, and their laughter made the very woods ring. Jack is certainly not in his element, when brought to act with a regular land force. In storming a battery, or making a sudden dash for any purpose, he is, perhaps, the most efficient animal you could employ; but in a series of operations, where patience no less than courage, and regularity no less than daring, are required, he is certainly not the being whom we would select as most efficient. He had done his duty, however, in the affair of yesterday, and done it nobly; and if we did smile a little at his ignorance of tactics, there was not, in the feeling which produced it, the most remote assimilation to disrespect, or the most distant disposition to deny to him the full meed of praise which his gallantry had already

merited, and, we were aware, would merit again.

I know not whence it came about, but the company to which I was attached, had again the good fortune to be employed as a flank patrol. The column having formed in marching order, we, who stood at its head, were ordered to cast off our blankets, and dash into the woods; and we had hardly done so, when a bugle from the rear, sounding the advance, warned us to go on. We delayed not one moment in obeying the signal. The rain had ceased, but the branches of the trees, the underwood, and long grass, were all loaded with water. These, however, were circumstances which we never dreamed of taking into consideration,—we pushed on. Wet enough we were already,—every step that we took made us more so; for the grass reaching to our middles, had all the influence of a mire equally deep; yet we contrived to keep our arms dry, and doing that, we cared for little besides. A brush of a few minutes put our blood in rapid circulation; no leisure was granted, in which it could again become stagnant; and it was speedily apparent enough, that our minds would receive to the full as much employment in this excursion as our bodies. We had not proceeded a quarter of a mile before we fell in with about twenty armed men. They were stragglers from yesterday's battle, and submitted immediately; but they informed us that the whole of the wood was filled with riflemen; and that our progress, if we made any progress at all, would be effected by dint of hard fighting.

It will be readily imagined, that, with such a prospect before us, we pushed on eagerly and rapidly, but with extreme caution. The face of the country was even more wild than any which, on the present excursion at least, we had yet passed. The high road wound for many miles through the centre of a dark forest; and the course of the flankers was rarely indeed diversified with any other prospect, besides that of an apparently interminable wilderness of trees. At last, however, a few open and cultivated spots burst upon us. Sweeping along, at the distance of not less than a quarter of a mile from the column, the section which I command-

ed arrived suddenly at a hamlet, completely embosomed in the woods, and to all appearance cut off from intercourse with every other part of the world. It consisted, as far as my memory may be trusted, of five houses, each of which stood about a stone's throw apart from the rest, and was surrounded by a little enclosure, in the highest state of cultivation, and even of beauty. But the circumstance which delighted us most of all, was to find, that not one cottage out of the whole cluster was deserted by its inhabitants. There they were, males and females, young men and maidens, old men and children; and they scrupled not to assure us, that our own proclamations had kept them there, because they believed that British soldiers were incapable of violating their promises. I need scarcely add, that both their persons and property were treated with the same respect as would have been shown to the persons and property of the inhabitants of an English village. The milk, bread, cheese, and whisky, which they were good enough to offer, we, of course, made no scruple to accept; but not one among them had occasion to complain of a solitary act of violence committed. Our stay among them, indeed, exceeded not five minutes; and we left them as we found them.

We had quitted the village about a quarter of an hour, when, pushing my way through the middle of a copse more than ordinarily close, I suddenly found myself opposite to two American soldiers. I was alone; that is to say, my men, though following the same track, had diverged to the right and left of this thicket, whilst I forced myself, with some difficulty, through its centre. Whether I felt in any degree alarmed by the vision, is a problem which, at this distance of time, I cannot undertake to solve; all that I remember is, that, holding a cocked pistol in my hand, I ran towards them, and commanded them, on pain of death, to surrender. When I first caught sight of them, the one was lying at length upon the grass,—the other, in a kneeling position, was hanging over him; but the latter, as soon as he observed my approach, sprung upon his feet, and levelling a short rifle at me, demanded a parley. I could not, under such circumstances, grant his request, but rushing forward, knocked

up the muzzle of the piece, which he, not through any deficiency in courage, clearly enough, but from motives of proper prudence, abstained from discharging; and then required that both he and his companion, who still remained motionless, should regard themselves as prisoners of war. The reader will guess my surprise when I beheld the individual to whom I was addressing myself, burst into tears. "Do with me," said he, "what you will; my life is of little value; you may take it now, if you choose; but I beseech you, by all the ties of kindred, if such you acknowledge, have mercy upon my father. He was wounded in the battle of yesterday; I bore him so far on my back, but my strength failed me, and I could bear him no farther." I was much affected by this appeal; and stooping down, looked anxiously to ascertain in what plight the wounded man lay. He was perfectly motionless. Not a muscle quivered,—not a breath heaved his chest; he was dead; and the state of his skin, which was warm and clammy, indicated, that life must have gone out only a few minutes ago. "My poor fellow," said I, "your piety has, I fear, been of little avail; but God forbid that I should do injury either to a father or a son under such circumstances. There is but one duty now which you can perform; go and perform it." So saying, I dashed on, leaving the youth, (for a mere youth he was,) at perfect liberty to do with the corpse of his parent what he chose.

I have no recollection that any other adventure worthy of record befell us during the remainder of our march. We passed, indeed, one or two houses in addition to those already mentioned, and it may be observed, that they were all inhabited by German emigrants; but nothing occurred, either there or elsewhere, calculated to excite an interest at the time, or to make an impression upon the memory. Towards four or five o'clock in the afternoon, however, the face of affairs underwent a change. We then began to perceive, by a thousand palpable signs, that we were drawing near to the outskirts of a large city; at all events, that we were approaching a more populous district than any which we had yet passed. The woods suddenly ceasing, we found ourselves in the midst of open corn fields, and

well-cleaned meadows; hedgerows and long lines of paling impeded our progress; and farm-houses, with their barns, steadings, stack-yards, and other offices, met us at almost every step. There was no room for doubt, as to the cause of this change in the aspect of external nature; Baltimore could not be far off,—indeed we had not proceeded above half a mile through this district, when our guides, pointing to a range of hills immediately in our front, informed us, that behind them lay the city devoted by us to destruction. A moment's survey of these hills served, however, to convince us that something more than a mere continuance of our march would be required to make the prize our own. The heights in question were occupied by an army of Americans; and such were their numbers, as well as the formidable nature of the preparations which they had made for our reception, that the least skilful amongst us became instantly aware, that some hard fighting, as well as judicious management, must be displayed, before we could hope to force this position.

Few of my readers can be ignorant that Baltimore, a city containing about forty thousand inhabitants, stands upon both banks of the Patapsco, about twenty miles from the point where that river falls into the Chesapeake. On the right bank of the stream, that by which we now approached, it is girdled in by a range of hills, which, beginning at the edge of the water, sweeps round almost in a circle about the town. To such, therefore, as advance upon it in this direction, it is accordingly quite invisible, till they gain the summit of the heights; and as we were not permitted to attain that eminence, it continued to us invisible to the last. Under such circumstances it is of course impossible for me to attempt any description of its streets, squares, or public buildings; all of which are, I doubt not, worthy of the most minute delineation which the pen of a finished traveller could draw out; but I can say something of the defences, by means of which this greatest of all the ports of the Chesapeake was protected; and as an account of these may prove not uninteresting to my readers, I proceed to give it.

The approach to Baltimore by wa-

ter, is defended by two forts, one on each side of the river. The fort on the right bank, which mounts some twenty guns, formed, on the present occasion, the extreme left of the enemy's position, which extended along the face of the hills, directly across the road, and ended at a redoubt, thrown up for the purpose, just where the hills bend back upon the town. In the centre, between these two covering redoubts, batteries, breast-works, *fleches*, and traverses were thrown up; where time had not been granted for this, deep ditches were dug—and stakes and palisades completed the entrenchments, which mud banks and parapets had begun. In the range of these works were mounted one hundred and twenty pieces of ordnance, many of them twenty-four and thirty-two pounders, and all were manned by the choicest seamen from the fleet. To support this powerful artillery, some twenty thousand infantry were under arms; and of these the greater numbers were, as might be expected, militiamen; but as far as we could learn, there were full five thousand troops of the line who had been called in, but had arrived too late, for the defence of the capital. Of cavalry, I never happened to hear what force was before us. Without doubt, the squadrons which showed themselves at Bladensburg were here, and perhaps they were reinforced by some local troops; but I will not venture a conjecture as to their number, because I possess no ground upon which to frame it. I do not think, however, that I shall err greatly from the truth, if I conclude that two-and-twenty thousand men, with upwards of a hundred heavy cannon, now stood in a position naturally strong, and rendered doubly so by entrenchments, to oppose the efforts of five thousand infantry, with eight pieces of light artillery. The odds were unquestionably tremendous; yet sure I am that I speak the sentiments of the whole army, when I aver that the order to halt, and take up ground for the night, which was issued almost as soon as the enemy became visible, was received with one feeling, and one feeling only, that of bitter, I had almost said indignant regret.

The march of the column this day had been more deliberate than usual. The enemy, by felling trees across the

road at various points, had contrived to render the progress of the artillery somewhat difficult; and hence, though we began our journey as early as seven o'clock in the morning, it was found, at five in the afternoon, that little more than ten or twelve miles had been compassed. To us, however, who had forced our way through brake and brier, diverging, in a multitude of instances, from the straight direction, the march appeared sufficiently

long; and seeing that we were not about to be led into action, no man regretted the order which consigned him to repose. But in the rest which was granted to our comrades, Charlton and I took no part. It again fell to our lot to be put in charge of a piquet; and hence, we had no sooner rejoined the main body with our followers, than we were directed to move off towards the right, where our station for the night was assigned us.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.—BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

DREAMS AND APPARITIONS.

Containing George Dobson's Expedition to Hell, and the Souters of Selkirk.

THERE is no phenomenon in nature less understood, and about which greater nonsense is written, than dreaming. It is a strange thing. For my part, I do not understand it, nor have I any desire to do so; and I firmly believe that no philosopher that ever wrote knows a particle more about it than I do, however elaborate and subtle the theories he may advance concerning it. He knows not even what sleep is, nor can he define its nature, so as that any common mind can comprehend him; and how can he define that ethereal part of it, wherein the soul holds intercourse with the external world?—how, in that state of abstraction, some ideas force themselves upon us, in spite of all our efforts to get rid of them; while others, which we have resolved to bear about with us by night as well as by day, refuse us their fellowship, even at periods when we most require their aid?

No, no; the philosopher knows nothing about either; and if he says he does, I entreat you not to believe him. He does not know what mind is; even his own mind, to which one would think he has the most direct access; far less can he estimate the operations and powers of that of any other intelligent being. He does not even know, with all his subtlety, whether it be a power distinct from his body, or essentially the same, and only incidentally and temporarily endowed with different qualities. He sets himself to discover at what period of his existence the union was established. He is baffled; for consciousness refuses the intelligence, declaring, that she cannot carry him far enough back to ascertain it. He tries to discover the pre-

cise moment when it is dissolved, but on this consciousness is altogether silent, and all is darkness and mystery; for the origin, the manner of continuance, and the time and mode of breaking up of the union between soul and body, are in reality undiscoverable by our natural faculties—are not patent, beyond the possibility of mistake: but whosoever can read his Bible, and solve a dream, can do either, without being subjected to any material error.

It is on this ground that I like to contemplate, not the theory of dreams, but the dreams themselves; because they prove to the unlettered and contemplative mind, in a very forcible manner, a distinct existence of the soul, and its lively and rapid intelligence with external nature, as well as with a world of spirits with which it has no acquaintance, when the body is lying dormant, and the same to it as if sleeping in death.

I account nothing of any dream that relates to the actions of the day; the person is not then sound asleep; there is no division between matter and mind, but they are mingled together in a sort of chaos—what a farmer would call compost—fermenting and disturbing one another. I find, that in all these sort of dreams, every calling and occupation of men have their own, relating in some degree to their business; and in the country, at least, their imports are generally understood. Every man's body is a barometer. A thing made up of the elements must be affected by their various changes and convulsions, and so it assuredly is. When I was a shepherd, and all the comforts of my life so much depending

on good or ill weather, the first thing I did every morning was strictly to overhaul the dreams of the night, and I found that I could better calculate from them than from the appearance and changes of the sky. I know a keen sportsman, who pretends that his dreams never deceive him. If he dream of angling, or pursuing salmon in deep waters, he is sure of rain; but if fishing on dry ground, or in waters so low that the fish cannot get from him, it forebodes drought; hunting or shooting hares, is snow, and moorfowl, wind, &c. But the most extraordinary professional dream on record is, without all doubt, that well-known one of George Dobson, coach-driver in Edinburgh, which I shall here relate; for though it did not happen in the shepherd's cot, it has often been recited there.

George was part proprietor and driver of a hackney-coach in Edinburgh, when such vehicles were scarce; and one day there comes a gentleman to him whom he knew, and says:—"George, you must drive me and my son here out to a certain place," that he named, somewhere in the vicinity of Edinburgh.—"Sir," says George, "I never heard tell of such a place, and I cannot drive you to it unless you give me very particular directions."

"It is false," returned the gentleman; "there is no man in Scotland who knows the road to that place better than you do. You have never driven on any other road all your life, and I insist on your taking us."

"Very well, sir," says George, "I'll drive you to hell if you have a mind, only you are to direct me on the road."

"Mount and drive on, then," said the other, "and no fear of the road."

George did so, and never in his life did he see his horses go at such a noble rate; they snorted, they pranced, and they flew on; and as the whole road appeared to lie down hill, he deemed that he should soon come to his journey's end. Still he drove on at the same rate, far far down hill,—and so fine an open road he never travelled,—till by degrees it grew so dark that he could not see to drive any farther. He called to the gentleman, inquiring what he should do; who answered, that this was the place they were bound to, so he might draw up, dismiss them, and return. He did so, alighted from the dickie, wondered at his foaming horses, and forthwith

opened the coach-door, held the rim of his hat with the one hand, and with the other demanded his fare.

"You have driven us in fine style, George," said the elder gentleman, "and deserve to be remembered; but it is needless for us to settle just now, as you must meet us here again to-morrow precisely at twelve o'clock."

"Very well, sir," says George, "there is likewise an old account, you know, and some toll-money;" which indeed there was.

"It shall all be settled to-morrow, George, and moreover, I fear there will be some toll-money to-day."

"I perceived no tolls to-day, your honour," said George.

"But I perceived one, and not very far back neither, which I suspect you will have difficulty in repassing without a regular ticket. What a pity I have no change on me!"

"I never saw it otherwise with your honour," said George, jocularly; "what a pity it is you should always suffer yourself to run short of change!"

"I will give you that which is as good, George," said the gentleman; and he gave him a ticket written with red ink, which the honest coachman could not read. He, however, put it into his sleeve, and inquired of his employer where that same toll was which he had not observed, and how it was that they did not ask toll from him as he came through? The gentleman replied, by informing George that there was no road out of that domain, and that whoever entered it must either remain in it, or return by the same path; so they never asked any toll till the person's return, when they were at times highly capricious; but that ticket would answer his turn. And he then asked George if he did not perceive a gate, with a number of men in black standing about it.

"Oho! Is yon the spot?" says George; "Then, I assure your honour, yon is no toll-gate, but a private entrance into a great man's mansion; for do not I know two or three of you to be gentlemen of the law, whom I have driven often and often; and as good fellows they are too, as any I know—men who never let themselves run short of change. Good day.—Twelve o'clock to-morrow?"

"Yes, twelve o'clock noon, precisely;" and with that, George's employers vanished in the gloom, and left him to wind his way out of that dreary

labyrinth the best way he could. He found it no easy matter, for his lamps were not lighted, and he could not see an ell before him—he could not even perceive his horses' ears; and what was worse, there was a rushing sound, like that of a town on fire, all around him, that stunned his senses, so that he could not tell whether his horses were moving or standing still. George was in the greatest distress imaginable, and was glad when he perceived the gate before him, with his two identical friends of the law still standing. George drove boldly up, accosted them by their names, and asked what they were doing there; but they made him no answer, but pointed to the gate and the keeper. George was terrified to look at this latter personage, who now came up and seized his horses by the reins, refusing to let him pass. In order to introduce himself in some degree to this austere toll-man, George asked him, in a jocular manner, how he came to employ his two eminent friends as assistant gate-keepers?

"Because they are among the last comers," replied the ruffian, churlishly. "You will be an assistant here, to-morrow."

"The devil I will, sir?"

"Yes, the devil you will, sir."

"I'll be d— if I do then—that I will."

"Yes, you'll be d— if you do—that you will."

"Let my horses go in the meantime then, sir, that I may proceed on my journey."

"Nay."

"Nay?—Dare you say nay to me, sir? My name is George Dobson, of the Pleasance, Edinburgh, coach driver, and coach proprietor too; and I'll see the face of the man d— who will say nay to me, as long as I can pay my way. I have his Majesty's licence, and I'll go and come as I choose—and that I will. Let go my horses there, and say what is your demand."

"Well, then, I'll let your horses go," said the keeper; "but I'll keep yourself for a pledge." And with that he let go the horses, and seized honest George by the throat, who struggled in vain to disengage himself, and cursed, swore, and threatened, by his own confession, most bloodily. His horses flew off like the wind, so swift, that the coach was

flying in the air, and scarcely stotting on the earth once in a quarter of a mile. George was in furious wrath, for he saw that his grand coach and harness would all be broken to pieces, and his gallant pair of horses maimed or destroyed; and how was his family's bread now to be won!—He struggled, swore, threatened, and prayed in vain;—the intolerable toll-man was deaf to all remonstrances. He once more appealed to his two genteel acquaintances of the law, reminding them how he had of late driven them to Roslin on a Sunday, along with two ladies, who, he supposed, were their sisters, from their familiarity, when not another coachman in town would engage with them. But the gentlemen, very ungenerously, only shook their heads, and pointed to the gate. George's circumstances now became desperate, and again he asked the hideous toll-man what right he had to detain him, and what were his charges.

"What right have I to detain you, sir, say you? Who are you that make such a demand here? Do you know where you are, sir?"

"No, faith, I do not," returned George; "I wish I did. But I *shall* know, and make you repent your insolence too. My name, I told you, is George Dobson, licensed coach-hirer in Edinburgh, Pleasance; and to get full redress of you for this unlawful interruption, I only desire to know where I am."

"Then, sir, if it can give you so much satisfaction to know where you are," said the keeper, with a malicious grin, "you *shall* know, and you may take instruments by the hands of your two friends there, instituting a legal prosecution. Your redress, you may be assured, will be most ample, when I inform you that you are in Hell, and out of this gate you return no more."

This was rather a damper to George, and he began to perceive that nothing would be gained in such a place by the strong hand, so he addressed the inexorable toll-man, whom he now dreaded more than ever, in the following terms. "But I must go home, at all events, you know, sir, to unyoke my two horses, and put them up, and to inform Chirsty Halliday, my wife, of my engagement. And, bless me! I never recollected till this moment, that I am engaged to be back here to-

morrow at twelve o'clock, and see here is a free ticket for my passage this way."

The keeper took the ticket with one hand, but still held George with the other. "Oho! were you in with our honourable friend, Mr R** of L***?" said he. "He has been on our books for a long while,—however, this will do, only you must put your name to it likewise; and the engagement is this—You, by this instrument, engage your soul, that you will return here by to-morrow at noon."

"Catch me there, billy!" says George. "I'll engage no such thing, depend on it;—that will I not."

"Then remain where you are," said the keeper, "for there is no other alternative. We like best for people to come here in their own way, in the way of their business;" and with that he flung George backward, heels-over-head down hill, and closed the gate.

George, finding all remonstrance vain, and being desirous once more to see the open day, and breathe the fresh air, and likewise to see Chirsty Halliday, his wife, and set his house and stable in some order, came up again, and in utter desperation, signed the bond, and was suffered to depart. He then bounded away on the track of his horses, with more than ordinary swiftness, in hopes to overtake them; and always now and then uttered a loud wo! in hopes they might hear and obey, though he could not come in sight of them. But George's grief was but beginning, for at a well-known and dangerous spot, where there was a tan-yard on the one hand, and a quarry on the other, he came to his gallant steeds overturned, the coach smashed to pieces, Dawtie with two of her legs broken, and Duncan dead. This was more than the worthy coachman could bear, and many degrees worse than being in hell. There his pride and manly spirit bore him up against the worst of treatment; but here his heart entirely failed him, and he laid himself down, with his face on his two hands, and wept bitterly, bewailing, in the most deplorable terms, his two gallant horses, Dawtie and Duncan.

While lying in this inconsolable state, behold there was one took hold of his shoulder, and shook it; and a well-known voice said to him, "Geor-

die?" George was provoked beyond measure at the insolence of the question, for he knew the voice to be that of Chirsty Halliday, his wife. "I think you needna ask that, seeing what you see," said George. "O my poor Dawtie, where are a' your jinkings and prancings now, your meopings and your wineings? I'll ne'er be a proud man again—bereaved o' my bonny pair."

"Get up, George; get up, and bestir yourself," said Chirsty Halliday, his wife. "You are wanted directly, to bring in the Lord President to the Parliament House. It is a great storm, and he must be there by nine o'clock,—Get up—rouse yourself, and make ready—his servant is waiting for you."

"Woman, you are demented!" cried George. "How can I go and bring in the Lord President, when my coach is broken in pieces, my poor Dawtie lying with twa of her legs broken, and Duncan dead? And, moreover, I have a previous engagement, for I am obliged to be in hell before twelve o'clock."

Chirsty Halliday now laughed outright, and continued long in a fit of laughter, but George never moved his head from the pillow, but lay and groaned, for, in fact, he was all this while lying snug in his bed; while the tempest without was roaring with great violence, and which circumstance may perhaps account for the rushing and deafening sound which astounded him so much in hell. But so deeply was he impressed with the realities of his dream that he would do nothing but lie and moan, persisting and believing in the truth of all he had seen. His wife now went and informed her neighbours of her husband's plight, and of his singular engagement with Mr R** of L***y at twelve o'clock. She persuaded one friend to harness the horses, and go for the Lord President; but all the rest laughed immoderately at poor coachy's predicament. It was, however, no laughing to him; he never raised his head, and his wife becoming at last uneasy about the frenzied state of his mind, made him repeat every circumstance of his adventure to her, (for he would never believe or admit that it was a dream,) which he did in the terms above narrated; and she perceived, or dreaded, that he was becoming somewhat feverish. She went over and told Dr Wood of her husband's malady, and of his

solemn engagement to be in hell at twelve o'clock.

"He maunna keep it, dearie. He maunna keep that engagement at no rate," said Dr Wood. "Set back the clock an hour or twa, to drive him past the time, and I'll ca' in the course of my round. Are ye sure he hasna been drinking hard?" She assured him he had not. "Weel, weel, ye maun tell him that he maunna keep that engagement at no rate. Set back the clock and I'll come and see him. It is a frenzy that maunna be trifled with. Ye maunna laugh at it, dearie, —maunna laugh at it. Maybe a nervish fever, wha kens."

The Doctor and Chirsty left the house together, and as their road lay the same way for a space, she fell attending him of the two young lawyers whom George saw standing at the gate of hell, and whom the porter had described as two of the last comers. When the Doctor heard this, he staid his hurried stooping pace in one moment, turned full round on the woman, and fixing his eyes on her that gleamed with a deep unstable lustre, he said, "What's that ye were saying, dearie? What's that ye were saying? Repeat it again to me every word." She did so. On which the Doctor held up his hands, as if palsied with astonishment, and uttered some fervent ejaculations. "I'll go with you straight," said he, "before I visit another patient. This is wonderfu'! It is terrible! The young gentlemen are both at rest—both lying corpses at this time!—fine young men—I attended them both—died of the same exterminating disease.—Oh this is wonderful; this is wonderful!"

The Doctor kept Chirsty half running all the way down the High Street and St Mary's Wynd, at such a pace did he walk, never lifting his eyes from the pavement, but always exclaiming now and then, "It is wonderfu'! most wonderfu'!" At length, prompted by woman's natural curiosity, she inquired at the Doctor if he knew anything of their friend Mr R** of L***y? But he shook his head, and replied, "Na, na, dearie, —ken naething about him. He and his son are baith in London,—ken naething about him; but the tither is awfu'—it is perfectly awfu'!"

When Dr Wood reached his patient, he found him very low, but only a lit-

tle feverish, so he made all haste to wash his head with vinegar and cold water, and then he covered the crown with a treacle plaster, and made the same application to the soles of his feet, awaiting the issue. George revived a little, when the Doctor tried to cheer him up by joking him about his dream; but on mention of that he groaned, and shook his head. "Se you are convinced, dearie, that it is nae dream?" said the Doctor.

"Dear sir, how could it be a dream?" said the patient. "I was there in person, with Mr R** and his son; and see here are the marks of the porter's fingers on my throat." Dr Wood looked, and distinctly saw two or three red spots on one side of his throat, which confounded him not a little. "I assure you, sir," continued George, "it was no dream, which I know to my sad experience. I have lost my coach and horses, and what more have I?—signed the bond with my own hand, and in person entered into the most solemn and terrible engagement."

"But ye're no to keep it, I tell ye," said Dr Wood. "Ye're to keep it at no rate. It is a sin to enter into a compact wi' the deil, but it is a far greater ane to keep it. Sae let Mr R** and his son bide where they are yonder, for ye sanna stir a foot to bring them out the day."

"Oh, oh! Doctor!" groaned the poor fellow, "this is not a thing to be made a jest o'! I feel that it is an engagement I cannot break. Go I must, and that very shortly. Yes, yes, go I must, and go I shall, though I should borrow David Barclay's pair." With that he turned his face towards the wall, groaned deeply, and fell into a lethargy, while Dr Wood caused them to let him alone, thinking if he would sleep out the appointed time, which was at hand, he would be safe; but all the time he kept feeling his pulse, and by degrees showed symptoms of uneasiness. The wife ran for a clergyman of famed abilities, to pray and converse with her husband, in hopes by that means to bring him to his senses; but after his arrival, George never spoke more, save calling to his horses, as if encouraging them to run with great speed, and thus in imagination driving at full career into hell, he went off in a paroxysm after a terrible struggle, precisely within a few minutes of twelve o'clock.

What made this singular professional dream the more remarkable and unique in all its parts, was not known at the time of George's death. It was a terrible storm on the night of the dream, as has been already mentioned, and during the time of the hurricane, a London smack went down off Wearmouth about three in the morning. Among the sufferers were the Hon. Mr R^{es} of L^{ondon}, and his son! George could not know aught of this at break of day, for it was not known in Scotland till the day of his interment; and as little knew he of the deaths of the two young lawyers, who both died of the small-pox the evening before.

I have heard another amusing story of a man of the same name, which brings it to my remembrance at present. This last was a shoemaker, a very honest man, who lived at the foot of an old street, called the Back Row, in the town of Selkirk. He was upwards of thirty, unmarried, had an industrious old stepmother, who kept house for him, and of course George was what is called "a bein bachelor, or a chap that was gayan weel to leeve." He was a cheerful happy fellow, and quite sober, except when on the town-council, when he sometimes took a glass with the magistrates of his native old borough, of whose loyalty, valour, and antiquity, there was no man more proud.

Well, one day, as George was sitting in his shop, as he called it, (for no man now-a-days would call that a shop in which there was nothing to sell,) sewing away at boots and shoes for his customers, whom he could not half hold in whole leather, so great was the demand over all the country for George Dobson's boots and shoes—he was sitting, I say, plying away, and singing with great glee,—

"Up wi' the souters o' Selkirk,
An' down wi' the Earl o' Hume,
An' up wi' a' the brave billies
That sew the single-soled shoons!
An' up wi' the yellow, the yellow,
The yellow and green hae doon weel;
Then up wi' the lads of the forest,
But down wi' the Merse to the deil!"

The last words were hardly out of George's mouth, when he heard a great noise enter the Back Row, and among the voices one making loud proclamation, as follows:—

"Ho yes!—Ho yes!
Souters ane, souters a',
Souters o' the Back Row,
There's a gentleman a-coming
Wha will ca' ye souters a'."

"I wish he durst," says George. "That will be the Earl o' Hume wha's coming. He has had us at ill will for several generations. Bring my aik staff into the shop, callant, and set it down beside me here—and ye may bring ane to yoursell too. I say, callant, stop.—Bring my grandfather's auld sword wi' ye. I wad like to see the Earl o' Hume, or ony o' his cronies, come and cast up our honest calling and occupation till us!"

George laid his oak staff on the cutting-board before him, leaned the old two-edged sword against the shop wall, at his right hand—the noise of the proclamation went out at the head of the Back Row, and died in the distance; and then George began again, and sung the Souters of Selkirk with more obstreperous glee than ever.—The last words were not out of his mouth, when a grand gentleman stepped into the shop, clothed in light armour, with a sword by his side and pistols in his breast. He had a liveryman behind him, and both the master and man were all shining in gold.—This is the Earl o' Hume in good earnest, thought George to himself; but, nevertheless, he sanna danton me.

"Good morrow to you, Souter Dobson," says the gentleman. "What the devil of a song is that you were singing?" George would have resented the first address with a vengeance, but the latter question took him off it unawares, and he only answered, "It is a very good sang, sir, and ane of the suldest—What objections have you to it?"

"Nay, but what is it about?" returned the stranger; "I want to hear what you say it is about."

"I'll sing you it over again, sir," said George, "and then you may judge for yoursell. Our sangs up here swa dinna speak in riddles and parables; they're gayan downright;" and with that George gave it him over again full birr, keeping at the same time a sharp look out on all his guest's movements, for he had no doubt now that it was to come to an engagement between them, but he was determined

not to yield an inch, for the honour of old Selkirk.

When the song was done, however, the gentleman commended it, saying, it was a spirited old thing, and, without doubt, related to some of the early border feuds. "But how think you the Earl of Hume would like to hear this?" added he. George, who had no doubt all this while that the Earl of Hume was speaking to him, said good-naturedly, "We dinna care muckle, sir, whether the Earl o' Hume take the sang ill or weel. I'ae warrant he has heard it mony a time ere now, and, if he were here, he wad hear it every day when the school looses, an' Wattie Henderson wad gie him it every night."

"Well, well, Souter Dobson, that is neither here nor there. That is not what I called about. Let us to business. You must make me a pair of boots in your very best style," said the gentleman, standing up, and stretching forth his leg to be measured.

"I make you no boots, sir," says George, nettled at being again called Souter. "I have as many regular customers to supply as hold me busy from one year's end to another. I cannot make your boots—you may get them made where you please."

"You *shall* make them, Mr Dobson," says he; "I am determined to try a pair of boots of your making, cost what they will. Make your own price, but let me have the boots by all means; and, moreover, I want them before to-morrow morning."

This was so conciliatory and so friendly of the Earl, that George, being a good-natured fellow, made no farther objection, but took his measure, and promised to have them ready. "I will pay them now," said the gentleman, taking out a purse of gold; but George refused to accept of the price till the boots were produced. "Nay, but I will pay them now," said the gentleman; "for, in the first place, it will insure me of the boots, and, in the next place, I may probably leave town to-night, and make my servant wait for them. What is the cost?"

"If they are to be as good as I can make them, sir, they will be twelve shillings."

"Twelve shillings, Mr Dobson! I paid thirty-six for these I wear in London, and I expect yours will be a great deal better. There are two

guineas, and be sure to make them good."

"I cannot, for my life, make them worth the half of that money," says George. We have no materials in Selkirk that will amount to one-third of it in value." However, the gentleman flung down the gold and went away, singing the Souters of Selkirk.

"He is a most noble fellow that Earl of Hume," says George to his apprentice. "I thought he and I should have had a battle, but we have parted on the best possible terms."

"I wonder how you could bide to be *souter'd* yon gate?" said the boy.

George scratched his head with the awl, bit his lip, and looked at his grandfather's sword. He had a great desire to follow the insolent gentleman, for he found that he had inadvertently suffered a great local insult to be passed on him without offering any retaliation. He could do nothing now but keep it to himself.

After George had shaped the boots with the utmost care, and of the best and finest Kendal leather, he went up the Back Row to seek assistance, so that he might have them done at the stated time; but never a stitch of assistance could George obtain, for the gentleman had trysted a pair of boots in every shop in the Row, paid for them all, and called every one of the shoemakers souters twice over.

Never was there such a day in the Back Row of Selkirk! What could it mean? Had the gentleman a whole regiment coming up, all of the same size, and the same measure of legs? Or was he not rather an army agent, come to take specimens of the best workmen in the country? This last being the prevailing belief, every Selkirk souter threw off his coat, and fell a slashing and cutting of Kendal leather; and such a forenoon of cutting, and sewing, and puffing, and roseting, never was in Selkirk since the battle of Flodden-field.

George's shop was the nethermost of the street, so that the stranger guests came all to him first; so, scarcely had he taken a mouthful of a hurried dinner, and begun to sew again, and, of course, to sing, when in comes a fat gentleman, exceedingly well mounted, with sword and pistols; he had fair curled hair, red cheeks that hung over his stock, and a liveryman behind him. "Merry be your heart, Mr Dob-

son, but what a plague of a song is that you are singing?" said he. George looked very suspicious-like at him, and thought to himself, now I could bet any man two gold guineas that this is the Duke of Northumberland, another enemy to our town; but I'll not be cowed by him neither, only I could have wished I had been singing another song when his Grace came into the shop. These were the thoughts that run through George's mind in a moment, and at length he made answer—"We reckon it a good sang, my lord, and ane o' the auldest."

"Would it suit your convenience to sing that last verse over again?" said the fat gentleman with the fair curled hair, and the red cheeks hanging over his cravat; and at the same time he laid hold of his gold-handled pistols.

"O certainly, sir," said George; "but at the same time I must take a lesson in manners from my superiors;" and with that he seized his grandfather's cut-and-thrust sword, and cocking that up by his ear, he sang out with fearless glee—

"The English are dults, to a man, a man—
Fat puddings to fry in a pan, a pan—

Their Percies and Howards

We reckon but cowards—

Ay, turn the blue bonnets wha can, wha can!"

George now set his joints in that manner, that the moment the Duke of Northumberland presented his pistol, he might be ready to cleave him, or cut off his right hand, with his grandfather's cut-and-thrust sword; but the fat man with the curled hair durst not venture the issue—he took his hand from his pistol, and laughed till his big sides shook. "You are a great original, Dobson," said he; "but you are nevertheless a brave fellow—a noble fellow—a souter among a thousand, and I am glad I have met with you in this mood too. Well, then, let us proceed to business. You must make me a pair of boots in your very best style, George, and that without any loss of time."

"O Lord, sir, I would do that with the greatest pleasure, but it is a thing entirely out of my power," said George with a serious face.

"Pooh, pooh, I know the whole story," said the fat gentleman with the fair curled hair and the red cheeks.

"You are all hoaxed and made fools of this morning; but the thing concerns me very much, and I'll give you five guineas, Mr Dobson, if you will make me a pair of good boots before to-morrow at this time."

"I wad do it cheerfully for the fifth part o' the price, my lord," said George; "but it is needless to speak about that, it being out o' my power. But what way are we hoaxed? I dinna account ony man made a fool of wha has the cash in his pocket as weel as the goods in his hand."

"You are all made fools of together, and I am the most made a fool of any," said the fat gentleman. "I betted a hundred guineas with a young Scottish nobleman last night, that he durst not go up the Back Row of Selkirk, calling all the way, 'Souters ane, souters a', souters o' the Back-row;' and yet, to my astonishment, you have let him call it, and insult you all with impunity; and he has won."

"Deil confound the rascal!" exclaimed George. "If we had but taken him up! But we took him for our friend, come to warn us, and lay all in wait for the audacious fellow who was to come up behind."

"And a good amends you took of him when he came," said the fat gentleman. "Well, after I had taken the above bet, up speaks another of our company, and he says—'Why make such account of a few poor cobblers, or souters, or how do you call them? I'll bet a hundred guineas, that I'll go up the Back Row after that gentleman has set them all agog, and I'll call every one of them souter twice over to his face.' I took the bet in a moment: 'You dare not, for your blood, sir,' says I. 'You do not know the spirit and bravery of the men of Selkirk. They will knock you down at once, if not tear you to pieces.' But I trusted too much to your spirit, and have lost my two hundred guineas, it would appear. Tell me, in truth, Mr Dobson, did you suffer him to call you souter twice to your face without resenting it?"

George bit his lip, scratched his head with the awl, and gave the lingers such a yerk, that he made them both crack in two. "D—n it! we're a' affrontit thegither!" said he in a half whisper, while the apprentice boy was like to burst with laughter at his master's mortification.

"Well, I have lost my money," continued the gentleman, "but I assure you, George, the gentleman wants no boots. He has accomplished his purpose; and has the money in his pocket; but as it will avail me I may not say how much, I entreat that you will make me a pair. Here is the money,—here are five guineas, which I leave in pledge; only let me have the boots. Or suppose you make these a little wider, and transfer them to me; that is very excellent leather, and will do exceedingly well; I think I never felt better;" and he stood leaning over George, handling the leather. "Now, do you consent to let me have them?"

"I can never do that, my lord," says George, "having the other gentleman's money in my pocket. If you would offer me ten guineas, it would be the same thing."

"Very well, I will find those who will," said he, and off he went, singing, "Turn the blue bonnets wha can, wha can."

"This is the queerest day about Selkirk that I ever saw," said George; "but really this Duke of Northumberland, to be the old hereditary enemy of our town, is a real fine frank fellow."

"Aye, but he souter'd ye, too," said the boy.

"It is a lee, ye little blackguard."

"I heard him ca' you a souter amang a thousand, master; an' that taunt will be heard tell o' yet."

"I fancy, callant, we maun let that flee stick to the wa'," says George; and sewed away, and sewed away, and got the boots finished the next day by twelve o'clock. Now, thought he to himself, I have thirty shillings by this bargain, and so I'll treat our magistrates to a hearty glass this afternoon; I hae muckle need o' a slockening, and the Selkirk bailies never fail a friend. George put his hand in his pocket to clink his two gold guineas. The devil a guinea was in George's pocket, nor plack either! His countenance changed, and fell so much, that the apprentice noticed it, and suspected the cause; but George would confess nothing, though, in his own mind, he strongly suspected the Duke of Northumberland of the theft, *alias*, the fat gentleman with the fair curled hair, and the red cheeks hanging over his stock.

George went away up among his brethren of the awl in the Back Row, and called on them every one; but he soon perceived, from their blank looks, and their disinclination to drink that night, that they were all in the same predicament with himself. The fat gentleman with the curled hair had called on them every one, and got measure of a pair of ten-guinea boots, but had not paid any of them; and somehow or other, every man had lost the price of the boots which he had received in the morning. Who to blame for this, nobody knew; for the whole day over, and a good part of the night, from the time the proclamation was made, the Back Row of Selkirk was like a cried fair; all the idle people in the town and the country about were there, wondering after the man who had raised such a demand for boots. After all, the souters of Selkirk were left neither richer nor poorer than they were at the beginning, but every one of them had been four times called a *souter* to his face,—a title of great obloquy in that town, although the one of all others that the townsmen ought to be proud of. And it is curious that they are proud of it, when used collectively; but apply it to any of them as a term of reproach, and you had better call him the worst name under heaven.

This was the truth of the story; and the feat was performed by the late Duke of Queensberry, when Earl of March, and two English noblemen, on a tour through this country. Every one of them gained his bet, through the simplicity of the honest souters; but certainly the last had a difficult part to play, having staked two hundred guineas that he would take all the money from the souters that they had received from the gentleman in the morning, and call every one of them *souter* to his face. He got the price entire from every one, save Thomas Inglis, who had drunk the half of his before he got to him; but this being proven, the English gentleman won.

George Dobson took the thing most amiss. He had been the first taken in all along, and he thought a good deal about it. He was moreover a very honest man, and in order to make up the boots to the full value of the money he had received, he had shod them with silver, which took two Spa-

nish dollars, and he had likewise put four silver tassels to the tops, so that they were splendid boots, and likely to remain on his hand. In short, though he did not care about the loss, he took the hoax sore amiss, and thought a good deal about it.

Shortly after this, he was sitting in his shop, working away, and not singing a word, when in comes a fat gentleman, with fair curled hair, and red cheeks, but they were *not* hanging over his cravat; and he says, "Good morning, Dobson. You are very quiet and contemplative this morning."

"Ay, sir, fo'ks canna be aye alike merry."

"Have you any stomach for taking measure of a pair of boots this morning?"

"Nah! I'll take measure o' nae mae boots to strangers; I'll stick by my auld customers."—He is very like my late customer, thought George, but his tongue is not the same. If I thought it were he, I would nick him.

"I have heard the story of the boots, George," says he, "and never heard a better one. I have laughed very heartily at it; and I called principally to inform you, that if you will call at Widow Wilson's, in Hawick, you will get the price of your boots."

"Thank you, sir," says George, and the gentleman went away; and then Dobson was persuaded he was *not* the Duke of Northumberland, though astonishingly like him. George had not sewed a single yerking, ere the gentleman comes again into the shop, and says, "You had better measure me for these boots, Dobson, I intend to be your customer in future."

"Thank you, sir, but I would rather not, just now."

"Very well, call then at Widow Wilson's, in Hawick, and you shall get *double* payment for the boots you have made." George thanked him again, and away he went; but in a very short space he enters the shop again, and again requested George to measure him for a pair of boots. George became suspicious of the gentleman, and rather uneasy, as he continued to haunt him like a ghost; and so, merely to be quit of him, he took the measure of his leg and foot. "It is very near the measure of these fine silver-mounted ones, sir," says George, "you had better just take them."

"Well, so be it," said the stranger. "Call at Widow Wilson's, in Hawick, and you shall have *triple* payment for your boots. Good day."

"O this gentleman is undoubtedly wrong in his mind," says George to himself. "This beats all the customers I ever met with! Ha—ha—ha! Come to Widow Wilson's, and you shall have payment for your boots,—*double* payment for your boots,—*triple* payment for your boots! Oh! the man's as mad as a March hare! He—he—he—he!"

"Hilloa, George," cried a voice close at his ear, "what's the matter wi' ye? Are ye gaun daft? Are ye no gaun to rise to your wark the day?"

"Aich! Gudeness guide us, mother, am I no up yet?" cries George, springing out of his bed; for he had been all the while in a sound sleep, and dreaming. "What gart ye let me lie so long? I thought I had been i' the shop!"

"Shop!" exclaimed she; "I dare say then, you thought you had found a fiddle in't. What were ye gaffawing and laughing at?"

"O! I was laughing at a fat man, an' the payment of a pair o' boots at Widow Wilson's, in Hawick."

"Widow Wilson's, i' Hawick!" exclaimed the wife, holding up both her hands; "Gude forgie me for a great liar, if I hae dream'd about onybody else, frae the tae end o' the night to the tither."

"Houta, mother, haud your tongue; it is needless to heed your dreams, for ye never gie ower dreaming about somebody."

"An' what for no, lad? Hae na an auld body as good a right to dream as a young ane? Mrs Wilson's a through-gawn quean, and clears mair than a hunder a-year by the tannage. I see warrant there saill something follow thir dreams; I get the maist o' my dreams redd."

"How can you say that, when it was but the other night you dreamed that Lord Alemeor brought you down in his wood, for a grey hen?"

"I wat that was nae lee, lad; an' tuffed my feathers weel, when he had me down. There's nae saying what may happen, Geordie; but I wish your wing as weel fledged as a Mrs Wilson aneath it."

George was greatly tickled with his dream about the fat gentleman and

the boots, and so well convinced was he that there was some sort of meaning in it, that he resolved to go to Hawick the next market day, and call on Mrs Wilson, and settle with her, although it was a week or two before his usual term of payment, he thought the money would scarcely come wrong.

So that day he plied and wrought as usual; but instead of his favourite ditties relating to the Forest, he chanted, the whole day over, one as old as any of them; but I am sorry I recollect only the chorus and a few odd stanzas of it.

SING ROUND ABOUT HAWICK, &c.

We'll round about Hawick, Hawick,
Round about Hawick thegither;
We'll round about Hawick, Hawick,
And in by the bride's gudemither.
Sing round about Hawick, &c.

Wee Jean o' the Coats gae a pun',
A penny, a plack, and a bodle;
But the wife at the head o' the town
Gae nought but a lang pin-todle.*
Sing round about Hawick, &c.

And as we gang by we will rap,
And drink to the luck o' the bigging;
For the bride has her tap in her lap,
And the bridegroom his tail in his
rigging.
Sing round about Hawick, &c.

The mistress o' Bortugh cam ben,
Aye blinkin' sae couthy an' canny;
But some said she had in her han'
A kipple o' bottles o' branny.
Sing round about Hawick, &c.

There's been little luck i' the deed,
We're a' in the dumps thegither;
Let's gie the bridegroom a sheep's head,
But gie the bide brose and butter.
Sing round about Hawick, &c.

And some brought dumplings o' woo,
And some brought flitches o' bacon,
And kebbucks and cruppoeks enow;
But Jenny Muirhead brought a ca-
pon.
Sing round about Hawick, &c.

Then a' the gudewives i' the land
Came flockin' in droves thegither,
A' bringin' their bountith in hand,
To please the young bride's gudemither.
Sing round about Hawick, &c.

Then up came the wife o' the Mill,
Wi' the cog, an' the meal, an' the wa-
ter;
For she likit the joke sae weel
To gie the bride brose and butter.
Sing round about Hawick, &c.

The black gudewife o' the Braes
Gae baby-clouts no worth a button;
But the auld gudewife o' Penchrice
Came in wi' a shoulder o' mutton.
Sing round about Hawick, &c.

And first she pat in a bit bread,
And then she pat in a bit butter,
And then she pat in a sheep's head,
Horns an' a' thegither!

Sing round about Hawick, Hawick,
Round about Hawick thegither;
Round about Hawick, Hawick,
Round about Hawick for ever.†

On the Thursday following, George, instead of going to the shop, dressed himself in his best Sunday clothes, and, with rather a curious face, went ben to his step-mother, and inquired "what feck o' siller she had about her?"

"Siller! Gudeness forgie you, Geordie, for an evendown waster and

a profligate! What are ye gaun to do wi' siller the day?"

"I have something ado ower at Hawick, an' I was thinking it wad be as weel to pay her account when I was there."

"Oho, lad! Are ye there wi' your dreams and your visions o' the night, Geordie? Ye reaye keen o' sangs, man;

* A pin-cushion. Vide Dr Jamieson.

† This very old local song, we believe, never was published.—C. N.

I can pit a vera gude ane i' your head. There's an unco gude auld thing they ca', 'Wap at the widow, my laddie.' D'ye ken it, Geordie? Siller! quo he! Hae ye ony feck o' siller, mother! Whew! I hae as muckle as will pay the widow's account sax times ower! Ye may tell her that frae me; and tell her that I bade you play your part as weel, as old lucky could play her's. Siller! Lack-a-day! But, Geordie, my man—Auld wives' dreams are no to be regardit, ye ken. Eh?"

"Whisht now, mother, and mind the grey hen in the Haining wood."

"Heyti-teyti, you an' your grey hen! Stand ye to your tackle, billy. Dinna come ower soon hame at night; an' good luck to a' honest intentions."

After putting half a dozen pairs of trysted shoes, and the identical silver-mounted boots into the cadger's creels—then the only regular carriers—off set George Dobson to Hawick market, a distance of nearly eleven new-fashioned miles, but then accounted only eight and three quarters; and after parading the Sandbed, Slitterick Bridge and the Tower Knowe, for the space of an hour, and shaking hands with some four or five acquaintances, he ventured east the gate to pay Mrs Wilson her account. He was kindly welcomed, as every good and regular customer was, by Mrs Wilson, who made it a point always to look after the one thing needful. They settled amicably, as they always had done before; and in the course of business George ventured several sly jocular hints, to see how they would be taken, vexed that his grand and singular dream should go for nothing. No, nothing would pass there but sterling *cent per cent*. The lady was deaf and blind to every effort of gallantry, valuing her own abilities too highly ever to set a man a second time at the head of her flourishing business. Nevertheless, she could not be blind to George's qualifications—he knew that was impossible,—for in the first place he was a goodly person, with handsome limbs and broad square shoulders; of a very dark complexion, true, but with fine shrewd manly features; was a burgess and councillor of the town of Selkirk, and as independent in circumstances as she was.

Very well; Mrs Wilson knew all this—valued George Dobson accordingly, and would not have denied him

any of those good points more than Gideon Scott would to a favourite Cheviot tup, in any society whatever; but she had that sharp cold business-manner, that George could discover no symptoms where the price of the boots was to come from. In order to conciliate matters as far as convenient, if not even to stretch a point, he gave her a farther order, larger than the one just settled; but all that he elicited was thanks for his custom, and one very small glass of brandy; so he drank her health, and a good husband to her. Mrs Wilson only curtsied and thanked him coldly, and away George set west the street, with a quick and stately step, saying to himself that the expedition of the silver-mounted boots was all up.

As he was posting up the street, an acquaintance of his, a fleasher, likewise of the name of Wilson, eyed him, and called him aside. "Hey, George, come this way a bit. How are ye? How d'ye do, sir? What news about Selkirk? Grand demand for boots there just now, I hear? Eh? Needing any thing in my way the day?—Nae beef like that about your town. Come away in, and taste the gudewife's bottle. I want to hae a crack wi' ye, and get measure of a pair o' boots. The grandest story yon, sir, I ever heard. Eh? Needing a leg o' beef?—Better? Never mind, come away in."

George was following Mr Wilson into the house, having as yet scarcely got a word said, and he liked the man exceedingly, when one pulled his coat, and a pretty servant girl smirked in his face and said, "Maister Dabsen, thou maun cum awa yest the geate and speak till Mistress Wulsin; there's sumtheyng forgwot atween ye. Thou maun cum directly."

"Haaste ye, gae away, rin!" says Wilson, pushing him out at the door, "that's a better bait than a poor fleasher's dram. There's some comings an' gangings yonder. A bien birth and a thrifty dame. Grip to, grip to, lad! I'll take her at a hunder pund the quarter. Let us see you as ye come back again."

George went back, and there was Mrs Wilson standing in the door to receive him.

"I quite forgot, Mr Dobson—I beg pardon. But I hope, as usual, you will take a family dinner with me to-day?"

"Indeed, Mrs Wilson, I was just

thinking to mysell that you were fey, and that we two would never bargain again, for I never paid you an account before that I did not get the offer of my dinner."

"A very stupid neglect! But, indeed, I have so many things to mind, and so hard set with the world, Mr Dobson; you cannot conceive, when there's only a woman at the head of affairs——"

"Ay, but sic a woman," said George, and shook his head.

"Well, well, come at two. I dine early. No ceremony, you know. Just a homely dinner, and no drinking." So saying, she turned and sailed into the house very gracefully; and then turning aside, she looked out at the window after him, apostrophising him thus—"Ay, ye may strut away west the street, as if I were looking after you. Shame fa' the souter-like face o' ye; I wish you had been fifty miles off the day! If it hadna been fear for affronting a good steady customer, ye shouldna hae been here. For there's my brother coming to dinner, and maybe some o' his cronies; and he'll be sae ta'en wi' this merry souter chield, that I ken weel they'll drink mair than twice the profits o' this bit order. My brother maun hae a' his ain will too! Fo'ks maun aye bow to the bush they get bield frae, else I should take a staupe out o' their punch cogs the night."

George attended at ten minutes past two, to be as fashionable as the risk of losing his kale would permit—gave a sharp wooer-like rap at the door, and was shown by the dimpling border maid into the room,—which, in those days, meant the only sitting apartment of a house. Mrs Wilson being absent about the dinner getting up, and no one to introduce the parties to each other, think of George's utter amazement, and astonishment, and dumfoundingment,—for there is no term half strong enough to express it by,—when he saw the identical fat gentleman, who came to him thrice in his dream, and ordered him to come to Widow Wilson's, and get payment of his boots. He was the very identical gentleman in every respect, every inch of him, and George could have known him among a thousand. It was not the Duke of Northumberland, but he that was so very like him, with fair curled hair, and red cheeks, which

did not hang over his cravat. George felt as if he had been dropped into another state of existence, and knew hardly what to think or say. He had at first very nigh run up and taken the gentleman's hand, and addressed him as an old acquaintance, but luckily he recollected the equivocal circumstances in which they met, which was not actually in the shop, but in George's little bed-closet in the night, or early in the morning.

In short, the two sat awkward enough, till, at last, in came Mrs Wilson, in most brilliant attire, and really a handsome fine woman; and with her a country lady, with something in her face extremely engaging. Mrs Wilson immediately introduced the parties to each other thus:—"Brother, this is Mr Dobson, boot and shoemaker in Selkirk;—as honest a young man, and as good a payer as I know.—Mr Dobson, this is Mr Turnbull, my brother, the best friend I ever had; and this is his daughter Margaret."

The parties were acquainted in one minute, for Mr Turnbull was a frank kind-hearted gentleman; ay, they were more than acquainted, for the very second or third look that George got of Margaret Turnbull, he loved her. And during the whole afternoon, every word that she spoke, every smile that she smiled, and every happy look that she turned on another, added to his flame; so that long ere the sun leaned his elbow on Skelfhill Pen, he was deeper in love than, perhaps, there ever was a souter in this world. It is needless to describe Miss Turnbull—she was *exquisite*, that is enough—just what a woman should be, and not exceeding twenty-five years of age. What a mense she would be to the town of Selkirk, and to a boot and shoemaker's parlour, as well as to the top of the councillor's seat every Sunday!

When the dinner was over, the brandy bottle went round, accompanied with the wee wee glass, in shape of the burr of a Scots thistle. When it came to Mr Turnbull, he held it up between him and the light,—“Keatie, whaten a niff-naff of a glass is that? let us see a feasible ane.”

“If it be over little, you can fill it the oftener, brother. I think a big dram is so vulgar!”

“That's no the thing, Keatie. The

truth is, that ye're a perfect she Nabal, and ilka thing that takes the value of a plack out o' your pocket, is vulgar, or improper, or something that way. But I'll tell you, Keatie, my woman, what you shall do. Set down a black bottle on this hand o' me, and twa clear anes on this, and the cheeny bowl aween them, and I'll let you see what I'll do. I ken o' nane within the ports o' Hawick can afford a bowl better than you. Nane o' your half bottles and quarter bottles at a time; now Keatie, ye hae a confoundit trick o' that; but I hae some hopes that I'll learn ye good manners by and by."

"Dear brother, I'm sure you are not going to drink your bottles here. Think what the town would say, if I were to keep cabals o' drinkers in my sober house."

"Do as I bid you now, Keatie, and lippen the rest to me. Ah, she is a niggard, Mr Dobson, and has muckle need of a little schooling to open her heart."

The materials were produced, and Mr Turnbull, as had been predicted, did not spare them. There were other two Wilsons joined them immediately after dinner, the one a shoemaker, and the other our friend the fleasher, and a merrier afternoon has seldom been in Hawick. Mr Turnbull was perfectly delighted with George;—he made him sing "The Souters o' Selkirk," "Turn the Blue Bonnets," and all his best things; but when he came to "Round about Hawick," he made him sing it six times over, and was never weary of laughing at it, and identifying the characters with those then living. Then the story of the boots was an inexhaustible joke, and the likeness between Mr Turnbull and the Duke of Northumberland an acceptable item. At length Mr Turnbull got so elevated, that he said, "Ay, man! and they are shod wi' silver, and silver tassels round the top? I wad gie a bottle o' wine for a sight o' them."

"It shall cost you nae mair," says George, and in three minutes he set

them on the table. Mr Turnbull tried them on, and walked through and through the room with them, singing—

"With silver he was shod before—
With burning gold behind."

They fitted exactly; and before sitting down, he offered George the original price, and got them.

It became late rather too soon for our group, but the young lady grew impatient to get home, and Mr Turnbull was obliged to prepare for going; nothing, however, would please him, save that George should go with him all night; and George being, long before this time, over head and ears in love, accepted of the invitation, and the loan of the fleasher's bay mare, and went with them. Miss Margaret had soon, by some kind of natural inspiration, discovered our jovial souter's partiality for her; and in order to open the way for a banter, the best mode of beginning a courtship, she fell on and rallied him most severely about the boots and the *soulering*, and particularly about letting himself be robbed of the two guineas. This gave George an opportunity of retaliating so happily, that he wondered at himself, for he acknowledged that he said things that he never believed he had the face to say to a lady before.

The year after that, the two were married in the house of Mrs Wilson, and Mr Turnbull paid down a hundred pounds to George on the day he brought her from that house a bride. Now, thought George to himself, I have been twice most liberally paid for my boots in that house. My wife, perhaps, will stand for the third payment, which I hope will be the best of all; but I still think there is to be another one beside. He was not wrong, for after the death of his worthy father-in-law, he found himself entitled to the third of his whole effects; the transfer of which, nine years after his marriage, was made over to him in the house of his friend, Mrs Wilson.

THE INDIAN ARMY.

Our readers will have doubtless observed, that very few among the leading journals of the day have devoted any moderate share of their attention, or any adequate portion of their columns, to the discussion of questions connected with the welfare of British India, except ourselves. The fact is, that this remarkable silence on the part of our contemporaries, has acted upon us as a powerful inducement why we should pursue a contrary course. We are not unaware that the subject is by many accounted a dull one; we know very well that several of our own warmest friends and admirers have deferred the perusal of our Indian papers to the last; and that some have even refused to read them at all. We know, too, that the very mention of British India in the generality of mixed companies, is met by the most unequivocal manifestations of nausea, and that men shrink back from the conversation of an Indian statesman as if a scorpion had crossed their path, or as the House of Commons is accustomed to do when Mr Hume gets upon his legs; yet are we far from regretting the course which we have heretofore pursued. We are quite satisfied, that, within the wide range of political science, there is not one question more important than this; and we are not in the habit of indulging the taste of the mob, at the expense of what we conceive to be the best interests of our beloved country.

It is not, however, a sense of public duty alone, which impels us to touch so frequently upon the affairs of the East India company. We are firmly convinced, that, could the prejudice, which unhappily reigns in the minds of nine out of ten Englishmen, be at once overcome, the discussion of Indian questions would be entered upon with at least the same eagerness which actuates them in the conduct of any other political inquiry. Why, the very history of the rise and progress of the British power in the East, makes up many as lively and as improbable a romance, as ever came from the pen of a Radcliffe, a Cervantes, or a Scott. What can be more astonishing, than that a handful of Europeans, impelled, not by the love of conquest, but by

circumstances over which they had no control, should have risen, within the short space of half a century, from the situation of mere adventurers, carrying on a petty trade by the sufferance of the native princes, and dependent for their very existence upon the caprice of barbarians,—to the lordship of the greatest, the most populous, and the most extensive empire, upon the face of the whole earth? There is nothing in the career of Rome herself at all to be compared with that of the English nation in India. Rome proceeded by slow and painful degrees from insignificance to splendour; hundreds of years passed by, before she could boast of pre-eminence among the cities even of Italy; and hundreds upon hundreds, before she became mistress of the western world. Little more than fifty years ago, the East India Company's territories were comprised within a few factories, at distant points, on the Asiatic coast; and the Indian subjects of the King of England might possibly equal in numbers the population of Liverpool. Now, the East India Company are lords of a country, which measures, in extent of surface, about ten times the surface of the British Isles; and which contains a population equal to not less than six times the population of England, Scotland, and Ireland. We know this to be a fact; we are, some of us, old enough to remember the progress of those events which have brought such an issue in their train; yet is it difficult to believe, at times, that the whole is not a dream, or that we have not been imposed upon by a well-written fiction.

But the vast extent of the Indian territory, and the many millions of people who inhabit it, are not the only features in the picture which deserve to be looked at. It has been well remarked, that few persons not immediately connected with the Eastern Empire, ever think of it in any other light, than as it is calculated to dazzle foreigners, by swelling, to a wonderful amount, the list of his Majesty's subjects. There is something not more childish than perverse in this. The Indian Empire produces an annual revenue of twenty-four millions ster-

ling, every penny of which goes directly or indirectly to increase the resources of Great Britain, and to enrich its inhabitants. There is scarcely a family of any note amongst us, which is not, in some one or more of its members, indebted to that empire for independence, if not for affluence. India has been a field for exercising the brightest talents both of our politicians and our warriors. Had we possessed no sovereignty there, where would have been our Clive, our Wellington, or our Hastings?—the same, in point of powers, which they were, or are, doubtless; but with powers, in all human probability, unexercised; and therefore, as far as affects the honour or prosperity of their country, unprofitable. Nay, look to the numbers of young men, from every class in the community, who find there occupation and a competency. The Indian army alone furnishes a maintenance to upwards of four thousand European officers, taken principally from the middling and higher classes of the community. In the marine, trading, and civil departments, a number not inferior is employed. Surely the very circumstance, that eight or ten thousand British youths obtain, through the medium of our Oriental possessions, the means of supporting the rank for which their birth and education have fitted them, were of itself reason enough why society in general should take at least some interest in the proceedings of those who govern that empire. Go where you will, you seldom fail to meet with persons, who have either themselves spent part of their lives in India, or sent out sons, brothers, or cousins, to that land of promise. Is it conceivable, that, under such circumstances, there can be anything in what is called the Indian Question, really, and *per se*, repulsive? We cannot believe it; and therefore it is our design, as often as the humour shall take us, to return to the subject, till we succeed in satisfying the most fastidious among our readers, that it is not only a vitally important, but a highly agreeable one.

In former Numbers, we have taken occasion to speak our mind pretty freely on the fiscal and judicial management of British India. We have not exhausted the subject; very far from it: much remains to be told, and we shall find fitting opportunities on which to

tell it. But there are appearances in the political horizon at present, which induce us to lay these topics aside, and to dedicate a few pages to an inquiry into the condition and organization of the Indian army. The war which now rages between Russia and Persia must, we conceive, let it end as it will, affect our interests in the East very considerably. If Russia prove victorious, as there is every reason to expect that she will, we shall be brought, not indeed into immediate collision with her arms, but unquestionably within the reach of her intrigues and secret negotiations. If she be repulsed, Persia, indignant at our breach of faith in deserting her during the struggle, may take it into her head to renounce our alliance altogether. In either case, we shall find that we are not quite so secure against foreign invasion, as that our means of resisting it may be left in a state of inefficiency; whilst the increasing magnitude of our possessions, not to speak of our undeniable unpopularity in many districts, lays us every day more and more open to intestine troubles. Besides, we are very glad to find, that the state of the Indian army has already forced itself upon the notice of those at the head of affairs. This alone were reason enough with us to take it up. We will do our best to hinder this interest, thus excited, from falling asleep; and if we succeed in throwing any additional light, however slender, upon the subject, we shall feel that our time and labour have neither of them been mispent.

Though we cannot go the lengths, which many men who have served in India are accustomed to go, by speaking of the Sepoy troops as if they were equal, or nearly equal, in any one respect, to British soldiers, it is a truth self-apparent, that, as the Indian Empire was obtained chiefly through the instrumentality of the natives themselves, so must it be preserved chiefly by native agency. The distance of the scene from our own shores, as well as the countless superiority in point of numbers, which, in case of any serious disagreement between the Hindus and their European masters, the former could at all times bring into the field, alike render this statement incontrovertible. He must be wonderfully imbued with national vanity, who can suppose, for one mo-

ment, that the whole disposable force of Great Britain, could it be transported to India, would suffice to keep in subjection a population of upwards of one hundred millions, scattered over an extent of country little inferior to the whole of Europe, and aided by an army of more than three hundred thousand men, armed and disciplined after the same fashion with itself; and if this be the case, how much more ineffectual would be the efforts of some twenty thousand men, the total amount of King's troops now in India, either to resist a serious attack from without, or to repress a general mutiny within? It is to the native army, therefore, to the Hindus and Musselmén enrolled under the British standard, and to the Englishmen who command them, that we must mainly look for the preservation of our power; for without this cordial co-operation, all other efforts to maintain our present ascendancy in the East would be utterly fruitless.

We take it for granted, that no one will deny the truth of the following observation,—that every empire which has been won by the sword, must by the sword be upheld. In accordance with this maxim, Sir John Malcolm has remarked, that, “however much the success of our internal government may depend upon the civil administration of our Eastern Empire, our efforts to improve that might be given in vain, unless we maintain a commanding military power; and this consideration gives the utmost importance to every question connected with our military establishment in that country, as being the only means by which we can preserve India; and as too likely, if mismanaged, to prove our ruin.” There cannot be a question on this head. Our native army, being attached to us by no feeling of kindred or common interest, must ever be regarded in the light of a powerful, but most dangerous instrument. As long as we manage it aright, it will work well for us; let us once forget how to manage it, and it will effect our destruction.

Now, it strikes us, that the Indian army is not managed, as the nature of its connexion with the British government, and the prejudices and feelings of the men who compose it, require that it should be managed. In point of numbers, it is indeed enlarged to a tremendous extent; but we question

whether, in spite of such increase, it be as efficient at this moment, as it once was; and we are very certain, that there exists not among the Sepoys anything like that attachment to their European officers, of which all who enjoyed an opportunity of witnessing their behaviour, were formerly accustomed to speak. To explain whence these changes have arisen, it will be necessary to take a short review of the career of the Indian army, or, rather, of the different systems of organization to which it has been subjected.

When the British authorities in India first saw fit to enrol their native subjects as soldiers, the utmost caution was exhibited not to interfere, in any degree, with the prejudices, habits, or religion, of the individuals enlisted. The very fashion of their dress was not changed, and the military knowledge conferred upon them consisted only of the first rudiments of the art of war; an art which in those days had attained to very little perfection even in Europe. Though thus imperfectly instructed, the Sepoys, armed with English firelocks, and trained to the use of them, were found to possess a prodigious superiority over their countrymen; and when led on by European officers, disposed to set before them a proper example, they never failed, as often as they met them in the field, to defeat native armies ten times as numerous as their own.

Whilst the army continued in this state, there were but few Europeans attached to it. To each battalion, containing perhaps eight hundred men, only one captain, an adjutant, and a few sergeants, were allotted. The whole interior-discipline was accordingly carried on by Soubahdars and Jemadars, who enjoyed a degree of influence very little inferior to that of the commanding officer himself; and though it not unfrequently occurred that they were intrusted with separate commands, of their abuse of the confidence thus reposed in them not a single instance is on record. At the early era to which we now allude, the Sepoy battalions possessed, to the full, as much of the *esprit-de-corps* as is at present felt in any British regiment. The few Europeans who served with them, partly from inclination, partly from motives of policy, treated them with the greatest kindness; to the native officers, in parti-

ular, they behaved with the most marked attention; and the consequence was, that all ranks vied with one another in their efforts to increase a reputation which all equally shared, and of which all were equally proud.

It gradually came about, that the preceding system was found not to answer all the ends which it had answered at first. The native princes, following the example set them, soon began to discipline their troops in European tactics; and intrusting the management of the matter to French officers, they brought them, before long, to something like an equality with our Sepoys. To preserve the superiority which they had hitherto maintained, it became necessary that the Company's native army should make farther advances in the military art; and a more frequent internixture with the King's troops, as well as a few trivial changes among themselves, served to accomplish that object. It was now that a distinct uniform, slightly modified so as to meet their prejudices, was bestowed upon the Sepoys; an increased number of Europeans were allowed to each battalion: but matters so far retained the ancient form, that the command was still intrusted to a captain; and the same respect and attention which had formerly been shown to the native officers was carefully continued. These deserving men were still treated as persons worthy of all confidence; they still enjoyed the privilege of holding separate commands, wherever the arrangement seemed necessary; and it was peculiarly the business of the commandant to protect them against even the unintentional slights which boys, on first joining their regiments, are not unapt to inflict upon the natives. Such was the condition of the Company's native army up to the year 1796. The highest regimental rank bestowed upon officers was that of captain; the European officers once connected with a battalion never changed it—they became intimately acquainted with their men, and in most cases warmly attached to them; and the attachment, if judiciously shown, never failed to be returned by the Sepoys. We have it upon the testimony of some of the ablest officers who ever served in India, that, under the system just described, the native force attained to a higher state of effi-

ciency than it had ever attained before, or has ever attained since.

The Marquis Cornwallis was the first who ventured to suggest, that it would be expedient to unite the King's and Company's troops under the same head, and govern them by the same regulations. Hitherto it had been occasionally permitted that exchanges, on the part of the officers, from the one service to the other, should take place; now it was proposed, that the two should be so completely amalgamated, as that promotion should go on generally throughout the whole of the line serving in India. It was recommended, at the same time, that each native regiment should be divided into two battalions, to which a like number of officers should be allowed as to the King's regiments; a regimental rise to the rank of major was suggested; and it was hoped, in consequence of these changes, that, whilst the Sepoy corps would prove in any case more serviceable, the attachment which had hitherto subsisted between officers and men would not be diminished. Part only of the above plan was carried into effect. The two services were not only not united, but the possibility of occasional exchanges from the one to the other was taken away. Each native regiment was, however, made to consist of two battalions—regimental rank as for a majority was granted—and the increased complement of European officers was assigned. The alteration has not been found, in effect, so beneficial as was expected; indeed, it has gone far towards disuniting the Sepoys, in sentiment at least, from their leaders, and has in so much weakened, rather than strengthened, the force of the Indian army.

As long as an English captain remained at the head of his regiment, and saw himself supported by no more than two or three of his countrymen, he found it to his own personal advantage to treat the native officers well, and through them to secure the love of the soldiers; whilst the emoluments arising from his situation, as well as the degree of influence which he enjoyed, enabled him on all occasions to effect his object. The emoluments of a Captain Commandant were in these days very considerable. He enjoyed not only the off-reckonings of his corps, but for the most part, the pay

and allowances of the chief of a station; and to his recommendation of meritorious native officers, the local government was never inattentive. The consequence was, that being looked up to by his battalion, rather as the chieftain of a Highland clan was wont to be looked up to by his vassals, than as the commanding officer of a British regiment is looked up to by his men, he had it in his power to do exactly as he pleased, with a body of individuals more passively venturous and courageous, than perhaps any of the same number in any other quarter of the globe. Circumstances underwent a complete change, in consequence of the regulations of 1796. The Major Commandant was but little known to his battalions. His allowances were so much curtailed, that he could not possibly afford to act with the liberality which the Captain Commandant had been accustomed to display; his opportunities of providing for the native officers were diminished, in exact proportion to the number of Europeans employed, and even the means of conciliating them out of the petty perquisites of a station, were taken away. The head of the regiment became, in consequence, cut off, in a great degree, from the members of his corps; and the corps, as a matter of course, became less united, and less generally jealous of its renown.

The officers of the Indian army complain grievously of the hardships which they are condemned to endure, and the miserable rewards to which their services lead. We certainly do not think that the Europeans in the Company's military service are highly rewarded. A man who has devoted twenty-five years of his life to a soldier's duty in the climate of India, has unquestionably worked hard for the highest honours and the most extensive emoluments which are ever bestowed upon him. But what would the Company's officers have? Compare their fate with that of officers in the King's service, who may happen, as many of them still happen, to possess neither money nor family influence. At the present moment, we believe that the promotion in the Company's service is, on the whole, more rapid than the promotion in the King's. We are quite sure, at all events, that where there are no means of purchasing commissions, the officer who serves the

East India Company is in a more direct road to honour and emolument, than the officer who serves the King. Is there any ground, under such circumstances, for complaint on the part of the Company's officers? We think not; and therefore we are sorry to find that they do complain of a fate which is, on the whole, an extremely advantageous one. The following sentences, taken from a work recently published on the subject now before us, by Captain Badenoch, of the Bengal army, will bear us out in our assertion.

"Why two different plans should be adopted," says he, "in services composed of individuals of the same nation, and drawn from the same classes of society as the King's and Company's are, I cannot conceive. Unless they be assimilated in this respect, they will never act harmoniously together. At present, an officer in his Majesty's service may be said to rise to the rank of Major, in a period of from twelve to seventeen years; in the Company's service, it takes at least twenty-five to rise to the same rank."

God help the worthy individual who penned these observations. We have the misfortune to be intimately acquainted with many gentlemen in the King's service, who have remained in the situation of Subalterns during these last fifteen years, and who have little prospect of rising beyond a Lieutenancy for fifteen more. No doubt there are modes, in the King's service, of getting forward. The late regulations, which allow half-pay commissions to be purchased, have, in many instances, pushed on boys to stations, which their experience, at least, hardly entitles them to fill; but so far is it from being true, that a man may reasonably expect to arrive at the rank of Major within twelve or seventeen years from his entering the King's service, that even during the hottest of the war, a promotion so rapid would have been regarded as a thing quite unparalleled.—Captain Badenoch may rest assured, that the Company's officer, who, without purchase, arrives at the rank of Major within twenty-five years, is at least on a footing of equality with any soldier of fortune in the King's army. But we are anticipating.

Lord Cornwallis's regulations continued in force till very lately; when each battalion in the Company's ser-

vice was once more constituted a separate regiment; and the tie between the European officers and native troops thereby considerably strengthened. But one error, and a very grievous one it is, has been allowed to remain. Regimental rank in the Company's service is still limited by a Majority. In the King's service, a man may rise to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the corps to which he has been long attached; in India, as soon as he attains to the rank of Major, his promotion goes on, not regimentally, but throughout the whole line. The consequence is, that a Major is liable, at any moment, to be removed from the battalion which he knows, and with which he has served, perhaps a quarter of a century, and placed in command of another battalion, of the habits and dispositions of which he is professedly ignorant. We look upon this as a very serious mistake in the organization of an army composed of such materials as those which make up the Company's native force; where every thing depends upon the confidence which the private soldiers repose in their leader, and where private soldiers cannot be induced to repose confidence in any one, on other grounds than those of personal acquaintance. We are therefore decidedly of opinion, that regimental promotion ought to go on in the Company's army, as it goes on in the King's; and that the Brevet should commence, as it commences here, with the rank of Colonel.

We have hitherto spoken of the East Indian army, solely as it is affected by its regimental arrangements,—and chiefly as these arrangements affect its European officers. There are other matters which it behoves us to discuss, before we proceed to hazard any remarks on the condition and prospects of the Native officers and soldiers. We allude chiefly to the staff of the Indian army,—to the mode by which it is filled up,—and to the consequences which result from the use of that mode, with regard to its general efficiency in the field.

The staff of the Indian army is very numerous, and very expensive. It is entirely supplied from officers, taken from regiments of the line,—or rather from officers whose names are to be found upon the strength of corps of cavalry, infantry, or artillery. Un-

der the head of Staff are included in India, not only those officers which the military arrangement of troops anywhere requires, but the commissariat, barrack, and store-keepers' departments, paymasterships, quartermasterships, interpreters, and a multitude of other situations, such as, in Europe, are either wholly unknown, or are intrusted to distinct and separate functionaries. In European armies, for example, it is well known, that the commissariat is a species of civil trust; it has its own officers, totally distinct from those of the line, and never, by any chance, holding professional intercourse with them. The same may be said of the barrack and store-keeper's departments; whilst paymasters and quartermasters, though attached to separate battalions, hold no acting commissions apart from those which regulate their civil duties, in their respective battalions.—We need not particularize interpreters, because that is a class of persons of whom European armies are ignorant. Now, there cannot be a doubt, that to supply so many demands, as the numbers and scattered order of the Native army in India furnish, in each and all of these departments, must act as a serious drawback upon the strength of particular corps; that is to say, as long as these situations are filled up from the list of regimental officers, regiments must, unless their strength in European officers be prodigiously increased, be left excessively deficient. Had the old system continued in operation, and the Subahdars and Jemadars been still taught to regard themselves as people of consequence, perhaps that circumstance might have been of very little moment; but as the case stands at present, we cannot but regard it with a suspicious eye. All real power, be it observed, has of late been studiously thrown into the hands of Europeans; what is to become of a regiment, with which there are not present Europeans enough to carry on the details of its most ordinary arrangements?

The Company's officers, who have touched upon this subject in writing, treat it invariably as a matter grievous, only so far as it affects the promotion, and consequent benefit of Europeans alone. It has accordingly been suggested, that a distinct corps should be formed, of Europeans, si-

milar in its construction to the old engineer corps of England; that is to say, a corps of officers having no men to command. That as often as an individual shall be appointed from any regiment to a staff situation, he should be struck off from the strength of his regiment, and his place supplied by an officer from the skeleton corps.—This plan might, perhaps, answer well enough, were there nothing more to be looked to in the arrangement of the Indian army, than the gratification of the very laudable ambition of those English gentlemen who have taken service in it. But with every feeling of respect for their great merits, and every desire to see them adequately remunerated, we are humbly of opinion, that the government ought to look, not to them alone, but to the natives. We can proffer a different scheme for remedying the evil complained of; but we shall reserve our proposition for a few minutes longer.

Another of the more general matters to which we desire to refer, before descending to a consideration of the present state, and future prospects, of the native soldiery, is the separation of the Indian army into three divisions; cut off from one another by all the barriers which a diversity in regulations, allowances, and promotion, can supply. The India Company are masters, not of one army, but of three—the armies of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay. The situations of both men and officers are, in these three armies, widely different. The Madras army is, we believe, the best paid in every respect—the Bengal armies next to it, and the Bombay is the worst paid of all. Promotion, likewise, goes not on in India as it proceeds here, throughout the whole line. When an increase of force becomes necessary, a stimulus is not given to the entire army—it is always local, and it depends completely upon the favour or caprice of the Governor-General and Council, in which Presidency the benefit is to fall. We will explain all this a little more at large.

With respect to the difference of pay between the troops of the separate establishments, little need be said. No doubt, the articles of life and the price of labour are both of them higher in Madras than in Bengal; yet we see no reason in that circumstance, why one division of an army should

be openly placed upon a different footing from another. In England, as is well known, government contracts for the provisions of the army; and each private soldier, wherever stationed, pays, in no instance, more than a certain sum per head for meat or bread. Why might not some such regulation take place in the army of India? why might not the government make good to the merchant supplying the whole, the difference between the value of rice in Madras, and the value of the same grain in Bengal? Were this done, the Madras soldiers would enjoy no real advantages over the soldiers of Bengal; and the Bengal soldier would never be led to compare his own treatment invidiously with that of the Madras soldier. As matters stand at present, whilst a Subahdar of cavalry in the Bengal army receives only 105 rupees per month, a Subahdar in the Madras army receives 174. Now, as long as these two persons are called upon to serve together—were it possible to keep the Madras army, under all circumstances, apart from the army of Bengal, no great harm would result from the arrangement, each would take what he had been accustomed to take, without a murmur. But in the present state of the Indian empire, where the troops of the different Presidencies are continually called upon to act in concert, it must be, and it is felt as a serious grievance, by the portion which is worst paid. The cases of the European officers are not dissimilar;—surely such a mistake might be remedied.

With respect, again, to promotion, everybody knows, that as often as an increase to an army takes place, that goes on for a time briskly. In India it happens exactly as those at the head of affairs may choose; that sometimes the Bengal, sometimes the Madras, and sometimes the Bombay army obtains the advantage. The boundary lines of the different Presidencies are now so obscurely marked, that a Governor-General may, at will, declare this or that province to be under the especial protection of this or that Presidency. Of course, the new province will require troops to defend it; hence a sudden promotion in one army, and a stagnation in another.

Perhaps these matters may appear trivial to some of our readers; but if there be any who are disposed so to

think of them, we must request them to bear in mind, that they are not trivial in the eyes of those who are affected by them; and on whose loyalty and satisfaction with their situation, the existence of the Anglo-Indian empire depends. That the Native army does complain of these differences, we want no other proof than the writings of all its officers who have touched upon the subject afford. Sir John Malcolm, when speaking of the differences to which we have referred, says—"Such continues to be their distinct organization with regard to the pay and establishments, both of fighting men and followers, that they can never be brought together without danger of serious discontents, if not mutiny. It would be superfluous to expatiate on causes and effects, the nature and consequences of which must be obvious to the most superficial observer. Those whose experience has enabled them to form a better judgment upon the question must see, not merely serious inconvenience, but danger, in continuing to leave it unsettled." Captain Badenoch, though differing widely in his views of the remedy which ought to be applied, equally allows, that there is "discontent arising from the inequality of the pay and allowances of the troops of the different Presidencies where they come in collision with each other," to be got rid of; and both Sir John Malcolm and Captain Badenoch are supported by numerous authorities.—Surely then, this is no trivial matter, but one of very grievous and serious moment.

The last point on which we would touch, as affecting the European officers solely, is the jealousy which is said to exist between the King's troops serving in India, and the troops of the Company. The King's officers, it appears, are indignant, that almost all staff situations should be bestowed upon Company's officers;—the Company's officers are jealous of what they regard a superior system of promotion in the King's army over their own. We must confess, that we consider both parties, in this dispute, as acting most unreasonably. The King's officers ought to bear in mind, that men who voluntarily expatriate themselves for the purpose of serving their country during twenty-five years, in the pestilential climate of India, deserve that

every reasonable indulgence should be granted to them. They ought, likewise, to remember, that whilst they are birds of passage, liable to be recalled to Europe every day, the Company's officers are fixtures, and that the general good of the service requires, that many staff appointments should be filled by men who are likely to fill them permanently. Besides, there are fifty chances to one, that the Company's officers, accustomed to hold intercourse all their lives with natives, are better qualified to discharge the duties of most situations of the kind, than they can be. These reasons alone appear to us perfectly conclusive, why a preference, and a very decided preference, should be shown to the Company's officers. Nor are the Company's officers one whit more justified in these complaints than the others. They all allow, that promotion, by purchase, cannot be introduced into the Native army; what other plan could they substitute for accelerating their own rise? It has been suggested, that occasional exchanges shall be permitted between the services,—that the local commissions conferring high ranks should be bestowed upon individuals, whilst they are yet competent to the duties of high rank; that local brevets to colonels of the Indian service to serve on the staff of that country, should be granted; that no officers should be permitted to proceed with regiments to India, whose rank was superior to that of officers within the limits of selection for the general staff; and, finally, that Indian generals should be rendered available for service in any quarter of the globe. Now, with respect to the first of these propositions, we really cannot discover any good which is likely to arise out of it. In the first place, we question whether the permission to exchange would, in any number of cases, be acted upon. We cannot believe that one King's officer out of a thousand would barter his situation for that of a Company's officer of the same rank; and we are as little inclined to believe that the Company's officer would accede to the proposal, were it made to him. We are quite sure, that the very few exchanges which took place at all, would be among Ensigns and Lieutenants. What impetus would these give to the East India Company's promotion? With respect, again, to the latter pro-

peals, every one who takes the trouble to glance at them must see, that the benefit would all be on the side of the Company's officers, at the expense of the interests of the King's officers, and, weshrewdly suspect, of the general good of the service. We mean nothing disrespectful to the officers of the East India Company's army by this remark. We have no doubt, that it has produced, and can now boast of, soldiers as brave and as skilful as any in the world; but absolutely to shut out other soldiers, equally brave and equally skilful, from the honours which an Indian campaign may confer, would be but a thoughtless measure. To the scheme which proposes that local commissions shall be allowed, we see, indeed, no objection. Let the power of granting them be intrusted either to the Governor-General, or to the Commander-in-Chief; and the probability is, that they would seldom fall upon heads not worthy of them. But let the King's officers be candidates for them equally with the Company's, and let no such order pass as shall prevent an experienced colonel from proceeding direct to India, merely because his rank will supersede that of some local brigadier. Neither can we see any justice in the demand, that Indian generals shall be made available for general service. There are generals enough, God knows, in the British army at this moment unemployed;—men, too, whose wounds and honours bear testimony to their bravery and fitness for command;—how would these men brook the idea of being left in neglect, only that some general of Sepoys might earn fresh laurels in Europe? Nor is this all. We could hardly, at the present moment, point out three Indian officers, whose age and bodily strength, not to mention their talents, qualify them for commanding an army in any climate under the sun. The regulation, therefore, if passed, would prove little better than a dead letter. Sir John Malcolm will perceive at once, that the propositions which we have been discussing, are his own. We cannot approve of *them*; but this we will say, that he is one of the three Indian officers to whom we have just alluded.

It remains for us now to offer a few remarks upon the situation and prospects of the native soldiery. That we enter upon this task with diffidence, we

will not deny. Men whose experience is at least equal to our own, have delivered themselves so variously on the subject, that we both see and feel the difficulty of the situation into which we are plunging; but the question is one of so much moment,—it involves in its solution so completely the prosperity or downfall of the English power in the East, that it cannot, in our opinion, be too frequently or too generally discussed. That the native soldiers are not satisfied, those who know them best will allow;—indeed, several proofs of their dissatisfaction have of late been displayed, such as no one can refuse to recognise. Whence may their discontent arise? and how is it likely to be most effectually appeased?

The first of these questions will be best answered, by placing in its true light the present case of the native soldier.

In our service every native, no matter how high in rank or caste, who wishes to bear arms, must enter as a private soldier. In the same company will accordingly be found the Brahmin, the Rajpoot, the Mussulman, and the Sudra; the descendant of a prince, the son of a scribe, and the offspring of a coolie. Perhaps there is nothing essentially faulty in this arrangement. It is probably politic in us, to show so far that we hold all distinctions, except those obtained by valour and good conduct, at nought; and as far as we know, the natives themselves have never complained of it. But to what station may the most meritorious and most high-bred of these men arrive? We will answer the question in the words of one whose long and meritorious services in the country entitle his opinions in this and every other Indian discussion to an almost unlimited respect.

"The condition of the native officers of our Sepoy corps," says Sir John Malcolm, "has often been the subject of the most serious attention of government; but though their allowances have been a little increased, no measures have yet been taken which we can consider as adequate to the object of creating and maintaining motives for their continued fidelity and attachment. In an army of nearly two hundred and forty thousand natives, [we believe the army exceeds three hundred thousand,] the highest pay which a Subahdar of infantry can at-

tain, is 174 rupees per month, and after attaining that rank, he enjoys no consideration which can save him from the harshness of a European officer, a boy, perhaps, who has just joined that corps to which he, the native officer, has perhaps belonged for thirty or forty years. He has in barracks, and in camp, no other accommodation than that provided for the Sepoys; and although, on his retiring to the invalid list, his pay is continued, it has become, from habit, necessary to his support, so that he can make no provision for his children; and as pride in his own condition, or alarm at their being subject to corporal punishment, prevents, in most cases, his bringing them up in the army, they are generally a burden upon him while he lives; and when he dies, they are left poor and discontented."

The case here made out is bad enough, but we hardly know whether the worst feature in it has been exhibited. Subahdars, our European readers ought to be told, are commissioned officers, officers appointed by supreme authority, and subject to censure or reduction only by the sentence of a general court-martial. They are not like the sergeants and corporals in the English service, created at the will of the commander of a battalion, and raised but slightly above the rank of privates. Yet these very men, with commissions in their pockets, are liable to be ordered about by an English sergeant—that is to say, should every European officer be cut off, an English sergeant will command a Sepoy battalion in preference to them. Thus we have a class of men, doing duty as officers, and really such, exposed to the degradation of being placed under the control of a non-commissioned officer, merely because the face of the one happens to be of a brown colour, and the face of the other yellow. We really cannot be surprised that the pride of the high-born and high-spirited gentry of India should rise in arms against this.

Sir John Malcolm goes on to observe, "There are, no doubt, a few instances in the army where a small pension has been given to a native officer, and part of it, in some very rare cases, has been continued to his family; but such instances have seldom occurred, except when the person to whom the reward was granted, had an opportunity of distinguishing himself beyond all

the common chances of the service; and even then, to obtain this notice, has required the exertion of all the interest and influence of those under whom that fortunate native officer acted. It cannot be expected, that the few rewards so obtained, should have any general effect as an encouragement to the efforts of this class of our native army. Under such a complete limitation of their views, can it be a subject of surprise, that in cases of severe trial, particularly of mutiny, the native officers have seldom displayed a spirit of activity and zeal? They have, in such cases, been almost always objects of suspicion, and have often evinced a sullen indifference of conduct, which appeared to be produced by the absence of those motives of action which were necessary to support men in their situation. Placed between officers whom they were bound to obey, and offenders with whom they had kindred and national ties, they had a difficult and dangerous task to perform; if they have failed, we must blame the system, not them: but when we can infuse life into that system, and elevate their minds to further objects of ambition, we shall succeed in animating them to continued efforts in our service: until then, they will stop where we do, and be more anxious to enjoy in repose the small objects they may have already attained, than to incur hazards disproportioned to any hopes they have reason to indulge, with regard to the future."

On this head all competent authorities are agreed; all who know any thing of India, unite in declaring, that a sufficient stimulus to zeal is not given to the natives under the present system; but there seems to be but a vague idea affixed as to the most proper method by which such stimulus is to be produced. Sir John Malcolm conceives, that this very desirable end would be obtained, were we to promote to civil distinctions, and employ in moderately lucrative civil situations, the most meritorious among our veteran native officers. He farther recommends the settling of these men upon landed estates; and thus securing for them and their families a permanent rank in their respective tribes. He suggests, besides, that as often as the sons of Subahdars shall enter the army, they shall be permitted to pass through the grades with a trivial addition of pay, and an exemption from

corporal punishment. "The constitution of the army," says he, "will never admit of our introducing volunteers, or native cadets. Every man who enters it must work his way, by his own efforts, from the station of a private, to that of a Subahdar; but nothing could be more popular with the Sepoy, than to see the sons of their officers mingled in their ranks, yet enjoying a notice and respect that added to the value of that station in life to which they all aspired." Captain Badenoch's views generally coincide with the preceding; and he farther recommends the formation of veteran battalions, the officers of which shall be employed as chiefs of police stations. These suggestions are well deserving of notice; but they all proceed upon the supposition, that the natives cannot, and ought not to be intrusted with high military command. Is the case really so?

It is a well-known fact, that during the rule of the Mahommedans, generals of armies were taken indifferently from every tribe within the empire. The instances in which the Hindus will be found to have betrayed their trust, are absolutely more rare than the instances of treachery on the part of Mussulmen; and with respect to courage, the Rajpoots, at least latterly, proved themselves in no respect inferior to their masters. The truth, indeed, is, that the Mussulman system of government, though harsh and arbitrary in many particular instances, was, upon the whole, a thousand times more liberal than ours. We secure to our subjects of all classes, that which was certainly not secured to them under the Mogul, life and property. "These," to use the words of Mr Ellice in his letter to Sir Charles Forbes, "are substantial improvements, and must have produced their full impression on their first introduction. But however substantial the improvement, the uninterrupted enjoyment of the advantage diminishes the value, in comparison with the pre-existent and different condition. Mere security of life and property may be compared to atmospheric air, the value of which is only fully appreciated under deprivation. Unless we can mentally disqualify our subjects, we may rest assured that they must deeply feel, and perhaps at last resent, their practical exclusion from some share in the higher branches of administration; that a

mere security of animal existence will not satisfy, and that the intellect which cannot find a natural outlet, will inwardly fester till it corrodes and fatally injures the whole frame of society."

Mr Ellice's remarks are applied to the civil administration of India alone; but we have no hesitation in regarding them as equally applicable to the administration of the army. All at once to place large bodies of troops under native leaders, would, we are satisfied, lead to the worst results. But why not bring the matter gradually about? It has been our policy hitherto, to keep as distinct as possible from the natives of India; we have hitherto governed them solely by the terror of our name; will a name continue to be terrible for ever? We are not of that opinion. Propositions are now, we believe, on foot, and we are glad that they are on foot, for admitting the natives to a share in the civil government of their own country; will it be possible to exclude them long from taking part in the management of the army likewise?

It appears to us, then, that the native troops are dissatisfied, because the profession holds out to them no prospect of rank, and honour, and distinction;—we know but one effectual means of removing the feeling, namely, by bringing rank, and honour, and distinction gradually within their reach.

In the meanwhile, however, if a step so decided be deemed unsafe, there is, in our opinion, a source of gratification open for meritorious native officers, such as would at least, while it was novel, serve the purpose of exciting their zeal, and securing their fidelity. Is it impracticable to place natives in such situations, as those of Paymasters, Quarter-masters, Barrack-masters, and even Commissaries? In former times, all the revenue affairs of the empire were managed by natives; surely a sufficient number might be found, competent to manage such details as are included in any, or all of these offices. The Company's European officers complain, that regiments are frequently rendered inefficient by the numbers which are required for staff appointments; let the minor staff appointments be filled up from the most deserving Subahdars in the army, and that source of complaint will be removed. Let it be observed, that we would not place natives at the head of any one of these

departments, not because we apprehend any danger from the measure, but because it is right that the people in whose hands the chief authority of a conquered country lies, should possess a superintending authority in every branch of its administration; but to every office short of the head, we would freely admit them. The measure would be a wise, and an economical one.

We are aware of the objection which will be raised to this. By filling so many situations with natives, you take away largely from the emoluments of Europeans, and render their case even more hard than it is at present. We do not deny the fact; but what then? Is India to be considered for ever a mere field of adventure—in which Englishmen are to sojourn for a time, that they may spend their old age at home in comfort? Is nothing due to the people of that country? have they no moral claims upon our consideration? It is this unhappy disposition, to forget that the Hindus and Musaulmen are men, with the same feelings and desires which other men have; that they are not our slaves, but our fellow subjects; that though we have usurped over them an authority which nature never gave us, we possess no right to abuse that authority to their hurt;—it is this disposition, we repeat, which has hitherto rendered our system of government the most illiberal to which the natives of India have ever been subject; and which, if it hold good much longer, must, and will, lose India to us altogether. We should be sorry to see the situation of the Company's European servants brought so low, as that men of family and education would no longer aspire to fill it; but we do think, that some notice ought to be taken of the natives as well as of the Europeans.

A great deal more might be said on this interesting subject; but we shall conclude, by briefly summing up a few of those changes which we conceive would conduce largely to increase the efficiency, and secure the fidelity, of the Indian army.

First, let the three armies be reduced to one; let the whole land force of India be placed under one head; let all its branches receive the same pay and allowances; and let its generals be available for service, as its troops are, over the whole continent.

Secondly, let promotion go on in

regiments of sepoys, as it goes on in King's regiments; in other words, let men rise to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel regimentally, and continue, unless promoted to the rank of brigadier, with their regiments, till they be numbered among the general officers; and let the brevet proceed throughout the whole of India.

Thirdly, let brevet promotion be bestowed in India as at home, in order that young and meritorious officers may be rewarded; and that such as have given proof of their ability to command, may be placed in commanding situations, whilst yet their bodily health and strength may enable them to discharge the duties arising out of them.

Fourthly, let a door be gradually opened to the natives, through which they may aspire at high and important military situations. We have no belief that men deemed worthy of such promotion would prove traitors; far less are we of opinion that there is anything in the constitution either of his body or his mind, which renders a native of India incompetent to lead even an army in his own climate. He may not, perhaps, possess the vigour of an Englishman; but a Hindu, in our service, is surely upon a par with other natives. How this is to be done, we have already shown. First, render Subahdars competent to fill offices in the staff, and then try how they would conduct themselves in the command of troops. Of course you would, at least for a time, keep them apart from Europeans; that is, you would not give the command of a battalion to a native, and officer that battalion subordinately with Englishmen. But why the experiment should not be made of mixing Europeans and natives together, on a footing of equality, we know not. That the thing will come to this at last, can hardly be doubted. The natives will not submit for ever, as they submit now; and if we take no steps to secure their affection by voluntarily promoting them, the probability is, that before another century shall expire, the English empire in India will be no more.

We are fully prepared for a sentence of heavy condemnation on this paper; but, after all, what more have we done, than transfer to the military administration of India principles which our ablest judges have declared to be essential to its civil government?

THE CATHOLIC QUESTION.

On one point, at least, the new House of Commons has spoken the sense of the country ; it has decided against what is called Catholic Emancipation.

Our readers will not expect us to commit the absurdity of examining in detail the arguments used by the Catholic advocates. The latter merely advanced what had been before ten thousand times refuted ; in truth, they never, on any former occasion, argued the question so miserably. The stale, worn-out treaty of Limerick—the doctrine that the disabilities ought to be removed on the ground of abstract right—and the threat that the Catholics would rebel if their demands were not complied with—were the things chiefly insisted on. They furnish their own refutation.

We must, however, bestow serious notice on part of the speech of one of the Catholic advocates. Mr Plunkett made a bitter attack on the Reformation that is now in progress in Ireland ; his example has since been followed in other quarters ; and we suppose, it will henceforward be the fashion for every enemy of the disabilities, to be likewise the enemy of the spread of Protestantism. Perhaps this may be called for by consistency. After what we have said on various occasions in the last three years, in favour of such a Reformation, it would be a base neglect of duty in us were we to pass in silence, or without severe animadversion, this attack of the Irish Attorney-General.

Putting the Catholics, and a few of the most worthless of their advocates out of sight, all men admit in the abstract, that Catholicism is a most pernicious religion. It is matter of notorious fact, that it is, in both doctrine and practice, bitterly hostile to civil and religious liberty ; that it deprives the layman of various most important civil and religious rights, and gives to the priest an unjust and dangerous position of authority, and that it has the most injurious effects on society. It is known to all, and admitted by the Catholics themselves, that its worst parts are not founded upon the Holy Scriptures, but are the inventions of men ; and it is evident to all, that these parts were invented to en-

able its priesthood to plunder and enslave the laity. The truth is before the eyes of every one, that in every part of the globe where this religion is the prevailing one, the priests keep the body of the laity in blind, barbarising bondage, which is destructive to the best interests of the individual and the community. What does all this irresistibly prove ? That Catholicism ought not to exist in its present form,—that its being so far reformed as to be divested of those parts which are at variance with the Scriptures, and hostile to the weal of society, would yield incalculable benefit to mankind,—and that every friend of his species, of civil and religious liberty, of natural and acquired rights, of all that is valuable to individuals and nations, ought to do his utmost in favour of such reformation.

Looking especially at Ireland, all sides admit it to be a mighty public evil, that so large a part of its inhabitants are Catholics. If its people were Protestants, it would be free from its present divisions and distraction ; the Catholic Question, which is now used as the instrument for filling it with almost every kind of evil, and for placing its internal peace, and the peace between it and Britain in peril, would be unknown. If its people were Protestants, they would be free from spiritual tyranny ; they would be accessible to instruction and civilization ; the subject would not be arrayed against the ruler, and the tenant against the landlord ; neighbour would not be seeking the ruin of neighbour,—society would be placed under those bonds, feelings, and regulations, without which it can never know prosperity.

Looking at the United Kingdom, five or six millions of its population are inveterately hostile to the Established Church, and are clamouring for the destruction of this church, in one of its leading divisions—nearly one-third of its inhabitants are inflamed with religious and political fury against the remainder, are practically under the control of the Pope of Rome, are calling for the repeal of the Irish Union, are maintaining that the Romish priesthood has a right to prohibit the reading of the Scriptures, to

destroy the relations between landlord and tenant, to elect the Members of the House of Commons, and to be the supreme depositary and guide of political power;—in a word, are dangerously disaffected, and are holding principles flatly opposed to the Constitution and civil and religious liberty, and tending to the dismemberment of the empire. This fearful state of things would be unknown, were the people of Ireland Protestants.

If all this do not irresistibly prove, that every friend of Ireland and Britain—of the Constitution—of popular rights and liberties—and of the unity and prosperity of the empire, ought to do his utmost to reform the Catholicism of Ireland, no such thing as proof can be known or imagined.

Now what is, in reality, the Reformation which is taking root in Ireland? Is it something exclusively religious? Is it merely a change of creed, in respect of speculative and non-essential matters, and having nothing to do with the conduct and temporal interests of society? Is it nothing more than a conflict of abstract doctrines, from which the State can reap no benefit; and in which, the triumph of the one side, will be the same to the State as the triumph of the other? No, it is that Reformation of Catholicism which is so imperiously necessary. The people are passing from one church to another, but they are still Christians,—they are purging their religion of its errors and impurities,—they are making themselves acquainted with the Bible, and harmonizing their religion with it, but not throwing it away for a new one,—they are exchanging slavery for freedom, disaffection for loyalty, barbarism for instruction, and turbulence for peace and order. When this Reformation shall reach its completion, it will purge Ireland of spiritual tyranny, render the Union a substantial reality, and yield to the empire benefits of the first magnitude, and of almost every description.

All this is so obvious, so demonstrable, so far above controversy, that those who have the worst opinion of human nature, might have thought it utterly impossible for any man, not a Catholic or a traitor, to be other than the warm friend of such a Reformation. Nevertheless, this Reformation has been fiercely attacked in Parliament

by Mr Plunkett!—by an Irishman!!—by a member of the Government!!!

His Majesty's Attorney-General for Ireland calls it a chimera. We who write do not belong to Ireland, and still we should be ashamed of ourselves were we to libel the Irish people in this manner. It is chimerical to expect that the people of Ireland can be led to study the Scriptures—to believe that they have a right to think for themselves on religious matters—to reject human inventions, which are at variance with the Bible—to shake off the despotism of their priests—and to think that Christianity does not sanction the Pope of Rome and his instruments in trampling upon their rights and interests! It is chimerical to expect that the people of Ireland can ever be placed on a level with the people of England and Scotland, in regard to religious knowledge and principle! So says that Irishman, Mr Plunkett. We will never believe it. We will never think so meanly of Mr Plunkett's countrymen. If the differences between the two religions turned entirely on the construction of a few ambiguous passages of Scripture, or on trifling matters of church government, his opinion might be a defensible one; but when the people are merely called upon to reject that which is repugnant to common sense, and demonstrably false, and to reclaim rights and liberties which human nature must ever be anxious to enjoy, we are constrained to think his opinion as great an insult to them as could be conceived. It in reality asserts that it is impossible to cause them to prefer truth to the most glaring error, and freedom to the most grievous slavery.

Granting it to be improbable that the whole of the Irish Catholics may be induced to reform their religion, is it improbable that a portion of them may be induced to do so? When truth, reason, demonstration, personal interest,—all things that have hitherto had prevailing influence over the mind of man,—are on the side of the Reformation, is the hope that a part of the Catholics may be gained, to be derided as a chimera? To reply in the affirmative, would be to assert what history and experience show to be an impossibility; if any reliance may be placed on what time has made known touching human nature, it is utterly

impossible for the leaders of the Reformation to labour in vain, if they labour properly;—it is morally certain that they will make large numbers of converts, if they use the right means. When it is thus certain that a part may be gained, ought nothing to be attempted, because it may not be practicable to gain the whole? Putting Mr Plunkett out of sight, all other men will, we think, admit, that the gaining of a few hundreds of thousands would be a matter of immense importance. Half a million would make a difference of a million in the relative strength of the two churches; and it is only necessary to look at the present weakness of the Established Church, to be convinced that such a number of new members would yield it incalculable benefit.

If the monstrous doctrine, that it is impossible to make converts in Ireland from Catholicism were even true, would the attempt have no effect in the way of reformation? The question is answered by what has been done already, leaving out of the account the conversions. The Bible discussions have extorted from the Romish Priests what amounts to a confession that some of the most pernicious parts of their religion are indefensible, and have called forth a spirit of inquiry and resistance, which threatens the despotism of these Priests with destruction. If the Protestant clergy continue to exert themselves, they will compel Catholicism to reform itself,—they will compel it to divest itself of its supererogations and tyranny, even if they do not make a single convert. Its most injurious portions are so glaringly at variance with common reason, proof, the weal of society, and the rights and interests of the layman, that it is impossible for them to be supported against continual attack. A Reformation like this, though it might not bring to the Church a single new member, would yield inestimable benefit to Ireland and the empire at large; and at the least, such a Reformation amidst the whole of the Catholics, must inevitably be produced by the continued labours of the Protestant clergy.

And now, what means are used to compass the Reformation? The Attorney-General for Ireland calls it a crusade; and it might be imagined from this, that the work of conversion

is effected by the cannon and bayonet—that armies are the teachers, and bullets the arguments. Our readers, however, may be assured, that it does not employ a single soldier. Perhaps then the Catholics are coerced into Protestantism by the civil power,—perhaps the police drags them to the churches, and pommels them into recantation—perhaps they are converted by the peril of legal exaction and torture? No. The most bitter enemies of the Reformation have not ventured to insinuate that compulsion is resorted to, of any description.

What then are the means? Societies, consisting of private individuals, establish schools, in which the Scriptures are read, from which the peculiarities of both Protestant and Catholic creeds are excluded, and to which none but children sent voluntarily by their parents are admitted. Societies, consisting of private individuals, hold public meetings, for the purpose of distributing the Scriptures, without note or comment, to such Protestants and Catholics as are willing to receive them. Societies, consisting of private individuals, give religious tracts to such Catholics, as, of their own free will, will accept them. The Protestant clergy preach against Catholicism, and hold disputations with the Catholic priests, their auditors being all voluntary ones. These, courteous reader, are the means employed to compass the Reformation.

People of the Old School will here exclaim,—What, in the name of English religion, and English rights, and English common sense, could a Member of the Government find in all this to excite his animosity? They must be told that the Attorney-General for Ireland affected to ground his attack on the discovery that Lord Farnham, round whose residence the Reformation commenced, had publicly charged the Romish Church with bigotry and tyranny, and that the Bible meetings and disputations of the clergy would endanger the peace of Ireland.

Lord Farnham is a man of the right stamp, a sterling patriot; one who finds his party in his principles, and who adheres to these, careless whether people in office be with or against him. We wish from our souls that such men were far more numerous than they are. He applied precisely those terms to the Romish

Church which the laws apply to it; and we cannot but think that the statutes of the realm are somewhat better authority in matters of definition than Mr Plunkett. Let any man look at the history of this church, past and present; let him examine its present conduct in Ireland. Its priests openly declare that the regular clergy have no spiritual character; and this, forsooth, is not bigotry! They teach their flocks, that there is no salvation out of their church, and that every Protestant is a heretic; and this, forsooth, is not bigotry! They maintain that laymen have not the smallest right of private judgment in religious matters; and this, forsooth, is not tyranny! They prohibit the general reading of the Scriptures, take the Bible by compulsion from the dwellings of their followers, and, by spiritual terrors, prevent parents from sending their children to the schools, and compel the freeholders to vote as they please; yet all this, forsooth, is not tyranny! According to the fair, legitimate, and natural meaning of the English language, the Romish Church of Ireland is what Lord Farnham called it; and we are very sure that the English people will never suffer the meaning of their language to be changed by such men as Mr Plunkett.

Lord Farnham, as a private individual, at a public meeting, applied the terms in question to a gigantic corporation, and if he did this unjustly, we will ask every friend of British rights and liberties, what there was in it to call for the attack of Mr Plunkett. Which is the chapter of the Constitution which imposes upon the Irish Attorney-General the duty of defending the character of the Romish Church from slander? Where is the part of the Constitution which sanctions a Member of the Government in making a furious attack in Parliament upon an absent individual, for the exercise of one of the clearest of constitutional rights? This is part of a system which has lately been followed by official men, and in the name of the Constitution, we protest against it. Perhaps, however, Mr Plunkett was moved to it by the "impartiality" of the Irish government, which has been so much talked of. He has been compelled to prosecute Sheil, and "impartiality" demanded that a blow should be struck at the other side; Lord Farnham could not well be pro-

secuted by the Attorney-General for a libel on the Romish Church, but an attack in Parliament was a practicable matter.

The wretched squeamishness which holds that things ought not to be called by their right names, will never do for John Bull. This warm, downright, plain-spoken personage, could as soon change Ireland into a sugar-plum as practise it. Here is a stupendous corporation, which, in the face of the whole world, deprives a people of many of their rights, and keeps them in the lowest stage of ignorance, bigotry, superstition, and fanaticism; yet it is not to be spoken against. The question is one of fact, and not of opinion. Is the Romish Church of Ireland bigotted and tyrannical? and are the Irish Catholics bigotted, superstitious, and fanatical? Let Mr Plunkett bring forward his proofs, for his assertions will not do in England. The mass of the Irish Catholics are utter strangers to the real character of their church; they can only be made acquainted with it through the Protestants, and yet the latter are carefully to conceal the knowledge from them. The Protestants are to say to them,—Your church is an excellent one—we can say nothing against it—but ours is a better; and this is to cause them to shake off their slavery, bigotry, and superstition! Out upon the miserable nonsense! Was it in this way that the Reformation prevailed in England and Scotland? Did such a system ever correct a single abuse, or free society from a single evil? Were our right of discussion, and freedom of the press, given us to be used in this manner? If—which may almost be doubted—Mr Abernethy's assertion be true, that "there is such a thing as common sense," what does common sense say of the matter? It says,—Attack the tyranny of the Romish Church as you would any other tyranny; place before the ignorant layman the usurpations and errors of this Church; show him how much it imposes upon, and enslaves him; deal forth your thunders against those parts of it which are a curse to society; for you have no other means of strengthening the established religion, or compelling Catholicism to undertake its own reformation.

And now, touching the Bible meetings and disputations. Our readers are aware that the Bible Societies have no especial reference to Ireland and Ca-

tholicism ; and that their object, professed and real, is merely to distribute the Bible, without note and comment, to such as are willing to receive it. For years, the Societies held their annual meetings in Ireland without interruption ; but at length these were obtruded upon by the Catholic priests and demagogues, solely for purposes of disputation and tumult. The declared object of the obtrusions was, to put down the Societies and their meetings. This was the origin of the public discussions between the Protestant clergy and the Romish priesthood. These discussions, at their commencement, were actually forced upon the Protestants by the priests and demagogues. Let it be remembered, that it was not until the system of " Conciliation" was adopted ; that it was not until Ireland obtained the Marquis Wellesley for its Lord-Lieutenant, and Mr Plunkett for its Attorney-General, that the Catholics had the audacity to attempt to strip the Protestants of some of the most sacred of their rights by means of the brute force of the rabble.

The priests and demagogues doubtlessly promised themselves an easy victory ; they expected that the terror of their mobs, the outcry of the liberal newspapers, and the influence of the Conciliatory Government, would at once practically suppress the societies. They were mistaken. The Protestants, to their eternal honour, boldly withstood the attack, and the consequences were terrible to their assailants. The veil which had been spread over Catholicism was torn to tatters ; the Catholics proclaimed what their religion really was ; and a feeling of astonishment and indignation pervaded the whole British people. The Dissenters, almost in a body, went over to the Church, in respect of the Catholic Question. In Ireland, all eyes were turned to the Bible discussions—an irrepressible spirit of inquiry and examination was originated among the people—the demand for the Scriptures increased so much that it could scarcely be supplied—the priests were driven from some of the worst of their dogmas, their despotism was shaken, and in due time came the conversions.

It was not until the Protestant clergy saw what vast benefits the discussions which had been forced upon them yielded, that they challenged their opponents to farther discussions.

Now, will any man dare to say, that the Protestants of Ireland have not a clear, legal, and constitutional right to form themselves into societies, and hold public meetings, for the purpose of distributing the Bible, and forming schools, even though their object be proselytism ? No. If such a traitor to right exist, he will not, at any rate, avow his treason. Granting, that at their meetings they inveigh against Catholicism, what is there in this of infraction of law, or abuse of privilege ? Nothing. They attack, not individuals, but a system—a set of doctrines and laws at variance with the laws of the realm and the rights of the subject. In the regular discussions, however, the Protestant clergy carefully avoided all offensive language !

Let us pass from right to expediency. The Protestants establish schools in which the Scriptures are read, but from which all party creeds are excluded ; and they circulate the Scriptures without note or comment. If they be wrong, why boast of the virtues of instruction and knowledge ? If they be wrong, why lament the ignorance, barbarism, superstition, vice, and crime, of the mass of the Irish people ? That an Irishman, and a Member of the Government, can be found to discountenance them in this, is, in our judgment, a matter of national degradation. But then, forsooth, their object is to make proselytes. Well, what of this, if they use not the means ? Why look at their object, when all men living know that they merely do what is in the highest degree beneficial to society ? Granting that this is their object, is it a pernicious one ? Is it one to be opposed by the Government ? Is Catholicism a thing so precious to society and the state, that it is not on any account to be weakened ? We have already given the answer. It is one of the portentous signs of the times, that things which are demonstrably of the most beneficial character, are attacked on the ground that they are intended to produce what their enemies admit would be the greatest benefit that could visit Ireland and the empire.

As to the public discussions, nothing better could be imagined for purposes of general instruction. Their novelty excites general curiosity ; the speeches are printed, and eagerly read by all ; and thus the people at large

acquire more knowledge of the real character of the two churches than they could acquire by any other means. The Catholic priest can tell his ignorant flock anything without fear of contradiction ; but the Catholic disputant is compelled to cleave to the truth in matters of fact ; and thus the one is made to contradict the other in the most essential points touching both the religions. In these discussions, the Protestant disputants appear as the champions, not only of their own faith, but of the Catholic laity against the priesthood. Nothing ever did so much towards giving the body of the people correct knowledge of both Protestantism and Catholicism, as those have done which have already taken place. It has been absurdly said, that they are useless, because neither party of the disputants can hope to convert the other. Who ever dreamed that they would have such an effect ? The disputants are but the counsel of the two religions, and the people are the judges : the discussions are held, that the nation at large may have the most ample information, and the most weighty arguments laid before it, on both sides.

The Archbishop of Cashel lately put forth the unaccountable doctrine, that the efforts in favour of the Reformation, whatever they may do in other respects, are pretty sure to injure Christianity in Ireland. Lord Holland found this doctrine exactly adapted to his calibre, and, having a huge relish for dabbling in ecclesiastical matters, he has warmly espoused it. Now, we will ask the Archbishop and Lord Holland, what injury the Reformation did to Christianity in England and Scotland ? What injury have the religious controversies, and the incessant attempts on all sides to make proselytes, done to Christianity in England ? What is the state of Christianity in England, compared with its state in such countries as Spain, Portugal, and Ireland, where religious controversy and proselytising have been wholly, or in the main, unknown ? With us in England such controversy and proselytising have purged Christianity of the gross and pernicious errors, in which bigotry, and something worse, had clothed it ; they have placed it before the eyes of the whole people in its native purity and loveliness ; to them we owe our

proud superiority over other nations, in correct knowledge of its precepts and sincere, rational, practical piety. They have done more than this. They have destroyed spiritual tyranny, and secured the religious liberty of the layman. The completing of our religious liberty completed our civil liberty, and from both we have reaped the most invaluable benefits. Why cannot religious controversy and proselytising produce the same fruits in Ireland which they have produced in England ? We are very sure, that neither the Archbishop nor Lord Holland can answer the question. What is the state of Christianity in Ireland ? Look at it amidst the body of the Catholics—look at it amidst a portion of the Protestants ! Can it be made worse ? No ! The leaders of the Reformation may comfort themselves with this, that, at any rate, they can do no injury ; if they cannot raise Christianity in Ireland, at least they cannot sink it lower. To be consistent, Lord Holland ought to cry down instruction and discussion as public evils ; he ought to attack the freedom of the press, and the debates of Parliament. For his own sake, we exhort his Lordship to withdraw himself again from political life.

We will not deal harshly with the Archbishop of Cashel ; but we must be permitted to advise him to read the oath taken by the clergy—to examine certain laws which bear upon the duties of the clergy—to peruse the New Testament—to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the example, precepts, and commands of the Divine Founder of Christianity in all matters that affect this question, touching the Reformation of Ireland. If our Saviour had resembled the Archbishop—if the instructions of the one had been the same as the instructions of the other—what would have been the case at present with Christianity ? If the example of the Archbishop had always been followed, what would have been the present condition of Protestantism ? We dare not express all that we feel touching his conduct, but we are very sure that this conduct will be thought of as it ought to be by our countrymen.

If the Bible meetings and the discussions cause riot and insurrection, who are to be the rioters and rebels ? The Catholics exclusively. Why ?

Are they compelled to attend the meetings, to accept and read the Bible, to listen to the discussions, and to become proselytes? No. They have full liberty to do as they please; they are not molested, or interfered with in any way; all that can be expected, at the worst, is, something may possibly be said against their religion. The Irish Attorney General comes red hot to Parliament with the portentous intelligence, that Ireland is in so horrible a state, that a cause like this will excite the Catholics to riot and insurrection, and what does he advise?—That the Protestants shall be protected in the exercise of their rights—and the Catholics shall be compelled to obey the laws? Oh, no! He makes a furious attack upon the Protestants and their discussions—they alone are to blame—they are to be silenced—they are practically to be subjected to a tyranny of the most abominable description—and the Catholics are to be supported in establishing such a tyranny!

The fact that the Romish Church of Ireland is a tyrannical, bigotted, and fanatical one, is here triumphantly established by Mr Plunkett. The fact that every friend of the constitution, law, right, and liberty, ought to do his utmost in favour of the Reformation, is here rendered unassailable by Mr Plunkett. The fact that the present Irish Government is the reverse of what it ought to be, and is acting on a system alike unconstitutional and destructive, is here placed wholly above question by the Attorney General for Ireland.

We stand not upon party ground. When Ireland, according to the confession of a Member of its Government, is in this horrible state, what is the irresistible inference? Is it that the Government should thus encourage and sanction the Catholics in trampling upon the rights of the Protestants? No. It is, that it should say to them—You have liberty to do all that your opponents are doing; they are only exercising a privilege which the Constitution gives to you as well as to them, and which it is our sacred duty to protect; we will give to your Church all lawful and equitable protection; but if it cannot maintain itself against this, it must perish. It is, that it should do everything possible to weaken the monstrous power

which places Ireland in such a state. It is, that it should on every occasion express its abhorrence of the bigotry and intolerance which thus incites one part of the people to oppress the other. But attacks like this of the Government upon the Protestants, must inevitably have the effect of rendering the Catholics still more powerful and ungovernable, of making them still more regardless of law and right, and of causing that spiritual tyranny to be still more omnipotent and destructive, which is not more a scourge to the Protestants, than to the Catholics themselves.

We will not, however, believe Mr Plunkett. The speeches delivered at the discussions already held have been elaborately reported, and we entreat every man to read them attentively, who wishes to judge correctly of the question. In those of the Protestants, everything insulting and inflammatory is avoided; and the line is carefully drawn between the Romish Church in its impersonal character, and its living members. We say that these discussions will have the best effects in familiarizing the mass of the people with the nature and exercise of right and liberty, in giving to them British feelings and habits, and in tranquillizing Ireland.

In what circumstances was the Church placed when the efforts in favour of the Reformation commenced? The Romish priests were constantly doing their utmost on every side to make proselytes, and in consequence it was daily losing its members. The advocates of the Catholics in Parliament were eternally boasting that Catholicism was increasing, and the Church was rapidly losing its laity and sinking into ruin. The truth of this was unquestionable. Was anything then said against the proselytizing of the priests? No, it was daubed with every kind of eulogy. If any Member of the Government had ventured to censure it, he would have been borne to the dust by Whig clamour. In this alarming state of things, the Church had but one course before it to save itself from destruction, and this it took. The Clergy commenced the discharge of the duty imposed upon them by their oaths, their religion, and their God: in attempting to make proselytes, they have merely done what the Romish priests have done time imme-

morial. The Reformation is a measure of defence, as well as of aggression; it is one of self-preservation, as well as of conquest. The war between the two Churches is a war of extermination; and if the established one lay down its arms, or act merely on the defensive, it must inevitably perish. The dissenting bodies of Protestants exist through it; it is their shield; and if it fall, Presbyterianism and the other modifications of Protestantism will soon be banished from Ireland.

Mr Plunkett declares that he is a warm friend to the Church, because it forms a powerful bond between Britain and Ireland. In what way, as we said on a former occasion, does it form such a bond? Do its walls, its lands, its dues, and its clergy, form such a bond, without a laity? No. Without a powerful laity, it must be, not a bond of union, but a barrier of separation. Why is this Church now used as a mighty means for inflaming the mass of the Irish people against this country, and dividing Ireland from Britain? Because it is almost without a laity. If half the people in every part were its members, these would be attached to this country, and they would beat down the prejudices of the other half into the mere religious rivalry of a sect. The Catholics now hope for, and labour to accomplish, its total overthrow. Why? Because its laity is so feeble. An attempt is annually made, and pretty largely supported in Parliament, for effecting its spoliation. Why? Chiefly because its laity is so feeble. If this Church, instead of gaining additional lay members, lose the greater part of the few it has, it may easily be foreseen from the opinions which prevail in the very Cabinet, as well as amidst factions out of it, that in a very few years it will be scarcely possible to preserve it from utter annihilation; and if it return to its former passive endurance, it will lose most of its present lay members. Once more, we say that the Reformation is a thing of defence, as well as of aggression. The Clergy must zealously exert themselves to make proselytes, or the Church must lose its laity and fall. While, however, Mr Plunkett affects to venerate the Church as a bond of union, he attacks the only thing that can make it such a bond;—while he speaks of his anxiety for its existence, he thwarts to the utmost almost

the only means that can save it from ruin. May Heaven vouchsafe it better friends and defenders than Mr Plunkett!

If the Attorney-General for Ireland were somewhat more of a statesman than he is, he would venerate the Church for other reasons—he would venerate it as a source of instruction, knowledge, morals, and virtue. He would venerate it as the corrector of religious error, and the dispenser of religious freedom. He would venerate it as a mighty instrument for removing the blindness, bigotry, superstition, and slavery of the mass of his countrymen; and for giving to Ireland the religious truth, light, knowledge, peace, and liberty, with their inestimable concomitants, which it has given to England.

The question involves other rights and liberties beside those of the Protestants. As laymen of the Church of England, we would ever be among the first to defend the just rights of our excellent clergy, and we would ever respect the just rights of any other body of religious teachers; but while we would do this, we would jealously defend the just rights of our lay brethren of all denominations. That is not religious liberty which does not give liberty to the layman as well as to the minister: That nation does not enjoy religious liberty, in which the laymen are the slaves of the clergy. While our modern liberty-mongers call themselves the exclusive friends of religious liberty, they would make the mass of a people the bondsmen of a priesthood; they constantly do their utmost to support that religious tyranny which the Romish Church has established over the body of the people of Ireland; the religious liberty which they uphold converts the priest into a despot, and maintains that the layman has no right of private judgment, has no right to read the Bible, to send his children to school, to enter a different place of worship, and to vote at elections, in opposition to the mandates of this despot. We cannot stoop to the blindness of this; our soul turns with scorn from its iniquity. Our religious liberty must be for the many—for the nation—for the poor and feeble, as well as for the rich and powerful. If we must have a religious tyrant, let him be the civil ruler, rather than the religious teacher,

in order that his tyranny may be the less searching and grinding. In attacking the legal and constitutional rights and liberties of the Protestants, the Irish Attorney-General attacked the legal and constitutional rights and liberties of the mass of the Catholics: in striking at the meetings, the discussions, and the Reformation, he struck at the means of the Catholic laity for obtaining the Scriptures, schools, instruction, the right of private judgment and freedom; the efforts that he endeavoured to suppress are, in reality, efforts to give all these to the Catholic laity. We are not advocating compulsion, we are merely demanding that the Catholic layman shall have liberty of choice; we are merely demanding that he shall have knowledge, schools, the Bible, and the lawful rights of the subject placed before him, and be perfectly free to accept, or reject them. Those who will not suffer the Protestants to place these within his reach, are, in respect of tyranny towards him, quite on a par with his priesthood. They rivet upon his understanding, will, and limbs, that last chain which even this priesthood cannot rivet; they perfect his slavery where it is defective, exclude every glimpse of hope that it admits, and carry to the highest point its capabilities for producing evil and calamity.

The circumstances under which the Attorney-General for Ireland made his first attack on the Reformation, deserve serious notice.

Our readers know that two years ago a law was passed to put down Associations in Ireland: It emanated from the Irish Government; it was at any rate sanctioned by Mr Plunkett, and he must have had some share in its framing; and its main object confessedly was to suppress the Catholic Association. Whether this law was purposely fashioned in a way to render it a nullity—or whether it was drawn with so much deplorable incapacity as to be incapable of operation—or whether it has remained a dead letter from the stubborn determination of its parents, never to enforce it, save against Orange Societies—or whether any other cause has rendered it inoperative, is a question which we cannot answer; but we know, in common with every one else, that almost ever since it was put into the Statute Book, the Catho-

lic Association has been in constant existence, and has been guilty of all the atrocious enormities which it was especially intended to punish: and yet not a single attempt to give it effect has been made by its parents.

As Englishmen living under the administration of English laws, we must, before we proceed farther, pause to express our astonishment at the inconceivable imbecility, which could fabricate a law incapable of sustaining even an effort to give it motion; or at the inconceivable blindness to duty, which could suffer a law to sleep amidst the portentous iniquities and evils it was especially created to coerce and annihilate.

Of this Catholic Association, which thus openly exists in defiance and violation of this law of the Irish Government, various of the Romish prelates and priests are members. One of the great objects of the law was to prevent the collection of what is called the Catholic Rent. Various of the prelates ostentatiously contribute to this rent—some of them have signed requisitions for, and attended at, public meetings, to establish the collection of it—and the priests generally are avowedly its collectors.

We need not enlarge on the publications of one of the prelates, Dr Doyle. The instructions to the priests touching what they ought to do at the elections—the foul attacks on the Church, Protestantism, and the Bible Societies—the vile and inflammatory incitements continually offered to the ignorance and bigotry of the people by this Reverend Incendiary—for he deserves no better a name—are known sufficiently.

The rent collected by the Romish prelates and priests is partly expended in supporting certain newspapers. The following extract appeared in one of these newspapers some weeks ago.

“It appears, however, that these Biblicals thought their good offices were wanting; and that the O’Gormans and Mahons—the O’Briens and the Kilgorey O’Connells were not a bit better than they ought to be; and that the light of the Gospel was, wanting to guide the devoted men of Clare to eternal happiness. With these feelings, Mr Synge, with most good natural motives, set up a Bible school. But the *barbarians* of Clare did not relish the *religious kidnapping* which

was practised therein; and all for the love of God and the poor. They therefore expressed their dissatisfaction by some improvident overt acts of throwing stones and brickbats at the house of the religious proselytizer; and, for this we will say most natural ebullition of the insulted people," &c. &c. The writer calls this the act of individuals "goaded to their error by the exasperating conduct of corrupt and interested fanatics," and adds—"We should be glad to be informed by our Clare friends, what amount of annual salary is enjoyed by Mr Syngé, or those of his coadjutors who are now so busy interfering with the duties of the natural protectors of the people—we mean the Catholic clergy?"

We give the extract as we find it; the italics are those of its author. We will not waste a word on the brutal, demoniacal, rack-and-faggot spirit which pervades it; and on its atrocious defence of crime and outrage. It will show what those publications are, which the priesthood collects the rent to support.

It is not necessary for us to trace the character of the Catholic Association. Its abominable attacks upon all that is great and good in the land—the foul libels which it inculcates—its calls for the spoliation and destruction of the Church—its rancorous animosity towards England, and every thing dear to Englishmen—and the excitements which it eternally applies to all the worst passions and feelings of the people, are known to every one. As a body, the prelates and priests are identified with, and act as the menials of, this Association.

At the public meetings of the Catholics held throughout Ireland in the last twelve months, the same detestable spirit was displayed, and the same flagitious and criminal sentiments were uttered, which disgrace the Association. The prelates and priests were leading actors at these meetings.

At the elections, the priests headed the mobs, and did their utmost to carry party strife and madness to the highest point possible. They employed the tyranny and terrors of their religion, to render themselves the monopolists of the elective franchise; and by the most unconstitutional and scandalous means, they made themselves in reality the sole electors at

various places. They arrayed the tenant against the landlord, and the servant against the master; they destroyed the bonds of society, and reduced innumerable families to ruin.

After doing all this—after doing their utmost to aid the Association in filling Ireland with distraction and dissension—after compelling society to tear itself to pieces, while they were yet covered with the dust, and sweat, and blood of their election exploits—while the cries of the thousands they had plunged into distress and starvation, still rung in the ears of the country,—at the very moment when they were openly trampling upon the laws, and acting as the allies and tools of a gang of demagogues, who leave nothing unsaid that human depravity can utter—who leave nothing undone that can stimulate the people to guilt and disaffection—who call for the destruction of the Church—who denounce the Union with England, and who have brought Ireland to the very brink of rebellion, the Romish prelates and priests thought good to get up what they called a petition to Parliament, to assure it that they had been vilely slandered,—that their Church was a most immaculate one,—and that themselves were the very essence of perfection, in respect of loyalty, and obedience to law, and spotless principle and conduct of every description.

Here was assurance unique and inimitable; it may almost be suspected that those who could soar to it, must be capable of working miracles. Whom did these reverend personages select to present their petition to Parliament? They selected Mr Plunkett! If this be laughed at as a joke—if it be looked on as utterly incredible,—we cannot help it. It is matter of physical proof, that they actually selected Mr Plunkett, the Attorney-General for Ireland!

Now, what did Mr Plunkett,—a Member of the Irish Government,—the Attorney-General for Ireland,—say when he presented the petition? Did he say, I cannot verify what the petitioners assert—they are at this moment violating the laws—they are members and menials of the Association our law was intended to suppress—they are actively collecting the rent our law was intended to extinguish—they are extorting money from their

flocks, for the purpose of supporting publications which circulate every thing that can injure society, and destroy the public peace—they interfered in the most unconstitutional manner with the freedom of election—they got up a war between landlord and tenant, which ruined innumerable families—they oppose, in the most obstinate manner, the efforts of the Protestants to instruct and reform the people—and they are the active instruments of those demagogues who render Ireland ungovernable? Did Mr Plunkett say this? No. He declared that they were what they represented themselves to be,—that they ranked amidst the most pure and meritorious of his Majesty's subjects—that not the laws, not the constitutional and responsible public functionaries, but these prelates and priests, were the preservers of the peace of Ireland!

Posterity will never believe this. A Member of the Government cover with panegyric men actively employed in doing every thing that a law framed by this Government was intended to prohibit. Who, even now, can think it possible? It, nevertheless, actually happened.

If all this fill our readers with immeasurable wonder, they will not wonder at all, when they are told it was when Mr Plunkett presented this petition, and spoke in this manner of the Romish prelates and priests, that he attacked the Reformation—that he virulently attacked the Protestants, who were doing their utmost to discharge their duty to their Church, their religion, their countrymen, and their country.

As Mr Plunkett was not dismissed from his office within twelve hours of the delivery of such a speech—as he is still a Member of the Government, and as no solemn disavowal of his sentiments has been put forth by the Ministry,—we will here, as Englishmen, ask the English members of the Cabinet, if any such there be, whether we ought to obey or to violate the laws? Whether we ought to labour for the existence and prosperity of the Church, or for its overthrow? Whether we ought to defend or attack order and the relations of society? Whether the duties of the subject be what they were wont to be, or have been wholly reversed? We ask from other motives than curiosity.

This was Mr Plunkett's first attack on the Reformation; he made a second in the debate on the Catholic Question.

In this debate, Mr G. Dawson, whose sound, practical, masculine understanding, and manly, patriotic, uncompromising spirit, deserve the highest praise, produced a number of affidavits to prove how scandalously the priests had abused their tyranny at the Waterford election. "I disbelieve them," exclaimed Mr Plunkett, although it was not possible for him to know whether they were true or false. His example was followed by another minister, whose means of judging of their truth were even less than his own. That the humblest of his Majesty's subjects have a right to be treated with common decency by the servants of the State, and that it is most abominable in these servants to charge them in Parliament, without proof, with wilful and corrupt perjury, are truisms which we need not waste words in establishing. Who could venture to disbelieve the—I disbelieve—of Mr Plunkett? The House of Commons was petrified, and acquiesced at once in the truth of the charge of perjury. If Mr Plunkett were convinced that several hundreds of Catholics had thus perjured themselves, could he find nothing in it to lead him to suspect that Catholicism had its rotten parts—that it needed reformation—that it contained what was irreconcilable with the foundations of law, and destructive to the weal of society? Could he find nothing in it to lead him to fear that the Romish priests were not what he had thought them, and to think that religious and moral instruction might even be beneficial to his countrymen?

The Irish Attorney-General was further pressed during the debate, touching the election conduct of the priests, and he then declared that they were justified in all they had done,—that they had acted meritoriously, and had merely incited the people to patriotism. For the priests to use their spiritual tyranny for the purpose of robbing the lawful elector of his rights—rendering their Church the real electors of Members of Parliament—involving the tenants in a ruinous conflict with the landlords,—and breaking up the very foundations of society,—is, in the opinion of a legal member of the Irish Government,

meritorious and patriotic! In the name of the constitution and laws, the weal of society, and the rights and privileges dear to the Englishman, we enter our solemn protest against the doctrine. It was not, however, either reprobated or disavowed by the House of Commons;—that House, which ought to be, whatever ambition and apostasy may have rendered it, the especial guardian of popular rights and liberties, civil and religious, lay as well as clerical. Mr Plunkett asserted that the Romish priests merely did what was done by the regular clergy. Where was his evidence? when, in his opinion, the Catholics are capable of swearing anything—why had he not their affidavits to refer to, showing that the regular clergy had deprived of the rights of the Church—excommunicated—cursed and consigned to perdition from the altar—stripped of bread, and expelled from society,—those who refused to vote according to their mandates? If such affidavits could not be obtained, could he not find this asserted in the writings of some Dr Doyle, or in the speech of some demagogue—some member of that gang of libellers, who can assert any thing that can be expressed by human language? If this slander of the clergy had not even been insinuated by the very worst member of the Catholic Association, could not Mr Plunkett assert, on his own knowledge, that the discipline of the Established Church was as tyrannical as that of the Romish one, and that the clergy of the one exercised that despotism which was exercised by the other? If he could not even do this—if what he asserted was a physical impossibility—if it were demonstrably impossible for the clergy to do what the priests did, and to exercise other than legal and constitutional influence,—why did he cast upon them and the Church the calumny?

One truth may be gathered from all this, which we think will not be questioned by any man living;—it is, that Mr Plunkett ought never to fill any public situation, in which he might be able to influence, in the smallest degree, the appointment of the Irish clergy.

In the course of his speech, he was represented to say, that the disabili-

ties deprived the Catholics of their rights, and that they durst not be maintained if these Catholics were Englishmen;—he was represented to say something much worse. Why did not the Irish Attorney-General say, that the law deprived the mass of the people of England of their rights, by depriving them of the elective franchise, and eligibility for a seat in Parliament; and that they would be justified in obtaining these rights by rebellion? Why did he not maintain that the English constitution knows nothing of qualification—that it places all men on an exact equality—that it makes no distinction between the loyal and the disloyal, the honest and the knavish—that a man of the most dangerous opinions and connexions has the same right to public trusts as one of the most opposite description—and that if it were matter of proof that the removal of the disabilities would destroy civil and religious freedom, they still ought to be removed? Why did he not maintain that the public weal is nothing—that the opinion of the majority is nothing—that rights ought to be defined, not by the authorities appointed by the constitution and laws for the purpose, but by the Romish Church,—and that this Church cannot say or do anything that can disqualify the members for being the legislators and ministers of the empire? Speak of the principles of the constitution, and the duties and powers of Parliament! if Mr Plunkett's doctrine be just, what right have they to interfere with individual caprice, or corporate usurpation? Well might Mr Brougham pronounce his speech to be inimitable! Well might Mr Peel call his doctrines abominable ones! Well has it been said that Sheil will be most unjustly dealt with if he be convicted at his prosecution! It is not to be wondered at that the Catholics trample upon the laws and the rights of the Protestants, and that Ireland is distracted, convulsed, and ungovernable.

As men not living under the meridian of Ireland, and not being bound by the maxims of the Irish government, we speak thus plainly of doctrines flatly opposed to the principles of the constitution, and subversive, not only of right and freedom, but of the very foundations of society. If

they had been put forth by a man unconnected with office, we should not have passed them in silence; but when they have emanated from a Member of the Government, it is doubly our duty to hold them up to a general reprobation. That which is applied to one part of the United Kingdom, may easily be applied to another; and there are not many steps between the advancing of a principle by official men, and the reduction of it into a law. If proselytizing, religious discussion, the establishing of schools, and the circulating of the Scriptures, are to be prohibited in Ireland, how long are they to be tolerated in England? If the Irish layman ought to be a slave, why ought the English layman to be free? If the rights of the Irish Protestants are to be attacked, why are those of the British ones to be spared? If the Romish Church is to monopolise the elective franchise in Ireland, why not allow it to do the same throughout the whole United Kingdom?

The Catholic Question is, it seems, to be again in effect discussed in the House of Commons during the session; had not this been the case, we should not have bestowed on it any general notice.

It is a truth which no man will venture to dispute, that the parliamentary discussion of this Question adds mightily to the divisions and distractions of Ireland; that it increases greatly the means of the demagogues and their newspapers, for producing mischief; and that it operates most perniciously against every thing that is attempted in favour of the best interests of the Irish people. When this is the case, we will ask, not the Plunketts and Broughams—not the party bigots and fanatics—but those parliamentary advocates of the Catholics, whose advocacy springs from honesty and patriotism, from a disinterested anxiety to promote the interests of both Ireland and Britain, why this Question is to be twice discussed in the House of Commons in the same session? Whether these men be Irish, Scottish, or English, we call upon them to answer us.

Was not the late discussion a most ample one? They will not deny it. Were the members present too few in number to speak the sense of the

House of Commons? They will admit that it took place in the fullest House ever known, and that the majority was against them. Were the majority and minority so constituted, that the latter spoke the sense of the country? They must reply in the negative.

The Whigs now make the Catholic Question a leading party one; upon it they rest their main dependence for admission to power. The minority therefore comprehended the whole of the Whig close borough members. Half the Ministers now make it a leading party question, and the minority comprehended a large portion of the Tory close borough members. The Romish church has practically converted many of the places of Ireland which send members to Parliament into close boroughs, and it has now about as many such boroughs as either the Whigs or the Tories. Its close borough members were included in the minority. The minority was thus composed, to a very great extent, of members, in the election of whom, the community had not shared; and who had been chosen by individuals or bodies having a deep personal or party interest in the question, distinct from all public interests. The majority comprehended only a part of the Tory close borough members; it consisted, in the main, of members returned by places in which the vote was free,—in which the sentiments of the community could be fairly collected and embodied in the representative.

That the majority spoke the sentiments of the vast overwhelming majority of the country, whether rank, wealth, intelligence, integrity, virtue, or numbers be looked at, is undeniable.

Why then are we to have this second discussion? Have the House of Commons and the country reversed their opinion? Has any change taken place in the nature of the question? Are the Catholics standing forward with the offer of securities, and with proofs that they have wholly altered their principles, feelings, and conduct? No!

If it were possible, by the combination of the three great borough interests, to force a bill for the removal of the disabilities through both Houses, and to extort for it the Royal assent, we will ask those to whom we speak,

whether such a bill ought to be passed, against the strong and decided opinion of the immense majority of the nation? As odd uses have lately been made of the term Faction, we will here define it. The petty minority, which, by such an unnatural and unconstitutional combination as we have described, makes the most sweeping and hazardous changes in the laws and constitution, in direct opposition to the opinions of the overwhelming majority—this minority is a Faction, if it be possible for such a thing as a faction to have existence.

Granting that from accident, or any other cause, the question might be carried by a trifling majority in the Lower House, could it be carried in the House of Lords? Could the assent of the Crown be obtained? The men to whom we speak know that the question does not turn on a small, changing majority in the House of Lords; they know that, in this House, the majority is great and unconquerable; and that from it, and other causes, the removal of the disabilities is *an utter impossibility*. They know that this utter impossibility is created, not by party or faction, but by the full, fair, and proper working of the constitution.

Why then, we say once more, are we to have this second discussion? To fan party fury in Ireland—to assist the demagogues—to counteract to the utmost every thing that may be likely to yield to Ireland tranquillity and benefit? That it must do all this, is demonstrable. We ask the men we are addressing, how they can reconcile it with their sense of duty, to attempt what they know to be an utter impossibility, when they are certain that the attempt will produce no benefit of any kind, and will produce evils like these.

Well might Mr G. Dawson implore the House of Commons to dispose of the Question finally, in one way or the other! The Catholic Question operates as an eternal pestilence to Ireland; it blasts every interest of the unhappy sister island—it stifles every effort to better the condition of the people—it turns rulers and statesmen into fools and madmen, and reverses every principle of truth and common reason, in every thing relating to Ireland. In that portion of the United Kingdom, this trebly accursed Question

suspends the laws, reduces the constitution to a nullity, and annihilates the Government.

You say that Ireland is convulsed and ungovernable—that it is on the brink of rebellion—that the preservation of its peace depends on the Romish clergy. In this horrible state of things, what kind of a Government do you give it? Is your selection of its rulers governed by their fitness for the discharge of their constitutional functions? No. You select violent party men—you select them on the principle that one-half shall be fiercely opposed to the other, in the party questions which distract it—you give it, in reality, not rulers, but hostile party leaders; not a Government to enforce the laws and preserve order, but agitators to stir up strife and insubordination.

How does that monstrous thing work, which you call the Irish Government? It measures everything, as it must do from its nature, not by law and fitness, but by party interests. If its members could discover an evil, or a good, having no connexion with the Catholic Question, they might be unanimous respecting it, and do their duty; but, unhappily, a fatal ingenuity links everything in Ireland to this Question. If the enforcement of an old law, or the creation of a new one, be called for, its effects upon party interests, and not the public weal, must be looked at; and if it be found that it would weaken one party and strengthen the other, your Government goes to loggerheads with itself, and nothing can be done, whatever may be the wants of the community. Or, if one-half of your Government can gain the ascendancy over the other, then every thing is done with a view to crush one party, and render the other omnipotent, whatever the consequences may be to the people at large.

A Government properly constituted, rules almost as much by its moral weight as by its deeds; but the moral weight of your Irish Government has a direct tendency to render the people ungovernable. They ascribe every thing that it does to party and corrupt motives in the one half or the other. Are the laws enforced, or are they suffered to be idle, or are new ones enacted, still the cry is, that it is done to favour, or injure, a party. Each party imagines that its excesses will

please its friends in the Government ; and that, through the favour of these friends, it may trample upon the laws with impunity. The misdeeds of the one are connived at, and this stimulates the other to misdeeds, until each endeavours to surpass the other in doing the very things that the Government ought to punish, in order to please the Government. They do not look upon it as a Government, for they find in it only party leaders. What care they for its professions of impartiality ? They know from its words and deeds, that it is not impartial. They find, in the parliamentary speeches of its divisions, their worst conduct palliated and defended.

When the Catholic Question was debated in the House of Lords two years ago, your Lord Lieutenant confided his proxy to the leading Catholic advocate in that house. This advocate boasted of this at a public meeting of Catholics held in London immediately after, at which O'Connell and Shiel were present, and the most inflammatory, scurrilous, and abominable speeches were uttered. We need not again describe the speech of your Attorney-General for Ireland delivered in the present Session. When the people have a Lord Lieutenant and an Attorney-General who thus prove themselves to be furious party zealots, how is it possible for them to expect impartial government ? How can it be expected that such conduct in the rulers will not stimulate both parties to madness ?

Your two-headed Whig and Tory Government at home is formed on the same principle in so far as regards Ireland. Everything that it does respecting that part of the United Kingdom, must be done with reference to the Catholic Question, if this question be in the least implicated. Instead, therefore, of being a check upon, or court of appeal from, the Irish Government, it renders the powers of the latter perfect for producing evils.

What has all this produced ? A specimen of mal-government and mis-government, wholly inimitable ; a state of society abounding with every thing that can make man depraved and wretched.

Here is your Catholic Association—a body which has usurped various of the functions of the Government. It levies taxes, abrogates the laws, takes a

census, institutes law-suits, oppresses the people in every imaginable way, and practically enacts laws which compel one part of the community to ruin, starve, and banish the other. It interfered with the elections in the most unconstitutional and scandalous manner ; it not only destroyed the freedom of the vote, but it filled whole districts with ejections, ruin, and starvation. It has converted the Romish clergy into a mass of political agitators and incendiaries, labouring in every part to produce disorder and mischief. It has established a system of terror and proscription against all who may venture to oppose it ; it has openly called itself, not only the Parliament, but the Government of Ireland ; it has openly asserted the regularly appointed Government to be its subordinate, and under its control. Need we point to the foul libels—the iniquitous doctrines—the atrocious falsehoods—the flagitious incitements to guilt, turbulence, and insubordination, which it eternally circulates throughout Ireland ? You say that Ireland is convulsed and ungovernable—that it is on the brink of rebellion—and you know that it is rendered so by this Association. You know that it is this Association which maddens the people, and that they would be peaceable and obedient were it not in existence. We say—YOU KNOW IT : NOT THE SMALLEST DOUBT DARKENS YOUR KNOWLEDGE.

We ask you, if an Association like this was ever tolerated in any civilized country. We ask you, if such an Association could exist in any country without being a consuming curse, and without bringing upon society the terrible evils which cover Ireland ? We ask you, if the most strained interpretation of any principle of the constitution, law, right, privilege, honesty, justice, or common sense, would sanction the existence of this Association ? Lay your hands upon your hearts—answer before God and your country—and your reply will be, No !

While you thus know that this Association commits all these atrocities ; that it places Ireland in such a dreadful condition ; that its continued existence will involve Ireland in the blood and horrors of civil war ; and that its existence is reprobated by every known principle that ought to govern human action—what is your conduct ? You

not only tolerate this Association, but, in effect, you sanction its guilt, and act as its allies. If a word be said against it in the House of Commons, up starts a host of members like Mr Brougham, to protest that it is a most legal, constitutional, and beneficial body, and that it ought to govern Ireland. The political enormities of its priestly minions are defended and eulogised in Parliament by your Irish Attorney-General. This Attorney-General, who is understood to be the organ of your Lord Lieutenant, advocates its leading object in the legislature, by sentiments worthy of the worst of its leaders. Its leaders publicly boast that the Government is with them, favours them, and will take no steps against them. It is aided by the moral weight and influence of the Government. The conduct of half your English Ministers tends to strengthen and protect it, and the other half look at it with silent apathy. While one part of the House of Commons says and does nothing, speech after speech, and motion after motion, continually emanate from the other part; the main object of which is to stab the Protestants, to infuriate the Catholics, and to encourage and aid this Association. From the inaction of the one side, and the proceedings of the other, it is practically supported by the Irish Government, the British Government, and the House of Commons.

Now, why do you suffer an Association like this to exist? Do you tell us that it is unconquerable? We know better; we know that the Constitution is not so imperfect; we know that the might of the law could strike it to the dust in an instant. Do you tell us that it is spared because it assists what you call Catholic Emancipation? Why cannot this be carried? Not because the King, the Ministry, or party is against it; but because the independent, legal, and constitutional majority in Parliament, and the country, oppose it; because it is refused by the only power known to the constitution and laws that could grant it. Because, therefore, you cannot carry this measure by lawful means, you would carry it by the destruction of law; because you cannot carry it by a parliamentary majority, you would carry it by an Irish rebellion; you would make a gigantic change in the laws and Constitution, by trampling

both under your feet; you would emancipate the Irish Catholics by scourging and ruining Ireland. But you know that the Association, instead of aiding, is the worst enemy of Emancipation; you know that it, and the Romish clergy, drew, and exposed to the gaze of the world, that hideous picture of the present doctrines and practice of Catholicism, which turned the Dissenters against the Catholics, and made the nation unanimous, almost to a man, in defending the disabilities.

Why, then, do you suffer this Association to exist? The true reason is, its suppression would injure the filthy personal and paltry interests of some of your public men and factions. Suppress it, and you annihilate half of each of your two Governments. An attempt to suppress it would strip various members of both of popularity,—Whig and Catholic supporters—the favour of that proprietor of a thousand-and-one close boroughs, the Romish Church—and place and power. Were it suppressed, the mock patriots and liberals of Parliament could no longer dilate on the turbulence and disaffection of Ireland, and threaten you with an Irish war, for not scattering to the winds the rights and liberties of Britain. Things are in that portentous situation, that upon its existence depends the existence of your Ministry. Place must be preserved—popularity must be preserved—party weapons and power must be preserved—themes of declamation must be preserved; though the price be the tears and sufferings of millions, the distress and ruin of a whole people!

Remove the cause, or shed no more crocodile tears over the effects; crush the Association, or cease the miserable mockery of lamenting over the outrage and disaffection it produces.

The Romish clergy act as the minions of this Association throughout Ireland. You are acquainted with the gigantic means of tyranny which they possess, and with the tremendous authority which they exercise over the body of the people. They extort money for it from their flocks, to be applied to the most pernicious uses; they circulate for it the most wicked and baleful political doctrines in every hovel. They interfered at the elections in a manner that violated all the principles which have hitherto been held

to form the basis of your constitution and liberties; they not only deprived the elector of his right, but filled whole districts with ruin, distress, strife, and outrage. They are occupying the first rank in political faction, and employing their religious authority in promoting the most destructive political objects.

What is your conduct? Do you drive them back to their religious duties? Do you throw your shield over their lay-victims, and protect the constitution, and the rights of the subject, from their scandalous usurpations? Do you raise a bulwark between them, and the existence of religion, the weal of society, the peace, comfort, and political freedom of the people? No. One part of your Irish Government defends and eulogises what they do, and the other part is silent; one leading part of your English Government defends them, and the other part is mute and motionless. Your two Governments in effect support them. A solitary member of your Parliament perhaps raises his voice against their proceedings, but, as a whole, your Parliament looks on with applauding silence.

We will now put to you these questions. Is not this conduct of the Romish clergy reprobated by, and destructive to, religion? Is it not prohibited by the whole spirit and practice of your constitution? Does it not operate, in the most fatal manner, upon the morals, peace, and general interests of the people? Does it not teach the people to trample upon the laws, and despise their civil rulers? Would it not produce the most intolerable evils in any country whatever? You cannot—you dare not—reply in the negative.

Why, then, do you not do your duty, and apply a remedy? Because it would weaken one side on the Catholic Question—because, in your wretched party broils, it would alter the chances of defeat and victory—because it would bring the jarring parts of your two Governments into conflict, and cause them to destroy each other—because it would deprive a dozen or two of official men of place and power.

Your system of manufacturing freeholders in Ireland, is admitted by all sides to be a prolific source of penury, idleness, guilt, and wretchedness. Its

production of these is now increased tenfold by the political despotism of the priests. That it stands upon a principle false, pernicious, and at variance with the spirit of your constitution—that it strips the aristocracy of its proper influence—that it gives a most dangerous portion of political power to the Catholic Association and priesthood, and enables them to destroy the relations of society—and that it causes the Romish Church to be, beyond all comparison, the most mighty political corporation in the United Kingdom—enables it to select and control a large number of your parliamentary representatives—and arms it with power alike gigantic, unconstitutional, and mischievous;—are things which are above question. You know that their truth is unassailable. Why, then, do you whimper, and whine, and groan over this, and still leave it unmolested? Why do you trumpet forth its terrible consequences, and still not stir a finger to prevent them? Because, forsooth, the Catholics will not have the system altered. Do they then deny that it is a plague to society? No, they distinctly admit it, but its alteration would diminish their election influence. An evil, then, of the first magnitude—an evil yielding such fruits—an evil which threatens ultimately to lay your Church, Constitution, and everything dear to you, in ruins, is not to be touched, lest the election-influence of the Catholics should be narrowed! Have you no other reasons? Yes. If you do your duty, you derange your party-matters on the Catholic Question—you destroy the Cabinet by intestine war—you upset your two Governments. Duty! No, no; where personal and party profit are at stake, who can think of duty?

That the mass of the people of Ireland are barbarous, ignorant, superstitious, and fanatical, is universally acknowledged. That their being thus, fills Ireland with vice and crime, and contributes materially to render the Association and priesthood what they are, is alike undeniable. You know, that the efficient remedy—and the only remedy—for this, is proper religious and moral instruction. Do you give it? No; you do your utmost to prevent it from being given. Your constitution and laws expressly command your clergy to dispense it; and

your Irish Government, as far as it can, prohibits them from using the only effectual means. What is this Reformation in reality? It is the reformation, not only of the opinions, but of the actions of the people; it is the conversion of the people to morality, loyalty, obedience to law, and peace; it is the overthrowing of the power of the Association and priesthood; it is the extending to Ireland of the operation of your constitution and laws; it is the changing of the Union from an empty name into a real and solid substance. You know this to be indisputable. Yet this Reformation is virulently attacked by a Member of the Irish Government, various members of Parliament, and the instruments of some of your factions. The attempts to make proselytes from Catholicism are spoken of, by your two Governments and Parliament, as though they were unpardonably criminal. Your official men resort to the spirit of Eastern despotism, if they cannot yet introduce the practice; and they pronounce a whisper against the Romish Church to be an offence, and torture into guilt the exercise of the clearest rights on the part of the Protestants. What causes these monstrous proceedings? The support of the Catholics must not be lost—that enormous boroughmonger, the Romish Church, must be protected, and protected too in a manner consistent with its own doctrines and spirit, lest its parliamentary votes should be withdrawn—the balance on the Catholic Question must be kept from change—your Ministers must retain their places.

You distinctly see these various evils—you own them to be evils so immense, that they blast all the interests of Ireland, and grievously injure those of the empire. While you do this, you know that your whole conduct must enlarge them, and is enlarging them, to the utmost. You know, that the direct tendency of this conduct is to teach the Catholics to scorn the laws, to place them above the laws, to render them ungovernable, and to incite them not only to oppress, but to exterminate, the Protestants. You know, that it is this conduct which has rendered the Catholics so mighty and so turbulent. You know, that this conduct adds immensely to the power of the Catholic Association and priesthood—in-

cites them to every kind of tyranny and usurpation—feeds and extends the bad feelings and conduct of the people—and renders the Romish Church almost omnipotent in everything, whether the people, the laws, or the Government be looked at. You know, that this conduct is strengthening a religion which has the most baleful effects on the interest of the individual and the community in every nation in which it flourishes—and that it is rendering invulnerable a gigantic power in the United Kingdom, which has made an alarming inroad on the freedom of your House of Commons, which openly prohibits the exercise of some of the most important of the rights of the subject, which calls aloud for the destruction of the ecclesiastical part of the constitution, and which carries on an eternal war against all the elements of civil and religious freedom. You know that you have made this power so mighty already, that it bends, controls, and dictates to your Irish Government—causes your English Government to tremble and crouch before it—and awes, divides, and influences your Legislature.

A specimen of misrule, so finished in all its parts, and so incessant and comprehensive in its operation, cannot be found in the whole circle of history. Speak of the tyranny of an absolute Monarch! Compared with this in nature, it would be the perfection of government;—compared with this in consequences, it would fill Ireland with blessings. Look at the millions whom this is now overwhelming with misery—look at the terrible future it is creating, not only for Ireland, but for England, and the whole empire—look at what it is doing to the present generation, and preparing for posterity, and then answer us, whether there be anything in the whole range of guilt which it does not comprehend, or anything in the whole range of punishment which it does not deserve?

If the interests of the Protestants be below your notice, are you benefitting the Catholics? You are benefitting the priests, the demagogues, and the aristocracy; but you are grinding the great body to powder. You are benefitting a few hundreds, by giving them what they have no right to, but you are robbing as many millions of every thing they ought to possess.

Do you benefit the poor Catholic, by depriving him of schools and the Scriptures, by stripping him of all liberty of judgment and deed in religious matters, by making his priest the tyrant of his thoughts and actions, and by taking away the only means that can enable him to escape from his slavery? Do you benefit him by subjecting him to the extortions of the Association, and the ejectments of his landlord? Do you benefit him by teaching him to despise and violate the laws,—by giving him the worst feelings and habits,—by bringing him under the operation of the Insurrection Act, and goading him to the fate of the felon or rebel? Do you benefit him, by planting him on a potatoe-garden to starve,—by involving him in war with his landlord,—by bringing him and his family to ruin and hunger? **DO YOU BENEFIT HIM, BY SURROUNDING HIM WITH EVERY CONCEIVABLE THING THAT CAN MAKE HIM A BIGOT, A FANATIC, A SAVAGE, A BEGGAR, A CRIMINAL, AND A TRAITOR?** Look amidst the Catholics to ascertain the effects of your benefits, but look beyond the priesthood and the Association. Look at the mass—at the whole of the Catholics except a mere handful—and you will then be convinced, that if you wish to curse them with everything that can be a curse to man, woman, and child, you have nothing to do but to persevere in your present conduct.

If you expect that you are preparing a triumph for what you call Catholic Emancipation, ought you to scourge and sacrifice the body of the Catholics in this manner, to obtain what can only benefit a few individuals? But you know that you are doing what is exactly calculated to defeat such Emancipation. You know that you are rendering every objection that is urged against it unanswerable,—that you are causing the British people to be still more unanimous and decided in their opposition to it, and that you are strengthening that power in England, which would crush your rickety Cabinet to atoms, should it be likely to be forced through the Legislature. You are therefore in reality thus scourging and sacrificing the body of the Catholics, merely to render Emancipation an impossibility.

Granting that you could carry your

object, you ought, if you be not the enemies of the Church, the Constitution, and popular rights and liberties, to draw round them every practicable security. You cannot fabricate any security in the shape of law and restriction, that would be worth a puff of smoke. You seek to destroy the only effectual securities of this kind that could be formed; and the proper qualification of the Catholics for the exercise of power, would be the only security you could replace them with. You should divest the Catholics of pernicious principles and feelings,—subject them to the rules that govern your party conflicts,—teach them to obey the laws, and to respect the rights of others,—destroy the religious despotism that cements them together, and exercises over them irresistible authority,—strip them of all improper election control,—and divide and weaken them to the utmost. Instead of this, you are labouring with all your might to disqualify them utterly. You are filling them with everything that can make them dangerous,—you have rendered them lawless,—you have exalted them from subjects into rulers, for they govern, far more than they are governed by, your two Governments,—and you are straining every nerve to make them as unanimous, as numerous, as subservient to their Church, as potent in election influence, and as invincible as possible. You leave nothing undone, that is calculated to stimulate them to make the very worst uses of political power, and to enable them to produce with it the very utmost measure of national injury and calamity.

If you could carry your Emancipation, what benefit would it yield to Ireland? Would the Catholic close-borough members of that overgrown borough-monger, the Romish Church, be the astounding magicians to remove Ireland's evils? Cannot you be made statesmen, until the O'Connells and Shiels are put into your House of Commons to repeat to you Bishop Doyle's lessons? You say that your nostrum will give peace to Ireland,—where are your proofs? You know that Emancipation is only one of the many objects of the Catholics,—that their thirst for political power is so great, that they will keep their body in wretchedness, rather than hazard the loss of a particle of their election in-

fluence,—that for the sake of such power, they are clamouring for the destruction of the Protestant corporations,—and that they proclaim, they will endeavour incessantly to despoil and overthrow the Established Church, and to annihilate the influence of the Protestants to the utmost. You know that the Protestants and the Catholics must be, in the nature of things, two distinct rival political bodies,—that the working of your constitution must hourly place before them objects to contend for,—and that they must be kept in everlasting contention. You know all this, and still you pretend that Emancipation would produce harmony! Poor England, to have fallen to the degradation of being compelled to listen to you! You know in your hearts that Emancipation would yield scarcely any benefit in respect of peace, and that it would aggravate, and not mitigate, Ireland's leading evils.

When you know this, and when you know that Emancipation is an utter impossibility, why do you not attempt to remove Ireland's guilt and misery? Does it follow, that because you cannot carry your measure, the Association ought to plunge Ireland into rebellion? Does it follow, that because you cannot carry it, the priests ought to be converted into political incendiaries? Does it follow, that because you cannot carry it, all proper instruction ought to be withheld from the people? Does it follow, that because you cannot carry it, society ought to be compelled to stab, and torture, and destroy itself? Does it follow, that because you cannot carry it, the laws ought to be trampled on, the most destructive guilt ought to be tolerated, the most crying evils ought to be spared, and six or seven millions of people to be scourged by every thing that can be a scourge to the human race? If there be one man left in your English Cabinet, who is yet English in blood and soul—who yet feels the old English leaven working within him—who can yet find anything to love in old English feeling—and who can yet think that there is truth in old English principle and common sense,—to that man we put the questions. We ask that man, what natural connexion there is between the evils we have named, and the Catholic Question? and why nothing is done

for Ireland's benefit, because this accursed Question is agitated?

By merging everything connected with Ireland in this Question, you convert every man, woman and child, of that unhappy island, into furious party zealots; and you render the Irish Members of Parliament the bane of their country. Of nothing can an Irishman think or speak, save the Catholic Question. An Irish Member cannot deliver a speech, but it must be based upon it; if he makes a motion respecting the laws, the administration of the laws, local improvements, the poor-rates, the regulation of the butter-trade, the making of a road, or any other matter, still, every sentence must refer to, and his whole drift must be the support of, one side or the other of the Catholic Question. This baleful party spirit in the Irish Members, causes them to disregard all the real interests of their country; and makes them purveyors of party rancour, and agents of crime and misery.

Your Free-trade measures bear ten thousand times more powerfully on the interests of the Irish people, than the Catholic Question. By these measures you are destroying Ireland's market—stripping it of its last fragments of property—taking from the mass of its inhabitants the last morsel of food, and tatters of raiment,—and pouring into its cup the last drop of bitterness. What have your Irish Members done touching these measures? They have uproariously applauded, or silently acquiesced. Things like these, affecting the vital interests of Ireland, and having nothing to do with the Catholic Question, were above their comprehension, and below their notice. They are the gladiators of this Question, but not the guardians of Ireland's weal.

If you wish to do your duty, turn your backs on mock philosophers and mountebanks, and apply for advice to common reason. Once more convince yourselves that two and two make four; that ice will not yield flame; that a whale is not a lump of sugar-candy; that to rob a man will not mend his fortune; and that to cut off a man's head will not better his health. Once more convince yourselves of this, and act accordingly.

Give to Ireland a unanimous Govern-

ment; a Government consisting of men viewing the Catholic Question in its just light, and studiously abstaining from all interference with it. Let these men never utter a word in Parliament respecting it. Let them be practical men in every sense of the word; men largely acquainted with real life; men possessing great powers of observation, and very solid judgment; men known to the world to be of stern independence, spotless honesty, unbending firmness, dauntless courage, determined decision, and sleepless activity and perseverance.

The very appointment of such a Government would do wonders. The whole people would know that they had got a Government in reality; that they had got rulers incapable of being biassed or intimidated, and determined to do their duty, without looking at persons or parties.

Let this Government be scrupulously guided in every thing by the constitution and laws, looking at both their letter and spirit. Let it separate the Catholic Question from its every thought and deed; and examine the evils of Ireland in detail, without remembering that there is such a Question. Let it rule in Ireland exactly as it would rule in England; wherever it may find guilt, let it punish it—wherever it may find a want, let it supply it—wherever it may find an evil, let it remove it—whatever may be good, let it nurture and protect it.

Let this Government, in the first moment, establish the perfect sovereignty of the constitution and laws. Let it convince the Catholics that they shall not be lawless—that they shall be kept in their place as subjects—that they shall not sport with the rights of others, and ruin Ireland, merely because the Legislature will not submit to their dictation. Let it teach them the duties of the subject—acquaint them with the constitutional doctrine of qualification—and assure them that they must deserve before they can obtain; that they must learn to obey before they can be permitted to govern. If it find that the Association is a curse to Ireland, let it crush it, without reference to the Catholic Question. If it find that the priests ought to be driven from the field of politics, let it so drive them without reference to the Catholic Question. If it find that the good of

Ireland calls for the annihilation of the fictitious freeholders, let it annihilate them without reference to the Catholic Question. Let it bring forward its measures boldly and distinctly upon their own merits; and convince the whole Irish people, that in Ireland, as in England, the interests of the community and the empire shall not be sacrificed to the interests of party and faction.

Let this Government encourage the establishing of schools, the circulating of the Scriptures, and every thing calculated to give to the people sound religious and moral instruction. While it must carefully abstain from every thing that could fairly and justly be called an attempt to make proselytes, let it not be deterred from doing its duty, by the outcry that it is proselytizing. Let it convince the Catholics that the public meetings, and other proceedings of the religious Societies, are sanctioned by law and right, and shall be protected in either Protestants or Catholics; and let it convince them further, that Catholicism shall not be defended by other than lawful and constitutional means. Let it provide the Established Church with ministers duly fitted, in every way, for the discharge of their duty.

Instead of setting the nobility and gentry by the ears, and driving them out of Ireland by the Catholic Question, let it lead them to separate this Question from things having nothing to do with it, and combine them in efforts to remove Ireland's real evils. Let it do the same touching the Irish members. By fixing the attention of the whole people upon the real, practical, substantial interests of Ireland, it will bring party spirit and strife within harmless limits.

With regard to the Catholics, this Government must look beyond the Aristocracy, the Priesthood, and the Association. It must look at the vast body. It must detach the mass of the Catholics from their tyrants, and convince them that it is doing its utmost for the promotion of their best interests.

Would a Government like this retard, and render hopeless, Emancipation? No, it would render it practicable, and hasten it. This would be the Government to qualify the Catholics for the exercise of power, to remove the fears and opposition of the

Protestants, and to carry Emancipation. The most fatal enemy that Emancipation now has, is the existing Irish Government. So long as Ireland shall be governed as it now is, so long the removal of the disabilities will be an impossibility.

Give to Ireland such a Government as we recommend ; and give to England a Government to act with, and support it.

To refute us is out of your power, for you have taken ground sterile as the flint, in every thing bearing the shape of reply and refutation. You may get into a towering passion, and call us bigots and ultras ; and we shall only laugh at your impotence. Speak of bigotry—what is the bigotry you are defending in Ireland ? Speak of ultraism—what is the ultraism of which Mr Plunkett furnished so exquisite a specimen ? We are not putting forth our own inventions ; we are repeating the principles of the great men who conducted your empire to everything that could adorn and benefit it ; and we shall not exchange them for the principles of those who

are conducting it to every thing that can degrade and ruin it. You are already writhing under the most terrible proofs that what you call bigotry and ultraism, is truth and wisdom ; and the hour is at hand when your mock philosophy, and crack-brained liberalism will be buried under the scorn and execrations of the whole empire.

You may go on, but it will only be for twelve months longer. Your two Governments are separated from, and opposed to, the nation ; the ground already shakes under them ; it is that unconstitutional, monstrous, and detestable combination of the three great borough interests, Catholic, Whig, and Tory, which alone prevents them from being expelled from Parliament. The working of your new systems in Britain and Ireland, will, however, speedily enable the country to triumph, even over this combination ; and before another year shall pass away, these systems will be reversed, or your British and Irish Ministers will cease to have official existence.

SIERRA LEONE.—CIVILIZATION OF AFRICA.

TO R. W. HAY, Esq.

LETTER III.

SIR,—Permit me once more, and probably for the last time, to draw your attention to that worthless settlement, Sierra Leone, and to the still more important subject, the civilization of Africa.*

Sierra Leone, and the system of which it is the centre, have in reality hitherto been the bane of African civilization. The total failure of every object had in view by the establishment, or anticipated from the maintenance of the place, and the magnitude of the deception played off upon this country in everything which concerns it, have been brought before the public from authority which cannot be contradicted. The boldest sophistry

will scarcely attempt to combat the statements made, or to fritter away the facts advanced.

The principal objects for which the settlement was formed, were, as we have already seen, to teach, and to encourage agricultural labour and industry. The total absence of either in the place is incontestably proven by the articles which are exported from it. From authority, however, which will scarcely be suspected of partiality, I adduce additional proof of what has been stated. It is true, the reference is taken from an anonymous communication, signed "C," and inserted in the Gazette of the settlement, June 17, 1826 ; but it is equally true, that that

* Here I have to correct an error which I was led into in my last. The account of Mr Waring's death is, as I learn from authority which I cannot doubt, fortunately incorrect. My first informant, a friend of his, obtained the report of his death along with the account of the death of others on that deadly coast, from a friend who soon after fell a victim to the climate ; and was thus prevented from correcting his information. I regret exceedingly that I should have been the means of giving publicity to a report which should have given so much pain to Mrs Waring.

Gazette is "PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY," that the editor thereof is an accredited servant of government, and, while he lauds the epistle, he guarantees the statement which it contains.

"With regard to exportable productions," says the writer, "RAISED IN THE COLONY BY THE LABOUR OF ITS INHABITANTS, we have little to boast; and it is as well to CONFESS THE FACT, and save our enemies the trouble of farther animadversion on it. AGRICULTURE, certainly, is *not* the basis of our commerce. The wages paid to our labourers ARE LOW, yet labour itself, taking the QUANTITY PERFORMED as the standard, IS HIGH, and will continue so, unless we can hire labourers for CERTAIN PERIODS, and have them under more PROFITABLE REGULATIONS THAN HITHERTO."

These few sentences, from the pen of an eye-witness, and a stout champion of the place, sum up the Sierra Leone delusion, tear the veil to pieces which has so long enveloped the imposition, and scatter the fragments thereof to the four winds of heaven.

Yet, in the face of a similar, nay, even of a worse state of things, the Reporter of the African Institution ventured to state as follows:—"If the course of events at Sierra Leone be compared with the conduct of the first European settlers in the Antilles and the American continent, whether English, French, or Spaniards, the *result* will be highly advantageous to the AFRICAN CHARACTER."^{*}

The Antilles and the continent of America had to this day continued vast howling wildernesses, the abodes of the Rattlesnake, Boa Constrictor, and Monkey, had the *result* of the labours of these European settlers in them been similar to what we perceive in Sierra Leone.

Fortunately for the cause of truth and justice, a contrast stands before us, to put the Reporter's injurious assumptions to the proof, and to dash

his system to pieces. Look at New South Wales. This colony was settled in the same year that Sierra Leone was settled. It was, as is well known, peopled by the lowest outcasts of British society; and, from various causes, it was, for a long period, in a great measure forgotten or overlooked by the mother country. Yet behold it now, —populous, and rich, and industrious. With a population of nearly 50,000 persons, we perceive houses building; towns arising amidst lands only the other day waste and wild; roads constructed; post-stations established; stage-coaches started, to run daily to distant towns; large districts of country cleared and cultivated, yielding fine and abundant crops of produce, fit for the sustenance of man and beast; extensive fields, covered with numerous flocks and herds; stately buildings, and noble temples, rearing their heads in various quarters; an increasing and flourishing internal revenue; while trade and commerce extend their cheering influence in various parts; supplied, not from the scanty produce spontaneously produced by the hand of nature, and collected by, and obtained from, nations of miserable savages, but, on the contrary, produced by, and obtained from, the labour, and the industry, and the capital, and the skill of British settlers, transformed from idle, profligate, criminal subjects, into industrious citizens, whose numerous and increasing progeny will rapidly spread British manners, British law, British civilization, industry, and commerce, and language, and power, over a great continent, and into thousands of fruitful islands of Australasia, hitherto lost and almost unknown to the civilized regions of the world.†

From this pleasing picture let us turn to the coast of Africa. There, and compared with other places actually at our door, we perceive a settlement peopled, if we can yet call it

* First Report, African Institution, p. 52.

† The internal revenue of New South Wales in 1824, was 260,753 dollars, and the expenditure 207,366 dollars. At the close of 1821, the income from the labour of the population was £471,375. The colonists had 80,768 acres of land cleared, 47,184 acres of land cultivated, 4564 horses, 102,939 horned cattle, and 290,168 sheep. In 1824, sixteen ships cleared out from Hobart Town for Great Britain, with cargoes valued at £100,000, exclusive of exports to other places. The imports from Great Britain in 1823 were £180,715, and from India and China, in 1821, 238,185. Last year the import of wool from this Colony into Great Britain was 1,106,208 lbs.—(Par. Rep. No. 186 of 1824, &c.)

peopled, by, as we are told, the pick of African population, and settled under the auspices and the prayers of all that is wise, and good, and virtuous, in this country—fostered by the Government, supplied profusely, without check and without inquiry, with everything that could possibly be conceived useful to its population, or necessary for its improvement—directed and governed by individuals sent from this country, wiser and better than their fellows, with unlimited means at their command, and in the settlement surrounded by a native population, which, compared to the natives of New South Wales, may be set down as industrious and civilized. Yet, with all these things, what do we perceive is the result? Why, that with an expenditure much greater than in the former, there is no industry, no agriculture, no improvement, no knowledge, no trade, scarcely any religion, and a scanty population, rude, idle, and ignorant—in fact, had the slave trade not been continued by foreign nations, there would not, at this day, have been any population in the place! The few remaining and surviving Maroons and Nova Scotian blacks—the former carried thither against their will, and who are kept there by the hope of collecting easily a little money, from the sums squandered by this country, in maintaining in idleness the captured negroes who are daily brought into the place by our cruisers—would, but for the hope of gain, long ago have abandoned the swamp, and left it desolate.

The two places mentioned, afford a noble contrast and proof of the supe-

riority of the European over the African character. Statesmen should study it as a safe guide in their government of mankind.

"The trade of the colony," says the African Institution Reporter, 19th Rep. p. 49, 1825, "has considerably increased. Its imports from this country are, even now, when compared with their respective population, MUCH GREATER than that of the West India Islands," &c.

I have shown in my preceding letters the amount of these imports for several years, and upon the authority of the Authorities of that place, amounting to about L.80,000 yearly, and FROM EVERY QUARTER; L.50,000 of which, we know from official documents, were for the maintenance of liberated Africans; and nearly all the remainder, consisting of tobacco, gunpowder, and rum, are sold to the natives in other parts of the coast, and with which they purchase the slaves, which are afterwards sold to the European slave-dealers. The bold assertion above stated, I proceed to put to the proof, from documents which will not be controverted. I pitch upon one of the West India colonies—the first that catches my eye in the return—ST VINCENTS. By this paper, No. 54 of 1826, the exports from Great Britain to that colony, for 1825, were L.140,272. To these we must add the proportion from Ireland, about L.8000, and the supplies which go under the name of American supplies, almost equal, if not equal, to the amount received from Great Britain. The whole will stand thus:

Imports from Great Britain,	.	.	.	.	L.140,000
— from Ireland,	.	.	.	.	8,000
— from North America, &c. say	.	.	.	.	122,000
Total Imports,					L.270,000
Ditto, Sierra Leone,					80,000
Difference against the latter,					L.190,000

ST VINCENTS contains a population of 22,000 souls of all descriptions, 20,000 of which are slaves. Sierra Leone, if their last returns are correct, contains at least 20,000. Having placed before you the contrast of the imports into the two places, I now proceed to contrast them in a more important

point of view, namely, THE RETURNS exported from each.

By the Parl. Paper, No. 225. of 1826, the imports into the United Kingdom from the whole Western Coast of Africa, extending from Mogadore to the Cape of Good Hope, were for 1825 L.154,948, 17s. 5d.; not one-third of

which, if the return-framers would only separate the amount, comes from Sierra Leone. Thus, the authority which I am about to quote, gives us 910 cwts. palm oil, and 375 cwts. bees' wax, as exported from Sierra Leone. By the official return just quoted, we import 85,356 cwts. of the former, and 4014 cwts. of the latter, from the West Coast of Africa, Sierra Leone included. However, I shall not

question, as I might do, the accuracy of their returns, but proceed to take the exports from the Gazette of the place, June 19, 1826, as under, remarking, that not a particle of any one of the articles (rice excepted, even if the whole, or any part of it, should be excepted,) enumerated, were produced or procured in the place by the cultivation of the soil by its inhabitants.

1825—18,984 loads teak timber	.	.	.	L.52,206	0	0
7,500 ounces native gold	.	.	.	30,000	0	0
547 tons camwood	.	.	.	8,205	0	0
400 tons of rice	.	.	.	4,000	0	0
15 tons ivory	.	.	.	6,000	0	0
910 cwts. palm oil	.	.	.	1,000	0	0
gum copal	.	.	.	2,000	0	0
575 cwts. bees' wax	.	.	.	3,000	0	0
hides	.	.	.	5,000	0	0
arrow-root, pepper, &c.	.	.	.	1,000	0	0
Total exports	.	.	.	L.112,411	0	0

ST VINCENTS.—1824.—Exports.

27,824,581 lbs. sugar	.	.	.	L.306,000	0	0
595,442 gallons rum	.	.	.	44,000	0	0
747,112 gallons molasses	.	.	.	40,000	0	0
163,478 lbs. cotton	.	.	.	8,000	0	0
12,084 lbs. coffee	.	.	.	900	0	0
20,666 lbs. cocoa	.	.	.	1,500	0	0
Value exports, exclusive of freight and charges,	.	.	.	L.400,400	0	0

Nearly FOUR TIMES the value of the Sierra Leone exports, and all, moreover, the *bona fide* productions of the soil from the labour and industry of the people. Where, then, are the grounds for the boast of the Institution Reporter?

Here I might rest my case, and finish my exposure of this den of delusion. But I must trouble you with one or two references farther.

"It has occurred to me," says the Governor, in a letter dated Sierra Leone, March 6th, 1809, "that Sierra Leone would be a very advantageous temporary residence for any person intending to *dedicate* himself to the advancement of the knowledge of Africa, both on account of the SALUBRITY OF THE CLIMATE, and the acquaintance to be gained with the manners and the customs of the country"!!"

"Salubrity of the climate"! Of the "*salubrity*" I have already adduced some very striking proofs, which completely reverse the picture. To these, I add the following. A letter to a *Mr Fullem*, dated Sierra Leone, September 14th, 1826, and inserted in all the public journals, says, "This is a most villainous place for any one to come to; the state of this *miserable* place far exceeds my powers of description. I have learned since I came, that 115 men, out of 335 Europeans amongst the unfortunate military, died between the 24th June and the 24th August, and many have gone off since the latter period." The following remarkable WHOLESALE AND RETAIL bill which I have obtained, will give us a glance of the mortality of the preceding year. It is for coffins for the dead of ONE company of the 2d West India

Regiment; and it is necessary to remark, that the mortality was so dreadful, that *boards*, sufficient to make coffins, could frequently not be procured for the remains of the British soldier—yes, of the British soldier who chased Napoleon from the carnage-

covered field of Waterloo, and planted the British standard upon the proud spires of the Tuilleries—these remains, I say, wrapped in blankets, were tumbled into the earth in Sierra Leone!

COFFINS.

———, in account current with ROBT. DOUGAN.*

1825.					Dr				
July 21.	To boards for a coffin	30 feet,	at 30s.	.		L.0	8	11	
25.	do. do.	2 do.	62 do.	.		0	18	5	
—	do. do.	1 do.	30 do.	.		0	8	11	
—	do. do.	3 do.	92 do.	.		1	7	7	
28.	do. do.	1 do.	30 do.	.		0	8	11	
Aug. 1.	do. do.	3 do.	94 do.	.		1	8	2	
2.	do. do.	1 do.	30 do.	.		0	8	11	
3.	do. do.	1 do.	32 do.	.		0	9	6	
4.	do. do.	1 do.	32 do.	.		0	9	6	
6.	do. do.	1 do.	32 do.	.		0	9	6	
8.	do. do.	1 do.	32 do.	.		0	9	6	
—	do. do.	2 do.	64 do.	.		0	19	2	
9.	do. do.	2 do.	64 do.	.		0	19	2	
15.	do. do.	1 do.	32 do.	.		0	9	6	
19.	do. do.	1 do.	30 do.	.		0	8	11	
25.	do. do.	2 do.	62 do.	.		0	18	7	
29.	do. do.	3 do.	94 do.	.		1	8	1	
(7)	Retail store, 7 libs.	10d. N. at 1s.		.		0	7	0	
Sept. 7.	Boards,	2 coffins,	62 feet,	.		0	18	7	
12.	do.	1 do.	32 do.	.		0	9	6	
—	do.	1 do.	30 do.	.		0	8	11	
22.	do.	1 do.	32 do.	.		0	9	6	
26.	do.	2 do.	62 do.	.		0	18	7	
Oct. 1.	do.	1 do.	27 do.	.		0	8	7	
3.	do.	1 do.	27 do.	.		0	8	7	
22.	do.	1 do.	30 do.	.		0	9	0	
						L.17	8	6	
Other charges for funerals,						65	0	6	
						L.82	9	0	

While this bill points out how these brave men dropped off, it shows how minutely such accounts are kept and run up in Sierra Leone.

The mortality, at former periods, continued upon a similar scale. In the spring of 1815, *two hundred and forty white troops* were sent out to the set-

* Robert Dougan is the managing partner of the shops or stores of KENNETH MACAULAY, Esq. who, as I perceive in a public advertisement, inserted in the Sierra Leone Gazette, March 4, 1826, was the agent, in Sierra Leone, of Macaulay and Babington of London, and who, by that advertisement, gave notice that he deputed Mr Dougan, the agent for that house, and for himself, during his absence from the colony. Mr Dougan is the son of John Dougan, Esq., the secretary to the great "FREE LABOUR SUGAR COMPANY," (capital *four millions*!) established in London about three years ago, and which company will produce sugar when the Timanees make it, and when Sierra Leone exports it, which will not be in the present age. These good people, it will be observed, keep all the good things, from the baby linen onwards to the coffin and the shroud, amongst themselves. Sinners very properly are not allowed to partake of them.

tlement. By the month of November following, there only remained 14 fit for duty, and from 40 to 50 in the hospital in a dying state. The remainder were all dead!

With one additional reference from the lips of Mr HERRIES, in proof of the pestilential climate of this place, and which will not, I imagine, be disputed, I conclude this part of my subject:

"With regard to Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast, owing to a most lamentable cause, it was found necessary to incur an *extra charge*; for, unfortunately, WITHIN TWO MONTHS OF HIS ARRIVAL AT THAT SETTLEMENT, ALMOST EVERY OFFICER SANK UNDER THE CLIMATE, and his services were lost to the state for ever. (*Hear, hear.*) It became necessary, therefore, to send out TWO OFFICERS OF EACH CLASS, IN ORDER TO KEEP UP SOMETHING LIKE AN EFFECTIVE ESTABLISHMENT."—(Speech in House of Commons, March 10, 1826.)

In the 19th Report, at p. 49, the African Institution Reporter, in dashing off the trade of the place, says:—"The timber trade, in which the *natives* in the river Sierra Leone have engaged, in 1823 furnished 15,000 loads for the British market; and in the last year, (1824,) a considerably larger supply." The Sierra Leone Gazette, "*published by authority*," of January 28, 1826, speaking of this trade, says: "In the year or season ending 1823, 4000 loads were exported, and in the season ending 1824, 9000 loads were exported!" Mark the difference and the discrepancy! and marking these may teach us how to appreciate these accounts, and all accounts coming from the same quarter.

A few Kroomen, a migratory people, whose country lies about 200 miles S. E. from Sierra Leone, are the only Africans, labourers or others, who have ever wandered to Sierra Leone. But

even these people never settle there. After earning a little money, or articles such as they seek, and which are given to them in lieu of money in exchange for their labour, they return to their own country. They are a strong, brawny, coarse race of men, and the only free Africans who will labour voluntarily in that quarter of the world. But their exertions are unsteady. They are great favourites, probably on account of their superior morality and virtuous course of life, with the Edinburgh Review, who thus (vol. XIX. p. 70.) describes the more amiable part of their character:—"Having obtained as much money—beads, baft, gunpowder, rum, tobacco, &c. &c.—at Sierra Leone, as will 'buy a wife' in their own country, they return into it, 'buy one wife,' add her to their seraglio, and, having done so, return again to Sierra Leone, repeating their visit again and again for similar purposes, till they can muster twenty or thirty wives, when they settle at home and become great men, having previously initiated some of their younger countrymen into the mysteries of the Sierra Leone trade; or, as they term it, 'WHITE MAN'S FASHION!'"

These Kroomen go quite naked. Nothing can induce them to put on clothes, or change their barbarous habits, or acquire knowledge.* They are the only servants which can be hired at Sierra Leone. Permit me to bring one of them before you in his character as such. The account I owe to a military friend who witnessed it, and the description is graphic and characteristic of the habits of that tribe, and of the manners and the civilization of that princely settlement. My friend went to make a forenoon call upon an amiable and accomplished young white lady, newly arrived from Europe. With the thermometer above 70, it was, being wet, still a cold shivering day in that place. A fire

* "They have little or no curiosity," says the Edinburgh Review, No. XXXIX. p. 70, July 1812, "about things which are of no use in their own country; and they are *careless* about our comforts and luxuries." They are great thieves, and most dexterous plunderers, as the same authority informs us. "They have not," says the Reviewer, "THE USE OF LETTERS, AND WILL NOT SUFFER THEIR CHILDREN TO LEARN." Their former employment was to catch the *Bushmen*, and to sell them as slaves. "A Krooman," says the critic, "goes on increasing the number of his wives, and establishing a great name among his countrymen; and 'AT THE AGE OF FORTY' he returns home to keep them in order, and to make them work for him."

was necessary. The fire in the room was decayed. The lady rang the bell for a supply of firewood. The door, by and by, slowly opens. A gigantic Krooman marches in, with a mouth extending from ear to ear, and, with the exception of a particular part covered—covered not concealed! completely naked. With an air of self-importance, and under the belief that he was conferring a great obligation upon the "*poor white man*," he stalked forward to the grate, in front of which he squatted down on his *hunkers*, with his face to the grate, and his posteriors to the company, and then began, very leisurely, to put the broken pieces of wood, one by one, into the grate so gently, as if he was afraid he would hurt it, and next to blow the embers into a flame; which, when he had accomplished, *he gathered himself up*, in a way which I cannot venture to describe, and with a gruff grin on his countenance, as much as to say, "*how well I have done it—how superior I am*," he walked out of the room, surprise and shame all the while covering the beholders with confusion, and keeping them silent!

This is a specimen of a Sierra Leone *free labourer*! Such are the only servants which Europeans can obtain in this earthly paradise of modesty, matrimony, medicine, and morality!

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Having sketched the character and appearance of a Sierra Leone *unsettled* domestic servant, I proceed to bring before you the activity of those liberated Africans, who have been taught trades, such as masons, carpenters, &c. and who are denominated "*KING'S BOYS*." These men work when they please, and as they please. It is impossible to get them to continue at work a day together. If the door of a house requires repairing, and which could be finished, by close application, in half a day, the way these mechanics proceed is this:—one or two of them come to-day and take off the hinges; in about a week after they come with boards to mend the door; and again, several days afterwards, they return to put on the hinges; and before the work is completed, the unfortunate European is perhaps no more! The verandah in the house occupied by Paymaster NOTT went into

a state of disrepair. The negro landlord was sought for, but it was several days before he could be made to come to the place to look at it. At length he made his appearance with an array of negro tradesmen. They looked at the decayed part as long as they might have repaired it, and then went away. Next day they returned and commenced work; and having cut a hole in the floor sufficiently large for two men to fall comfortably into, they went away, leaving things in this state. In about a fortnight after they came back, and laid two boards across the opening, in order so far to prevent the inmates from breaking their necks. After this, one tradesman comes and looks at the place, then another comes with tools, and another, muttering something to himself, goes away for more tools, while the rest stand idle till he returns; and so they keep coming and going, and quitting and working, and laughing and idling, till they spin out for several months the job, which could have been done in a week! Thus the government work proceeds, and thus our national funds are spent in this barbarous spot; and such as I have delineated there is a correct specimen of Sierra Leone labour and free labourers.

The scarcity of labourers, even for the little work that is to do, and consequently the high price of labour in this settlement, is notorious to all, and is particularly noticed and complained of by Sir Charles Macarthy in 1816. "I am obliged," says he, "to make use of the utmost economy as the price of labour is EXTREMELY HIGH, and has not decreased for several years." (Tenth Report, p. 77.) Why should this be the case in a place set apart, and protected, and supported as the rallying point of all the more honest and industrious part of mankind! "Labourers will migrate," says the African Institution, (Second Report, p. 19,) "to the spot where THEIR PERSONS WILL BE SAFE, AND THEIR LABOUR PRODUCTIVE. Men of commercial enterprise will be attracted to the points where the manufactures of Europe may be safely bartered for the productions of Africa; and the benefit of industrious occupation—of a fair and legitimate commerce—of order, justice, and security,—being once felt, they cannot fail to

be duly appreciated and widely diffused."

The correctness of this reasoning is readily admitted. But no permanent labourers have ever migrated to Sierra Leone from any quarter; no "men of commercial enterprise" have ever been attracted to that spot; and this being the fact, the inference unavoidably is, that Sierra Leone is not the "point" where "the manufactures of Europe can be safely bartered for the productions of Africa;" that "the persons of labourers" are not "safe," nor "their labour productive," in the place; and, moreover, that "the benefits of industrious occupation—of a fair and legitimate commerce—of ORDER, JUSTICE, AND SECURITY"—have hitherto been unknown in—in short, not "once felt" in the place.

In point of civilization, morals, industry, and religion, neither the example nor the influence of the British Settlement, settled so long within or without it, has done any effectual good, or had any lasting effects. Major LAING informs us, that within the narrow limits (twenty-six miles by twenty!) of the settlement, there are native villages, the population of which have never yet seen the face of a Christian Missionary; while, without its limits, the same authority tells us, that the *Timanees*, a tribe only about forty-five miles distant from Freetown, are at this day "scarcely a degree removed from the BRUTE CREATION" in their manners and their mode of life, though it will be recollected, the dashing tales and flaming epistles which, according to the African Institution Reporter,

(Report 10th, p. 38,) the chiefs of that tribe, several years ago, were made to transmit, and said to have transmitted, to the Institution.* The history of these epistles is now, indeed, pretty well known and understood, got up as they are in the same way, and by the same machinery as the more modern placards and letters about East India sugar, and for the same object, interest and delusion. Within the Colony, in the capital, we have already seen that religion seems to have no hold, and notwithstanding all that we have so often heard to the contrary, religion seems never to have been considered necessary, even on occasions the most solemn. Thus the leading article of the *Sierra Leone Gazette*, June 17th, 1826, "published by authority," and already quoted, when describing the ceremony which took place at the opening of the Supreme Court of Justice a few days previous, tells us as follows:—"After the usual opening of the Court, we were much pleased at observing its solemnity increased by the prayers of the day being read in the most impressive manner, by the Rev. Mr RABAN, rector of Freetown, and which is the FIRST INSTANCE of this very proper custom being introduced on such occasions in this Colony!" "*The first instance!*" "*PROPER CUSTOM!*" Comment would be superfluous!! Religion there is only a "*custom!*"

When General Turner arrived in the settlement as Governor, the appearance and the name of a white man were sunk to the lowest point in the scale of contempt amongst the savage

* The following passages of this address show its true origin:—

"We hear," say they, "that you have been the means of abolishing the Slave Trade, and that too on account of its wickedness, and your love to Africa. We also, fully convinced of the same, do hereby engage ourselves to assist in the same endeavour (for we must own there is a considerable trade still kept up with ourselves for Slaves); and not only in this particular, but also to forward all your other designs, as far as in us lies, to the promotion of the good work, as described by you in your Reports!" (When did the *Timanees* learn to read?)

"Lastly, we hereby promise to execute your wishes in every respect, especially towards the improvement and extension of Commerce, and the abolition of the *internal* Slave Trade; and that should you, by inducement, or your own immediate direction, cause any one to come to this country, he shall be well treated, and not injured by any law." (*Tenth Rep. Afric. Inst. p. 33.*)

MAJOR LAING's shocking account of the state of this tribe shows how well and how closely the Institution Reporter has attended to their urgent request! It was a sagacious plan to ascribe this address to the *Timanees*.—A tribe which is "scarcely a degree removed from the brute creation," was not very likely to contradict, or expose the trick.

black population. The latter only deigned to observe the former when he met him, that he might embrace the opportunity of showing more conspicuously his contempt for, and triumph over him. The General was a strict disciplinarian, but he only partly understood the African character. An order was issued directing, that, whenever, or wherever a black man met a white person in the street, or on the highway, the former should respectfully touch his hat and make his bow to the latter, who was commanded to return the compliment. The consequences of this order were, that to appearance things ran into the opposite extreme. The blacks, on all occasions whenever they came in contact with the whites, partly from a wish to ridicule, and partly from a desire to escape from whatever work they were engaged in, ran after them to make their obeisance, which the latter being obliged to return, scarcely any other labour, was to be seen in or about the place during daylight, but the labour

of the two races making bows and obeisances to each other.

It may be asked, how it should come to pass, that deception and delusion, regarding this settlement, should spread so wide, and take such deep root in Great Britain. The best answer which can be returned to this reasonable inquiry, is to adduce from the African Institution Reports, the sums of money collected from a generous public, in order to be applied to the civilisation of Africa, but which have been applied, as these reports show, to totally different purposes. In fact, the greater part of the sum has been applied to circulate delusive statements over this country regarding the place. I have gone over these reports, from the 1st to the 20th inclusive, and from these have extracted and condensed under the respective heads, stated in these reports, the manner in which these charitable funds have been applied and expended, since March 1807. The whole stand thus :—

	£	s.	d.
Porterage, postage, carriage of reports, hiring rooms for meetings, rent of office, furniture, books and maps, advertisements in the newspapers, insertions of articles in ditto, and various incidental expences	5024	14	10
Printing reports of the Institution, summaries, tracts, and addresses, papers for distribution in navy, translations of tracts into foreign languages, and printing and circulating the same; also the aiding of works adapted to the West Indies, summaries, &c.	4960	13	7
Expenses of petitions to Parliament on the Slave Question, expenses of law proceedings instituted against persons engaged in the Slave Trade	3196	9	6
Collector's commission, salaries to clerks, and messengers' wages &c.	3383	5	7
Education of African youths for schoolmasters, their maintenance and passage money, salaries of teachers, and their outfit, school books, &c.	2883	7	5
Expenses of procuring and transmitting various seeds and plants, and machinery to Sierra Leone	409	16	7
Expenses attending Captain Paul Cuffee's journey to London, rescuing a free man of colour from slavery, and sending native Africans back to their own country	202	5	5
Expenses of a piece of plate, premiums, &c.	265	2	0
Cash advanced to Sir Sidney Smith, when at Vienna (to be accounted for)	200	0	0
Cash paid for 1236 copies of Mr Stephen's Defence of the Registry Bill	96	13	0
Cash paid for a monument to the memory of the late Mr Granville Sharp, and the fees and expenses attending its erection in Westminster Abbey	125	0	9
Cash paid for short-hand notes of debate on Registry Bill in the House of Commons	13	8	0
Total	L.20,760	18	8

Thus out of £20,000 collected and expended, not a tenth has been expended to advance the great work of African civilization. The balance has been laid out in printing and circulating tracts, pamphlets, and reports, filled with matter relating to other subjects, and in obtaining insertion in newspapers of paragraphs, puffs, and advertisements, containing delusive statements regarding Sierra Leone, and the real state of Africa.* But this is not all—it is the most trifling part of the machinery. We have only to look at the list of names enrolled as the managing directors of this Institution, and next into the rolls containing the names of the managing directors of other societies, to perceive that the active managers of the one are the acting managers of the others—of societies which, in the aggregate, muster funds little short of ONE MILLION per annum, and which, with the aid of these, possess a patronage, and an influence, and a command over the periodical press of this country daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly; and more especially of that part of it which is devoted to religious discussions, which is incalculable, and which readily circulates and supports every statement regarding Africa, which emanates from their patrons and their supporters, into every house and into every family of respectability in this country. I am not saying that this is done corruptly; on the contrary, I believe it is in general done from an honest conviction of the truth of what is given to them; and moreover, I merely adduce these observations to show the power which has been employed to circulate, and for years to support, the delusions regarding Sierra Leone and Africa. Against such a phalanx, Government, with the national

purse and the national authority, could only contend, and was only *safe* to contend; nay, so formidable has the array become, that even Government at times appears to be afraid to face it, and ceases to have its words and its declarations supported, or credited, though accordant with truth and justice, when these declarations are opposed to, or would overturn the authorities alluded to.

By the machinery which has just been pointed out, has the delusion and the deception regarding the civilization of Africa been spread wide over, and planted deep in this country. Truth, for a time, raised her voice in vain against the system. He who ventured to investigate, to study it, and to tell it, was proclaimed an enemy to liberty and to improvement, and an advocate of the Slave Trade, and a supporter of slavery as just, and in the abstract;—this silly cry, so easily made, and so readily and greedily swallowed, silenced all opposition and every exposure, and covered from the understanding of the people of this country, falsehoods the most palpable, and conduct the most reprehensible, disgusting, and dangerous, and hostile and pernicious both to the interests of this country, and to the interests of Africa. These silly clamours, amongst other clamours of an equally silly kind, have had their day. Their sting is extracted. Reason and reflection have commenced their march of inquiry; and no chicanery, no sophistry, no misrepresentations, no sounding words and sounding professions,—nor great names, nor great boasts, nor vindictive persecutions, can any longer conceal the truth, or keep back from the public eye, the astonishing but positive fact, that all our efforts and all our expenditure,

* A few of the items of the expenditure for the year, are taken from the 9th Report, p. 77, for the inspection of the curious, as under, viz.

Advertisements and cost of newspapers sent to all parts of the kingdom	557	4	1
Postage, portorage, carriage of parcels, stationary, &c.	302	1	10
Clerks, and persons in attendance at different taverns, to take signatures, &c.	108	3	0
Parchments for petitions	448	5	0
Committee rooms, and hire of rooms at various taverns, &c.	186	6	8
Pamphlets on the Slave Trade	23	12	3
Printer's bills for printing resolutions, general notices, &c.	172	13	6

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have hitherto been thrown away in Africa, and that every corner of that ill-fated quarter of the globe remains as dark, as barbarous, and as savage as ever.

This being the case, it becomes necessary, not only to inquire into, and to ascertain the true situation of Africa—the character and pursuits of her people; but also to obtain a knowledge as clear and as perfect as possible, of those points on her coasts, from whence, when fairly planted thereon, our example, our influence, our exertions, and our means and our power, may be able to do Africa the greatest possible good, with the least trouble, and with the greatest possible profit and advantage to ourselves—our interests, our resources, and our power.

In pursuing this subject further, my chief object is, to lay before you the Capabilities of Africa,—the productions, trade, and commerce of that quarter of the world,—what these at present are, and what they may reasonably be expected to become, under judicious regulations, and a prudent intercourse opened up between it and the civilized nations of the world.

There can, I humbly conceive, be little doubt about the propriety of extending our connexions, or rather of forming connexions with Africa. On this head, as well as on several others that follow, I can merely repeat what I had written and published upon these subjects six years ago. I shall therefore quote as follows:—

“The high rank and preponderance of Great Britain in the scale of nations, can only be maintained by extensive commerce. This alone can give her naval superiority, and that can be secured to us only by Colonial establishments. In the present depressed state of our commerce and manufactures, no permanent relief can be expected, if new markets be not discovered and established for our trade. The old, of which we had for many years the monopoly, have, from the industry, the skill, and the exertions of the population of other countries, become less beneficial and useful to us than formerly; and for the reasons stated, as well as from the poverty of other countries, the demand for goods from us is greatly reduced. Besides this, we must look forward to new Colonies to replace such as in course of time we must, from the

march of events, lose. Amongst this number are our North American Colonies, and the East Indies, all of which will, sooner or later, throw off our yoke. Our West India Colonies are also on the decline; and “the senseless persecution raised against them by folly and fanaticism, have shaken their foundations beyond the power of politicians to repair;” and “they are also daily getting more and more into contact with dangerous and ambitious neighbours, which must render the tenure of these possessions more insecure, and perhaps force us into future contests for their preservation, the expenses attending which, the Parent State, from their altered economy, may grudge to bear. All these considerations render it imperious upon us to turn our thoughts and our exertions to commence establishments in some other part of the world, that by gradual improvement, these may render the decay and the ultimate loss of some of our present Colonial establishments as light and as little felt as possible; and in settling such Colonies, care should be taken to keep them free from the inconveniences, dangers, and changes to which several of our present Colonial establishments are exposed.”

“Laying open the trade to China, taking off all the restrictions with which our commerce is unavoidably fettered, will merely afford a temporary relief to the mercantile interests of this country. Other nations may adhere to restrictive systems, and, at all events, we will be met on equal terms on that point. With all our foreign neighbours we have, and will continue more and more to have, the unencumbered efforts of the mental skill and physical exertions of their whole population to contend with. To no civilized country can we at present send manufactures, in which we do not find native manufacturers springing up, to oppose and to be encouraged in preference to ours. This is what we had reason to expect, and of which we have no just reason to complain. In France, in Germany, in the kingdom of the Netherlands, in Russia, and in Prussia, this is remarkably the case. The renovated governments of Europe, the moment they have got clear of political storms, will turn their attention to similar objects. In India, our manufactures are met by

cheapness, and by the indolence and the poverty of the population. In China, we may say they exchange no manufactures with us. South America is convulsed with civil war, and, end as these contests may, still the greater part of the real property of the country is destroyed, and much time must elapse before the loss is replaced, or the injury repaired, under another system. The United States are stripped of all their neutral carrying trade, and of all that valuable trade to our West India Colonies, so long their great gain and support; and thus situated, these States cannot, if they were inclined, take from us anything like the quantity of manufactures which they formerly did. Besides, they are endeavouring to rear up manufactures amongst themselves, while the independence of South America will lay open to all the world a trade, of which Great Britain, from particular circumstances, had long enjoyed the most complete monopoly."

"New markets, therefore, can only afford this country a great and a permanent relief;—new markets, in countries where no competition, from manufactures produced by native skill and industry, can for ages lessen the value of, the demand for, or come in competition with ours;—new markets, which can supply us, in return for the productions of our skill, with the precious metals, and with the raw materials for many branches of our trade, and other articles which we at present must take from rival commercial states. Africa is one country where we may find such markets. It is at present a noble, and at present an undisputed, but not long to remain an undisputed field."

On the United States of America we depend for the cottons applicable to our finer manufactures. It is therefore of importance that this country should, if possible, be rendered independent of that country for a supply of such cottons, as, in case of a war with these States, the trade in this branch of manufacture would be wrested from our hands by the United States, or by other nations, which would, more readily than we could, obtain that description of cotton from

these States. Africa can, I believe, furnish a supply of such cotton. On the fine plains watered by the *Rio de Formosa*, and its tributary streams, and its branches, cotton of a very fine quality grows abundantly. The tea trade to China is a continued drain upon this country for specie. From good authority, it seems that this valuable plant may be cultivated to advantage on the rich plains which extend between the Rio Volta and the Niger. Also the old Arabian traveller *Batouta*, who had visited China, states, that in the interior of Africa, along the Niger, which he visited, the Tea-plant grew abundantly. Here is another reason, and another inducement to seek a connexion with these countries, and to secure to ourselves the trade which they can give us.

It is to the Niger, and to his tributary streams, that our attention ought to be directed. There seems no room to doubt, that that far-famed stream enters the sea, in the Delta of Benin, by several navigable mouths. Some of these are of great magnitude, and the parent stream from which these are separated, is known to be a river of surprising majesty and magnitude. Even were this stream not the long-sought Niger which passes Sego and Timbuctoo, still it is clear, from the number and magnitude of its mouths, that it must penetrate deeply and far into the African continent; and together with its numerous branches, lay open, by water communication, a vast extent of the most populous, the most civilized, and cultivated, and interesting part of the northern central parts of the African continent. To these points our attention ought, and without delay, to be energetically directed. The vast extent of Africa through which the Niger and his tributary branches run, is susceptible of great improvement, and is every way adapted for trade. The whole population of Africa, high and low, may be said to be traders, and readily embark in every mercantile undertaking which affords them a prospect of gain. In those quarters of Africa, we do not find barren wildernesses inhabited by a few savage individuals, who possess not one particle of useful knowledge, or

one idea of civilised life. There, we should not, as the first European settlers did, on the banks of the Marañon and the La Plata, wander for hundreds of miles, without perceiving or meeting with a habitation where a half-civilised human being would be content to shelter his head. On the contrary, numerous, powerful, and populous cities, rise around us on every side. The inhabitants of these cities are, indeed, compared to Europeans, unlettered barbarians; but the materials for a better state of society are most abundant, and want only an intelligent power to direct, to excite, and to control them.

We have only to look at the map of Africa, to perceive, from its geographical position, that Sierra Leone is most improperly and most imprudently singled out as the point from which civilisation was to diverge, and to which trade was to concentrate under our auspices. It is situated upon a torrent,—not a river. The stream is not navigable for a mile beyond the narrow limits of the colony. Behind it inland, and to a distance of nearly 300 miles in every direction, is a mountainous woody country, without roads—without water communication;—peopled by the rudest, and the most disjointed, and disorganised, and disunited of the negro tribes; and who are, from the poverty of their lands, and

their own greater ignorance, poorer and more wretched than their neighbours on any other part of the Western Coast; and far, very far, behind the nations more inland, situated round the Niger, and his tributary streams, in knowledge, wealth, and industry. From these, they are shut up by natural barriers,—and, comparatively speaking, have and can have no communication with them.* Through such a country, it is perfectly obvious that no articles, more especially bulky articles of African produce, can ever find their way to the Sierra Leone Lagoon, at a price that can possibly come into competition with any articles transported from the more interior countries, to European settlements on the coast, by means of the Senegal or the Niger, or any other of the great African rivers. This is an evil which no power can remedy—a drawback which no exertion can remove.

Besides these things, Sierra Leone is most improperly placed as a station for suppressing the Slave Trade. In the Bights of Benin, and Biafra, that trade has long been, and is at present, chiefly carried on. To that part of the coast, from the interior, the greatest number of slaves are brought down, and there sold to Europeans. It is off this part of the African coast that our cruizers principally capture the vessels engaged in that trade; and by an im-

* That the trade of Sierra Leone must always be extremely limited, from the insecurity of and the danger attending the intercourse with the interior, the following extract from the Gazette of the place will show:—

"We understand that, previous to His Excellency's departure for the Sherbro, a most serious complaint was made to him against Amurah, the Chief of Fouricaria. It appears that a very large caravan of gold-traders was collected in the Foulah country; and having some suspicion that there was danger in the path, they sent on a small party to reconnoitre. The party was commanded by a brother of Dramanee, a gold-trader well known in this colony. On their arrival at Wallia, a town belonging to Amurah, and not far from Fouricaria, an attack was made upon them. Dramanee's brother, and three other men, were seized; their gold, (six hundred dollars worth,) two slaves, and all their cattle, taken away, and themselves sent to Rio Pongas for slaves. Part of the gold was delivered to Amurah, and THE CATTLE HAVE BEEN SOLD BY SOME OF HIS SUBJECTS IN THIS COLONY. The main caravan, of course, turned back, and has taken a direction for some other place. We should comment on such an outrageous act of hostility, were we not well assured that His Excellency will know how to resent it, and prevent its recurrence."

Sierra Leone Gazette, Saturday, 24th Feb. 1826.

The preceding is not the first instance where stolen PROPERTY has been sold and purchased in Sierra Leone with impunity. When General Turner arrived in the colony, he informs us, in one of his dispatches, that theft was so common, that it had ceased to be considered a crime! and as soon as his back is turned, we perceive matters returning to their former state.

perative act of the British government, these cruisers are compelled to send every ship which they so capture to Sierra Leone for adjudication. The consequences of this act are most deplorable and frightful. The slave ships being built to sail quick, so as to elude our cruisers, are small, and, consequently, extremely crowded. Their provisions and water are generally calculated for a voyage of four or six weeks, to the Brazils, or the Havannah, or French Guiana; but from the prevailing winds and currents, it always takes them double that time, and frequently ten and twelve weeks to beat up to the Sierra Leone den of death. The mortality amongst the slaves, from want of water and provisions, is most appalling, and scarcely credible—*two-thirds* of the number on board being frequently swept away amidst horrors unutterable, while the remainder, landed diseased from want and pestilence, are soon cut off in numbers. I need not take up your time to quote authorities in proof. The African Institution Reports, the volumes of official papers annually laid before Parliament, and almost every periodical journal which we take in our hands, are filled with details of the lamentable effects of rash and erroneous legislation on this subject. I believe I may safely state, that this act, which compels the transport of every slave captured off the African coast to Sierra Leone, has, every year since it has passed, occasioned more horrible misery to the unhappy Africans, than all the death and loss which occurred during a whole century of the time when Great Britain carried on the Slave Trade.

To remove the *depot* for the captured and liberated Africans to a more eligible spot, is, therefore, become absolutely necessary. FERNANDO Po is the proper position to choose for this purpose. It is situated within a few hours' sail of those parts of the coast from whence the greatest number of negroes are exported, and the points where the captures are more frequently made; and forms, therefore, the most eligible point for a rendezvous for our cruisers, and a depot for the negroes so captured. It is, moreover, equally well situated as a depot for trade with the adjacent continent of Africa, being within thirty-six miles of the

mouth of the river Benue, one of the greatest outlets of the Niger, and, in fact, a kind of central point, commanding the coast of Africa, and the mouths of all the great rivers frequented for trade, from the Rio Lagos, to the Rio de Gaboon, inclusive. In this island, the anchorage, on the north side, more especially, is excellent, and there European ships might lie, unload, and take in their cargoes, collected for them by small vessels communicating with the neighbouring coasts, instead of being obliged, as at present, to lie in the creeks on the coast, and in the mouths of these rivers, for several months, while collecting their cargoes under the slow process of African trading, and there all the while surrounded with swamps, and putrid effluvia arising from these, most pernicious and destructive to human life. Fernando Po, from its bold coast, and its fine sandy shores, is comparatively healthy, though we are not to expect that any place situated so near the equator as it is, can be free from danger to European constitutions; but when once settled, and proper buildings erected, and the woods around cut, and the lands cultivated, there can be no doubt that it would be found to be as healthy as the most healthy of our West India colonies. In every point of view, and under every consideration, this fine island is unquestionably the most eligible spot on the whole coast of Africa to afford the greatest command of and security to trade, and the readiest, safest, and most commanding point and opening, from which to proceed to spread knowledge and civilization into the most interesting parts of Northern Central Africa. The land is high, and the proud peaks on the neighbouring continent to the east frequently covered with snow, which must render the climate comparatively cool; and on the adjacent coast, in the territories of DUKE EPHRAIM, the English language is spoken, read, and written fluently, by many of the natives. Why, then, with these things before us, and encouraging us at every step, should we continue to nestle amidst poverty, ignorance, disease, and death, in Sierra Leone;—wasting our resources and our strength, and leaving Africa ignorant, savage, debased, and degraded?

In every tropical country, but more especially in tropical countries that are really uncivilized, uncultivated, or comparatively uncultivated and unexplored, navigable rivers are the only roads by which the conveyance of articles of merchandize, more especially such as are bulky, is rendered practicable. Nature seems to have intended these as the great assistants in introducing agriculture and commerce. Wherever the continents are found the most extensive, there we find the most magnificent rivers flowing through them, each opening up a communication almost from side to side. What is still more remarkable, and which becomes of great utility, is, that these mighty currents flow *against* the prevailing winds; thus rendering the navigation of them easy, which would otherwise have been extremely tedious and difficult. This is the case with the great Marañon, and the Orinoco in South America. The prevailing trade winds blow right up their streams. This also is the case with the Niger, and in a more particular manner during the time it is in flood. During a period of ten months in the year, but more especially from May till November, the prevailing wind in the Bights of Benin and Biafra is from the southwest; and which blows right up all the outlets of the Niger. January and February are the months during which the Harmattan wind blows, a dry wind coming from the north-east, and from the great desert south of the Mediterranean. It bears health and strength on its wings. In the Congo, Tuckey generally found the breeze blowing up the stream. It is needless to point out, at length, the advantages which may be derived from this wise regulation in the natural world. The meanest capacity may comprehend these.

Every kind of Colonial produce can be cultivated in Africa. The rich soil from the Rio Volta eastward, in all the Delta of Benin, and along the Niger northward, is particularly adapted for the cultivation of coffee, sugar, &c. &c. Cotton of a quality remarkably fine may here be had in abundance. Rice and Indian corn, of qualities very superior, are to be had in great quantities, and form a most important and valuable branch of commerce. Dye-woods and dye-stuffs, of qualities very superior, are very plen-

tiful; some of which resist both acids and light. The importation of such into this country would be of much consequence to our manufactures. Teak trees, and other timber particularly adapted to ship-building, and numerous other kinds of timber peculiarly adapted to the construction of furniture of the most elegant kinds, are everywhere to be obtained, and in any quantities. In the interior, the population in several places possesses considerable wealth. Gold dust is particularly abundant and fine amidst the Kong mountains. At Tangarari, on the Niger, about 300 miles from Sierra Leone, it is abundant, and the quality peculiarly fine and pure. Such is the abundance of this metal in these hilly parts of Africa, that *Muley Moloch*, Sovereign of Morocco, some time about the year 1590, brought, in spoil and in tribute, from the nations situated around the banks of the middle Niger, 16,065 lbs. avoirdupois of gold, worth about L.962,000 sterling. Salt forms a valuable and most extensive article of commerce. Spices, of various kinds, are to be had in various districts. Gums, and medicinal drugs and plants, are very abundant in most of these countries. Salt, which can be purchased in Britain, for 10s. or 12s. per ton, sells in the interior and on the upper Niger so high as to bring 4s. and 6s. per lb. Ostrich feathers, precious stones, ivory, &c. &c. are found in considerable quantities throughout all Northern Central Africa.

What the amount of the trade is, which is carried on with Central Africa by Europeans, or the more civilized Mahomedan States, on the shores of the Mediterranean, cannot be exactly determined; but from various data we may approximate it. The exports from Morocco to Sudan are about 1,000,000 dollars annually. From all the other Barbary States, from Egypt, Nubia, Darfur, &c. the exports are about three times the preceding sum; in all about L.1,000,000 sterling. The trade from Morocco is such, that a capital of 5000 dollars is in two years raised to 20,000 dollars; and according to Burchardt, the trade from Egypt yields from 150 to 500 per cent profit. The imports into these countries are equal at least to three times the exports. And in this I speak only of *bona fide* merchandise. Besides this, at least 70,000 slaves are brought from Sudan

into the countries mentioned, annually. The value of these may be taken at half a million. European nations carry away, it is supposed, an equal, if not a greater number, from the West Coast, the aggregate value of which, at L.10 each, is equal to L.700,000. Besides this, these Europeans carry away a very considerable quantity of valuable articles of African produce and trade, equal, we may suppose, to half the value of the slaves; and for which they bring manufactured articles to pay. Besides these branches of trade, there is the whole trade which Great Britain at present carries on,—in exports and imports about half a million annually, from the western coast of Africa. The French and Dutch have also some trade with these parts. The whole amount of exports and imports may be taken at about L.6,000,000 per annum; above L.1,500,000 of which is in slaves; but which cut off, would, by their labour in AFRICA, be made up in value derived from articles of honourable trade.

Such is the present amount of the trade with all Northern Central Africa, from the Equator northwards to the Desert. How much it may be increased, as civilization and industry increased and spread in Africa, it is impossible to say; but it is quite obvious to the most careless observer, that the increase would be very great. As a very great proportion of this trade, or rather a moiety of it, is carried on by the Barbary, and other Arab powers in Africa, across the formidable deserts, it is obvious that if we can open up a water conveyance into the interior recesses of the country, which by means of the Niger, and his tributary streams, I believe that we can effect, then the whole of that trade, which is at present carried on by these States, must fall into our hands. The expense of carrying goods, many of these also our own, across the Desert, is so enormous, and besides so exceedingly dangerous, that these never could come in competition with the same articles carried into the interior by us by water. The trade across the Desert would therefore most certainly cease; and the cruel Arab, rendered more savage from poverty and hunger, would forsake his burning habitation, when he found that there was no longer any plunder to be obtained there, and betake himself to other abodes,—abodes within the reach of law and authority,

by which his asperity would be gradually softened, and his pursuits and his temper civilized. Also the Barbary nations, cut off as they would then be from obtaining slaves either by trade or by marauding expeditions into the interior of Sudan, as at present, would be compelled to apply themselves to industry and agriculture,—the first step to their improvement in manners, in knowledge, in good government, and in civilization.

The articles chiefly imported into the different places connected with the trade of interior Africa are as follows, viz:—Into the eastern parts from the Red Sea, into Abyssinia, Nubia, and westward to Kordooan and Darfur, they import cambrics, baft, (used as currency) India goods, such as Bengal silks, China silks, nankeens, cotton cloth, cotton stuffs, refined sugar, in small loaves about four pounds each, linen, paper, sheep skins, tar, looking-glasses, silver trinkets for female ornaments, soap, files, scissors, thimbles, needles, razors, sword blades, coral, spices, such as cloves, mace, nutmegs, cinnamon, ginger, black pepper, India and Mokha beads, and a great variety of other articles. From the north and from the sea coast west, there is sold and carried into interior Africa, viz:—manufactured silks, damasks, brocade, velvet, raw silk, combs of box and ivory, gold thread, paper, cochineal, (from France and Italy, &c.) red woollen caps, baize, checks, linens, light coarse woollen cloths, blue linens, long cloths, superfine and plain brilliant cloths, and mixtures and cassimeres, Turkey carpets, glazed cottons, printed cottons, calicoes, cotton netting, veils, printed and calico. handkerchiefs, muslin dresses and scarfs, cotton stockings, dimities, creas, rowans, Britannias, and Irish linens, platillas, tissues, muslins, (mulls) gum-benzoin, tartar, cassia, vitriol, brimstone, alum, copper, brass, iron nails, copper nails, brass nails, dagger-blades, knives, fire-arms, powder and shot, all kinds of hardware for common use, trinkets, beads, glass ware, salt, iron, tobacco, lead, cocoa, coffee, sandals, cushions, silesias, also India cotton, and linen goods, brandy, rum, and various other articles too tedious to enumerate.

From Eastern Soudan the exports are, viz.—Slaves, gold-dust, gum-arabic, gum-liban (a kind of incense much esteemed), leather whips, rhi-

noceros' horns, very valuable, ostrich feathers, very fine; ebony, ivory, musk, &c. To Morocco and other Barbary states, are exported, viz.—Slaves, gold dust, gold bars, gold trinkets, *B'kore*, a kind of frankincense greatly esteemed by Mahomedans, *guza serawise*, (grains of Paradise,) ivory, amber, ostrich feathers, gum-arabic, or gum-sudan, gum-copal, assafoetida, dyed skins, tiger skins, leopard skins, senna, manna, indigo, equal to that of Guatemala, hemp, &c. From the south and from the west coasts are exported, viz.—Elephants' teeth, gold dust, wax, honey, palm oil, rice, Indian corn, cotton, indigo, amber, box-wood, camwood, ebony, sandal-wood, hides, a great variety of medicinal herbs and drugs, dyewoods and dye-stuffs of very superior qualities, and a great variety of timber fit for ship-building, and other articles.

In the interior, a great trade is carried on from place to place, in exchanging various native commodities, such as shea-butter, produced from the shea tree; garoo nuts, a fruit eagerly sought after by all the nations south of the Niger. Provisions also form a considerable branch of trade. There, no doubt, other branches exist, with which we are unacquainted, and many more would be produced, were industry and security extended and put in activity over these extensive districts of Africa. Teak wood, which is an excellent timber for ship-building, can be had in great abundance for exportation; and amongst the articles of import, gun-powder, shot, flints, and fire-arms, are in great demand in every part of Africa.

Both the cotton and the linen manufactures of this country are particularly coveted and sought after in Africa. Showy prints and Bandana handkerchiefs are particularly sought after

by the negro females; and when they perceive that fine articles of dress are within their power, there cannot be a doubt but that these will also be eagerly coveted. The fine cloths would also, in course of time, find a market in the interior, and the coarser would be in demand in the cold mountainous districts. Upon the authority of Mr JACKSON, and others, I adduce the prices of the following articles in Africa, in order to show the value which European articles bear in it. Others not named, bear a proportionate value. 100 lbs. of refined sugar, bring at Timbuctoo 100 Mexican dollars, worth 4s. 6d. each, or L.22, 10s. Sterling. A piece of Irish linen, 25 yards of ordinary quality, brings 75 dollars, or L.16, 17s. 6d. A piece of Flemish Platillas brings 20 *mezecs* of gold, or 50 dollars, L.11, 5s. Ostrich feathers, which cost in the interior about L.7 per lb., sell in Cairo at 280 piastres, or L.70 Sterling per lb. In order, however, to understand the subject better, I shall state the value of the above articles, as these were rated in the trade lately carried on from Morocco and other places across the Great Desert, and the value these would bear, if carried direct from Great Britain by a water conveyance, and gold dust or African produce brought back in exchange, and by a similar conveyance; and I state these things merely as data, to enable you to judge of the advantages which may be derived from such a trade, whenever such communications are laid open. As the imports and exports became abundant, the value would necessarily decline both in the European and in the African market. Still a wide and a rich field would remain, as it cannot be forgotten that as civilization spreads, the wants of the Africans would increase.

IMPORTS AT TIMBUCTOO.

100 lbs. refined sugar, cost in Britain,	L 3 10 0
Duty in Morocco 10 per cent,	0 7 0
Freight to Mogadore,	0 3 6
Carriage and duties across the Desert,	2 0 0

Costs at Timbuctoo,	L.6 4 6
Sells there for 100 Mexican dollars, at 4s. 6d. each,	22 10 0

Profit by this conveyance,	L.16 9 6
If carried by water, charges would be 30s. less,	1 10 0

Profit, if carried from Britain direct, or 300 per cent,	L.17 19 6
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LINEN.

A piece of Irish Linen, worth at Timbuctoo,	L.16 16 6
Prime cost in, and charges from, Britain,	3 10 6

Profit, or near 400 per cent,	L.13 7 6
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PLATILLAS.

A piece is worth at Timbuctoo,	L.11 5 0
Cost in, and charges from Britain, about	2 0 0

Profit, or nearly 450 per cent,	L.9 5 0
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EXPORTS FROM TIMBUCTOO,
Gum Sudan, or Gum Arabic.

200 camel loads, at 250 lbs. neat, cost 4 Mexican dollars each load,	800 dollars.
Camel hire to Akka, in Barbary, at 18 dollars each,	3,600
Statta, or convoy duty to Chiefs,	300
Camel hire from Akka to Santa Cruz, at three dollars,	600
Suppose freight and charges to Britain,	600

Total, 5900 dollars.

Value brought across the Desert,	L.1327 10 0
Gum Sudan, or Gum Arabic, costs in Britain, (the finest quality,) L.10 per cwt. including a duty of 12s.	

200 Camel loads is 22½ tons, at L.200, is	L.4466 13 4
Deduct.	

Duty,	L.268 0 0
First cost, &c. landed in Britain,	1327 10 0
	1595 10 0

Profit, or about 210 per cent,	L.2871 3 4
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If Gum Senegal, it would stand thus :—	
22½ tons at L.100 per ton, (neat)	L.2233 6 8
Deduct first cost,	1327 10 0

Profit or nearly 70 per cent,	L.905 16 8
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In the preceding statement, no account is taken of the profit of the merchant at Santa Cruz, or Mogadore, but the whole is stated as if the article were brought to Great Britain by the route of the Desert. If shipped to Great Britain by the Niger it would stand thus, viz.—

Neat proceeds 200 camel loads, or 22½ tons, at the price of Gum Arabic,	L.4,198 13 4
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Deduct.	
First cost at Timbuctoo, 800 dollars,	L.180 0 0
Freight 22½ tons, at L.10,	223 6 8
Insurance at 5 per cent,	20 0 0
Allow for commission,	20 0 0
	443 6 8

Leaving the enormous profit of	L.3755 6 8
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If Gum Senegal, neat proceeds,	2233 6 8
Deduct cost, and charges,	443 6 8

Leaving profit 400 per cent,	L.1790 0 0
Clear profit at medium between both,	L.2772 13 4

TRADE BY BARTER AT TIMBUCTOO.

800 Pieces Flemish platillas cost in Britain,	L.1200 0 0
400 Pieces Irish linen ordinary quality,	1200 0 0
Say freight and charges to Timbuctoo by Niger,	600 0 0
Cost, landed at Timbuctoo,	L.3000 0 0

In the trade across the Desert, these articles in quantity and quality as above, have been exchanged for, viz.—

400 Skins Wangara gold dust, each containing four ounces, is 2000 ounces, at 75s.	L.7500	0	0
100 Wangara gold bars, each 20 ounces, at 75s.	7500	0	0
50 Camel loads Gum Sudan, medium value,	700	0	0
	L.15,700	0	0

	Deduct.		
Cost articles exchanged,	.	L.3000	0 0
Freight and charges gold to Britain,	.	1500	0 0
			4500 0 0

Profit, or 370 per cent. L.11,200 0 0

But if the above articles were sold for gold or specie, and then native produce purchased, the profit on a voyage would be much greater, because there would be a profit both on the export and the import in an equal ratio. The only difficulty to calculate this, is to ascertain what is the value of gold at Timbuctoo. This is uncertain; but suppose it is the same as at Fezzan, namely, L.3 per English ounce, we cannot err far. Then 400 pieces Irish linen, and 800 pieces platillas, would bring at Timbuctoo L.12,050, or 53,550 dollars. This sum would purchase 13,887 camel loads, or 149½ tons Gum Sudan, which would produce in Britain,—

Less duties,	L.280,972	0	0
Deduct freight and charges,	29,686	0	0

Profit, Gum Arabic, 200 per cent, L.251,286 0 0

If Gum Senegal, would bring	149,400	0	0
Deduct freight and charges,	29,686	0	0

Profit, Gum Senegal, or 100 per cent, L.119,714 0 0
Exclusive of 400 per cent profit on the outward-bound cargoes.

IVORY.

Costs at Houssa 1½ per lb. or per cwt.	L.0	14	0
Freight and charge to Britain,	0	13	0

Cost by water conveyance,	L.1	7	0
Sells in Britain for	21	0	0

Profit by this mode, L.19 13 0

A settlement formed at FERNANDO Po, and a communication such as I contemplate opened up with the adjacent coasts of the continent, a most extensive and valuable trade might be carried on betwixt these and our West India colonies, mutually beneficial to each, and, through both, to this country. The countries from the Rio Volta to the old Calabar river abound in provisions, (Indian corn, rice, &c.) beside live stock of all descriptions, and horses. For such supplies, indispensably necessary in our West India colonies, these colonies at present pay the United States annually above half a million of our money. These supplies, I am convinced, from very particular inquiries, could all be procured, and of the finest

qualities and kinds, from this part of the coast of Africa, and at a rate cheaper, above one-half cheaper, than the cost of the supplies which come from the United States. In return, these districts of Africa would take the rum, coffee, sugar, &c., from our colonies; which articles are at present chiefly carried to them by the foreign slave ships. Surely this is an object for this country to look after, and to attain. It would be another and a powerful spur given to the march of African civilization.

Moreover, a considerable and an increasing trade might be opened up with the Cape of Good Hope; from whence the Northern African settlement would receive wines and India goods, and

take back articles of colonial produce, which might be raised in the tropical parts of Africa.

To benefit Africa, and to make Africa beneficial to Europe, we must ascertain and consider the evils which she suffers, and the wrongs which she inflicts on herself. In every part of Africa, her population, whether Moors, Arabs, negroes, or the mixed race descended from these, is divided into innumerable petty states, which are engaged in constant quarrels and warfare with each other. Wherever we find more powerful states in Africa, there the ignorant sovereign rules over his trembling subjects by the terrors of superstition and the sword. Life, liberty, and property, are consequently everywhere most insecure. Personal slavery exists universally; and the slave-trade is prevalent everywhere, more especially in the more extensive kingdoms in the interior. Still the nations in Northern Central Africa are not savages. They are barbarians, and some less rude than others. In many places, we find them collected into cities, cultivating the land, and carrying on commerce, which, though rude when compared to the agriculture and the commerce of civilized nations, serves clearly to distinguish their condition from the savage state. In these parts, the severe yoke and the fiery zeal of the Arab have done some good. Wherever their power and their influence extended, cannibalism and human sacrifices, the latter so prevalent on the coasts of Guinea, and the countries bordering upon it, were abolished; and were it not that the power of the Arabs is so much decayed in its native seats, and in more powerful countries, the population of Africa to the Gold Coast had at this day acknowledged Mecca as their temple, and Mahommed as the prophet of God. But that power is decayed—is decaying fast, to appear no more; and as it declines in Africa, that country returns to its primitive savage state.

With the exception of Egypt, and the states on the southern shores of the Mediterranean, even if these can be excepted, Africa, throughout her utmost borders, is inhabited by and peopled with the most indolent, the most ignorant, the most superstitious, and the most debased population, that is to be found on the face of the earth.

They were not rendered so by Europeans, as is generally, but erroneously, supposed and believed. This is a fatal error, and one which leads us astray from the right path to do good to Africa, and to find out the real cause of her misfortunes. The population of Africa were such as we now behold them, when Europeans first passed the boundaries of the Great Zahaara southward. On the eastern shores, the first discoverers found some remains of civilization in the Arab colonies established in that quarter, but now almost extinct. The negroes, however, are most unquestionably the most debased and rude of all the population of Africa; but amongst them there are considerable shades of difference. From the confines of the Desert south, and from the Atlantic Ocean eastward to the Red Sea, between the parallels of 18° and 10° North Lat., the negro population is found much superior both in personal appearance and in intellectual faculties, by the mixture of Arabian blood. From the Senegal to the Rio Nunez, a considerable portion of the population is copper-coloured, the descendants, perhaps, of the nations which inhabited Africa to the northward of Mount Atlas, when these were driven to the southward by the Roman and by the Saracen arms. The Mandingoes are a superior race of people, resembling the natives of Nubia and the countries immediately adjoining. In all the Northern Central parts, the inhabitants may be considered as half Arabs, though black. Some of the *Seyuds*, or lineal descendants of Mahommed, are found quite black, about Sackatoo, and other interior countries, from continued connexion and intermarriages with the black population. Southward of the parallel of 10° N. Lat. and from the Rio Nunez eastward to Benin, and southward through the greater portion of Southern Africa, is the country and the climate of the real negro. There he is found in his native state, altogether unimproved by any intermixture of blood, or intercourse with civilized nations; the unsettled intercourse with Europeans, who have long frequented these coasts, for the purpose of purchasing slaves, not tending to leave any permanent or extensive marks of civilization behind them. Accordingly, in features, form, and mind, we in these quarters find

the negro most debased and barbarous.* To these quarters the Arab power, influence, or example never reached with any reclaiming effect.

The blacks brought from the interior, from the causes which I have mentioned, are a very different and a superior race of men to those who are found on the sea-coast, from the Gambia to the Rio de Formosa, and about the rivers Malemba, Gaboon, and the Zaire, or countries in the interior of Southern Africa. These facts ought to be borne in mind by every European power who wishes to form a connexion with Africa, that may be lasting. On the remains of Mahommedan civilization, a better state of society may be organized. We ought to have sought a communication and connexion with these parts; but instead of this, we have pitched our tents amidst the most disorganized, feeble, and ignorant and debased portion of all the population of Africa.

THREE-FOURTHS of the population of Africa are slaves—slaves to slaves in Africa. Were the European Slave Trade abolished, this would scarcely dry up one tear of the myriads that flow to swell the tide of African misery. It is by African hands and African exertions, chiefly, that this misery can be mitigated and removed. It is a waste of time and a waste of means, an aggravation of the disorder, to keep lopping off the smaller branches of a malignant, but a vigorous and a reproductive plant, while the stem and root remain uninjured, carefully supplied with nourishment, and beyond our reach. Half the sums which we have expended in this manner, without doing any good, would long ere this time have planted us firmly in Africa, and paved the way to root out slavery for ever.

Even if the European Slave Trade on the western coasts were entirely suppressed, would that terminate a foreign Slave Trade in Africa? No. Into Morocco, into the Barbary States situated on the shores of the Mediterranean, into Egypt, into Nubia, into

Abyssinia, and across the Red Sea into Arabia and other countries, from 60,000 to 70,000 slaves are annually carried from Sudan; and the miseries which the slaves endure, marching across the great desert, sink the middle passage of the European Slave Trade into insignificance. The unburied bones of whole caravans, which strew these frightful deserts, and which meet the traveller at every footstep, remain evidence in proof of the fact, beyond all contradiction.

But granting that all the foreign Slave Trade in every quarter was abolished, would that terminate a Slave Trade in Africa? No:—The trade from state to state, in the interior, would still remain, and be increased. And allowing that the foreign Slave Trade was everywhere suppressed, would that advance us in the road of African civilization? No, certainly, not a foot. Africa would still remain barbarous and uncivilized. We have considered the opinion on this point given by Governor Ludlam, formed from his experience and acquaintance with the Western Coasts; and next, let us consider the opinion expressed by that eminent and intelligent traveller, *Burkhardt*, upon the same subject, from his acquaintance with the eastern parts of Africa. At page 344, he says, "were all the outlets to Sudan closed to the slave trade, and the caravans which carry on the traffic with Barbary, Egypt, and Arabia, prevented from procuring further supplies, STILL SLAVERY WOULD UNIVERSALLY PREVAIL IN SUDAN ITSELF; for as long as these countries are possessed by Mussulmans, whose religion induces them to make war upon the idolatrous negroes, whose domestic wants require a constant supply of servants and shepherds, and who, considering slaves as a medium of exchange in lieu of money, are as eager to obtain them as other nations would be to explore their African mines—slavery must continue to exist in the heart of Africa; nor can it cease, till the negroes shall become possessed of the means of repelling the attacks, and re-

* "The country on the north and north-east of Sierra Leone, is inhabited by the Mandingoes and Foulahs, who are already so far advanced in civilization, that it will, according to all appearance, require SOME CENTURIES, and all our exertions, to place the savage tribes who inhabit the south-east quarter on the present level with the Mandingoes." *Report of African Commissioners.*

sisting the oppression of their Mussulman neighbours. IT IS NOT FROM FOREIGN NATIONS THAT THE BLACKS CAN OBTAIN DELIVERANCE ;—this great work must be effected by themselves, and can be the result only of successful resistance. The European governments, who have settlements on the coasts of Africa, may contribute to it by commerce, and by the introduction among the negroes of arts and industry, which must ultimately lead them to a superiority over the Mussulmans in war. EUROPE, THEREFORE, WILL HAVE DONE LITTLE FOR THE BLACKS, if the abolition of the Atlantic Slave Trade, WHICH IS trifling when compared with the slavery of the interior, is not FOLLOWED UP by some wise and grand plan, tending to the civilization of the Continent."

These are important and incontrovertible truths. Such as we have considered it, is the state of Africa. We must look at it as it is in all its hideous features, and in all its naked deformity, if we really wish to find out the path and the measures which can lead us and enable us to relieve and to enlighten Africa. We may declaim for ages against the enormity of the Slave Trade, and the evils of personal slavery. What good does that do?—Does it carry us forward in the work of African civilization? No! It blinds our eyes, and misleads our understandings, and retards, nay, altogether prevents the furtherance of the important work. The Slave Trade and slavery stand before us. There they are rooted deep in Africa. The question is, how are we to remove them? Are we prepared, by military force and military conquest, to overawe and subdue Africa—crush the Slave Trade, internal and external, and to root out, by the same means, personal slavery in Africa? No rational person can say we are, or even if we were so prepared, that the means would be justifiable, or the consequences less destructive and revolting, than the evils we attempted to root out. A different, a better and a more effectual course must be adopted. Persuasion and interest must supply the place of force, and by these means we may gradually gain our object, without injury or injustice to any—with advantage to all.

We must not grasp at too much at the outset. While we strive to re-

claim the power of the native Princes and chiefs, we must not destroy their authority. We must get that authority to carry our views into effect. They can accomplish the object better and speedier than we can, if we only point out the path, and get them instructed in it. They are all traders—all merchants—eager to obtain a revenue, to amass wealth, and to obtain luxuries. Show them that commerce will do this,—that the produce of the soil will bring them greater wealth than the sale of the hands which could be made to cultivate it: Show them this, and the work is done. But we never will accomplish this, if we begin to interfere with their internal governments and regulations, and consign them at the outset of our career, to great change, or total overthrow. The African prince has no free labourers, and he will not labour himself,—he has no other way to obtain a revenue, the conveniences and the luxuries of life, or the cultivation of the soil, but by the labour of slaves; and to advise or command him to let them go free, or to threaten to take them from him by force, would lead him to turn a deaf ear to every thing which we might counsel or advise for his interest. In short, before we could proceed to anything of this kind, we must find out labour for the emancipated slave, to procure his subsistence; and free labourers who will labour in order to enable the chiefs and the princes in Africa to keep up their rank and their independence. If we teach a different doctrine we unite the whole against us, and shut up every entrance into Africa, which we might otherwise readily obtain, and which entrance, when obtained, by rational and prudent measures, would bestow upon us the power to move the machinery which could do, and would do, so much good in and to Africa.

Our conduct and our proceedings in Africa, however, have hitherto been diametrically opposite to the course just pointed out, and the result has been, and is, expenditure as incredible as it is reprehensible, and failure the most complete in the object had in view. While we continue the same system, and follow the same counsels, and suffer ourselves to be deceived by the same interests which have hitherto swayed and directed us in our African

pursuits, the same results—DISGRACE AND DEFEAT—must continue to be our lot.

It is stated, it is believed, it is acted upon in this country as correct doctrine, that the African is a mere child, ready to receive any impression—"a sheet of clean paper," as I have heard it expressed, on which may be written whatever the writer pleases to place upon it. Dreadful delusion! Fatal error! The mind of the African is not a blank—it is not a book unoccupied—it is already pre-occupied and filled most closely with every pernicious principle,—so closely and so completely, that scarcely a point remains free, into which we can find room to introduce corrective instruction, or principles that restrain and subdue the passions of the corrupted human soul. Intercourse with them, if it has not already taught, will most assuredly teach us these truths, and in our efforts to reclaim, to reform, and to enlighten them, we will as certainly find out, that the fixed inveterate passions and prejudices of all the grown up, will go far to neutralize all our efforts, precepts, and example, amongst the generation that is growing up. For many—many years to come, the *tares* in that country, even where they do not choke altogether, will be more abundant than the *wheat*. They deceive you, and they mislead you most shamefully and most cruelly, who teach you, and attempt to persuade you, into a different point of belief.

Still these things ought not to discourage nor prevent us from going about the work. Quite the reverse. But the knowledge of them is necessary to prevent us from fainting under disappointment, and to guide us safely on our way. Most certainly, while Sierra Leone remains our Afri-

can head-quarters, we never shall advance an inch on our way.

Wherever we may in future pitch our African head-quarters, we must in it have a power and a force established, that will give us an attitude that will command respect and obedience. Without these, we can have little hope of ever doing much good in Africa. But though we have such a force and such a power, it does not follow that we shall have occasion (quite the reverse) to use or to exercise them. Planted in Africa in the manner here pointed out, we have only "to do justly, and to love mercy," and to spread the truths and the principles of Christianity into that continent, in the manner that the first founders of Christianity spread these in the ancient world, namely, by directing them against the *abuses of power*, and not against the powers that are established—the reformation of individuals before the reformation of governments. We have only to do this, in order to do good, and to ensure success. As Christianity enters, genuine liberty will follow in her train, without convulsions, massacres, or bloodshed; and though I may be branded by bigots, fanatics, and inconsiderate vindictive individuals, as an advocate for slavery, for stating what I am about to state, still I must declare my opinion, taking into consideration the real state of Africa, and her demoralized, and debased, and uninstructed population, that the readiest and the safest way to raise them and Africa to a state of rational freedom and continuous industry, so as to become a civilized, an enlightened, and a powerful people, is through a system of personal servitude—*coercion**—give it what name you will,—for a period shorter or longer, as circum-

* The Sierra Leone Company thought so, and had such a *coercive system* in view, as the following document will show:—

"The agents of the Sierra Leone Company having been charged with entertaining views of this description, Governor Thompson instituted an inquiry into the truth of the charges, an abstract of which is given in the Appendix to Mr Grant's Account of some Recent Transactions in Sierra Leone, p. 85 to 106. The following is an extract from the decision of the Court.

"After reconsidering the evidence produced before this Court, we have no hesitation in declaring that there appears to this Court to have existed a plan, digested, connected, premeditated, organized, for procuring the abolition of the general Slave Trade of Africa and the West Indies, and for establishing on its ruins a monopoly in favour of this colony, and of such other settlements upon the coast of Africa, as the persons concerned did expect should be committed to their management, but with intent to promote the cultivation of tropical productions by SLAVES IN AFRICA, in

stances and success may prescribe. If these objects can be accomplished without such an alternative, none will rejoice at the result more than I will; but of this I feel convinced, that none of these desirable objects ever can or ever will be accomplished by the imbecile conduct, and unstatesmen-like course, which we pursue, and which we have

so long pursued, in Africa, or by listening to those counsels and to those advisers who have hitherto been our African guides and commanders.

I am, &c.

JAMES M'QUEEN.

GLASGOW, }
6th April 1827. }

POSTSCRIPT.

While revising the proof sheets of the preceding pages, a pamphlet came into my hands, entitled, "The Colony of Sierra Leone vindicated from the misrepresentations of Mr M'Queen of Glasgow, by Kenneth Macaulay, Esq., Member of Council at that Colony."

I am always delighted to get into my hands anything written by any one connected with that place, as they cannot write two pages without exposing themselves, and each other. The pamphlet before me affords numerous, and beautiful, and useful examples of this kind. "MEMBER OF COUNCIL" is, however, only the hammer of a party in London, who do not care a straw for his head, providing they can save their bacon. Kenneth Macaulay has put his name to it, but I believe it is just as much his writing as it is the Grand Seigneur's; therefore, and therefore only, I notice it. But my observations must necessarily be brief, having, I fear, already exhausted your patience, and the patience of the reader.

The preceding pages afford the best possible refutation of the customary charges of hostility to Africa, and being an advocate for her degradation, levelled against me for want of argument and want of facts to repel my statements. This kind of cant can no longer crush the efforts of truth; nor can a roll of great names, who have, with others, been duped and deceived by interested partizans, any longer screen deception and protect delinquency in any quarter whatever.

My efforts, my facts, and my arguments, have been directed against the system and the place, not against en-

dividuals. I adhere to that course, except where Kenneth Macaulay has, unfortunately for himself and for his friends, compelled me for a moment to act differently.

His opprobrious epithets I despise—his reproaches I treat with scorn. The retaliation could be made keen and severe; but I scorn these African weapons, remarking that, for any one bearing the name of Macaulay to talk about unjust censure, "*malignity*," persecution, &c. in any contest regarding Africa, or our Colonies, is as ridiculous as it is disgusting.

Neither Mr Kenneth Macaulay, nor any one of his associates, can be allowed, to be either umpire or judge on the question at present before the public. Where official returns are wanting—as I stated they were wanting—to prove the exact expenditure of Sierra Leone, let them, if THEY DARE, call for or produce these, or get the proper authorities to lay ALL the official despatches concerning it before the public, to prove my errors, or over-estimations, and their own accuracy. Mr Macaulay calls my channels of information "ANONYMOUS." Not so. I never deal with such. My information is obtained from names that would abash Mr Kenneth Macaulay, and would most fully satisfy every one.

From the Sierra Leone Gazette, March 7th, 1826, I perceive that the Council in that den of death consisted of five individuals. From respect for one honourable individual I forbear to insert their names, but Kenneth Macaulay was one of them. Such is the mighty conclave that we have set to rule Africa!

Why omit Mr Macaulay's more im-

opposition to the cultivation by slaves carried on in the West Indian colonies, with the advantages of having the raw material, the slave at their doors, and of having thrown all competitors out of the market," &c.—(*Murray's Thoughts*, p. 67.)

portant title? He was, after General Turner's death, "ACTING GOVERNOR." In that character, and in that capacity, I had much to say to him, but for the present merely content myself, by requiring to know the authority under which he acted when he sent out troops under Mr Rendall to invade the territories of neighbouring independent tribes and chiefs, and appointed his lieutenants to conquered countries? The words of the Sierra Leone Gazette (his words) April 15th, 1826, are very remarkable:—"MR RENDALL has been constituted by HIS HONOUR, the acting governor, as HIS LIEUTENANT IN THE SHERBRO PROVINCES, and the party are gone down on a special service," &c. The special service was, as we learn from a subsequent Gazette, to attack and burn the town of *Comenday*, and desolate the country.*

In the name of my country, I ask, is a store-keeper—"Acting Governor" in such a vile hole as Sierra Leone, to be permitted to assume and to exercise authority, which, by our constitution, can only be wielded by the King of Great Britain?

Page 11th, Mr Macaulay says, "A well paid mercenary, like Mr M'-Queen," who, "it is computed, must

have received at least L.15,000 from votes of the West India Legislatures," &c. These impudent falsehoods are levelled against my character as editor of the *Glasgow Courier*, because I have defended, and not unsuccessfully, our injured Colonies from the attacks of Sierra Leone interest and venom. I accordingly reserve them, together with other bounces of this sapient senator, to be replied to through the columns of that Journal, and addressed in a similar manner as this. I will refresh Mr Macaulay's memory with some things he has *forgotten*.

"Lieutenant Waring," says Mr Macaulay, preface, p. 6, "*was*, and I hope is, alive on the Gold Coast." In endeavouring to correct, at the outset of my letter, what, I was led to believe, was an erroneous report regarding the death of this officer, I regret to find that I am mistaken. The army list for April, which came into my hands yesterday, contains a notification of the death of Lieutenant Waring.

Quoting my words, "General Turner was scarcely, I may say, laid in the dust, when the house he had inhabited swarmed with inmates of this description," Mr Macaulay adds, p. 12, "this paragraph is a personal attack upon myself. To this accusation

* Permit me to show you how we carry on war in Africa, to civilize her. The following extract from the Sierra Leone Gazette, March 4th, 1826, written, I am told, by Mr Kenneth Macaulay, describes the Sherbro war thus:—"During this day a visit was paid to *Nonguba*, WHERE HIS SATANIC MAJESTY IS BELIEVED TO HAVE HIS RESIDENCE, and where all the devilry of the *Purrah* is carried on. Pa Pompey, the Chief, had been most violent against the colony, and was thought to be the principal cause of *James Tucker* not visiting his Excellency in October last. This hole of iniquity, with all the machinery of their *infernal diablerie*, was purified by fire; but not before the curiosity-mongers had made a few pickings; among others, we saw a coat, fashioned from the bones of the mighty *Purrah* men of old. In the evening, fire was set to the town, and a GLORIOUS BONFIRE it made. *The sight itself was sublime*;—the town, one mass of fire, rendering darkness more than visible,—the river, and boats on its surface, quietly reposing in the light of that destruction, which, with the noise of an earthquake, was rendering into nothing all around;—but the associations which followed, were, to those present, inexpressibly more gratifying—the DAY OF VENGEANCE was at last come—the cry of the wretched and oppressed was receiving the answer of that God, who, though he delayeth, yet forgetteth not. Never, whilst life exists, can the feelings of that night be erased from the memory of those who had the HAPPINESS of being instrumental to the *spectacle they then enjoyed*!"

These are the weapons with which we civilize and enlighten Africa!! However, SATAN'S CAPITAL being taken and burnt, it is supposed that the Devil retired to Sierra Leone,—a better place, less healthy, but more central for his African operations.†

† Whether he will conquer SIR NIEL CAMPBELL, or SIR NIEL conquer him, time must determine. At the date of the latest accounts, the contest was going on, and the odds were greatly against the Governor.

I give a most unqualified denial. It is an infamous falsehood; and in proof of this, I appeal to the whole Colony." I repeat the statement I first adduced, in proof of the state of morals in the place. It was not to be expected that those I had in my eye would acknowledge the fact, though really, if what Mr Macaulay, p. 43, says, is true, namely, that such a course of life does not, in Sierra Leone, occasion the loss of "CASTE,"—"this species of concubinage does not cause that total renunciation of moral feeling and conduct which too often follows it here," (Great Britain), &c. I did not say that the "inmates of this description" belonged to the establishment of one man, and that that man was Kenneth Macaulay. At the court of "A GREAT POWER," like Sierra Leone, there is, like in other courts in Africa, when "the Commander of the faithful" goes "to the wrong box"—DIES, numerous intrigues amongst the great, which descend amongst the various Sultanahs, each establishment looking to preferment as a matter of right acquired by "free labour," and which might increase the inmates on the occasion alluded to. At that time, I am informed, the coast of Africa, was in motion with "inmates of this description," and amongst others who marched in the Rio Pongas and Isles des Loos direction, in expectation of preferment from priority of services, was a female named MARO! Does Mr K. Macaulay know her?

Mr Macaulay's answer, p. 66, to my account of the mortality amongst the military, is very remarkable.—Those sent out, says he, were culprits—and "all who volunteered were accepted, without much regard to character.—Their sentence was banishment for life; their pass-word '*a merry life and a short one.*'"—"WHERE SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS WERE TO BE PROCURED, such men would not go without them; and both by night and by day were they to be found lying drunk in the streets. I HAVE MYSELF MET, and I have known others to meet them, NEAR MIDNIGHT, stretched on the roads in a state of perfect insensibility from intoxication—and that in the height of the rainy season. I have also seen them early in the morning, LYING IN RUNNING STREAMS OF WATER, where, doubtless, they had passed the night, regardless of the heavy tro-

pical rain which had been falling. THIS MODE OF LIFE CONTINUED TILL I LEFT THE COLONY"!!

People of England, look at this statement. Was "HIS HONOUR" in his sober senses when he penned it? In his capacity as Governor, he tells us that he saw, and he suffered such abominations! Rum is a principal import into Sierra Leone. Mr Macaulay's stores supply it amongst other articles. Look at the Governor of a British settlement prowling about grog shops "*near midnight*"! Have you ever heard of a Sierra Leone amusement called a "DIGNITY BALL." It is a collection of black prostitutes and washerwomen, and idle white men: and where tipsy Senators have got their noses twisted by midshipmen. Was it, let me ask, on return from one of these nightly revels that "*his honour*," and "*others*," near midnight, saw the scenes above described? I can no otherwise rationally account for the inhumanity of leaving the miserable drowning soldier as they found him. Surely the wretch could not be left because he, perhaps, had gone to a cheaper store for Rum than Mr Dougan's?

Page 41, "Does Mr M'Queen expect that the mere residence in Sierra Leone is to make a man religious?"—No! I never did, and never can imagine anything so silly. I would as readily believe that the moon is made of green cheese, as "*expect*" or believe such a result. But the people of this country believed, and were taught to believe, that such a "residence" produced such a result. I tried to undeceive them.

"General Turner," says Mr Macaulay, p. 6, "*dissolved*, in a great measure, the schools and the institutions for mechanics, and threw the people more upon their own resources," &c. General Turner was honest, and would not lend himself to the cause of deception. He dissolved those schools, because, I presume, he found them to be what I described them, not seminaries of learning, but depots of deception and imposition.

"The colony has been," says its incautious champion, p. 5. "GRIEVOUSLY INJURED by the want of any systematic plan or rule of conduct having been laid down for its government. Every Governor has been left to follow his own plans, HOWEVER

CRUDE AND UNDIGESTED. This remark applies *more particularly to the management of the Liberated Africans.*" The only systematic and well-digested plan pursued in the place, was, as I have stated, the plan to delude and to deceive the people of this country. TWENTY African Institution Reports, formed chiefly upon communications from Mr Kenneth Macaulay, and other publications innumerable, have, during twenty years, told us a totally different tale to the tale now told about this place, and all the proceedings in it. I challenge Mr Macaulay to deny what I now state.

"I have stated as facts," says Mr Macaulay, "what I know to be untrue, and have quoted as genuine, extracts which I know to be garbled." I will not insult you by imitating Mr Macaulay's manner and his matter; but, in justice to myself, and in justice to my subject, I state, that the man who states, or shall venture to state, that the authorities which I have quoted do not exist, or that the words and sentences which I have extracted from these are not to be found in them, or in any way perverted from their plain meaning, utters that which, to use Mr Macaulay's own words, is "AN ABSOLUTE FALSEHOOD." The charge, therefore, I throw back in his teeth with scorn and indignation.

In quoting my words with reference to the expenditure of Sierra Leone, viz.—"Nearly the whole of these sums pass, in ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, through the hands of one merchant in London;" this, says he, means Mr Zachary Macaulay; and he adds, "No person can know better than yourself and Earl Bathurst, the utter groundlessness, the absolute falsehood of the malignant assertion here made by Mr M'Queen. You know, sir, that with the EXPENDITURE OF SIERRA LEONE, since its transfer to the Crown, in 1807, be it great or be it small, Mr Macaulay had NO CONCERN,

DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY. NO PART OF IT HAS PASSED THROUGH HIS HANDS, either in one way or another."

The boldness of the appeal is intended to impose upon this country. I leave the Colonial Office to think of it what they will, and proceed to show, from some stubborn facts, what this deluded and insulted country ought to think of it.

For many years, Mr Zachary Macaulay, or his house, were the chief, the only merchants in the place. Sailors, soldiers, ships and forts, were supplied by them with everything, nor was it safe to go past them. To this hour, the contracts for almost everything go into the hands of the house with which they are connected. The liberated Africans, and the wretched Kroomen, when they work for hire, get for their wages a piece of paper, containing an order on a store-keeper to pay them value in goods; and I ask and I challenge Mr Kenneth Macaulay to deny the fact, if those pieces of paper do not generally land in his own stores, and are afterwards converted into government bills? The place gives nothing but what the government expends in it; so that every one, "in one way or another," has, and must have, a participation in this expenditure. I know not when Mr Macaulay curtailed his business in Sierra Leone, but to this hour he certainly does business there, as the annexed document will show.* Besides, Mr Macaulay was the navy prize agent for the African coast for a very great number of years, (if he is not so still,) and in a particular manner during those years when those captures and condemnations were made, for which we have paid above half a million in bounties, all of which came through his hands; without noticing the millions for robberies inflicted upon foreign nations. These facts are well known to Mr Kenneth Macaulay, because he was for several years super-

Sierra Leone Gazette, March 4, 1826.

Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern, that I have transferred over the agency of Messrs Z. Macaulay and Babington, of London, and all my other business, to Robert Dougan, Esq., preparatory for my departure for Europe; and that the said Robert Dougan is fully authorised to act for me in every respect.

All persons indebted to me as agent aforesaid, or otherwise, are requested to pay up their balances immediately, or legal proceedings will be taken for the recovery of the same.

K. MACAULAY.

intendant of the captured negroes, and the agent and partner of the house in London.

About ten years ago, while acting in that capacity, Mr Zachary Macaulay, as the public papers stated, by some misconception of the act of Parliament, obtained from the treasury (I think it was) £50,000 in advance, to pay bounties for slaves which might be drawn for in Sierra Leone. The error was discovered after the money had been about two years in his possession. It was demanded and repaid; but it was not until a legal prosecution was commenced, that the interest, about £5000, was also paid. I mention this merely to enable the reader to judge of the vast sums of public money, SIERRA LEONE EXPENDITURE, that Mr Macaulay, as prize agent, has had in his hands.

But further, and more to the point. Mr Michael Macmillan went from Glasgow to Sierra Leone, where he soon found that it was more profitable to trade with the negroes, than to teach them, or to preach to them. He became merchant, and, being a shrewd industrious man, he attracted the notice of Macaulay and Babbington of London. In 1811, they appointed him their commercial, and also their prize agent. I hold in my hand an extract from the agreement betwixt them, dated 1st October 1811, which constitutes Mr Macmillan "THEIR AGENT OR FACTOR AT SIERRA LEONE, or at any other place or places in Africa." By this agreement he is bound not to act as a trader on his own account, beyond £400 per annum, and which value in goods he also binds himself to order from Messrs Macaulay and Babbington, and to allow them a Commission on them. The agreement further states, that Mr Macmillan was "to be allowed to act as agent for the disposal of prizes at Sierra Leone aforesaid, upon his paying to the said F. Macaulay and T. G. Babbington, or the survivor of them, ONE HALF OF THE USUAL COMMISSION OF FIVE POUNDS PER CENT THEREON," &c.

In this capacity, Mr Macmillan acted, till the 11th May 1815, when he died, leaving two coloured children in that holy place; a few days after Mr Kenneth Macaulay had arrived from London to take his place; and it was believed that he died possessed of a large property, a great portion of which

was destined to endow a charity-school in this city. Mr Kenneth Macaulay and Mr Duncan Macmillan became administrators; but a will was subsequently found in Edinburgh, and, by the advice of Messrs Macaulay and Babbington, a power of attorney was sent out by the executors, some of them gentlemen in this city, to Mr Kenneth Macaulay, with instructions to him to close the business, and remit the money. After some years' delay, the executors were advised by Mr K. M. that he had done so, and that he had remitted to his friends in London the greater part of the fortune, alleged to amount to £12,000. The house in London stated, that Mr Macmillan died in their debt, and consequently, that they retained what had been sent them for it. Mr Kenneth Macaulay was called upon for accounts and reckonings. In London they were answered by coldness—in Sierra Leone with defiance. At length, in 1823, learning that Kenneth was a Scotsman, and on a visit to Scotland, residing at the *Manses* of Gretna Green, a warrant was obtained for his arrest, to bring him to a reckoning; but Kenneth getting notice of what was going on, was too nimble for his pursuers, and got across the border, thinking he was clear of Scotch Law; but his pursuers, who knew better, finding that he had left trunks and property in the clergyman's house, arrested these, and thus brought *their owner* under the jurisdiction of the Scotch Court, competent, if I am not mistaken, to draw from Sierra Leone some of those documents which the House of Commons seem unable to procure.

Evidence of the facts I state will be found in the process depending before the Supreme Court of Scotland. I have stated those facts, and been compelled by the insolence and effrontery of my assailants, to state them, in refutation of the most impudent assertion and appeal ever made by any writer. The captures during Macmillan's agency were most numerous. The African Institution Report 8th, p. 68, shows sixty-seven condemnations between 1811 and 1814 at Sierra Leone. Many of these were large and valuable vessels; and, as Mr Macmillan's papers show,—not taking slaves or bounties into account,—had on board cargoes of merchandise to the extent of £4000 and £6000 Sterling. All were sold at

Sierra Leone. Mr Macmillan called upon Mr Macaulay to get the slave bounties from the Treasury, and to credit him with *half the commission*, while Mr Macmillan received the commissions on the sales of the ships and cargoes in Sierra Leone, and gave Mr Macaulay credit for half the commissions thereon in the settlement, the balance of accounts to be made when the work and the gains were completed. The extent of the sums which thus came into those gentlemen's hands, was enormous—probably exceeding half a million of money! They have been called for, but are not yet produced, nor do I believe that they can be so!

Neither my time, my business, nor the interests of my family, (not having made a fortune from the *gullibility* of my country,) will allow me to trace out farther the tortuous paths of the Jesuits of Sierra Leone, nor can I in future pay much attention to, or have any respect for, anything which Mr Kenneth Macaulay may say concerning it. After what I have shown, I consider I would be offering an insult to your understanding, and to the judgment and good sense of the very numerous and intelligent portion of

the community who read the columns of the Journal in which I have the honour to address you, were I to say one word more upon the subject. I conclude with these remarks, forced upon me, namely, that I consider any country disgraced and degraded, when I perceive acting as governor in any one of her colonies, an individual who to-day sells our soldiers the beef to eat, and rum, which he says kills them, and to-morrow *retails*, as the coffin account shows he *retails*, the boards and the nails to make the coffins which are to hold their mouldering remains, in a den of pestilence and death. And stripping his publication of the rant, and cant, and studied expression which runs through it, and confining it to the point, the present state of Sierra Leone—a commercial, agricultural, moral and religious station—a blacker picture was never exhibited to the eyes of an insulted country, than that picture which has been exhibited by its champion, Mr KENNETH MACAULAY.

I am, &c.

JAMES M'QUEEN.

GLASGOW, }
13th April 1827. }

SPEECH OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK
IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, 25TH APRIL, 1825.

[The following Version of this interesting and memorable Speech, which excited so strong a sensation throughout the whole Empire, has been furnished to us by a Peer, who, having taken minutes at the time it was spoken, committed it to paper immediately after, and subsequently revised and compared the report he had made out, with the minutes taken by several other Peers, who were also present. This invaluable document has therefore been given us as strictly accurate, and as more authentic than any report of the Speech which has hitherto appeared in print ; and it is with feelings of pride and satisfaction, that we embody in our pages a faithful transcript of the sentiments and opinions expressed by this much lamented and truly British Prince, when it was proposed to throw down the few remaining safeguards of the Constitution against Foreign Influence and Popish Ascendency.

C. N.]

MY LORDS,—I present to your Lordships a petition, praying that further concessions may not be made to the Roman Catholics. I am so little in the habit of addressing this House, that I shall probably take no part in the debate upon the bill, if it reaches this House. Upon this occasion, therefore, allow me to declare my sentiments upon this most important matter. The respectability of the petitioners,—the Dean and Chapter of Windsor,—will secure to their petition due respect.

My Lords, twenty-five years have now passed since measures of this nature were first contemplated, but professedly with ample securities for the Protestant Established Church ; securities admitted and avowed to be necessary. What the effect of the proposal of such measures was at that day, your Lordships know :—The apprehension that the Sovereign might be called upon to differ with his Parliament, in the discharge of his duty, to adhere to his Coronation Oath—the contract which he had made at the altar of God—led to affliction—(here he could not proceed)—and to the temporary dismissal of the best, the honestest, and the wisest Minister the Crown ever had. That Minister always held out, that there must be sufficient Securities for the Protestant Establishment—for the maintenance of those principles which placed the Sovereign upon the throne—and that, with such Securities, what ought to be satisfactory to the Roman Catholics, might safely be granted. What is the case now, my Lords ? You are to grant all that can be asked, and without any satisfactory Securities. I am, my Lords, a friend to complete toleration ; but political power and toleration are perfectly different. I have opposed the concessions of political power from the first moment in which it was proposed to grant them. I have so acted throughout, under a conviction, whenever I have been called upon to act, that I was bound so to act. I shall continue to oppose such concessions to the utmost of my power. The Church of England, my Lords, is in connexion with the Crown. The Roman Catholics will not allow the Crown or the Parliament to interfere with their Church : Are they, nevertheless, to legislate for the Protestant Church of England ?

My Lords, allow me to call your attention to what must be the state of the King upon the throne—(here he read the King's oath)—The dread of being called upon—of having it proposed to him to act contrary to his understanding of that oath, led, or naturally contributed to his late Majesty's sufferings in the last ten years of his life—(He could not proceed, and was in tears—after a pause he said)—My Lords, if you have taken oaths, and differ about the meaning of them, those who think the proposed measures contrary to their oaths, are overcome by a majority :—They do their duty—they act according to their oaths—the measure is carried without their violating their compact with God. But recollect that it is not so with the individual who is the Sovereign : He has a right, if he is convinced that it is his duty, to refuse his assent, when the measure is proposed to him : His refusal is a constitutional bar to the measure : His consent, if given contrary to his understanding of his oath, is that for which he must ever be responsible. My Lords, I understand my duty, in this place, too well to be stating what any other person may or may not feel, with respect to these proposed measures—what any other person may or may not propose to do, or to forbear doing. I speak for myself only—for myself only I declare an opinion and determination : But I apprehend I may in this place be allowed to call for your attention to what may be the state of the Sovereign, to whom measures may be proposed, who is not to consider what oath might have been administered to him, and taken by him, but who has taken an oath, according to which and to what may be his conviction ; as to the obligation that oath has created, he must conceive himself bound to act, in consenting or withholding consent.

My own opinions, my Lords, are well-known ; they have been carefully formed ; I cannot change them ;—I shall continue to act conformably to them in whatever circumstances and in whatever station I may be placed—So help me God !

SIR HERBERT TAYLOR'S NARRATIVE OF THE LAST ILLNESS AND
DEATH OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK.

[When this most interesting and affecting Narrative first appeared, we at once resolved to give it a place in the Magazine, being anxious to contribute, not merely to its wider circulation, but to its preservation, as a most valuable and important document for history. Accordingly we communicated our intention to the attached and faithful friend and servant of his late Royal Highness, Sir Herbert Taylor, from whose masterly pen this Memorial of the Last Days of his ever-to-be-lamented Master proceeded ; and we have had the honour of being favoured with Sir Herbert's entire consent and approbation, and also of being requested to add to the "Memorandum" the Note in page 640, which would have accompanied the original publication, if that had taken place by his desire. The "Memorandum" is now printed from a lithographic copy which Sir Herbert was so good as send us ; its correctness may therefore be depended upon. It will still be read with undiminished interest.

C. N.]

MEMORANDUM

BETWEEN THE 9TH JUNE, 1826, AND 5TH JANUARY, 1827.

THE interest, excited by the situation of the late Duke of York, and by every circumstance connected with his long, painful, and lingering illness, from its commencement until the fatal hour which closed his valuable existence, has been so great, and the general feeling which it produced has caused so many particulars to be circulated and received by the public, as authentic, for which there either was no foundation, or at least very imperfect foundation, that I have, upon due consideration, been induced to draw up, from minutes taken during this distressing and trying period of my attendance upon his Royal Highness, a statement, not of the progress of the disease, or of the treatment pursued, but of such circumstances and facts as will shew the condition of his Royal Highness's mind under this awful visitation of Providence,—will do justice to the exemplary resolution and pious resignation with which he met and submitted to it,—and will satisfy his attached friends that his Royal Highness was, in every point of view, deserving of the respect and the affection which have so strongly marked their sentiments towards him, and of the deep grief and regret which his death has occasioned in their minds, and in those of the respectable and well-thinking individuals of every class in this country.

The state of his Royal Highness's health had, for some time, appeared far from satisfactory, and had occasioned more or less uneasiness to those about him; but the first indications of serious indisposition, such as to produce alarm, were upon his Royal Highness's return from Ascot to his residence in Audley Square, on the 9th of June, 1826; and Mr Macgregor, who then saw him, urged him immediately to send for Sir Henry Hallford.

From that period, his Royal Highness continued more or less an invalid, and was occasionally confined to his house.

Upon the 24th June, his Royal Highness removed for change of air to Brompton Park, the residence of Mr Greenwood, who kindly lent it to him,

and upon that day he sent for me, and told me that he had been unwell for some weeks, and that he did not think that he gained ground; that he did not feel alarmed, and that he had perfect confidence in the attention given to his case, and the skill of his medical advisers. But that he knew that they might entertain apprehensions which they would consider it their professional duty not to communicate to their patients, and he might therefore remain ignorant of that which ought not to be concealed from him, and which he trusted he should learn without apprehension, although he did not deny that he should learn it with regret. That there were duties to be performed, and arrangements to be made, which ought not to be deferred to the last moment; and he felt that it was due to his character and station, to his comfort, and even to his feelings on this subject, that he should not be taken by surprise upon so serious an occasion. He considered it probable that the physicians would be less reserved with me than with him, and he charged me, if I should learn from them directly, or should have reason to draw such inference from any expression that might drop from them, that his situation had become one of danger, not to withhold such knowledge from him. He appealed to me upon this occasion for an act of friendship, he would add, for the discharge of a duty, which he claimed from the person who had been with him, and enjoyed his confidence, during so many years: He called upon me to promise that I would perform it whenever the period should arrive to which he alluded, and he desired that I would bear in mind that he wished me to deal by him as he was certain I should desire, under similar circumstances, to be dealt with.

I made the promise without hesitation, and it was received with a warm expression of thanks, and an affectionate pressure of the hand.

This was repeated, in allusion to what had passed at a later period of the day, when he got into his carriage to go to Brompton, and he then said:

that he felt relieved from great uneasiness by the promise I had given him.

His Royal Highness removed to Brighton on the 14th August, for the benefit of further change of air; and I learned, from Mr Macgregor, on the 17th of that month, that a change had taken place in his general state, and that symptoms had appeared which rendered his situation one of danger.

This distressing information was confirmed to me from other quarters, and I determined immediately to go to Brighton, and to discharge my duty; but to be guided in the character and extent of the disclosure by such further communication as might be made to me, by his Royal Highness's medical attendants, of the nature and pressure of the danger. I pleaded business rendering personal communication necessary for my visit to his Royal Highness, and I went to Brighton on the 19th August. Upon my arrival, I learned from Mr Macgregor that a favourable change had taken place, that his Royal Highness had gained strength, and that the most alarming symptoms had in great measure subsided; that his Royal Highness's situation might, therefore, be considered far more encouraging than when he wrote to me, but that it was impossible to consider it free from danger, although that danger had ceased to be immediate, and although there was reason to hope that the cause of alarm might be removed. He added, that, from observations which his Royal Highness had made to himself, he was convinced I would find him prepared for any communication I might feel it my duty to make to him, and that, under all circumstances, I must exercise my discretion.

I then saw the Duke of York, who entered fully into his situation, and told me, that, although much better then, and, he believed, going on well; he had reason to think, from the manner and looks of his medical attendants, that they had been alarmed, and felt much greater uneasiness than they had expressed, or might feel at liberty to express, and he wished to know what I had learnt.

I did not disguise from him, that, bearing in mind the engagement I had contracted, I had determined to go to Brighton in consequence of the accounts I had received on the 17th,

which had alarmed me, but that I was happy to find, on my arrival, that his Royal Highness's state had since been improving, and that much of the uneasiness which then prevailed had been removed; at the same time it was my duty to confirm the impression which he appeared himself to have received, that his complaint had assumed a more serious character, although great confidence appeared to be felt, that the extraordinary resources of his constitution, and the strength he had gained since his removal to Brighton, would enable him to struggle successfully with the disorder. "Then," said he, "I was not mistaken in my suspicions, and my case is not wholly free from danger; but I depend upon your honour, and you tell me there is more to hope than to fear."

I assured him that such was decidedly the impression I had received from what Mr Macgregor had said to me. He thanked me, and proceeded to look over and give directions upon some official papers with his usual attention and accuracy.

He saw Mr Macgregor the same evening, and questioned him; and he told me on the following day that Mr Macgregor had answered him very fairly, and had confirmed what I had said to him, as did Sir Matthew Tierney later in the day. On that same day he told me that he felt stronger; that his mind was relieved by what had passed, as he knew he should not be deceived, or left to form his own conjectures, and draw his own conclusions, from the looks and manner of his medical attendants, and others about him; and that he had not for months slept so well as the preceding night.

I repeated to him, that I had come to Brighton under considerable alarm, and that I should leave it very much relieved. His Royal Highness was cheerful; and I heard from Mr Macgregor, and others, that he continued so during the following days. Indeed, he wrote to me himself in very good spirits, and assured me of the comfort and relief he had derived from the proof afforded to him that he would be fairly dealt with.

His Royal Highness returned from Brighton on the afternoon of the 26th of August, to the Duke of Rutland's house in Arlington Street, ha-

ving come in five and a half hours. He did not seem much fatigued, looked well in the countenance, and conversed cheerfully with Sir Henry Torrens and me, who were in waiting to receive him.

He afterwards told me that his strength, sleep, and appetite had improved, but that the medicines he had taken had ceased to have the desired effect in checking the progress of the main disorder, and that he had therefore returned to town earlier than had been intended, in order, as he understood, to try some change of treatment, which he apprehended might be tapping. This was an unpleasant hearing, though it did not alarm him. He was determined to keep up his spirits; he knew his situation was a serious one, but he had no doubt, please God, he should recover, though he feared his recovery would be a work of time.

In the course of the conversation, I told him that I had understood Sir Henry Halford would be in town on the following day, and did not mean to return to the country. He observed it was very kind of him, but immediately added, "by the bye, not a very good sign either."

He then proceeded very quietly to official business, but Mr Macgregor coming in, he, in the most calm and collected manner, questioned him before me, very closely as to his state, beginning by these words: "Tell me honestly, do you consider me in danger?" "Not in *immediate* danger," was the answer. "But," said his Royal Highness, "you do consider my situation to be one not free from danger?"—Mr Macgregor admitted it to be by no means free from danger, but proceeded to state the grounds which justified his medical attendants in indulging hopes that his Royal Highness might look forward to a favourable issue.

Mr Macgregor's answer produced further questions, all put with a view to obtain positive and accurate information as to the extent of danger, and he concluded by thanking Mr Macgregor for the fair manner in which he had met them, and by saying, "I know now what I wished to know, and I shall be able to govern myself by that knowledge." During the whole of this conversation, which was of some length, his manner was firm

and collected, though very serious, his voice free from agitation, his questions were put quietly, at intervals, as if well considered, by a man who was determined to ascertain his own situation, and his words were measured.

He afterwards desired me to repeat what Mr Macgregor had said, as I understood it, that he might be satisfied he had not mistaken him. I did so, and he observed, that he also had so understood him, but that he did not augur from it that his case was hopeless—which impression I confirmed. He expressed an earnest hope that the symptoms of his disorder were not generally known or talked of.

I have been thus particular in the statement of what passed upon these three occasions, to shew how anxious his Royal Highness was not to be kept in the dark, how fearlessly he met the communication of the existence of danger, and, above all, to shew that he was early apprised of his critical state, from the contemplation of which he at no time shrunk, although he was at all times anxious to conceal, from the generality of those who approached him, that he did not look forward with undiminished confidence to a favourable issue.

On the following day, Sunday, 27th August, his Royal Highness again spoke to me very quietly, in regard to his situation, and told me, that although not alarmed, and although he had heard nothing that should shake his hopes of ultimate recovery, he could not conceal from himself that his situation called for serious contemplation. Whatever might be the result, there would be time for certain arrangements, and the settlement of his affairs, but there was one duty he did not wish to defer; he felt, indeed, that it ought not to be deferred until it should seem to be imposed by a conviction of immediate danger, and resorted to when hope had ceased to exist. He had, therefore, determined to take the Sacrament upon an early day, and to request his friend the Bishop of London to administer it to him; but he was anxious that this should not be known, as the alarm would be sounded, and various interpretations would be put upon an act, which was one of duty, resorted to on principle, and not from apprehension or affectation;

he therefore directed me to see the Bishop of London, and to request him to come to him on the following Tuesday at twelve. He desired that I would explain to him his desire that the attendance should be quiet, and should not excite observation; that he wished the service to be simply that of the Communion, as he did not now apply to him for his attendance as upon a sick person. He also desired me to be present, and to take the Sacrament with him.

He told me that he had well considered of this act. He was sure that, under any circumstances, it would tend to his satisfaction, comfort, and relief, and that he ought not to postpone it.

I went to the Bishop of London, (at Fulham,) who received the communication with great emotion, and spoke in the highest terms of the exemplary feeling which had dictated his Royal Highness's wish, and said that he would come quietly to Arlington Street on Tuesday, at twelve, without robes, (as upon ordinary occasions,) and without notice to any one, and I engaged to have all prepared.

I returned to Arlington Street to inform his Royal Highness, and it was agreed that his servant, Batchelor, should alone be apprised of the intention, and that I should take care to keep others out of the way. His Royal Highness again said, that he should derive great comfort from thus early discharging his duty. He also gave me instructions to clear his drawers in Audley Square of papers, and to bring them away, and seal up those of a private nature. He said he should by degrees look them over, and attend to other matters, but repeatedly assured me that all this was done and thought of without any apprehension of a fatal issue of his disorder, and that he was confident he should recover.

The Princess Sophia (who usually came every day about two o'clock) had been with him, and I asked him whether she was aware of his situation. He said he believed not, at least he had said nothing to alarm her; possibly, however, she might be to a certain extent, and he had therefore said nothing to undeceive her.

When I saw Batchelor, I learnt from him (what I had never previ-

ously known) that his Royal Highness, when he did not go to church, never missed devoting some time to his prayers, which he read to himself, in general early, that he might not be disturbed, but if disturbed in the morning, in the afternoon or evening; and that when travelling on Sunday, he always took a Bible and Prayer Book in the carriage, and was very particular as to their being placed within his immediate reach; and that although he did not object to a travelling companion on other days, nothing annoyed him more than any one proposing to be his companion on a Sunday.

His Royal Highness saw Sir Henry Hallford on that day, and questioned him very closely as to his situation. Sir Henry told me that he had answered his questions fairly, and that he had found his Royal Highness in an excellent state of mind, and that he could not sufficiently admire the resolution and composure with which he sought for information, and dwelt upon the question of danger. He observed that there was no difficulty in dealing with such a patient.

His Royal Highness told me afterwards, that Sir Henry Hallford's communication had confirmed the impression he had received from what Mr Macgregor had said, and he expressed himself perfectly satisfied with it.

His Royal Highness continued in good spirits, and in the same composed state of mind on the 28th and 29th.

On the latter day, the Bishop of London came at a little before twelve, and his Royal Highness was alone with him for a short time, after which I was called in, and his Lordship administered the Sacrament to us.

The Duke's deportment was serious as became the occasion, but firm and quite free from agitation. He did not appear nervous or affected, although he must have perceived that neither the Bishop nor I were free from either feeling.

The Bishop of London told me afterwards that nothing could be more correct or satisfactory than all his Royal Highness had said to him, when they were alone, and that his state of mind was that in which he would wish, under such circumstances, to find that of any person in whose welfare he felt interested.

When I returned to the Duke of York, he appeared more affected, and he assured me that he felt a comfort and relief which he could not describe, and that whatever might be the issue of his illness, he had done what he ought to do. That he could now attend to other matters with increased composure. In the afternoon, when I saw him again, he expressed to me how much he had been pleased with the Bishop of London's mild and encouraging discourse.

That he had stated to his Lordship unreservedly, that he knew his situation to be a very serious, though he trusted not a hopeless one, but that he did not chuse to postpone a duty which he conceived ought to be performed while he was in the full possession of his faculties, which might yield to disease sooner than he was aware of. —That he had in the course of his life faced death in various shapes, and was now doomed to view its approach in a slow and lingering form. That he did not deny that he should resign his existence with regret, though he felt no alarm; he admitted that his life had not been pure, that there had been much in his course he wished had been otherwise. He had not thought so seriously on some subjects as he might have done, still he had endeavoured to discharge his public duties correctly. He had forbore from injuring or deceiving any one; and he felt in peace and charity with all.

Under these circumstances, he hoped he might look with confidence to mercy, through the merits of his Redeemer, and he had appealed to him (the Bishop) on this occasion, not only to receive the confession of his unworthiness, but to administer that comfort which his situation required. That his reliance and his faith in the Christian religion were firm and decided, and that his adherence to the pure doctrine professed and established by the Church of England, was unshaken, as it had ever been. That, as he had declared these sentiments in a political discussion of the Roman Catholic Question, he was anxious that it should be understood, and that the Bishop of London should be enabled to state hereafter, if the occasion should call for it, that those sentiments were not professed in a political sense, and from prejudice and party feelings, but that

they were firmly fixed in his mind, and were the result of due consideration and conviction, and produced by an earnest solicitude for the continued welfare of his country.

After saying this, his Royal Highness told me that he felt very comfortable, and that if it should please God to restore him to health, he was sure he should be a better man ever after. He considered this trial as a mercy for which he ought to feel grateful; it afforded him time for serious reflection, and he trusted that the time would not be ill applied. He then entered into some questions of military business with great composure.

His Royal Highness underwent the operation of tapping on the afternoon of the 3d September. It was performed by Mr Macgregor, and it was borne by his Royal Highness with the same resolution and quiet composure which had marked his conduct under every stage of his illness. Colonel Stephenson and I saw him soon after. We found him a little exhausted, but cheerful, and quite free from nervous agitation.

About this period, he received the communication of the death of Sir Harry Calvert, by which he was much affected, and he observed that he had deeply to deplore the loss of an old and attached friend, and a religious and good man.

For some days after the operation, he was very weak, and his left leg was in a state which occasioned serious uneasiness, nor was the appearance of the other leg satisfactory. On the 10th, he examined the contents of some private boxes, and desired that they might be left in his room, but considered as consigned to my charge. His situation gave his medical attendants serious uneasiness, and his Royal Highness was perfectly sensible of it, nor indeed did I disguise it from him, when he questioned me.

Between the 12th and the 18th, his Royal Highness gained strength, and his appetite and sleep improved, but the state of his legs continued unsatisfactory. On the 19th he began again to take his airings, but the improvement had not been such as to induce his medical attendants to consider his state otherwise than very critical. He continued to take daily airings until the 16th of October. During this interval, he rallied occa-

monally, and his general health appeared at times to be improving, notwithstanding the state of the legs, which became gradually more unsatisfactory, and often occasioned excruciating pain throughout great part of the day. His Royal Highness frequently spoke to me of his own situation and feelings, more especially on the 22d September, when he told me he did his best to submit with patience and resignation; that he tried to keep up his spirits, he met his friends cheerfully, endeavoured to go correctly through what he had to do, and to occupy himself at other times with reading; but when left to his own thoughts, when he went to bed and lay awake, the situation was not agreeable; the contemplation of one's end, not to be met at once, nor within a short given period, but protracted possibly for months, required a struggle and tried one's resolution. But, after all, he did not know that he regretted it, or that he regretted that time was given to him which had turned his mind to serious reflection, and which he was certain had been very beneficial to him. If it should please God that he should recover, he would become a better man: if he did not recover, he would have to thank God for the time afforded for reflection. I have noticed what passed on this day, to show that his feelings had undergone no change.

On the 16th October, Mr Macgregor desired that I should convey to his Royal Highness his wish that he would allow him to call in Sir Astley Cooper; that I would state that he had no reason to doubt his Royal Highness's confidence, but that a heavy responsibility was thrown upon him, and that it might be satisfactory to his Royal Highness, as it doubtless would be to himself, to resort to further aid and advice, as the state of the legs had unfortunately formed so prominent a feature of the case; at the same time he was persuaded that Sir Astley Cooper would concur in all that he had done. When I mentioned it to his Royal Highness he objected, and assured me that he was perfectly satisfied with Mr Macgregor's skill and his attention, and that he would not, upon any account, appear to shew a doubt which he had never felt, nor hurt Mr Macgregor's feelings. I assured him that Mr Macgregor was

perfectly sensible of this; but that he owed it to his own feelings, and to his character as a professional man, to make this request. His Royal Highness then objected to the effect it might produce upon the public, to its getting into the newspapers, &c. I observed that measures might be taken to prevent this, and he finally agreed to Mr Macgregor's speaking to Sir Henry Halford, and settling it with him.

Sir Astley Cooper attended accordingly on the 17th, and continued to do so during the remainder of his Royal Highness's illness. Notwithstanding every precaution, it was impossible to prevent it being soon noticed in the papers, and when his Royal Highness learnt this, he observed, that his chief motive for wishing it concealed was, the apprehension that it might excite unnecessary alarm, which, as connected with his station and situation, might embarrass the Government, and possibly influence the public funds.—It could not affect him personally.

His Royal Highness's state fluctuated again between this period and the 6th November, when there was a marked improvement in the condition of the legs, which continued until the 20th, when they again assumed an unfavourable appearance, which was the more to be lamented as his Royal Highness's strength and constitutional powers had been giving way; his appetite and sleep began to fail, and the increasing evil was therefore to be met by impaired resources.

Towards the beginning of December his Royal Highness again rallied, so far as the legs were concerned, but his frame and his constitution had evidently become weaker, and his Royal Highness himself expressed his apprehensions that his strength would not carry him through the protracted struggle.

Between the 8th and 17th of December, there was again a sensible improvement in the legs, which might have raised the hopes of his Royal Highness's attendants, if the return of strength had kept pace with it; but he was visibly losing strength and substance, and on the 20th the legs resumed the appearance of mortification to an alarming extent, and the medical attendants agreed that his situation had become very critical.

Their apprehensions were still fur-

ther excited on the 23d; his appetite had totally failed him, and other symptoms were equally unfavourable. Still he kept up his spirits, and although my language was anything but encouraging, he *appeared* to feel sanguine of recovery. This impression was not justified by the opinion of the medical attendants, and I became very anxious that his Royal Highness should be made aware of the increased danger of his situation. I urged this point with Sir Henry Halford and Sir Astley Cooper; assured them that they mistook his Royal Highness's character, if they apprehended any ill effect from the disclosure, and represented that it was due to his character and to his wish, to discharge the duties which he still had to perform. In the course of the day they yielded to my representations, and authorised me to avail myself of any opening which his Royal Highness might give me to make him sensible of the increased anxiety and alarm which I had observed in his physicians. I was to use my discretion as to the mode, the nature, and the extent of the disclosure; it would probably produce reference to them, and they would then confirm the impression conveyed by me.

I saw his Royal Highness at five o'clock, when I took my official papers to him. He gave me the desired opportunity at once, by asking what the doctors said of him. His servant being in the room, I gave no immediate answer, and he waited quietly until he had left the room, and then repeated the question.

I spoke to him as had been agreed with Sir Henry Halford, adding that my own anxiety, and the uneasiness I had already expressed to him, had led me to watch the physicians, and to endeavour to extract from them what their real opinion was, but that they were cautious, and were evidently unwilling to authorise me to *express* their alarm. I could not, however, forget his Royal Highness's appeal to me in Audley Square, nor the pledge I had given him; that I knew his Royal Highness did not wish to be taken by surprise; that I felt he ought not to be taken by surprise; and therefore I had considered it my duty to disclose to him the uneasiness I felt. He listened with composure, and without betraying any agitation, but asked me

whether the danger was immediate; whether it was a question of *days*?

I repeated that I was not authorised to say so, and I trusted it was not. He said—"God's will be done; I am not afraid of dying, I trust I have done my duty: I have endeavoured to do so. I know that my faults have been many, but God is merciful; his ways are inscrutable; I bow with submission to his will. I have at least not to reproach myself with not having done all I could to avert this crisis; but I own it has come upon me by surprise. I knew that my ease had not ceased to be free from danger; I have always been told so, but I did not suspect *immediate* danger, and had I been a timid or a nervous man, the effect might have been trying. I trust I have received this communication with becoming resolution." I observed that I had not for many days seen his Royal Highness more free from nervous agitation, and that I had not been disappointed in my expectation that he would bear this communication as he did that which I had been called upon to make to him at Brighton. He desired me to feel his pulse, which was low, but even and steady.

He then put various questions to me, with a view to ascertain the cause of what he considered so sudden a change in his state. I accounted for it by what I had learned from the physicians, and ended by repeating that I had felt it my duty, however painful, to speak out. He thanked me, gave me his hand, and said, I had acted as I ought, and as he expected; but he pressed me again to state "what was the extent of the danger; and whether *immediate*?" I repeated that I had been assured it was not immediate. "Whether his case was without hope of recovery?" I gave no decided answer, but said, that I could not extract from the physicians any positive opinion, but that their language was not encouraging. He said, "I understand you; I may go on for a short time, but I may end rapidly; God's will be done; I am resigned." He then called for his official papers, and transacted his business with composure and his usual attention. He afterwards resumed the previous painful subject. I spoke to him about his private papers, and he confirmed some of the directions previously given to me upon that subject. He then spoke

most kindly, took me again by the hand, and said, "Thank you; God bless you." I had hitherto succeeded in controlling my feelings, but I could do so no longer, and I left the room.

I learnt from his servant, Batchelor, that after I left his Royal Highness, he had desired him to collect and pay some small bills; that he began to write some memoranda, and appeared very serious, but quite free from agitation. His Royal Highness afterwards had some serious conversation with Sir Henry Halford, who did not disguise from him the uneasiness he felt, but did not admit that his case had become hopeless. He had found him perfectly calm and composed.

His Royal Highness sent for me again, and repeated to me very correctly what Sir Henry Halford had said to him; he afterwards saw Colonel Stephenson, who told me that he had conversed with him very quietly upon indifferent subjects, and that, from his manner, he could not have suspected that anything could have occurred to disturb him.

He passed a good night, and appeared better on the following day. He saw the Adjutant-General and Quartermaster-General early, and gave his directions to them with his usual accuracy. I saw him soon after, and he told me that he had passed a good night, had rather more appetite, and was more free from pain; that this was satisfactory for the moment, but whether of any ultimate avail, a higher Power would decide.

The physicians told me there was no improvement in his situation.

In the course of the day, I submitted to him the official papers, and took his pleasure upon some general military arrangements, into which he entered with interest; but in the afternoon he became very languid and nervous, though he rallied again towards the evening.

On the following day, 24th December, he appeared better, and in good spirits, though incapable of much exertion.

On the 25th, he was weaker, having had a very indifferent night. He saw the Duke of Wellington early in the day. The physicians told me that his Royal Highness's state was becoming daily more critical, and that it was desirable that I should avail myself

of any opportunity which might offer, of drawing his Royal Highness's attention to the necessity of settling his affairs. I embraced it that very day, and proposed to him to send for his solicitor, Mr Parkinson, to which he agreed, and I appointed him at ten o'clock on the following day; he afterwards went through his official business very quietly.

His Royal Highness saw Mr Parkinson on the 26th, and signed his will, after which he shook hands with him, as if taking final leave of him. He afterwards saw the Bishop of London, who had at all times free admission to his Royal Highness, and had had frequent conversations with him in the course of his illness, and the result of *this* interview was, that his Royal Highness should take the Sacrament on the 28th, which his Royal Highness mentioned to me afterwards, adding, that he meant to ask the Princess Sophia to take it with him. I saw him again in the evening, and he appeared very cheerful. On the 27th, he appeared better early in the day, but became more weak and languid afterwards. He saw Mr Peel, who told me he had been much shocked by his Royal Highness's altered appearance. The Duke, however, spoke to me of himself in a more sanguine tone than usual.

His Majesty came to his Royal Highness in the afternoon, and found him very weak and languid, but he rallied in the evening, and looked over his official papers.

On the morning of the 28th, his Royal Highness appeared very weak, and had some attacks of nervous faintness, which, together with other unfavourable symptoms, satisfied the physicians that the danger was becoming more imminent. The Bishop of London came at twelve, and desired that three persons should assist at the holy ceremony, and proposed that Sir Henry Halford and I should be added to the Princess Sophia, which was mentioned to his Royal Highness, who readily agreed. Upon this occasion he came publicly, and put on his robes; his Royal Highness was quite composed, and nothing could exceed his pious attention and calm devotion throughout the solemn ceremony. He repeated the prayers, and made the responses in a firm voice. Part of the prayers for the sick were read, but the

service was, at the suggestion of Sir H. Halford, the short service. The Bishop was very much affected, particularly when pronouncing the concluding blessing. The Princess Sophia supported herself wonderfully throughout the trying scene, and the Duke was quite free from agitation. After the service was over, he kissed his sister, and shook hands most affectionately with the Bishop, Sir Henry Halford, and me, thanking us, and as if taking leave of all. His Royal Highness sent for me again in the afternoon, and went through some official business, to which he appeared quite equal. He expressed great satisfaction at having taken the Sacrament, and told me that the Princess Sophia had staid with him, and borne up to the last moment. He then asked me whether his physicians thought much worse of him; he really felt better. I replied, they considered his situation as having become more doubtful than it had been, but that they had not at any time authorised me to say his case was hopeless. He observed that he thought it was wrong to abandon hope, or to despair, but, setting aside that feeling, he was resigned to God's will. He asked whether I had any more papers requiring consideration, as he felt quite as equal to business as he had been for two or three months past, and he wished none to be interrupted or suspended. He afterwards saw Mr Greville, who found him very cheerful.

He sent for me again between eight and nine, and I staid with him until ten. He appeared weak and uncomfortable, though not positively in pain. At ten, he said he should like to go to bed, but the usual hour had not arrived, and he would wait for Sir H. Halford. I persuaded him to go to bed at once. This was the first night that he had anticipated the usual hour, and the medical attendants ascribed it to increasing weakness, against which he had hitherto contended. All agreed that he might linger on a few days, unless an attack of nervous faintness should carry him off suddenly.

On the following day, the 29th, his Royal Highness, after passing a tolerable night, appeared better. He had taken some nourishment, and his pulse was steady. He sent for me soon after ten, and spoke very seriously of his situation, but without alarm or

agitation. He appeared very desirous of extracting very direct and unreserved answers; often fixed his eye upon me, as if to search my thoughts, and made me change my position, that he might see me better. I appeared not to notice this, but kept up the conversation for an hour and a half, on various subjects of business, &c. This succeeded, and he gradually became more at his ease. He was quite equal to any exertion of mind. When Sir H. Halford came, he announced to his Royal Highness the King's intention to pay him a visit on that day, and his Royal Highness dressed and shaved himself, which he had not been able to do on the preceding day.

The physicians told me that the state of the legs had become more unfavourable. His Royal Highness saw the Adjutant-General and Quarter-master-General, and transacted business with them as usual.

His Majesty came at two, and staid an hour with his Royal Highness. His Majesty thought him looking better and stronger than on the 27th, but this was the last time he saw him, his Majesty's own indisposition having disappointed his anxious wish to have come again to him.

His Royal Highness sent for me at five, and went through his usual official business with me, after which he appeared tired and exhausted, and indeed, he had previously retired to his bed-room.

He afterwards saw Colonel Stephenson, who found him in the same weak and exhausted state.

Towards nine he sent for me again, and I found him much oppressed, and breathing short, and in general unable to rouse himself. He dismissed me after a short time, wishing me good night, but between ten and eleven he sent for me again; I found him dozing, and when he roused himself, he complained of inward pain, asked me how late I should stay in the house, (he was not aware that I had slept in it for several nights,) and again wished me good night.

He had called for Sir H. Halford, Mr Macgregor, and Mr Simpson, repeatedly in the same manner, and after wishing them good night. Some time after, he again sent for Mr Macgregor, who found him in one of his attacks of nervous faintness. Mr Macgregor gave him some laudanum, and

after some time he became more composed, and fell asleep.

I learnt early in the morning of the 30th, from Mr Macgregor, that his Royal Highness had had some sleep at intervals, but that he appeared much weaker, and that there were other indications of encressing danger. His Royal Highness had determined not to quit his bed-room.

He sent for me at half past ten, and I remained with him for more than an hour, until Sir H. Halford came. I was extremely shocked at the extraordinary change which had taken place in one night, or rather since the preceding morning at the same hour. He appeared extremely feeble, and under great uneasiness from pain, but otherwise composed, and although suffering so much, he uttered no complaint. He asked me when I had come, and I told him I had slept in the house. He did not seem surprised or displeased, but said he concluded he was considered much worse, for Mr Macgregor had been three times to see him in the night, but that he felt quite equal to business. I, therefore, brought forward a few subjects, and received his very clear instructions, though his voice had become so feeble that I could with difficulty hear him.

His Royal Highness saw the Dukes of Clarence and Sussex, and Sir William Knighton, who was going to Windsor, and through whom he sent an affectionate message to the King. To the Dukes of Clarence and Sussex he spoke cheerfully on the state of Portugal and other matters of public interest. The Princess Sophia was also with him for a considerable time.

Between nine and ten he expressed a wish to see Colonel Stephenson and me, and we went to him, but he said little, and wished us good night.

He passed a restless night, and appeared much weaker on the following morning (the 31st Dec.), but continued perfectly sensible, took nourishment when offered to him, but shewed no inclination to speak, unless spoken to. His medical attendants apprehended, from the increased weakness, the rapid approach of dissolution. I went to him by desire of the physicians between one and two. He took my hand, and received me most kindly. He said, "Here I am; I feel weaker, but not worse, and I do not suffer pain." He

moved his lips occasionally, but I could not distinguish what he said; he appeared quite sensible, very composed, and twice looked at me, the first time seriously, the second time with a placid, almost a cheerful smile, and I came away perfectly satisfied that his mind was free from anxiety and uneasiness. The Princess Sophia came in, and the manner in which he roused himself when she was announced, was very striking. Her Royal Highness staid with him about twenty minutes. He continued very quiet throughout the rest of the day, and at half past seven desired Sir A. Cooper, who was going to Windsor, to give his affectionate duty to the King, and to tell him he was very comfortable.

On the 1st January, I learnt that his Royal Highness had passed a very quiet night, with four hours' good sleep, and that no material change had taken place in his state; that he continued perfectly sensible, took sufficient nourishment, and spoke whenever roused; nor were the legs in a worse state; on the contrary, their appearance had become more favourable.

Upon the whole, the physicians thought he might linger on longer than they had expected, such was the extraordinary resistance which his constitution opposed to the progress of the disease. The Dukes of Clarence and Sussex again saw him, and he received them affectionately, but did not speak, and they left him immediately. The Princess Sophia then went to him: he kissed her, and said—"God bless you, my dear love—to-morrow, to-morrow," and she left him. He continued in the same quiet and composed state throughout the day, and occasionally told his medical attendants that he felt no pain, and was very comfortable. I did not see him.

The report on the following morning, the 2d January, was, that the night had been quiet, and that he continued free from pain, and perfectly sensible, though he seldom spoke. Soon after nine he had a shivering attack, which was very alarming, and his pulse was hardly perceptible, but he rallied. He had been moved nearer to the window, was quite himself, and asked whether the day was not a frost, which was the case. He became slightly delirious at twenty minutes past one, and other symptoms had become

more alarming. Still he was quite sensible at intervals. The Princess Sophia was with him for a short time, and he knew her.

The Dukes of Clarence and Sussex, who came in the afternoon, did not see him. His Royal Highness continued nearly in the same state, except that his pulse had been gradually lowering, and his breathing becoming very short, and his situation appeared so critical, that I and other attendants in the house determined not to take off our clothes. The street was crowded with people throughout the day, not apparently assembled from curiosity, but from anxiety, extremely quiet, and hardly speaking, except to enquire, in a subdued voice, what was the state of his Royal Highness.

I learnt at six on the following morning (the 3d) from Mr Macgregor, that notwithstanding a restless and uncomfortable night, his Royal Highness had rallied, and appeared then stronger, more inclined to talk and to take nourishment, than he had been on the preceding day, and that it was impossible to calculate when the crisis would arrive. His pulse also had become more steady. The other medical attendants confirmed this at a later hour, and observed, that his Royal Highness's extraordinary powers of constitution, and tenacity of life, defied all calculation. The Princess Sophia, being unwell, could not come this day; the Dukes of Clarence and Sussex came at twelve, and stayed until six, but did not see their brother.

Sir William Knighton having come from Windsor, and been named to his Royal Highness, he desired to see him, that he might enquire after the King, and requested him to assure his Majesty of his affectionate duty.

Towards the evening his Royal Highness showed symptoms of returning strength, and the physicians reported to his Majesty that he continued in the same state, without appearance of immediate dissolution, but without hope. Between eleven and twelve he was very quiet, and inclined to sleep.

The assemblage of people in Arlington Street was the same as on the preceding day; there was the same propriety of conduct, the same manifestation of affectionate interest, free from curiosity.

His Royal Highness passed a very

restless night, with occasional attacks of faintness and spasm. His breathing had become more difficult, his pulse more feeble and irregular, but yet there were no symptoms of rapidly approaching dissolution. Sir Astley Cooper had sat up with him, to relieve Mr Macgregor; and when the latter went to his Royal Highness, he desired him to thank him, and say he was very kind.

Shortly after he saw some one near him, and Mr Macgregor told him it was Mr Simpson; and his Royal Highness said, "Mr Simpson is a good man." He took some slight nourishment occasionally, and towards ten o'clock he had a serious attack of faintness, during which his pulse was hardly perceptible, but he rallied again. Sir William Knighton saw his Royal Highness, but he did not speak to him.

Between one and two, Mr Macgregor came to tell me that his Royal Highness had named me frequently, and at last made them understand that he wished to see me. I immediately went to him. I found him dreadfully changed, very feeble, much oppressed, and evidently unable to distinguish objects clearly. Batchelor named me to him, and I sat down close by his right side. He looked at me with a kind smile, took me by the hand, and I told him I had not left the house since I had last seen him. He asked me with difficulty, and in a faint, though steady voice, whether Colonel Stephenson was in the house. I said he was, and asked whether he wished to see him; he nodded assent, and I immediately sent for him. Colonel Stephenson went to his left side, but as his Royal Highness could not see him, I beckoned to him to come to the right side, and I moved back, so as to enable him to come close up, while I supported his Royal Highness by placing my hand against the pillow, behind his back. He then gave his hand to Colonel Stephenson. After some interval, during which his Royal Highness breathed with great difficulty, and was very faint, and during which Batchelor bathed his temples with Cologne water, he collected his strength, and said in a steady, firm tone of voice, but so low as to be hardly audible to Colonel Stephenson, whose head was further removed than mine,

"I am now dying." After this he dropped his head, and his lips moved for about a minute, as if in prayer. He then looked at us again, and appeared to wish to speak, but an attack of faintness came on; and his respiration was so difficult, and he seemed so weak and exhausted, that I thought he was dying, and expressed that apprehension to Colonel Stephenson, who partook of it. Batchelor bathed his temples again, and he rallied, after which he again took Colonel Stephenson's hand, and nodded to Batchelor, who told us he meant we should leave him.

The scene was most affecting and trying, but yet in some respects satisfactory, as it showed that he was perfectly aware of his situation, and we concluded he had seen us together, as being his executors, and meant to take leave of us. I heard afterwards that he had appeared much exhausted by the effort, but subsequently took some chicken broth, and became composed, without having any return of faintness.—Towards the evening he rallied again, and had some sound and comfortable sleep, and his attendants separated under the impression that his Royal Highness's life would be prolonged at least another night.

In the course of the night he had no serious an attack of faintness that Mr Macgregor thought he would not have recovered from it; but he rallied again towards the morning of the 8th, and had taken some nourishment. The breathing had, however, become extremely difficult. About eleven, Mr Simpson came to me to say that the symptoms of approaching death had come on, and that the medical attendants wished me to be in the room adjoining to that in which his Royal Highness lay. I brought in the Dukes of Clarence and Sussex, and Colonel Stephenson, and we continued in the room, expecting every moment to be called in by the medical attendants (who were all with his Royal Highness) to witness his death. Sir Henry Hallford came to us occasionally, and stated that his Royal Highness's pulse was hardly perceptible; his extremities were cold; he was speechless, and had with difficulty swallowed a little milk and rum, but nevertheless appeared to retain his senses. Of this, indeed, he gave proof at twelve, for Mr Macgregor came in to say that his

Royal Highness had insisted on having his legs dressed, (which they naturally wished to avoid at such a period), for he had looked at him several times, had pointed at the clock, then at his legs, and had pushed off the covering, thus showing his determination to go through all that was required to the last moment. When he found that he was understood, and that Mr Macgregor was preparing for the dressing, he signified his thanks to him with a kind smile, threw back his head, and hardly noticed anything afterwards.

The pulse became more feeble, the attacks of faintness more frequent, but his Royal Highness struggled on, and between eight and nine this state appeared so likely to last for some hours, that the Duke of Clarence was persuaded to go home, and I returned to my room to answer some inquiries. At twenty minutes past nine, Colonel Stephenson called me out and told me he was in the last agonies. I hastened down, but my dear Master had expired before I could reach his room, and I had the comfort of learning that he had expired without any struggle or apparent pain. His countenance indeed confirmed this, it was as calm as possible, and quite free from any distortion; indeed it almost looked as if he had died with a smile upon it.

The medical attendants, the Duke of Sussex, Batchelor, and another servant, were in the room, looking at him in silence, and with countenances strongly expressive of their feelings.

Such was the end of this amiable, kind, and excellent man, after a long and painful struggle, borne with exemplary resolution and resignation; and I am confident, that the details into which I have entered of the last circumstances of that struggle, will not prove uninteresting to those who were sincerely attached to him.

I feel that I owe it to his Royal Highness's character, to add some general observations, which may serve to place it in its true light, and to confirm the opinion of those who view his loss as a national calamity.

It may be necessary to premise, that from the moment that I had received the alarming report from Brighton, I ceased to entertain any sanguine hopes of his Royal Highness's recovery, and that my expectation of it became gradually more faint, although they va-

ried occasionally, as the symptoms of the disorder fluctuated.

This impression led to my keeping the minutes, from which I have extracted the foregoing statement, my object in so doing being, that I might be better able, from such accurate source, to do justice to his Royal Highness's character and sentiments.

The 30th December was the last day on which I submitted any papers, and he was then quite equal to any business, for although his state varied in the course of the day, yet there were hours when physical causes, or the effect of medicine, did not interfere with the clear application of the powers of the mind.

It has been already shown, by the details I have produced, that almost to the latest hour his Royal Highness was anxious to discharge his official duties, and the interest he took in them was at no time weakened by the pressure of bodily disease or pain. In further proof of this, I may state, that on Saturday, the 9th December, I received from Lord Bathurst, at his office, secret instructions respecting the force to be prepared for embarkation for Portugal, and that I communicated them in the same evening to his Royal Highness. He was then in great pain, but he became indifferent to bodily suffering, and immediately drew up the heads of the military arrangement, (which paper, in his own writing, I now possess,) from which were framed the detailed instructions approved by him on the following day, and issued on Monday, the 11th December.

This measure naturally produced the necessity of other arrangements connected with home service; and the Adjutant-General and Quartermaster-General will bear me out in the assertion, that these were entered into and directed by him with the same intelligence and attention which he had manifested on previous occasions; when, we are bound state, that every arrangement was made by him, and that the execution of the details was alone left to us.

It may not be irrelevant here to observe, that this had at all times been the case; his Royal Highness had been at the head of the army more than thirty-two years; during that period various officers were successively employed by him in the situations of military secretary and at the heads

of departments at the Horse Guards; and they possessed his confidence and exerted themselves zealously. But the merit of rescuing the army from its impaired condition—of improving, establishing, and maintaining its system—of introducing that administration of it in principle, and in every detail, which has raised the character of the British service, and promoted its efficiency, belongs exclusively to his late Royal Highness. The work was progressive; but his attention to it, his able superintendence of it, were constant. He guided and directed the labours of those subordinate to him: their task was executive. He gave an impulse to the whole machinery, and kept the wheels in motion, and to him; I repeat it, the credit was due.

An arrangement for the promotion of the old subalterns of the army had long been the object of his solicitude; but it was one of difficult accomplishment, as it was understood that no measure entailing extraordinary charge on the public would be admitted. Hence the delay in bringing it forward; but his Royal Highness entered into every detail of it on the 26th December; and the King having paid him a visit on the 27th, he ordered me to submit it to his Majesty on that day, when it obtained the Royal signature: and the communication of His Majesty's gracious approbation of this arrangement was received by his Royal Highness with a warm expression of satisfaction.

Of the resolution and resignation with which his Royal Highness submitted to protracted confinement and a painful disorder, my statement offers ample proof; but I have not stated; that during all this period, during this serious trial, his excellent temper and kind disposition to all who approached him continued unimpaired. I appeal to his medical attendants, I appeal to his servants, to those who transacted business with him, official or personal, whether at any time he betrayed a symptom of irritability, whether a sharp word escaped him, whether a murmur or complaint was uttered. Every attention, from whatever quarter, was kindly received, and gratefully acknowledged. Great anxiety was shown by him to avoid giving trouble; and at the later periods of his illness, that which seemed to distress him most, was his being reduced to

the necessity of requesting others to do for him that which he had ceased to be able to do for himself.

Of the kind attention of his medical attendants, and their anxiety to afford to him the utmost benefit of their skill, he expressed himself most sensible. And it is due to them to say, that if he had been their nearest and dearest relative, they could not have devoted their time, care, and attention to him with more affectionate zeal than they did.* Nor did he ever betray any want of confidence in their skill, or the least desire to resort to other advice.

I must add, that I can positively state, having been admitted freely to their consultations, that no difference of opinion prevailed among them; they acted together cordially, and their only object seemed to be the welfare of their illustrious patient.

During the progress of his illness, his Royal Highness received the most endearing and affectionate attention from the King, and from his brothers and sisters; and they never failed to be acknowledged with satisfaction and with gratitude: the Princess Sophia especially, whose near residence ad-

mitted of more frequent intercourse, never missed coming to him in the course of the day, unless prevented by indisposition; and I have already stated that her Royal Highness, by his desire, took the Sacrament with him on the 28th December.

The visits of his Royal Highness's numerous and attached friends were frequent, and they were invariably received with satisfaction, and with an expression of his sense of their attention. Upon these occasions he exerted himself to meet them cheerfully, and to suppress the expression of pain or bodily uneasiness; and they often left him with the belief that he was free from both, although this had by no means been the case.

Nor did his Royal Highness's bodily suffering, or the contemplation of his critical state, diminish in any degree the interest which he had ever taken in the state of public affairs, and in the welfare and prosperity of his country. These were at all times uppermost in his mind, and I am convinced that they often engaged it in a much greater degree than did his own situation.

H. TAYLOR.

* These were Sir Henry Hallford and Dr M'Michal, Sir Astley Cooper, Mr Macgregor and Mr Simpson, and Mr Brande, the apothecary:—Sir Henry Hallford, as has been stated in an early part of this paper, came from his residence in the country, with the view of devoting himself to the care of his Royal Highness. He sacrificed, for this object, the usual period of relaxation from his arduous professional engagements, and nothing could exceed the anxious care and the affectionate solicitude with which he attended his Royal Highness, watched every stage of his illness, and administered to his comfort. Dr M'Michal's visits were occasional, but latterly he took his full share of the close attendance, and with equal zeal and affection. Mr Macgregor slept in his room, and was with his Royal Highness early and late, and at all times within call. Mr Simpson occasionally relieved him in the close attendance, and latterly, when his Royal Highness's situation required that one of the surgeons should be constantly within immediate reach, and should sit up in the adjoining room, Mr Brande took a share in that duty.—H. T.

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PERSIAN WOMEN.

WE have just been reading, with great delight, "Sketches of Persia, from the Journals of a Traveller in the East,"* which we recommend to the immediate perusal of those who love amusing instruction and instructive amusement. Not a single chapter that is not of that blended character, and might not of itself be the groundwork of a pleasing article. Let us reopen it at haphazard, and try. Here we are at Koom, a very ancient and once populous city, but the greater part of it now in ruins. It is the burial-place of several of the Seffavean monarchs, and of many celebrated and pious persons; but its present fame and sanctity are chiefly derived from its containing the mortal remains of Fatima the Immaculate, who was the sister of that celebrated personage Imám Mehdee, of whom, gentle reader, haply you know nothing, but who, notwithstanding, was a great man in his day—greater than ever you will be in yours, and worthy of being held in everlasting remembrance all over the Orient. This city of Koom was given some thirty years ago by the King of Persia to his mother—a kingly gift indeed—and the old lady being both liberal and pious, expended large sums in restoring it to something like its ancient prosperity. Above all, she gloriously ornamented the shrine of the female saint, Fatima the Imma-

culate, covering it with a gilded dome conspicuous from afar, and preserving or restoring to it its privilege of being a sanctuary to murderers.

What! ignorant Europeans will exclaim—how can there be a female saint, where the whole sex are excluded from Paradise? Ignorant Europeans indeed—for know all men and women by these presents, that not only this Fatima, and that other Fatima, the daughter of the Prophet, but hundreds of Fatimas besides, receive in Persia a homage which proves their title to the adoration of man, as saints in heaven, as well as angels upon earth.

For our own parts, although as ignorant in many things as any European can be, we always suspected as much, never having been able to bring ourselves to believe that the best and fairest of God's creatures could be excluded from any heaven of man's creation. Those Houris of whom we have heard so much, never wore an attractive appearance to our imaginations. Their eyes, dark as they are said to be, ever seemed to us lustreless, the wavings of their hair too gossamery to be woven in love-nets round the necks of true believers, their bosoms too cold and veinless for the cheek of love, their *tout-ensemble* unsatisfactory to essences corporeal as well as spiritual—yes, unsatisfactory in the extreme, and inconsistent with

the historical character of Mahomet. We felt assured that this could not be a tenet of the Prophet's faith, that it was a vile heterodoxy; and thanks to Sir John Malcolm, he has given it the *coup-de-grace*, and left the body of the dogma broken in every bone, and ready for interment among the dust of exploded and forgotten errors. The cause and character of the sex is vindicated all over the world; the unwholesome Houris are driven from Paradise, and in their place are substituted far other immortals, breathing of the charms that alone could make this world and this life of ours endurable for a time, and without whose images, beautified if that be indeed possible, it is in vain for the imagination of man to attempt forming any conception of Paradise.

Sir John found himself surrounded at Koom with many wise men; and rightly judging that all wise men love their fair counterparts, he determined to get at the bottom of this matter, and to learn from the highest authority, whether in the East women were held to have souls or not, and whether they went, or did not go, to heaven. He began, therefore, with making a violent attack on their usages in this particular, and bringing them in strong contrast with those of the civilized nations of Europe; and, first of all, he determined to find out what was thought of the dear creatures while they continued on earth—what were their privileges—and how they exercised them—what rights they held, and by what tenure—and, above all, whether it was indeed true that in Persia one half of the creation were slaves, and the other half tyrants, and if so, which half were the slaves, and which the tyrants—he having a strong, natural, and philosophical inclination to believe, that if this division did exist, it was founded on the same general principles, and exhibited the same phenomena, as in the disunited kingdoms of Europe, and United States of America. The result of all his inquiries was, that women are women all over the world.

"I am surprised," he began, addressing himself to the wise men of the East, "I am surprised how your females can bear the subjection and confinement to which they are doomed. How our Christian ladies would scorn such restraints! Their minds are cultivated as carefully as those of

their fathers, brothers, or husbands, who trust for their good conduct to their sense of virtue and religion, rather than to strong doors and high walls. We desire that those who share our pleasures and our toils, should be acquainted with the world in which they live, that we may possess not only an affectionate wife, but an intelligent friend." And so on with much more excellent matter, or rather stuff, to the same purpose, delivered, no doubt, with all that ardent eloquence of eye and hand, with which we know the Elchee to be gifted, and which, with many other more valuable endowments, make him one of the most agreeable of men.

To this appeal the wise men of the East made no reply, for they were too polite, too much men of the world, to utter one word that could be construed into disrespect for the character and accomplishments of the ladies of Europe. But, was the Baronet serious in his eulogy, or was he not rather laughing in his sleeve, or desirous of bringing out his oriental audience into vituperative reply? "How our Christian ladies would scorn such restraints!" Our dear Sir John, only consider with yourself what is in general the life of a lady in this our kingdom. Let us take a town-born, and town-bred one, in the first place, and see to what sort of subjection and confinement she is doomed. For the first two years, the dear child is chiefly in the nursery, except during those happy moments, happy to itself and to all around it, when it is brought in full array swimmingly along in the arms of some mincing madam, and deposited in the maternal arms, with a sudden squall that smites a large dinner-party mute, or into interjunctory admiration of its hereditary beauties; for the next two, it has the run of the upper story and of the back-green, or front-garden, or the square, where it may sprawl along the gravel-walks, but on no account leave the mark of its tiny footsteps on the dewy green; from the tender age of its fourth to the riper and more mature time of its sixth year, the little prodigy in wooden letters learns to read; from six to eight it attends perhaps a day-school, and is taught that Constantinople is the capital of Turkey; from eight to ten it must sit straight and do the pretty; then music—oh! music, which

hath charms to soothe the savage breast.—Four—six—nay, we know of instances of eight hours a-day, else no hopes of being St Cecilia, on to the end of the age of frocks. And then, Oh! misery of miseries—years of the budding breast passed in the nunnery of a boarding-school, that at the expiry of her home-sick, or perhaps home-forgetting noviciate, the virgin may come out in all the blaze of her accomplishments, and wound a hundred hearts to the core when waltzing at her first ball! No subjection, my dear Sir John—no confinement, our admirable Elchee, in all this. “How would Persian ladies scorn such restraints!” Let Observation, with extensive view, survey mankind from China to Persia, and say where, if not here, is the beau-ideal of slavery to be found on earth?

But their minds—the minds of the fair creatures, you say, Sir John, “are cultivated as carefully as those of their fathers, brothers, or husbands.” Nay—nay—it is surely not so indeed,—a little painting out of drawing, music not always in tune, French that is a bad translation from English, and such Italian as would make Hugo Foscolo swoon, cannot be called cultivation of the mind, Sir John—and these accomplishments, too, such as they are, operatic dancing included, and the use of the globes, do they not all fall into desuetude and decay from the hour that the taper finger is encircled with the fatal ring, and the dawn breaks of that time when, maid no more, but wife and mother, she who was once the admired of all observers shall be doomed, in a house of her own, too large, perhaps, for her husband’s income,

“To suckle fools, and chronicle small-beer.”

All this, and more than all this, the Elchee well knew might have been urged against him in debate, had his Persian friends ever been in London or Edinburgh—but bold in the ignorance of his hearers, he proceeded to urge his arguments thus:—“Your Mahomedan ladies, on the contrary, are shut up like wild animals; while moving from one inclosure to another they travel in a curtained carriage; or if walking, they are enveloped in robes which scarcely admit of their breathing, and seeing their way through small eye-windows. Besides, they are not allowed to have any communica-

tion but with their husbands, children, or slaves. What with flattering one, coaxing another, beating a third, and fighting a fourth, these ladies must have a fine time of it in this world; and as to the next, though they are not denied Paradise, as we Europeans often erroneously believe, they are only promised, as a reward for the most pious life, half those blessings which await the virtues of the male part of the creation. Your females are married while mere children, and the consequence is, they are old women at twenty-five. This forms an excuse for forming other connexions, and treating your first wives with neglect.”

This attack, Sir John candidly informs us, was listened to with symptoms of impatience—how else could it?—every one seemed anxious to answer, but precedence was given to Jaffier Ali Khan, and the ladies of the country found in him an experienced and eloquent advocate. The tables were turned on the Elchee—and at the close of Jaffier’s harangue, he had not a word to throw to a dog. For with all the oratory of an O’Doherty, Jaffier thus broke forth forty thousand strong:—“Many persons in England imagine that a pigeon was taught to pick peas from the ears of the Prophet, who thought he might succeed by this device in persuading the ignorant that the pigeon was a celestial messenger. They also say, that his tomb at Mecca is supported between heaven and earth by means of a loadstone. If true, it would be a miracle; but it is not true—nevertheless, people believe it, and the more readily because it is wonderful.” Here the Elchee, we may suppose, nodded assent to the cunning exordium—and Jaffier Ali Khan, coming at once to the point, continued,—“It is the same with half the stories about our women. Why, I am told it is a common belief with you that Mahommed has declared women have no souls! If you read the Koran, you will find that our Prophet not only ranks women with men as true believers, but particularly ordains, that they shall be treated with respect by their husbands; he has, indeed, secured that by establishing their right to dowers, as well as to claims of inheritance. He has also put it out of the power of a husband to hurt the reputation of his wife, un-

less he can produce four witnesses of her guilt; and should he have witnessed that himself, he must swear four times to the fact, and then, by a fifth oath, imprecate the wrath of God, if he is a liar. Even after this, if the wife goes through the same ceremony, and imprecates the wrath of God upon her head if her husband does not swear falsely, her punishment is averted; or if she is divorced, her whole dower must be paid to her, though it involve the husband in ruin. What protection can be more effectual than this?"

This seems to have been a poser to the Elchee, who wisely sports mute. It is plain, that many a husband, before he could get to the end of this fourth oath, would begin to entertain serious doubts of the evidence of his own eyes, which doubts would be confirmed by the legal imprecations of her who had so long been his sole delight, and by the inevitable necessity of refunding her dower—perhaps a large one—should he obstinately give credence to any thing so very deceptive, in a case of the kind, as mere ocular proof. What a contrast this to the proceedings in our Doctors Commons, and to the whole spirit of procedure, indeed, of our Criminal Laws! Something of the sort, we believe, has been of late years introduced into high-life, where, by the marriage-settlements, something handsome is secured to the lady, in the event of the errors of sensibility—but to the great body of married women, this protection, we believe, is not yet extended—and it is no very unusual thing to see a woman who had, up to a given time, moved in good society, and been happy with her husband and children, driven an outcast upon the world or the town, in spite of all her imprecations, and with few or none to pity her, till, in a few years, she falls down and dies a beggar, on stair or street.

Jaffier Ali Khan, perceiving that he has it all his own way, drives off as follows, quite in the four-in-hand style: "Then a woman who is divorced may marry again after four months, which is believed to be soon enough. These widows, I assure you, sir, when they have a good dower, are remarkable for consulting their own judgment as to a second choice; they are not like young giddy girls, who

are guided by their parents, or the reports of old nurses, or match-makers."

Here the Elchee thinks he sees an opening—and attempts to hit Jaffier through his guard; but Jaffier is wary as Randall himself—and warding off the right-hander, puts in his one-two quick as lightning on his antagonist's knowledge-box. "But how do they see or hear," said the Elchee, "sufficient to direct them in their choice?" "Why," said Jaffier Ali, "they see and hear more than you imagine. Besides the liberty they enjoy of going abroad,—some of the rooms in the Merdānah, or men's apartments, are only divided by a curtain or screen from the Zenānah, or female apartment; and the ladies can, when they choose, both see and hear through that as much as they desire." "But what," returns the Elchee, "what is the use of those peeps and chance meetings to your young ladies, if they have not the liberty of choice with regard to their husbands?"

Liberty of choice—our dear Sir John—what do you mean by liberty of choice? Have the young ladies in this country liberty of choice among all the admirers who keep flinging themselves perpetually at their feet? Not they, indeed. Most of them take the first young man who is heedless enough to offer himself. He is snapped up at once—and in a few months you see the blushing, smiling, bright-ribanded, short-petticoated, gaudy-gown'd girl, who used to shake back and forwards from her dazzling eyes and snow-white forehead a halo of untameable ringlets, and who bounded along like a fawn enjoying the breeze that rustles among the forest leaves, metamorphosed by enchantment that seems to reside in the most common-place looking husband, hardly produceable out of professional society where his worth and talents are known, into a sober, staid, grave, stern, nay almost severe matron, who hoists a quaker-coloured parasol, and drops you, an old and intimate friend, who used to press her hand accidentally on sofas, a curtsy almost as distant as Cape-Wrath, with her whole figure enveloped, from shoulder to instep, in a shawl of the true Indian manufacture, as if worn for concealment, when perhaps there is nothing to hide, and that distinguishes her at the first eye-glance, for ever and aye, from the marriageable,

best unmarried portion of her sex. It is the privilege of young gentlemen to pick and choose in this country—not of the young ladies. The young gentlemen may occasionally be rejected—and if so, the young ladies must occasionally reject; but although these are accidents that may happen in the best regulated families, they are not of frequent occurrence; and in all cases, where the thing is, on the whole, prudent and respectable, and not entirely disagreeable, the lady accepts, and there is an end of the matter.

We are aware that these views of ours respecting the Fair Sex, are not altogether the views of a worthy contemporary, who enlightens the world four times per annum in the Westminster Review, and who has lately favoured it with his opinion on this interesting point, in a critique on L. E. L.'s Poetry. A critic on the character of the Fair Sex ought not, if possible, to be a tailor; but if a tailor it was not in his power to help being, as in this case we believe,—then we are bound in candour to treat with indulgence his conjectures as to what may be, on such a subject, the feelings and opinions of a man. May we, however, be permitted to hint, that if this worthy tailor had trusted more to his own feelings, and been less conjectural, he might have approached nearer to the truth. "Men," quoth he, "are generally accustomed to treat women much in the same manner in which a superstitious votary treats the image of his saint; they approach them with reverence, bestow upon them, in words, great homage and adoration, and invariably testify, by their actions, a most contemptuous opinion of their intellects." Stop, Snip—not so fast if you please. MEN are not accustomed to do any such thing—they do, indeed, treat women so far like saints, that they do not take the measure of them for stays, or even a riding-habit—that would be interfering with the province of our worthy contemporary—neither do they speak to them with precisely the same sort of face and voice that they would assume towards a friend of their own sex; for whatever Snip may opine to the contrary, such demeanour would be unmanly, and he who should adopt it could not expect long to escape kicking. Men, out of natural courtesy, and from a deeper feeling far, do ap-

proach women with reverence, be it, and great homage and adoration, words by the way, 'worthy of an *ass magna sonaturum*—but nothing short of a tailor would invariably manifest a contemptuous opinion of their intellect. Neither in good nor in bad—in high nor in low society—does anything of the kind take place; and the Fair Sex themselves are perfectly willing to be talked to by men as goddesses, or, if you please, saints, if acted towards in all serious concerns as women—which is always the case when they are objects of the affection of men. Our tailor farther forgets itself when it says, speaking of L. E. L., "We shall address the authoress as our equal, because we consider her an equal!"—Had it been other than a tailor, it could not have looked at that sentence in print. No man, we need not say gentleman, could have felt himself called upon, in support of his character, to make such public avowal in the case of any lady, even if in his heart he had thought her to be old, ugly, and stupid; but all the tailor stands confessed, when it is known that the creature is speaking of a lady young, beautiful, and of a delightful genius, which all the world admires. His condescension is ludicrous—and also disgusting; for while it supposes that it is raising L. E. L. to its own eminent level, it is really striving to flap itself up as ineffectually, as its own goose might endeavour to fly, to the intellectual rank and station of that highly-gifted person, and having thus, as it dreams, seated itself by that lady's side, it forthwith begins to wax insolent, and to behave towards one whom the highest in birth and genius in the land might honour and have honoured, with the most odious condescension, the most cool impertinence, and the most rancorous dislike. It tells her in the plainest terms, that her poetry is as poor as can be—"that she has acquired a degree of fame by writing on Love, which she by no means deserves, and which her readers could not have awarded had she chosen a less seductive theme"—and says, "let the authoress fairly weigh our reasons, and we have little doubt that her good sense will at once acknowledge the justness of the conclusions to which they lead." Her good sense is, at the bidding of a tailor, to acknowledge that her poetry, in which she has felt solace and delight, and by which she has gained fame and

glory, is worthless, and ought never to have been written ! 'This too from a thing that accuses men of having a most contemptuous opinion of the intellects of women ! Faugh-faugh—it smells rankly in the nostril. This tailor is no flint—but a dung.

"But what," said the Elchee to Jaffier Ali Khan, "is the use of those peeps and chance-meetings to your young ladies, if they have not liberty of choice with regard to their husbands?"

"Why, sir," quoth Jaffier Ali Khan, "our daughters are usually betrothed when children, and married when very young; the husband is commonly selected from equality of age and condition. All this is settled by the parents, whose regard for their children, it is supposed, will make them take every means to promote their happiness. It must be confessed, however, that worldly motives will often lead to youth and age being united; but this, I am told, occurs even in England. You say an English father cannot force his daughter to marry; but he can, no doubt, use such means as may oblige her to marry a man for whom she has an aversion, or she may run away from her parents with some person of whom they disapprove. So you see, this liberty of choice, which your forward, though inexperienced young ladies exercise, has bad as well as good effects. Now, our daughters never run away; and, as they have seldom ever seen their destined husbands, if they have no love for them, neither have they any dislike. The change from the condition of a girl under the strict subjection of her mother, to that of a wife at the head of her own part of the household, is so agreeable, that they are too happy to adopt it."

It must have been no easy matter for the Elchee to show fight with this hard and heavy bitter—nor do we know how such blows are to be ward-ed off or returned. Looking occasionally about us, in this our own country, from no idle curiosity, but merely from having, on our strolls up one street and down another, nothing better to do than observe, how often do we meet, walking arm in arm, ill-assorted pairs of wedded people ! Women, we verily believe it, are not often won by mere good looks alone; but we cannot think why they should be captivated by ugliness itself ugliness. Yet what more common than to see a pretty, fair-faced,

delicate young creature, "little mair than a lassie," hanging—ay, absolutely hanging, on the arm of a monster enough to frighten a mail-coach ? Is he rich ? Not he—as poor as a rat, which indeed he is, having changed his politics for a place in the Excise, which was naughtless given to an old Whig. Good-natured ? No—the temper of a wasp in the body of a drone. Clever ? Whoo ! Whoo ! Whoo !—Well-born ? Why, of stout parents. In short, an ugly, poor, ignorant, stupid, ill-tempered, vulgar, and profi-gate fellow. On marriages like this, neither we nor the Elchee, nor Jaffier Ali Khan, nor the Westminster Tailor, could throw any light, were we to speculate audibly for an hour on end; and yet such a wife is far from being unhappy—she has a house of her own, such as it is—if only a flat—some offspring—forenoon callers—markettings to make—church-goings—now and then a new gown and bonnet—and should her husband die, she would, without doubt, be very sensibly affected,—nay, if the death were sudden, shocked,—and perhaps remain a widow all the rest of her days. Now, suppose this lady to have been born in Persia, and that she had never seen her lord and master till the day she became his, what reason would she have had to complain ? Nay,—extend this reasoning a little farther, and consider how very few marriages there are in the world that can be truly called love-ones. Marry any two good people, who have nothing very disgusting about them, and whose affections are not previously much engaged, and depend upon it they will scarcely ever fail of being exceedingly happy. Long intimacy, and perfect knowledge of each other's character and disposition, is all very pretty talking—but the knowledge such parties have of one another before marriage is generally very inaccurate, and the subsequent dawn of truth reveals much that is apt to disappoint and irritate. We have no doubt of the superior excellence of the Persian system. The parties are delighted to find each other not only tolerable, but absolutely delightful. The very gratification of a young man or woman's curiosity, on the day of marriage, when they first stare face to face, must be far from inconsiderable; and, except in cases of very forbidding ugliness indeed,—which, in the case of a young Persian lady it would be pushing the argument too far to sup-

pass,—there can be no doubt that their affections must very soon accommodate themselves to the form and features allotted to them, and thus furnish both bride and bridegroom with appropriate and permanent charms quite sufficient for the felicity of the wedded state. For our own parts, it is well known that we never were married; why,—it would be tedious to explain to the public; but we do not scruple to aver, with all the seriousness and solemnity becoming such averment, that were we marrying men, we should have no objection to marry any one of the last five hundred young ladies with whom we have had the pleasure of drinking tea since Christmas; nor have we any the slightest fear that our union with whomsoever of them all, dear souls, it might please Providence to link our destiny, would not be productive to both parties of as much happiness as usually falls to the lot of man and wife in this sublunary state of trial. That man would needs have a bad heart, who ill-used the wife of his bosom, whom he had never set eyes on till she occupied that situation, and who therefore could never have given him any offence; and if such, too, were the custom of the country, sanctioned and sanctified by ages, he would ever feel a pious horror at the thought of antenuptial contemplation of that face, which, plain or pretty, coarse or comely, pale or purple, he looked forwards with impassioned imagination to unveil, *more majorum*, for the first time on the Day of Days.

Jaffier Ali Khan finding that the Elchee was mute, pursued his victorious career of argument, and exclaimed triumphantly, "You English take your ideas of the situation of females in Asia from what you hear and read of the harems of kings, rulers and chiefs, who, being absolute over both the men and women of their countries, indulge in a plurality of wives and mistresses. These undoubtedly are immured within high walls, and are kept during life like slaves; but you ought to recollect that the great and powerful who have such establishments, are not in the proportion of ten thousand to one of the population of this country. If a person of inferior rank marry a woman of respectable connexions, she becomes mistress of his family; and should he have only one house, he cannot place another on an

equality without a certainty of involving himself in endless trouble and vexation, if not disgrace. It is very well for grandees, who besides power and wealth, have separate houses and establishments, and are above all regard for law and usage, to have harems, and wives, and female slaves; but for others, though they may try the experiment, it can never answer." And here Jaffier Ali Khan, it is recorded, shook his head, apparently with the serious conviction which is the result of experience.

Here Hajee Hoosein, who was listening to this defence of Mahommedan ladies with great attention, and wondering at the same time, no doubt, at the protracted silence of the Elchee, exclaimed, "Sadec says very truly—

"Two dervises can sleep on one carpet,
But two kings cannot rest in one kingdom!"

"Very true, Hajee," said Jaffier Ali, "nor can two mistresses be at peace in one house." This conversation throws quite a new light on the practice of polygamy, inasmuch as it proves, what we always suspected, that it has, except in very high places, no existence in the East. To foolish people, here, living at a distance from the supposed scene of action, it seems a fine thing to have a number of wives, but in all parts of the habitable globe, one is found perfectly sufficient; and polygamy is a mere bugbear to frighten bachelors. But here the Elchee asks, why then did your Prophet permit polygamy, and set so bad an example; for while he limited his followers to four wives, he obtained a peculiar dispensation to have nine to himself, besides "slaves of his right hand!" Upon this interrogatory, up started Meerzâ Aga Meer, a holy syed, consequently of the Prophet's family, and not a little nettled to hear a name so sacred irreverently treated—"The reasons of Mahommed, (on whom be the blessings of God,)" said the Meerzâ, "are immutable;" and here perhaps the Meerzâ should have stopped—for he had taken up his position on sure ground—but as the Elchee probably looked unsatisfied, he went on; "but as far as his acts can be judged by living mortals, or considered otherwise than as proceeding from divine authority, we may believe that in permitting polygamy, he only followed the custom of the Jews, in whose prophet,

Moses, you Christians, as well as we Musselmans, believe. The limitation to four wives was intended as a check, no doubt, upon those habits of carnal indulgence into which not only the affluent of the Jews, but the Pagan Arabs had fallen; and it was the enormity of their vices which led our Prophet to denounce such severe punishment now and hereafter upon those who continued to follow wicked courses. But after all, the number who take advantage of the license to have a plurality of wives, is not near so great as you imagine. Take a thousand Persians, and you will not find ten with more than two wives, and not thirty with more than one." Then Meerzâ Aga Meer raising his voice, and looking as like Joseph Hume as a noble Persian could look to a mean Scotchman, exclaimed, "Who can afford it?" Seeing that this argument was likely to convince the Elchee, he pressed it home, still in the style of Joseph, "the expense of a marriage, the maintenance of females, and above all, the dower which is required, and which, remaining at the lady's sole disposal, is independent of that inheritance to which she and her children are entitled from the remainder of the husband's property, are insuperable objections." We defy any sentence to be liker than that to a bit of one of Joseph's economical speeches in the House, about retrenchment and the height of taxation under which the nation was yesterday heard to utter three long dismal groans.

In this country of ours here—the kingdoms of his Majesty George the 4th, God bless him—Great Britain, France, and Ireland—married women certainly enjoy some liberty; perhaps—may we say it without offence—rather too much—more than is always good either for them or their husbands. Yet after all, it is a kind of liberty that gets weary, dull, stale, flat, and unprofitable. Most of them, after a few years, get so entangled, so fettered with various house-affairs, that their liberty, after all, is rather theoretical than practical. They may go gadding abroad, no doubt, if they choose—and many do so—forenoon and afternoon, night and midnight; but the custom of the country, even here, is for decent wives to be pretty much at home—on an average twenty hours out of the twenty-four, one day with ano-

ther all the year through. We need not, however, enlarge on the customs of this country, which must be familiarly known to our readers; but beg to direct their attention to the liberty afforded married ladies in Persia. "She can not only go to the public bath," said Jaffier, "but she visits for one or two days, as she chooses, at the house of her father, brother, sister, or son. She not only goes to all these places unattended, but her husband's following her would be deemed an unpardonable intrusion. Then she has visitors at home, friends, musicians, and dancers; the husband cannot enter the lady's part of the house, without giving notice. I only wish you could see the bold blustering gentleman of the Merdânah, in the ladies' apartments; you could hardly believe him to be the same person. The moment his foot crosses the threshold, every thing reminds him he is no longer lord and master; children, servants, and slaves, look alone to the lady. In short, her authority is paramount; when she is in good humour, every thing goes on well; and when in bad, nothing goes right." Now, fair and gentle readers, ye whose smiles are to us worth all else beneath the sun, tell us candidly, did you think or dream that in Persia there existed such a pastime as—Hen-Pecking? Why, it has flourished all over the East time immemorial. Then think, oh! only think of some unfortunate and infatuated Polygamist being daily pecked by five—ten—twenty—forty Hens! Curtain lectures too, in that country, must be severe indeed,—following each other in constant succession, every night a fresh female Professor at him with a different discourse, probably, on the same endless theme! In this less unhappy land, the married man, we can suppose, may get insured—hardened—bomb-proof. There, yonder, in the eastern clime, the land of the rose and the nightingale, the polygamist seldom shuts an eye all night long, so endlessly bewildered is he with some new variety of the same torment. A man with one wife merely—such is the constitution of the drum of the ear—absolutely cannot hear her voice in *all* above an hour or two at most,—it seems to degenerate by degrees into an unintelligible hum, not even unpleasant, something like the swarming of bees; and in the

any sense of her anger, just as she sits up in bed in a towering passion, the monogamist is stretched in a snoring sleep. But in the eastern clime, the land of the rose and nightingale, or, beg his pardon, the Bulbul, the poor Persian hands himself over, night after night, to a tormentor armed with a tongue sharp in novelty, of which custom has not taken off the edge, and that cuts like a knife that never has been blunted, shaves close as a razor that is used perhaps only once a month, and then carefully laid by after a few strokes on Packwood.

Aga Meer was not slow in observing that some reflections like these were passing across the Elchee's mind, and said to him, "If you were more intimately acquainted with the condition of our husbands, we should have some share of your sympathy. We may, it is true, escape from one wife, by marrying another; but if we are not rich, such a proceeding involves the giving up of most of our comforts of life. What I have said applies to men of moderate means; and as to the great mass of the population, who live by their labour, few can support two wives. If you have any doubts respecting the equality of the condition of their partners, do but listen now and then near their houses, and you will hear a shrill and sharp voice rating the supposed lord and master in a manner which will instantly relieve your mind from any anxiety you may feel for the rights of the softer sex in Persia."

This sally of the good Meer produced, the Elchee tells us, great mirth, more especially from its being very unusual with that personage to depart from his gravity. That he is very witty above, must be allowed; although we agree with the Elchee in thinking that any one of us, accustomed as the world has long been to hear first-rate things flowing from our mouth, every time we condescend to open it, might have uttered such sentiments, without causing much merriment or applause. A dull man, on saying a goodish thing, once or twice in the lifetime of a raven, seems to brighten into a very Lucifer in the morning sky,—while he whose existence is one continuous splendour, seems obliterated if but a cloud or vapour pass between him and the world's eye. A farthing candle, unexpectedly

lighted in a dungeon, startles,—the company in a drawing-room seem insensible to the beautiful lustre of oil-gas. A fine paper in any other periodical, sets the public agape, with uplifted hands,—at two perfect numbers of *Maga*, she but folds them across her bosom, and smiles.

The good Meer seemed to have been much exhausted by that sally of his, and the conversation for a few minutes waxed rather prosy, so that the Elchee fell asleep, as did we ourselves, between the pages of 46 and 47 in the evening. On awaking, we were glad to see the sprightliness of the whole company restored by a well-timed nap; while the Elchee asked, "Why, if women have such rights of property, are they cooped up, and never allowed to stir abroad without veils?"—"As to cooping up," replied Aga Meer, "Jaffier Ali has already explained the indulgence they have, in going abroad, and seeing their friends at home; and, with respect to wearing veils, what you deem a punishment they consider a distinction, and look down with pity on the women of the Elyât tribes, and others, who do not follow this custom." This reply being unanswerable, the Elchee took still higher ground, and asked, "How, with such usages, can they obtain that knowledge of the world which is necessary to enable them to perform their duties?" But Aga Meer was down as a nail upon him, and said, somewhat sarcastically, "I do not know what you mean by a knowledge of the world, nor do I distinctly understand the benefits you expect them to derive from such knowledge. We consider that loving and obeying their husbands, giving proper attention to their children, and their domestic duties, are the best occupations for females." Here was a glorious opportunity afforded to the Elchee for flooring the Mussulman, but he unaccountably let it pass by unimproved. With what face could Jaffier Ali thus eulogise his fair countrywomen as obedient wives, after the animated picture he had drawn, but a few minutes before, of their domestic tyranny? Had he not painted them as perfect termagants? "The moment his foot (the husband's) crosses the threshold, everything reminds him he is no longer lord and master; children, servants, and slaves, look alone to the lady. In short, her authority is para-

mount ; when she is in good humour, everything goes well, and when in bad, nothing goes right." This is what may be called loving and obeying your husband with a vengeance ; yet declaimers on connubial bliss or bale, in this country, are almost always heard falling into the same contradictory and inconsistent eulogies and anathemas—according to the mood, the whim of the moment, or the side which they have chosen to espouse. We defy an unmarried man to get at the truth—the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—so help him God ! For our own single selves, we do not blush to confess, that we have read the most opposite descriptions of married life, each in its own way perfectly irresistible ; one impelling us, as if by some divine impulse, to become one flesh with her we adored ; the other, rendering us as incapable of matrimony as a school-boy's man-of-snow. If you turn from the gentlemen of the press, whose opinions on all great questions of foreign and domestic policy fluctuate with wind and tide, to a private married person, and beseech him to tell you the real truth of the predicament in which he stands, that you may regulate your conduct accordingly, you instantly find that there is no such person as a private married friend in this world. He deals in such vague generalities of speech, and his countenance, too, exhibits such a trimming expression, that you see at once his resolution to keep you in the dark, by not committing himself ; and if, hemming him up into a corner, you insist on elucidation, he jinks under your elbow, and starts off, uttering those two emphatic and sarcastic words—"old codger !" Will no one tell us what course we ought to pursue ? The month of May is once more over and gone, and for the next eleven months are we free to wed. Various fair creatures, from fifteen to fifty, have we in our eye and in our heart, all subscribers to *Maga*, and admirers of Christopher North. Yet there is much to give us pause ; and above all other fears this fear—how could an Editor endure life, if once fitted for—a Contributor, perhaps, of the third degree ?

The Elchee, by injudicious sparing, having allowed Jaffier Ali to recover his wind, instead of having gone in and payed away at his head, when he was evidently distressed, makes,

when too late, a desperate effort to turn the odds in his favour, by giving the Mussulman a cross-buttock. "Your females are either the slaves of your pleasure, or drudges to perform the work of your house. This is their lot in the present world ; and, in the next, though you do not exclude them from heaven, you only allow, even to the most virtuous, as I said before, (we dislike repetition.—C. N.) half the joys which are destined for a good man. They, in fact, are neither treated nor instructed in a manner than can elevate them to the rank which God meant them to hold, as the companions and friends of man ; and in the condition in which your laws and usages place them, they never can have that respect for themselves, nor receive it from others, which is essential to form a civilized community."

On this Meerza Aga Meer, assuming, as we may well suppose, a gnostic physiognomy, said drily, "But we are not a civilized community." That was a squabasher to the Elchee, who tried to back out of the argument by a compliment to the accomplishments of Jaffier Ali's wife ; but Aga Meer was not to be blinded by such blarney, and continued, "If the majority of our females were so well instructed, they would be far before their fathers and husbands, and that would never do. Changes must begin with the men, or we shall have all in confusion."

He is a jewel of a man that Meerza Aga Meer. "But we are not a civilized community," is admirable. We have often wished, but never have had the courage, to make the same answer to many an eloquent harangue in favour of a more philosophical education of females in our own country—in Edinburgh, for example, or Glasgow. You shall hear a biped insist on having young ladies taught chemistry, and botany, and natural philosophy, and so on, that they may be fit to become wives to men like—himself,—himself as great a gawpus as gapes—whose knowledge of chemistry gives him reason to suspect that an acid is something infernally sour,—whose botanical eye can with difficulty distinguish a dockan,—and who in natural philosophy is contented with the old definition of thunder, "the conjection of sulphur congeals the matter." Suppose the blockhead were to lay hold on such a wife—what could he make

of her? She must, forsooth, be scientific, in order to be a fit companion for HIM!—that when he returns from business into the bosom of domestic privacy, there may be a partner worthy of HIM,—of a man of his fine feelings, and cultivated understanding, and wide range of political, poetical, and philosophical information. How else could he live? His soul must be fed as well as his stomach,—and if his better half be not as good as his worse, he dies. The poor prig does not know, that, with all his zeal for female education, he could not do a more fitting, and consistent, and congenial thing, than to marry his cook, all whose natural talents are at least equal to his own, and some of them much more highly cultivated. But we have no personal feelings towards this individual in particular, and are anxious that our observations be considered applicable to the majority of men at large. “If the majority of our females were well instructed, they would be far before their fathers and husbands, and that would never do. Changes must begin with the men, or we shall have all confusion.” Are there twenty men in Edinburgh,—ten in Glasgow—five in Paisley—two and a half in Aberdeen—and one and a quarter in Dundee, entitled to a learned wife?

We have endeavoured to give a fair and impartial statement of this famous controversy between our illustrious countryman and these distinguished Mussulmans, for, in our humble opinion, it throws more light on the character and state of the sex in the East, than all that ever was before said or sung on the subject. One important point, however, on which the Elchee repeatedly dwelt, has not yet received any elucidation—the lot of the female sex in the next world. The Meer approaches that point with commendable caution, and although his doctrine is not ours, it really does not appear, on the face of it, to be anything so very absurd. “With respect,” said the Meer, “to the difference of rewards and punishments, between the male and female sex, it has been considered, that as the latter have not the same opportunities of acquiring knowledge, their responsibility should be less; and it is decreed that they shall only receive for any crime half the punishment that would be inflicted upon a

man. The same principle, in reference to their good actions, has led to their being only deemed entitled to half the enjoyment that a man can attain in the next world. But this is a point that I do not well understand. It has puzzled many of our wisest Moollahs, and volumes upon volumes of contradictory opinions have been written by the expounders of the Koran, upon the duties, rewards, and punishments of women here and hereafter: God alone knows who is right and who is wrong.”

The debate, which in good-humoured terseness of repartee, really resembled a *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, was now fast drawing to a close—and sincerely do we wish, for the sake of the excellent interlocutors, that in place of the unsatisfactory evening repast to which they had soon afterwards recourse, they had been regaled on oysters and Glenlivet. Should Meerza Aga Meer, or Jaffier Ali Khan, or Hajee Hoosein, or Mahommmed Hoosein Khan, or Khan Sahib, or all of them in a body, ever visit Europe, we trust that we need hardly say how happy we shall be to see them at Ambrose’s. How delighted will they all be with our dear Shepherd! But we must be done with our article, which, to our astonishment, has proved a leading one—and it is not possible to conclude it better than by a story told, by way of finish to the debate, by Khan Sahib.

“Sadik Beg was of good family, handsome in person, and possessed of both sense and courage; but he was poor, having no property but his sword and his horse, with which he served as a gentleman retainer of a Nabob. The latter, satisfied of the purity of Sadik’s descent, and entertaining a respect for his character, determined to make him the husband of his daughter Hooseinee, who, though beautiful, as her name implied, was remarkable for her haughty manner and ungovernable temper.

“Giving a husband of the condition of Sadik Beg to a lady of Hooseinee’s rank was, according to usage in such unequal matches, like giving her a slave; and as she heard a good report of his personal qualities, she offered no objections to the marriage, which was celebrated soon after it was proposed, and apartments were assigned to the happy couple in the Nabob’s palace.

"Some of Sadik Beg's friends rejoiced in his good fortune; as they saw, in the connexion he had formed, a sure prospect of his advancement. Others mourned the fate of so fine and promising a young man, now condemned to bear through life all the humours of a proud and capricious woman; but one of his friends, a little man called Merdek, who was completely henpecked, was particularly rejoiced, and quite chuckled at the thought of seeing another in the same condition with himself.

"About a month after the nuptials, Merdek met his friend, and with malicious pleasure wished him joy of his marriage. 'Most sincerely do I congratulate you, Sadik,' said he, 'on this happy event!'—'Thank you, my good fellow; I am very happy indeed, and rendered more so by the joy I perceive it gives my friends.'—'Do you really mean to say you are happy?' said Merdek, with a smile. 'I really am so,' replied Sadik. 'Nonsense,' said his friend; 'do we not all know to what a termagant you are united? and her temper and high rank combined must, no doubt, make her a sweet companion.' Here he burst into a loud laugh, and the little man actually strutted with a feeling of superiority over the bridegroom.

"Sadik, who knew his situation and feelings, was amused, instead of being angry. 'My friend,' said he, 'I quite understand the grounds of your apprehension for my happiness. Before I was married I had heard the same reports as you have done of my beloved bride's disposition; but I am happy to say I have found it quite otherwise; she is a most docile and obedient wife.'—'But how has this miraculous change been wrought?'—'Why,' said Sadik, 'I believe I have some merit in effecting it; but you shall hear.

"After the ceremonies of our nuptials were over, I went in my military

dress, and with my sword by my side, to the apartment of Hoosimee. She was sitting in a most dignified posture to receive me, and her looks were anything but inviting. As I entered the room, a beautiful cat, evidently a great favourite, came purring up to me. I deliberately drew my sword, struck its head off, and taking that in one hand, and the body in the other, threw them out of the window. I then very unconcernedly turned to the lady, who appeared in some alarm; she, however, made no observations, but was in every way kind and submissive, and has continued so ever since.

"'Thank you, my dear fellow,' said little Merdek, with a significant shake of the head—a word to the wise; and away he capered, obviously quite rejoiced.

"It was near evening when this conversation took place; soon after, when the dark cloud of night had enveloped the bright radiance of day, Merdek entered the chamber of his spouse, with something of a martial swagger, armed with a scimitar. The unsuspecting cat came forward, as usual, to welcome the husband of her mistress, but in an instant her head was divided from her body by a blow from the hand which had so often caressed her. Merdek having proceeded so far courageously, stooped to take up the dismembered members of the cat; but before he could effect this, a blow upon the side of the head from his incensed lady laid him sprawling on the floor.

"The tattle and scandal of the day spreads from zenānah to zenānah with surprising rapidity, and the wife of Merdek saw in a moment whose example it was that he imitated. 'Take that,' said she, as she gave him another cuff; 'take that, you paltry wretch; you should, the added, laughing him to scorn, 'have killed the cat on the wedding-day.'

COLONEL O'SHAUGHNESSY IN INDIA.*

You have doubtless often heard me talk of India. It is at this very moment twenty-three years, two months, and five days, since I sailed for that country in the Blunderbuss transport. I was not then a Colonel. No, confound my ill stars, I was only plain Captain O'Shaughnessy. The regiment was with me, or rather I was with the regiment: and a pleasant time we had of it during our passage from the Downs to Calcutta. Our Colonel was a fat, lusty, little man, of some five feet, or thereabouts, with a paunch like an alderman—broad across the shoulders, and with legs as round and brawny as an elephant's. He had a large, lumpy nose, red like claret, and as irregular in its outline as a bunch of grapes. I am sorry to say that Colonel M'Mulligan, for that was his name, was anything but esteemed in the regiment. His temper was something like his nose, very fiery. The least thing put him into a passion; and, plague take him! when he once got into one, he never got out of it.

A very different sort of a man was Major O'Dunder. He was a countryman of my own, as you may know by the name: indeed, I rather think he was distantly related to me by the mother's side. Like the other, he was a little man, but the Colonel would make three of him, the Major being as meagre as his superior was corpulent. In addition to this, he had a snub-nose, and was bandy-legged. He was withal a good-tempered and worthy man. Such were our two commanding officers. What I myself am, I need not say. You know me well; and some things concerning me, which you do not know, will appear before I am done with my story.

We entered the Hoogly on a September evening, and were safely landed at Calcutta,—not a soul of us having died by the way. We were four hundred strong; and I will take it upon me to say, that a finer body of troops never entered India. There was not a man among them under five feet ten, with the exception of the Colonel,

the Major, and one of the regimental drummers. Some of them were even as tall as myself.

We were reviewed by his Excellency the Governor-General, who was pleased to express his high satisfaction at our martial appearance, and the able manner in which we went through our evolutions. In a particular manner, he complimented *my* company for the dexterity of its manœuvres, and hoped to see the day when I should be at the head of the regiment. His words were prophetic, although, at the time, the prophecy had little chance of being accomplished, as there were several Captains older and richer than I; and my two superiors were healthy men. How I stepped into the boots of the latter gentlemen you shall soon see! The praise of the Governor, whether merited or not, it does not become me to say. Our men swore that I deserved it all, and O'Dunder said the same thing.

In Calcutta we were thrown, as it were, upon a new world. Everything was different from what we had been accustomed to see. The men were different; the women were different; the very reptiles and insects were different. I cannot say that I much liked the manners of the people. Nobody there does anything for himself. Walking is quite abolished: You will see great, fat, unwieldy Europeans, carried through the streets, not in carriages but in palanquins, and not by horses or bullocks, but on the shoulders of men. On my arrival, I was advised to get a palanquin, and to be sure, I got one; and a pretty business there was the very first time I got into it. My bearers, four in number, were carrying me to the Government House, to pay my respects to his Excellency, when all at once we came bang against some opposing substance, with a concussion like that of an earthquake. Before I could account for this extraordinary greeting, an immense body, like a feather-bed, tumbled upon the top of me, and brought not only myself, but my palanquin to the ground. I could neither see, nor

* Colonel O'Shaughnessy is supposed to relate these adventures to his friends, over a bottle of wine. In our January Number, the reader will find a description of the worthy Colonel.

speak, nor breathe. I was, in truth, well nigh smothered, and no wonder; for I lay beneath an auctioneer's wife, fully twenty stones in weight—and was literally overwhelmed under a burden of fat and petticoats. I must have been stifled for aught that the black fellows did to the contrary. The servants in this most unchristian country will do nothing but what they are engaged for. Now, those bearers are only employed to carry people *within* palanquins, and not to lift up those who tumble *out* of them. My case coming under the latter description, I must have perished, but for the circumstance of Major O'Dunder and two corporals passing accidentally by at the time, who pulled me out from beneath, and saved me from certain destruction. Since then, I have never entered a palanquin; and even now I cannot think of them, without calling to mind the auctioneer's fat wife, as she covered me, like an immense German sausage, with her ponderous corporation.

People talk of the good pay to be had in India, but they know very little of the matter. It had need to be good, considering the establishments required to be kept up. In my own house I had no less than a hundred servants. You stare, gentlemen, but upon my honour, it's true. First, I had eight for a palanquin, which, for decency's sake, I was obliged to keep, although I never used it. Then I had one to rub down my horse, another to feed him, a third to water him, and a fourth to saddle and bridle him. I had one to clean my boots, one to keep my spurs and stirrups in order, one to shave me, and another to dress my hair. I had one to fan me at night, and another in the morning. To drive away the mosquitoes in the morning, I required two; and as many at tiffin, and dinner, and supper,—in all eight. Then I had a brace to make sherbet; a brace to go errands; and the same number to announce visitors. There were two for dusting my parlour, two for watering it, and ten for doing the same duty to the other apartments of the house. But to enumerate the whole set would be endless; and therefore I shall say nothing farther about the matter.

I would advise everybody who goes to India to learn the language; and, for this purpose, there is nothing like a Pundit. I got one of these into my

house; and a mighty learned man he was, for he taught it me in three months. I say, gentlemen, *in three months* I spoke the Hindoostanee tongue, so as not to be distinguished from a native. I was the only man in the regiment that did it. The Colonel made an attempt to master the thing, but he failed *in toto*. His brain was too stolidified, and too conversant with wine and good eating, to achieve impossibilities. O'Dunder tried it, but, after hammering away for some time, he gave up in despair.

Calcutta is a very pleasant place to live in, so far as eating and drinking are concerned; but of what use is either meat or drink when a person has no appetite? I tell you, there is no such thing as a good appetite in all India. When I left England, I could have eaten the moon to dinner, and half a dozen of stars as a dessert after it; but I was not three weeks in this hot, stifling, mosquito country, when I had no more relish for my victuals than a new-born babe.

Then such sights as I have seen, of serpents, sharks, crocodiles, and hippopotami swimming about in the Hoogly! A most dangerous place to bathe in, that Hoogly—and yet, such is the cursed infatuation of the people, that they bathe in it daily, although scores of men, women, and children, are every hour swallowed up before their eyes. It is a *well attested* fact, that the monsters which inhabit this abominable stream are so accustomed to human flesh, that they will eat nothing else. Fling a dog or a pig into the water, and he is safe, but no sooner does a rational biped fancy a dip, than he is straightway transported to Abraham's bosom, in the fangs of an alligator, or some other of the ravenous fraternity.

The interior of the country is not a bit better. It swarms with snakes, scorpions, centipedes, and tigers. The very air teems with life. Nothing is more common than a shower of fishes. I have seen them fall in millions in the streets of Calcutta. And a devilish good dish these cloud fishes are—no cooking is required. They are broiled in their descent by the sun's heat, and on reaching the ground, are fit for the table. They are of different sizes, varying from six inches, to a couple of feet in length, and weighing in proportion.

I have told you at the beginning, that Colonel M'Mulligan was abundantly ill-natured. I know not what to compare him to. He was a sour-plum, a crab-stick, a scorpion, a viper, a ferret, or what you will. He never spoke at the mess except to O'Dunder and me; and when he did so, it was with such an air of superiority, as set us wellnigh beside ourselves. One day, after smoking eighteen cigars, and drinking two bottles of port—his usual allowance—he announced to us, in pompous terms, that he resolved to introduce a gong into the band of the regiment.

"A gong!" said I, with a long stare, "and what the devil is a gong?" The Colonel looked for some moments as if astounded at my audacity. His red nose grew redder: the crimson of the port mounted to his cheeks, till they became like burning coals; and he stared at me as if I had been a fiend incarnate. "You will soon see what a gong is," answered he, withdrawing the cigar from his mouth, and emitting I know not how many cubic feet of tobacco smoke. "Something is in the wind," whispered O'Dunder, at this exhibition of wrath. "The Colonel will give you a dig some of these days; so have a care of your soul, O'Shaughnessy."

I thought no more of it at the time; but a few days thereafter, the regiment chanced to be on review before the Commander-in-Chief. My company was placed close by the band, who were ordered to play up the Duke of York's march, in honour of the occasion. They commenced as usual, but in such an infernal style of loudness, that the regiment stood aghast. On looking to ascertain the cause of this uproar, I saw that the whole was occasioned by a sepooy of a fellow, beating time upon a circular instrument, by all the world like a tambourine, or the lid of a pot. I did not imagine that the whole earth contained anything capable of producing such discord. I thought the fellow had come there to insult the troops—so rushing forward, I gave him a kick on the seat of honour, and sent my fist through his machine in the twinkling of an eye.

"By Jasus!" exclaimed O'Dunder, who stood by at the time, "what is this you have done!"

"What have I done?" said I, with astonishment.

"Ay, Tom O'Shaughnessy, what have you done? Don't you see you have broken the Colonel's gong?"

"The Colonel and his gong may go to the devil," was my answer. "My ears are not made of brass more than other people's; and no man shall insult them with impunity."

So much for the gong, but the business did not end here. I was reprimanded by the Commander-in-Chief, and a new gong set a-going the very next day. It would not do to demolish this as I did the first. I would have run the risk of a court-martial; and was obliged to put up with the nuisance as patiently as I could. Matters, however, did not remain long in this state. Not satisfied with carrying his point against me, and every man of sense in the regiment, the Colonel showed his revenge in a manner so virulent and mean, that I could no longer brook the indignity. With a view of annoying me, he ordered the gong-beater to take up his station opposite to my window every morning by day-break; and there to thump away at his diabolical instrument till he could thump no longer. I bore this for two mornings, but on the third, my indignation got beyond all bounds; and springing half-naked out of bed, I got hold of the gong, and broke it to pieces over the rascal's head. This was an insult which military etiquette could not overlook. I was challenged by the Colonel, and met him, with O'Dunder for my second, about two miles from the city. We never fired, a *coup de soleil* having struck my adversary dead as he was taking his station. Some alleged that he died of apoplexy, produced by excessive rage, but I have no manner of doubt that he owed his death to a *coup de soleil*.

This event occasioned a vacancy, as you may readily suppose, and Major O'Dunder was appointed to fill it up. He became Colonel to the regiment, and I succeeded as Major. Such a promotion, you will perhaps conceive, added to my happiness; very far from it. I was confoundedly miserable; and what with grief and the heat of the climate, I became from a lusty man, a mere scarecrow, as I am at this moment. The truth is, gentle-

man, when I went out with it, I was the victim of remorse. The canker-worm of care got into my heart, and made it as soft as a frosted potatoe. It may well be said, with the poet, that grief preyed upon my damask cheek; for my cheeks were at that time as plump and rosy as a parson's cushion, till that infernal liver complaint tinged them all over with yellow and brown. The mess could not make out what was the matter with me. Some said that I was ill of home-sickness, and longing after the pleasant fields of Connaught; some that I was labouring under the blue devils, and others, that I was in love. But the plain statement of the matter was, that I felt remorse for the death of the Colonel. True, I did not absolutely kill him, but indirectly he died by my hands; and if I had not insulted his gong, he might have been alive this day, smoking his cigars, and drinking his port, as usual.

I need not describe to you what is meant by remorse. You will get a very good definition of it in Johnson's Dictionary; but no lexicographer that ever wrote could define what I felt on this melancholy occasion. Wherever I went, the image of Colonel M'Mulligan haunted my imagination. I could think of nothing but him. He appeared to me in dreams,—his face dilated with rage, and his nose swollen out to two or three times its natural size. I tried every means to get rid of the phantom, but in vain. If I smoked, I saw his face staring at me in the fumes of my tobacco. If I sung, I heard his hoarse, ill-natured voice muttering maledictions during every pause of my chant. I took to gin with no better success. I tried arrack and date-brandy, and the result was the same.

In this deplorable state of mind, I was one evening waited on by O'Dunder. "O'Shaughnessy," said he, "I am grieved to see you—upon my soul I am. You are as pretty a man, and as brave a man, as any in the regiment; but you are dying away like a farthing candle—and, by Jesus, if you don't take care of yourself you will soon go out."

"And what would you have me to do?" asked I, putting down a glass of brandy, which I was in the act of raising to my lips. "What would

you have me to do, Colonel O'Dunder?"

"What would I have you to do?" said the Colonel, repeating my words. "Why, Tom O'Shaughnessy, I would have you to marry. This is the only cure for your melancholy that I can think of."

"And whom would you have me to marry?" I demanded, as I raised the glass to my lips, and emptied it at a single gulp.

"Neither more nor less than Mrs O'Higgins, the commissary's widow," answered the Colonel.

"She squints with both eyes," said I.

"No matter," observed he. "We shall all be squinting by-and-by in this infernal country. There is never a day but some one or other gets a *coup de soleil* upon his eyes, and he straightway squints like an owl."

"But she is as fat as a whale."

"Fat!" exclaimed the Colonel. "Leave her alone for that. She will get rid of her corporation when she has been a little longer in India."

"Then her temper," rejoined I hastily.—"I am told she is as ill-natured as a crab, and as dangerous with her claws: and, moreover, that she scolds her servants from morning till night."

"A fig for her temper," replied O'Dunder. "Hasn't she five lacs of rupees, and arn't all women ill-natured? Besides, to let you into a bit of a secret,—she loves you to distraction."

"Loves me?"

"Yes, loves you. And let me tell you something more, we are to have a tiger hunt to-morrow. I have told the widow that you will attend; and she has agreed to accompany us upon her elephant, to see the sport. We shall knock you up at five in the morning: so adieu for the present." And the Colonel stalked out of the room, leaving me all in a puzzle by the nature of his intelligence.

It was at this time nine in the evening,—my usual hour of retiring to rest; but although the pundit had come in, and announced that my couch was ready for me, I did not make the slightest effort to rise. With my hand I motioned him away, and remained upon the scat. My brain was now in a greater turmoil than ever. I could

think of nothing consistently. Sometimes my fancy wandered to one point, and sometimes to another. At this moment I was wrapped up in a delirium of delight: at that, I was plunged into the abyss of misery. I sometimes doubted whether I was sober or drunk—whether I was asleep or awake—whether I was dead or alive. I even doubted whether I was myself or another person. Every sort of change took place within my spirit; and the longer I sat, the more numerous and extraordinary these changes became.

Meanwhile, the night wore on apace. The sun had sunk like a vast ball of fire beneath the horizon; and the shades of night flung themselves like a curtain over the cupolas, and minarets, and towers of Calcutta. I sat alone in my chamber. Before me, in the centre of the table, stood a bottle of brandy: at one side, was my unsheathed sword; at another, my holster pistols, loaded with ball. A gloom, such as veils the evenings of the tropics, prevailed around. It was obscure enough to prevent small bodies from being seen, but not sufficiently dark to shroud the outlines of large ones. Accordingly, although my hat, which hung upon a peg of the opposite wall, was invisible, I could discern the more prominent objects of the room—such as the chairs, the tables, the eight-day time-piece, and my regimental cloak, which appeared suspended with its ample folds of blue like an apparition in the middle of the gloom.

This was truly a time and place for meditation; and if ever man attempted to turn his opportunities to good purpose, it was I. During that night, I reflected more, and was more bamboozled with my reflections, than any philosopher that ever existed. My brain was in a regular jumble, and the ideas ran pell-mell through it like peas in a pot. For the purpose of assisting my thoughts, I had recourse to the brandy-bottle. Glass after glass did I swallow, to rally them and make them steadier. It was in vain. Every moment they became more mystified,—every glass that was poured down only rendered them more refractory. My mind was in a sort of rebellion—military discipline was at an end within it. Fancy and feeling, which are at best subordinate to judgment, (who is commander-in-chief of all the faculties,) broke out into open mutiny

against their general; and there was the devil to pay.

All this was not the work of a moment. It was the work of minutes, perhaps of hours. Everything went on gradually, and proceeded from bad to worse. I cannot tell the sights that I saw, or the sounds that I heard, or the feelings that I felt. The shades of night seemed to thicken about me, but, strange to say, objects were not rendered more indistinct than before. As the darkness around them increased, they also became more dark, as if to outbrave the gloom and make themselves visible in spite of it. My cloak, the chairs, the tables, and the time-piece, put on a blacker livery, and refused to be hidden in the womb of the surrounding night. I heard the pendulum of the latter as it swung from side to side.—I heard the hour strike once and again.—My ear was acute—painfully acute.—Every tone, however feeble, was caught by it.—The cricket chirped with monstrous loudness;—the mosquitoes and fire-flies buzzed and hummed like the sound of an organ around my head—and the gentle zephyrs seemed to sweep by and howl against the half-opened casement, as if a tornado triumphed in the air. Nor was my nose much less sensible than my ears and my eyes. The fumes of brandy, and wine, and tobacco, were strangely jumbled with the scent of the odoriferous plants which were growing upon the window-sill.

Sometimes I laughed in the ecstacy of delight as my fancy was caught by the ludicrous; sometimes I wept as it was touched by the pathetic; and sometimes I shuddered as the pangs of remorse shot across it. At one time I was full of Colonel O'Dunder. I saw his snub nose and peaked chin peering beneath the canopy of an immense cocked hat—then I laughed at his bandy legs, his little meagre person, and the huge sword dangling from his side. Then the redundant figure of widow O'Higgins would appear before me. At one time she would be standing with her arms a-kimbo, and her face on fire, passionately scolding her black domestics, who jabbered at her with unearthly voices, their white teeth shining like pearls from the interior of their sooty physiognomies. At another, she would be mounted upon an elephant, smiling with delight, and having one of her fat arms thrown

around my neck,—for I too was on the top of the elephant, in the same car as the widow, and on my way with her to the tiger hunt. I was there, and I was also, at the same moment, in my own chamber, in the midst of darkness. I thought that I possessed ubiquity—that I was in different places at one time—that it was broad daylight at one of these places, and darkness at another;—and that at the one I was in a car on an elephant's back, cheek-by-jowl with Mrs O'Higgins, and in the other, drinking brandy at home. This both tickled and astonished me; and I thought that I laughed aloud with downright mirth.

But my laughter was soon checked, for this gay undefinable scene flitted past, and in stalked Colonel M'Mulligan. In a moment remorse came upon me. The glass, which I was raising to my lips, I replaced upon the table, gave an involuntary shudder, and gazed, horror-struck, at the apparition. I would have bid him avaunt, but I could not speak. I would have wheeled off, but I could not rise. I would, perhaps, have run him through with my sword, or discharged my pistols at him; but I could not lift my hand. All I could do, was to gaze upon him, and listen to the maledictions he would doubtless pour out against me.

He looked horribly ill-natured. His little sharp fiery eyes darted at me like a basilisk's; and, as he saluted me with these lightning glances, his face became redder, his nose larger, and his whole attitudes more threatening. He was dressed in uniform. His cocked hat, red coat, blue small-clothes, tasseled boots, and patent spurs, were perfectly visible and distinct, although all around was darkness. For some time he did nothing but gaze upon me, and I, in self-defence, gazed at him with equal intensity. Meanwhile, he seemed to increase in size—he dilated on all sides—his body becoming ten times thicker than Daniel Lambert's, his stature twice as great as O'Brian's, and his face seven times the diameter of the regimental bass-drum. Altogether, the little, fat, ruby-nosed Colonel M'Mulligan assumed the appearance of a nonstrous giant—swelling out till he filled the whole room with his hideous dimensions. During this tremendous process the air was filled with dreadful sounds, which came from the

lips of the phantom. "O'Shaughnessy, O'Shaughnessy, O'Shaughnessy!—beware M'Mulligan! beware the Colonel of the twenty-ninth!" These were his words; and as he employed the language of Shakspeare, I endeavoured to do the same in reply. "Thou canst not say I did it," trembled upon my lips, but refused to proceed farther. I could not get them uttered, and they rushed back to my heart, from whence they came. For the first time in my life did I feel something like fear; and I make no doubt I should have been mortally afraid, had not indignation at the grins and vile glances of my adversary kept up my heart.

This vision, like the others, vanished away. I breathed freely, and managed to fill another glass, which I swallowed with additional energy. Scarcely had I done this, when the sound of a gong fell upon my ears. A glow of anger swept over me when I heard it, for it was the same loud, detestable sound which had brought on all my calamities. Ere I had time for reflection, the gong-beater stood before me—the same whose impertinence I formerly chastised. On his head he wore a white turban; and his sable brow was stained with the mark of the peculiar caste to which he belonged. He was dressed in wide linen trousers, and wore sandals upon his feet, but his arms to the shoulders were bare. Boom—boom—boom went his gang, with a loudness which nearly deafened me. The ticking of the clock,—the chirping of the crickets,—the buzzing of the mosquitoes,—the fluttering of the fire-flies,—all these were in a moment drowned by the noisy deluge which emanated from the abominable gong. Nor was this the whole, for in a short time Colonel M'Mulligan appeared in his natural form, grinning at me as at first, and, with diabolical malice, encouraging the fellow to make as much noise as possible. In addition to this, the latter skipped about the room, laughed at me with his ugly black mug, put out his tongue in derision, and thumped away within a foot of my nose. You will wonder why I did not at once kick him to the shades below; but, deuce take me, if I had the power to move or do anything—except lift the glass of brandy to my lips.

A change, as Lord Byron says, came

over the spirit of my dream. It was now the queerest thing you can imagine. It was a wholesale dream, and gave to my view everything I had formerly seen, and a great deal more. First, the room became as solitary as at the beginning. Then I saw Colonel O'Dunder make his appearance. He walked up and down before me, with his hands behind his back, his cocked hat and other regimentals on, and his long sword trailing on the ground. He was as meagre, as snub-nosed, as bandy-legged, and as little as ever. Then entered Widow O'Higgins in a violent passion—scolding a crowd of black servants, who jabbered and laughed at her, and jumped about like so many lunatics. Then, to my horror and dismay, appeared for the third time, Colonel M'Mulligan, with his sour, crabstick, backbiting physiognomy: then the gong-beater, and, last of all, an elephant with an empty car upon its back. And when all the company were assembled, there were quadrilling, and waltzing, and heaven knows what, among them. Widow O'Higgins became all at once good-natured, and ceased scolding her domestics; and Colonel M'Mulligan became as good-natured as she. And he went up to her smiling, and led her out to dance; and they danced a minuet, Colonel M'Mulligan and Widow O'Higgins. And the black domestics danced around the gong-beater, who played upon his instrument in the middle of them—the elephant and Colonel O'Dunder looking quietly on, and enjoying the scene.

Confound these visions of mine! I think I shall never get to the end of them. The spectacle, somehow or other, became changed. I now saw an elephant in the open air—the same elephant that I saw in my house; and Widow O'Higgins was upon its back, in the centre of the car; and she had her plump arms thrown around the necks of two men; and she smiled, and kissed them, and seemed mighty fond of them. And one of these men was Colonel M'Mulligan, and the other was myself; and yet the other was not myself; for all the while I was conscious of sitting in my own dark chamber, drinking my own brandy. I cannot say how it was, for I was both here and there; but which of the two O'Shaughnessys was the real one, I could not have told you,

although I got all the islands on the lake of Killarney to myself. Now, what do you think the Widow O'Higgins was about? She was endeavouring to reconcile us to each other, and make us friends for the rest of our lives. This same reconciliation puzzled me as much as did my double self, for I knew that the Colonel had died of a *coup de soleil*, and was already buried with military honours. However, she did reconcile us; and we kissed each other, and promised to be enemies no more.

This scene, like all the rest, melted away; and, for a time, I was left in the solitude and darkness of my room. But my bewilderment was far from being at an end, and imagination soon conjured up fresh phantoms. The two colonels, the widow, the gong-beater, the elephant, and the black domestics, once more stalked before me—sometimes in one character, sometimes in another. At one moment, the elephant seemed to carry Mrs O'Higgins, at another, she seemed to carry the elephant. Every character underwent a process of multiplication. There were as many O'Dunders as would have stocked the British army; and the M'Mulligans were still more numerous. The widow appeared in different capacities—scolding at this corner, smiling at that, and dancing and flirting at a third. Nor were the gong-beaters fewer in number: the scoundrel, like the rest of the company, possessed ubiquity, and so did his gong; thereby multiplying the vile discord fifty-fold. But what perplexed and angered me most, was Colonel M'Mulligan. He beat the others hollow, appearing in as many places as there were hairs in his wig. I was conscious that there was not a soul in the chamber but myself, and yet it was full of people; and the greater portion of these were multiplications of the Colonel. At some places, he flirted with the widow; but in general, he employed himself looking at me with the most hateful expression of malice, and with calling out in a low, sepulchral voice, "O'Shaughnessy, O'Shaughnessy, O'Shaughnessy!—beware M'Mulligan! beware the Colonel of the twenty-ninth!" When you consider, that this was repeated from five hundred different quarters—that it was accompanied with the sound of fifty gongs—with the voices of fifty O'Dunders, and fifty O'Hig-

ginets, and fifty elephants, and, Heaven knows how many scores of black domestics—you may be sure that I was regaled with a pretty tolerable specimen of harmony! In fact, I became stunned, stupified, and overcome with the tumult, and, I must own it, somewhat afraid at the hideous phantasmagorias which were gathering around me; for all the furniture in the room was becoming instinct with life. My chairs, my time-piece, and my cloak, parted with their inanimate character, and assumed the voice and the form of M'Mulligan. To complete my confusion, when I was putting out my hand to lay hold of the brandy bottle, the latter suddenly stretched itself out, and became adorned with a human head and a human body. In a word, it turned an additional Colonel, and stood upon the table mocking maliciously at me. The glass did the same thing; and when I let it go with horror, on discovering the change, it fell to the floor with a shock that convulsed the house; and arose, puffing and blowing, from the ground, a genuine Colonel M'Mulligan! This defection of my two best friends went to my very heart. I could bear with tolerable composure the disloyalty of my cloak and furniture, but any falling off in the bottle and glass was too much for my feelings; and, overcome with such base ingratitude, I fainted away.

How long I remained in this faint, I know not. I was awakened from it by a loud noise at the outside of the house; and on opening my eyes, I found the chamber bathed in the lustre of an eastern morning. The zephyrs breathing mildly through the casements, filled the house with coolness and perfume. The phantoms of the preceding night had vanished with the darkness. Every thing was disenchanted, and wore its natural shape. Even the glass and the bottle appeared in *propriis personis*.

The cause of this noise was O'Dunder and his cavalcade, who were proceeding to the tiger hunt, and who, on their way, had called upon me, for the purpose of knocking me up. On looking out, I saw an elephant, with Mrs O'Higgins and the Colonel on the top of it; but I neither saw myself nor M'Mulligan—a circumstance which, I assure you, afforded me no small degree of satisfaction. There

were Sepoys on horseback, and Sepoys on foot, to the number of forty—some armed with hunting-spears, some with fire-arms, and others with sabres. In addition to this, there were cymbal-beaters, and trumpeters, and sherbet-makers, and cooks, and, Heaven knows what else:—all were bound to the tiger hunt; and their hallooing and music, together with the roaring of the elephant, and neighing and trampling of the horses, produced a discord only inferior to that by which I was saluted in my visions.

"Come up alongside of us," said O'Dunder, "we have kept a birth for you on the elephant's back."

"Ay, do, dear Mr O'Shaughnessy," added the widow, popping her fat face over the side of the car, and ogling me with her squinting peepers. "You can sit on one side of me, and Colonel O'Dunder on the other." But it would not take. No sooner had she spoken the word, than I called to recollection my dream; and such was the influence of fancy, that O'Dunder seemed to assume the form of M'Mulligan; and I thought she only wished to bring me face to face with my malignant enemy, and make me kiss him and swear eternal friendship. These vagaries, it is true, did not long continue—a moment dispelled them; but still I considered the very circumstance of their taking place, as an evil omen. I therefore declined the invitation with all due politeness, and resolved to accompany the cavalcade on horseback.

We all set out at a moderate trot, my black charger taking the lead, and the elephant bringing up the rear. In twenty minutes, we were out of Calcutta, and in twenty more, we got into a wide plain, covered in some places with a turf of rich verdure, and in others with fine sand. A few banian trees spread their ample foliage here and there over its surface, curtaining from the burning rays of the sun whatever spots they shaded with their canopy. This was the place where we expected to rouse the tiger—our Sepoys having intimated to us that one of those ferocious animals had been seen prowling in the plain the evening before. However, no tiger made its appearance. We beat up every quarter without success, and sent scouts in different directions to get intelligence. In this fruitless chase, we continued till eight o'clock, when the state of our

cattle warned as it was time to take some rest; and our stomachs hinted, in equally strong terms, that a little refreshment would not be amiss. We, accordingly, sojourned beneath the umbrage of the nearest banian tree, and breakfast was prepared in the twinkling of an eye—the widow and the Colonel having previously, with some effort, dismounted from their elephant.

But we did not long enjoy our meal in silence; for about the middle of the feast, the elephant was observed to become sidgitty—raising his trunk portentously in the air, moving from side to side, and uttering a peculiar cry. Scarcely were these signs observed, than a hideous growl fell upon our ears; and, looking to the quarter from whence it proceeded, we perceived a pair of fiery eyes glaring upon us. They were those of the tiger, which was circling the outskirts of our encampment, and evidently waiting for an opportunity to dash in. At this apparition, the widow screamed aloud, O'Dunder draw his sword, and the Sepoys betook themselves to their fire-arms. For my part, I neither did the one nor the other. My first step was to get mounted, and give chase to the enemy. There is no use in waiting for the attack of a tiger. If you do not kill him, he will kill you; and it is too much courtesy to give him the compliment of the first onset.

No sooner had I backed my charger, than I clapped the rowels in his sides, and dashed on towards our adversary. For a moment he looked as grim as if he would have made minced meat of us both; but as we neared him, his valour seemed to abate, and, turning round, he fairly took to his heels, and scampered over the plain. Away went he, and away went I in the pursuit. But scarcely had I got a hundred yards from the encampment, than a volley of exclamations came after me from O'Dunder and the widow. They were calling me back; but so interested was I in my object, that I took no heed to their entreaties. It was a regular race between my steed and the tiger. Both ran as if they were contending for the plate at Newmarket; and I make no manner of doubt, that, upon good ground, the former would have distanced his opponent. This was so much the case, that whenever he came upon the turf, he made

such advances, as wellnigh to tread upon the tiger's kibes; and the latter would unquestionably have been beat all to sticks, but for the circumstance of the plain being in many places sandy, and, therefore, better adapted to his velvet paws than to the hard hoofs of the charger.

Away we went through thick and thin, sometimes trampling over the firm verdure of the soil, at other times knee-deep in sand. We leapt over trenches, gullies, trunks of trees, and every impediment. During the whole of this race, the sun shone forth with extraordinary vigour. There was not a cloud to stain the sapphirine dome of heaven, whose vast amplitude was filled with an universal gush of golden glory. The heat was intense, and, I believe, that had it not been for the ardour of the parties engaged, we must inevitably have sunk under it. Never, I believe, since the creation of the world, was a tiger so completely bamboozled. He had caught a Tartar with a vengeance; and could not, with all his cleverness, get rid of him. Away he went, panting and blowing, and foaming, as if perdition was at his heels; and away went we after him, with all our mettle. There was nothing for him, but either to be trampled to death, or surrender at discretion; and he did not seem inclined to relish either alternative. At last, as fortune would have it, we approached a deep ravine, fringed with jungle and brushwood, and watered below by a small stream which ran through its centre. The tiger saw that the only safety for his soul was in this difficult retreat, and he strained every nerve to gain it. In spite of all our efforts, he was successful—clearing, with one desperate spring, the verge of the gulf, and rolling like a ball down its sides, till the river below received him in its bosom.

The question now was, what ought to be done? My horse had wisdom enough to see that it would never answer to plunge into the ravine: and he drew up, of his own accord, and stood snorting and panting by its side. After a moment's reflection, I resolved to dismount, and make the attack. Having, therefore, taken my pistols in one hand, and my sword in another, I wound my way cautiously downwards, and beheld the ferocious animal slaking his thirst at the pool. At

first, I was apprehensive that I would not get at him, and that he would take the opportunity of my being disqualified for pursuit, to steal off and escape scot free. I was mistaken: so far from shunning the encounter, he no sooner saw me, than he set up a horrid growl, showing his long white fangs, and couching like a cat when it is about to spring upon its prey. "Ah, ha! *monieur le tigre!*" said I, "you are not such an ass as I supposed. You have shown yourself a fellow of some sense, in getting me away from my friends; and you doubtless anticipate the pleasure of enjoying a *bonne bouche* upon the body of Tom O'Shaughnessy. But, by Saint Patrick, I have not been educated at Trinity College for nothing; and I shall perhaps show you a trick as good as your own!" So saying, I advanced towards him, holding out my sword at arm's length, when he made a violent spring forwards, and received the weapon a full foot into his body. It penetrated the chest, and he recoiled, roaring with pain, and bleeding copiously. I did not pause a moment with my operations. I gave him a second thrust, then a third; and lastly, with the rapidity of lightning, discharged both my pistols at his head. The balls took effect; and the poor devil rolled into the stream, and expired in less than a minute.

While engaged in this business, I heard overhead, the trampling of steeds and the sound of human voices. I hallooed aloud, and was answered by the friendly voice of O'Dunder. In another moment he stood at my side, accompanied by half-a-dozen of Sepoys. They were so astonished at what I had done, that they could hardly believe the evidence of their senses. The Colonel informed me, that when he saw me get after the tiger, he became alarmed for my life; and instantly mounted with a party of the retinue, to afford assistance in case of need; but that I rode at so furious a rate, as rendered it impossible for them to keep pace with me. He mentioned farther, that when he observed my horse standing without his rider, he had given me up as dead—and that, if I had not called, they might have wandered bootlessly all over the country in search of my mangled remains.

"But O'Shaughnessy," said he, "what is the matter with your eyes?"

"What is the matter with my eyes?"

rejoined I. "Why, there is nothing the matter with them."

"Then my own have deceived me," was his answer, "for as sure as my name is O'Dunder, you have had a *coup de soleil.*" And I could see him wipe away a tear which stood upon his own eye, and look as melancholy as a mopstick. At this I became alarmed, and asked him what was the matter, but he would say nothing. He only shook his head and the Sepoys did the same, and gazed at me with glances of unaffected pity. This state of suspense was more than I could endure. A horrible suspicion came across me, and I said, with a faltering voice, "Do I—do I—O'Dunder, do I really——" I could not get out the word, to such an extent had the frightful thought stifled my utterance.

"O yea, you do," said the generous Colonel, anticipating what I was about to say. "My dear O'Shaughnessy, you really do, but be not cast down about it; we shall all do the same if we remain much longer in this accursed country."

"Do I then squint?" ejaculated I at last, with a tremendous effort.

"You do, indeed, even worse than Widow O'Higgins," answered my friend, while a second tear rolled down his cheek; and he again shook his head, and assumed a look of the profoundest melancholy.

No language can describe the state of mind into which this announcement threw me. Upon my honour, I wept like a babe, and beat my breast, and beshrewed the hour I was born. I was now a squinter. My eyes, on which the young girls of Coleraine used to doat, were irrevocably distorted. I was no longer "the handsome O'Shaughnessy"—I squinted like an owl, and would not only be abhorred by myself, but made the laughing-stock of all mankind. What now to me was the merit of having destroyed the tiger? What would avail the praises which would, doubtless, be poured upon me for that remarkable action? could they remove the obliquity of my vision? Could they give to my countenance its former dignity of expression? Alas! no—that must for ever remain as it is, and I must be pointed at by the finger of ridicule, and called "the Squinting O'Shaughnessy."

O'Dunder did what he could to con-

sole me, and so did all my friends, except Widow O'Higgins, who, now that I had undergone such a metempsychosis, would have nothing more to say on the subject of love. Base woman! she set a pair of distorted eyes in the balance against the glorious exploit of having killed a Bengal tiger.

Altogether I was miserably depressed in spirits: and, what with the exhaustion attendant upon my adventure, and my increasing agitation of mind, I was seized with a brain fever. For ten days did I rave in the agonies of delirium. All the visions I had seen before were nothing to those which now haunted my imagination. Every person around me seemed to squint. My physician, my pundit, my household domestics, all squinted horribly. Even O'Dunder, who waited upon me with fraternal kindness, did the same. And to increase my horrors, the form of M'Mulligan would not stay away. He appeared more terrible than ever—for he squinted. The gong-beater came, and he squinted also, and beat upon his gong. Then the elephant would enter the room; and he, too, squinted, and so did his drivers, and all who came along with him. I had visions of crocodiles, which lifted up their cold, gaunt heads into the air; and of serpents, that wound their scaly folds around the posts of the bed. And they all squinted alike—both the serpents and the crocodiles. Then my old enemy, the tiger, would glare upon me, and gnash his teeth and howl in my ears; but I minded not his gnashing, or his howling, or the apparition of his bloody fangs. It was the squint of his eyes which went to my very soul, and froze it with horror. I saw crabs, and centipedes, and scorpions, and cock-roaches, crawling upon me, and covering the walls and curtains with their detestable presence—and they all squinted. Nothing around me but did the same. The buttons of my military coat, which hung at the foot of the bed, were converted into squinting eyes. My misery was supreme; and to crown all, came the knowledge that I myself squinted more than any other being.

Perhaps the whole of nature could not furnish such another scene of horror. The chamber was filled with every thing hateful and impure. Mrs O'Higgins, at one quarter, sat upon her elephant—at another, she scolded

her domestics. In a third, was the villainous gong-beater, stunning me with his more villainous instrument. In a fourth, walked O'Dunder—his hands behind his back, and his long sword trailing upon the floor. In a fifth, appeared M'Mulligan, grinning at me with his fiery eyes and claret-coloured nose; and pouring out imprecations upon my wretched soul. Every one of them squinted. Man, woman, beast, and reptile seemed smitten with the same disorder; and all, as it appeared, for the express purpose of annoying the wretched O'Shaughnessy.

To relieve myself from such torments, I would pray aloud sometimes to one deity, sometimes to another. I was a heathen, and called upon Jupiter and Apollo, and they came—the one with his thunderbolt, and the other with his lyre. But, far from giving me assistance, they laughed me to scorn, and invoked Ate and Tisiphone, and the headless Medusa from the depths of Tartarus—and these furies appeared at their bidding, and tormented me anew. I then became a worshipper of Bramah, and Vishnu, and Seeva. They came, but only to load me with increased cruelties—for they commanded the iron wheels of the car of Juggernaut to pass over my body. Juggernaut, himself, was likewise there, seated within his car, wreathed with snakes, and lowering with fiend-like malice. I then flew for assistance to the gods of the Egyptians—to Apis and Osiris. In my despair I became a Papist, and prayed to the Pope, who came forth with a whole retinue of Cardinals and wanton girls; but instead of assisting me out of my detested purgatory, he mounted the car of Juggernaut, and embraced the God as a brother. What I had formerly seen, and what I now saw, were strangely commingled. The Pope and his Cardinals walked or stood beside Grecian, Hindoo, and Egyptian deities, conversing familiarly with them.—And M'Mulligan, and O'Dunder, and O'Higgins, and the other *dramatis personæ*, did the same thing. And they all squinted alike—both gods and men—both beasts and reptiles.

I recovered at length from this disorder, but it was only to find my body in a worse state than before I was taken ill, for I was almost completely

bald—having lost every hair on my head except a small tuft behind, which is now woven into a *queue*. Before that time, no man had a better chevelure than I. However, I was, upon the whole, rather a gainer, than otherwise; for I got entirely rid of the pangs of remorse, which had haunted me so fearfully ever since the death of Colonel M'Mulligan.

A few weeks after my recovery, I was waited upon by O'Dunder, who informed me that since Mrs O'Higgins and I were on such bad terms, he was resolved to marry her himself. This he did some days thereafter; and I had reason to wish him joy on the event. He left the regiment, and took a passage to England with his wife, almost immediately after. As a reward for my services, his Excellency, the Governor-General, was pleased to grant me his commission without purchase. And thus did I step into his boots, and became Colonel of the gallant twenty-ninth.

I was now in an important situation, and had an active part to perform in the concerns of India; being engaged with my regiment in the war against

the Pindarees. For my assistance in this business, I was publicly thanked by his Excellency, and had my name honourably mentioned by the Government at home. During the war, two remarkable events happened to me. First, I slew, with my own hand, a boa constrictor, thirty feet in length; and, secondly, I was seized with liver complaint. As I detest self-praise, I shall say nothing more about the former subject, than that I thrust my sword down the monster's throat after a score of cowardly Sepoys had taken to flight on the occasion. With regard to the second, it damaged my constitution considerably, and changed my complexion from its natural ruddy tint, to the vile brown-and-yellow one which it wears at the present moment. But if I were to relate all that I saw and did in India, it would fill a volume. By and by, I mean to submit my observations to the public in print; when, I flatter myself, I shall be able to give a better and more impartial account of this important country than any which has hitherto issued from the press.

A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

DREAMS AND APPARITIONS.—PART II.

Containing Tibby Hyslop's Dream, and the Sequel.

IN the year 1807, when on a jaunt through the valleys of Nith and Annan, I learned the following story on the spot where the incidents occurred, and even went and visited all those connected with it, so that there is no doubt with regard to its authenticity.

In a wee cottage called Know-back, on the large farm of Drumloch, lived Tibby Hyslop, a respectable spinster, about the age of forty I thought when I saw her, but, of course, not so old when the first incidents occurred which this singular prophetic tale relates. Tibby was represented to me as a good and sincere Christian, not in name and profession only, but in word and in deed; and I believe I may add, in heart and in soul. Nevertheless, there was something in her manner and deportment different from other people—a sort of innocent simplicity, bordering on silliness, together with an instability of

thought, that, in the eyes of many, approached to abstraction.

But then Tibby could repeat the book of the Evangelist Luke by heart, and many favourite chapters both of the Old and New Testaments; while there was scarcely one in the whole country who was so thoroughly acquainted with those Books from beginning to end; for, though she had read a portion every day for forty years, she had never perused any other books but the Scriptures. They were her week-day books, and her Sunday books, her books of amusement, and books of devotion. Would to God that all our brethren and sisters of the human race—the poor and comfortless, as well as the great and wise, knew as well how to estimate these books as Tibby Hyslop did!

Tibby's history is shortly this. Her mother was married to a sergeant of a

recruiting party. The year following he was obliged to go to Ireland, and from thence nobody knew where ; but neither he nor his wife appeared again in Scotland. Before their departure, however, they left Tibby, then a helpless babe, with her grandmother, who lived in a hamlet somewhere about Tinwald ; and with that grandmother was she brought up to read her Bible, card and spin, and work at all kinds of country labour to which women are accustomed. Jane Hervey was her grandmother's name, a woman then scarcely past her prime, certainly within forty years of age ; but an elder sister, named Douglas, lived also with her, and with these two were the early years of Tibby Hyslop spent, in poverty, contentment, and devotion.

At the age of eighteen, Tibby was hired at the Candlemas fair, for a great wage, to be byre-woman to Mr Gilbert Forret, then farmer at Drumlochrie.

" Ay, but wha on Monanday's morn has seen
The gerse and the dew-cup growing green,
Where a married man and a maid had been ?"

said old aunty Douglas ; but she spoke always in riddles and mysteries, and there was no more of it. But the truth was, that Mr Forret was notorious in his neighbourhood for the debauching of young and pretty girls, and was known in Dumfries market by the name of Gibby Gledger, from the circumstance of his being always looking slyly after them ; and perceiving Tibby so comely, and at the same time so simple, he judged her a fine prey, hired her at nearly double wages, and moreover gave her a crown as arlemoney.

So home Tibby went to her service, and being a pliable, diligent creature, she was beloved by all about the town. Her master attended much about the byre, commended her for her neatness, and whenever a quiet opportunity offered, would pat her rosy cheek, and say kind things. Tibby took all these in good part, judging them tokens of approbation of her good services, and was proud of them ; and if he once or twice whispered a place and an hour of assignation, she took it for a joke, and paid no farther attention to it. Mr Forret was much from home, kept much company, and had few opportunities of meeting with his pretty dairymaid privately ; and the fewer,

Tibby had then acquired a great deal of her mother's dangerous bloom—dangerous, when attached to poverty, and so much simplicity of heart ; and when she came home and told what she had done, her mother and aunty, as she always denominated the two, marvelled much at the extravagant conditions, and began to express some fears regarding her new master's designs, till Tibby put them all to rest by the following piece of simple information.

" Dear, ye ken, ye needna be feared that Mr Forret has ony design o' courting me, for, dear, ye ken, he has a wife already, and five bonny bairns ; and he'll never be sae daft as fa' on and court anither ane. I'se warrant he finds ane enow for him, honest man !"

" Oh, then, you are safe enough, since he is a married man, my bairn," said Jane.

that between the stable and byres there was only a half wall.

In short, a whole year passed over without the worthy farmer having accomplished his cherished purpose regarding poor Tibby ; still he was quite convinced that it was a matter which might be accomplished with perfect ease, and would lead to a very pleasant diversity in a farmer's monotonous life. With this laudable prospect, when the Candlemas fair came round again, he hired Tibby to remain another year ; still on the former high conditions, and moreover he said to her : " I wish your grandmother and grand-aunt would take my pleasant cottage of Know-back. They should have it for a mere trifle, a week's shearing or so, as long as you remain in my service ; and as it is likely to be a long while before you and I part, if I get my will, it would be better to have them near you, that you might see them often, and attend to their wants. I could give them plenty of work through the whole year, on the best conditions. What think you of this proposal, Rosy ?"—a familiar name he often called her by.

" O, I'm sure, sir, I think ye are the kindest man that ever the Almighty made. What a blessing is it when

riches open up the heart to acts of charity an' benevolence! My poor auld mother an' aunty will be blithe to grip at the kind offer, for they sit under a hard master yonder, and the Almighty will bestow a blessing on you for this, sir; and they will gie you their blessing, an' I sall bestow my poor blessing on you too, sir."

"Well, I'll rather have that than all the rest. Come, bestow it, then. Nay, I see I must take it, after all."

So saying, he kissed her. Tibby neither blushed nor proffered refusal, because it was the way that the saints of old saluted one another; and away she went with the joyful news to her poor mother and aunty. Now, they had of late found themselves quite easy in their circumstances, owing to the large wages Tibby received, every farthing of which was added to the common stock; and though Tibby appeared a little brawer at the meeting-house, it was her grandmother who laid it out on her, without any consent on her part. "I am sure," said her grandmother, when Tibby told the story of her master's kindness and attention, "I am sure it was the kindest intervention o' Providence that ever happened to poor things afore, when ye fell in wi' that kind worthy man, i' the mids o' a great hiring market, where ye might just as easily hae met wi' a knave, or a niggard, or a sinner, —wha wad hae thought naething o' working your ruin,—as wi' this man o' sickan charity an' mercy."

"Ay; the wulcat maun hae his collop,
An' the raven maun hae his part,
An' the tod will creep through the hether,
For the bonny moorhen's heart,"

said old Douglas Hervey, poking in the fire all the while with the tongs, and speaking only as if speaking to herself—"Hech-wow, an' lack-a-day! but the times are altered sair since I first saw the sun! 'How are they altered, kerlin?' Because the gospel's turn'd like a gainer, and Sin a fine madam. How d'ye do, sweet Madam Sin? Come in by here, and be a sharer o' our bed and board. Hope ye left a' friends weel in your cozy hame? But, on the tither hand, ca' away that dirty, wearysome bird; fling stanes an' glaur at him. What is he aye harp, harp, harping there for?—Thraw his neck about. Poor, poor Religion, waes me for her! She was first driven out o' the lord's castle

into the baron's ha'; out o' the baron's ha', into the farmer's bien dwelling; and at last out o' that, into the poor cauldrie shiel, where there's nae ither comfort but what she brings wi' her."

"What has set ye onna thae reflections the day, aunty?" cried Tibby aloud at her ear; for she was half deaf, and had so many flannel mutches on, besides a blue napkin, which she always wore over them all, that her deafness was nearly completed altogether.

"Oogh! what's the lassie saying?" said she, after listening a good while, till the sounds actually reached the interior of her ear, "what's the young light-head saying about the defections o' the day? what kens she about them? —oogh! Let me see your face, dame, and find your hand, for I hae neither seen the ane, nor felt the tither, this lang and mony a day." Then taking her grand-niece by the hand, and looking close into her face through the spectacles, she added—"Ay, it is a weel-faured sonsy face, very like the mother's that bore ye; and hers was as like *her* mother's; and there was never as muckle common sense amang a' the three as to keep a brock out o' the kail-yard. Ye hae an unco good master, I hear—oogh! I'm glad to hear't—hoh-oh-oh-oh!—verra glad. I hope it will lang continue, this kindness. Poor Tibby!—as lang as the heart disna gang wrang, we maun excuse the head, for it'll never aince gang right. I hope they were baith made for a better world, for nane o' them were made for this."

When she got this length, she sat hastily down, and began her daily and hourly task of carding wool for her sister's spinning, abstracting herself from all external considerations.

"I think aunty's unco parabolical the day," said Tibby to her grandmother; "what makes her that gate?"

"O dear, hinny, she's aye that gate now. She speaks to naebody but herself," said Jane. "But—lowlyly be it spoken—I think whiles there's ane speaks till her again that my een canna see."

"The angels often conversed wi' good folks langsyne," said Tibby. "I ken o' naething that can hinder them to do sae still, if they're sae disposed. But weel wad I like to hear ane o' thae preevat apologies, (perhaps meaning apologues,) for my auntie has something in her aboon other earthly creatures."

"Ye may hear enow o' them since we war leeving near you again; there's ane every midnight, and another atween daylight and the sun. It is my wonder that she's no ta'en for a witch; for, troth, d'ye ken, hinny, I'm whiles a wee feared for her mysell. And yet, for a' that, I ken she's a good Christian."

"Ay, that she is—I wish there were mony like her," said Tibby, and so the dialogue closed for the present.

Mr Forret sent his carts at the term, and removed the old people to the cottage of Know-back, free of all charge, like a gentleman as he was, and things went on exceedingly well. Tibby had a sincere regard for her master; and as he continued to speak to her, when alone, in a kind and playful manner, she had several times ventured to broach religion to him, trying to discover the state of his soul. Then he would shake his head, and look demure in mockery, and repeat some grave, becoming words. Poor Tibby thought he *was* a blessed man. Then, when he would snatch a kiss or two, Tibby did not in the least comprehend the drift of this; but, convinced in her heart that it could only mean something holy, and good, and kind, she tried not further to reflect on it, for she could not; but she blessed him in her heart, and was content to remain in her ignorance of human life.

But in a short time his purposes were divulged in such a manner as to be no more equivocal. That morning immediately preceding the development of this long-cherished atrocity, Jane Hervey was awaked at an early hour by the following unintelligible dialogue in her elder sister's bed.

"Have ye seen the news o' the day, kerlin?"

"Ooh?"

"Have ye seen the news o' the day?"

"Ay, that I hae, on a braid open book, without clasp or seal. Whether will you or the deil win?"

"That depends on the citadel. If it stand out, a' the powers o' hell winna shake the fortress, nor sap a stane o' its foundation."

"Ah, the fortress is a good ane, and a sound ane; but the poor head captain!—ye ken what a sweet-lipped, turnip-headit brosy he is."

"Ay; and the weapons o' sin are

grown strang and powerful now-a-days, kerlin."

"Sae they say, sae they say. They hae gotten a new forge i' the fire o' hell, made out o' despised ordinances. O, lack-a-day, my poor Tibby Hyslop!—my innocent, kind, thowless Tibby Hyslop! Now for the tod or the moor-hen!"

Jane was frightened at hearing such a colloquy, but particularly at that part of it where her darling child was mentioned in such a way. She sprang from her own bed to that of her sister, and cried in her ear with a loud voice,—"Sister, sister Douglas, what is that you are saying about our dear bairn?"

"Oogh? I was saying naething about your bairn. She is turned intil a spring-gun, is she?—or a man-trap rather is it? I trow little whilk o' them it is, poor stupid creature. She lies in great jeopardy yonder; but nane as yet. Gang awa' to your bed—wow, but I was sound asleep."

"There's naeboddy can make ought out o' her but nonsense," said Jane, as she went to put a few sticks and peat clods on the scarcely living embers. But, after the two had risen from their scanty but happy breakfast, which Douglas had blessed with more fervency than ordinary, she could not settle at her carding, but always stopped short, and began mumbling and speaking to herself. At length, after a long pause, she looked over her shoulder, and said,—"Jeanie, warn a ye speaking o' gangin' ower to see our bairn the day? Haste thee an' gang away, then; and stay nouth' to put on clean bussing, kirtle, nor barrie, else ye may be an antrin meenut or twa ower lang."

Jane made no reply, but, drawing the skirt of her gown over her shoulders, she set out for Drumlochie, a distance of nearly a mile; and as she went by the corner of the byre, she weened she heard her bairn's voice, in great passion or distress, and ran straight into the byre, crying out, "What's the matter wi' you, Tibby? what ails you, my bairn?" but, receiving no answer, she thought her voice must have been somewhere outside the house, and slid quietly out, looking everywhere, and at length went down to the kitchen.

Tibby had run a hard risk that

hour, not from any proffer of riches or finery—these had no temptations for her—she could not even understand the purport or drift of them. But she did escape, however; and it was, perhaps, her grandmother's voice that saved her.

Mr Forret, *alias* Gledging Gibby, had borne the brunt of incensed kirk-sessions before that time, and also the unlicensed tongues of mothers, roused into vehemence by the degradation of beloved daughters; but never in his life did he bear such a rebuke as he did that day from the tongue of one he had always viewed as a mere simpleton. It was a lesson to him—a warning of the most sublime and terrible description, couched in the pure and emphatic language of Scripture. Gibby cared not a doil for these things, but found himself foiled, and exposed to his family, and the whole world, if this fool chose to do it. He was, therefore, glad to act a part of deep hypocrisy, pretending the sincerest contrition, regretting, with tears, his momentary derangement, and want of self-control; attributing it wholly to the temptations of the wicked one, and praising poor Tibby to the skies for saving him in an hour of utter depravity. He likewise made her a present of a sum of money he had offered her before, saying, he did not give it her as a bribe, but as the reward of honesty, virtue, and truth, for all of which he had the highest regard, and that he would esteem her the more for her behaviour that day, as long as he lived.

Poor Tibby readily believed and forgave him; and thinking it hard to ruin a repentant sinner in his worldly and family concerns, she promised never to divulge what had passed; and he knowing well the value of her word, was glad at having so escaped.

Jane found her grand-daughter terribly flushed in the countenance, and flurried in her speech that day, but Jane's stupid head could draw no inferences from these, or anything else. She asked if she was well enough, and the other saying she was, Jane took it for granted that she was so, and only added, "Your crazed auntie would gar me believe ye war in some jeopardy, and hurried me away to see you, without giving me leave to change a steek." One may easily conceive

Tibby's astonishment at hearing this, considering the moment at which her grandmother arrived. As soon as the latter was gone, she kneeled before her Maker, and poured out her soul in grateful thanksgiving for her deliverance; and, in particular, for such a manifest interference of some superior intelligence in her behalf.

"How did ye find our poor bairn the day, titty Jean? Was the trial ower afore ye wan? Or did ye gie a helping-hand at raising the siege?—Ooogh?"

"Whaten siege? I saw nae siege, nor heard tell of ony."

"The great siege o' the castle o' Man-soul, that Bunyan speaks about, ye ken. Was it ower? Or is it to try for again? Oh! ye dinna understand me! Did ye ever understand onything a' your days? Did our bairn no tell ye onything?"

"She tauld me naething, but said she was very weel."

"She's ae fool, and ye're another! If I had been her, I wad hae blazed it baith to kirk and council;—to his wife's ear, and his minister's teeth! I wad hae gart heaven sab, and hell girn at it! Isna the resetter waur than the thief? The cowardly butcher that conceals the lambs and kills them, waur than the open fauld-briker and sheep-reiver? And isna the sweet-lippit kiss-my-lufe saint waur than the stouthright reprobate? Figh—fie! A dish o' sudden turnips at the best. She's very weel, is she?—Ooogh! Red an' rosy like a boiled lobster? Aye. Hoh—oh—oh—oh!—silly woman—silly woman—Hoh—oh—oh!"

In a few weeks, Mr Forret's behaviour to his simple dairymaid altered very materially. He called her no more by the endearing name of Rosy; poor ideot was oftener the term; and finding he was now safe from accusation, his malevolence towards her had scarcely any bounds. She made out her term with difficulty, but he refused to pay the stipulated wage, on pretence of her incapacity; and as she had by that time profited well at his hand, she took what he offered, thanked him, and said no more about it. She was no more hired as a servant, but having at the first taken a long lease of the cottage, she continued, from year to year, working on the farm by the day, at a very scanty al-

lowance. Old Douglas in a few years grew incapable of any work, through frailty of person, being constantly confined to bed, though in mind as energetic and mysterious as ever. Jane wrought long, till at length a severe illness in 1799 rendered her unfit to do anything further than occasionally knit a piece of a stocking; and poor Tibby's handywork had all three to maintain. They had brought her up with care and kindness amid the most pinching poverty, and now, indeed, her filial affection was hardly put to the proof; but it was genuine, and knew no bounds. Night and day did she toil for the sustenance of her aged and feeble relations, and a murmur or complaint never was heard to drop from her lips. Many a blessing was bestowed on her as they raised their palsied heads to partake of her hard-earned pittance; and many a fervent prayer was poured out, when none heard but the Father of the spirits of all flesh.

Times grew harder and harder. Thousands yet living remember what a time that was for the poor, while the meal for seasons was from four to five shillings a-stone, and even sometimes as high as seven. Tibby grew fairly incapable of supporting herself and her aged friends. She stinted herself for their sakes, and that made her still more incapable; yet often with tears in her eyes did she feed these frail beings, her heart like to melt because she had no more to give them. There are no poor-rates in that country. Know-back is quite retired—nobody went near it, and Tibby complained to none, but wrought on, and fought away, night and day, in sorrow and anxiety, but still with a humble and thankful heart.

In this great strait, Mrs Forret was the first who began, unsolicited, to take compassion on the destitute group. She could not conceive how they existed on the poor creature's earnings. So she went privately to see them, and when she saw their wretched state, and heard their blessings on their dear child, her heart was moved to pity, and she determined to assist them in secret, for her husband was such a churl, that publicly she durst not venture to do it. Accordingly, whenever she had an opportunity, she made Tibby come into the kitchen, and get a meal for herself; and often

the considerate lady slid a small loaf, or a little tea and sugar, into her lap, quietly, for the two aged invalids;—for gentle woman is always the first to pity, and the first to relieve.

Poor Tibby! how her heart expanded with gratitude on receiving these little presents, for her love for the two old dependent creatures was of so pure and sacred a sort, as scarcely to retain in its element any of the common feelings of humanity. There was no selfish principle there—they were to her as a part of her own nature. And it was observed, that whenever she got these little presents, enabling her to give the aged and infirm a better meal, and one more suited to their wasted frames, she had not patience to walk home to Know-back—she ran all the way.

Tibby never went into the kitchen unless the mistress desired her, or sent her word by some of the other day-labourers to come in as she went home; and one evening having got word in this last way, she went in, and the lady of the house, with her own hand, presented her with a little bowl full of beat potatoes, and some sweet milk to them. This was all, and one would have thought it was an aliment so humble and plain, that scarcely any person would have grudged it to a hungry dog. However, it so happened that as Tibby was sitting behind backs enjoying her little savoury meal, Mr Forret chanced to come into the kitchen to give orders anent something that had come into his mind; and perceiving Tibby, his old friend, so comfortably engaged, he, without speaking a word, seized her by the neck with one hand, and by the shoulder with the other, and hurrying her out at the back-door into the yard, he flung her, with all his might, on a dunghill. "Wha the devil bade you come into my house, and eat up the meat that was made for others?" cried he, in a demoniac voice, choking with rage; and then he swore a terrible oath, which I do not choose to set down, that "if he found her again at such employment, he would cut her throat, and fling her to the dogs."

Poor Tibby was astounded beyond the power of utterance, or even of rising from the place where he had thrown her down, until lifted by two of the servant-maids, who tried to comfort her as they supported her

part of the way home ; and bitterly did they blame their master, saying it would have been a shame to any one who had the feelings of a man, to do such an act ; but as for their master, he scarcely had the feelings of a beast. Tibby never opened her mouth, neither to curse, blame, nor complain, but went on her way crying till her heart was like to break.

She had no supper for the old famishing pair that night. They had tasted nothing from the time that she left them in the morning ; and as she had accounted herself sure of receiving something from Mrs Forret that night, she had not asked her day's wages from the grieve, glad to let a day run up now and then, when able to procure a meal in any other honest way. She had nothing to give them that night, so what could she do ? She was obliged, with a sore heart, to kiss them and tell them so ; and then, as was her custom, she said a prayer over their couch, and laid herself down to sleep drowned in tears.

She had never so much as mentioned Mr Forret's name either to her grandmother or grand-aunt that night, or by the least insinuation given them to understand that he had either used her ill or well ; but no sooner were they composed to rest, and all the cottage quiet, than old Douglas began abusing him with great vehemence and obstreperousness, and Tibby, to her astonishment, heard some of his deeds spoken of with great familiarity, which she was sure never had been whispered to the ear of flesh ; and many more of the same stamp which Tibby had never heard mentioned before, which, nevertheless, from obvious circumstances, might have been but too true. But what shocked her most of all, was the following terrible prognostication, which she heard repeated three several times :—" Na, na, I'll no see it, for I'll never see aught earthly again beyond the wa's o' this cottage, but Tibby will live to see it ; —ay, ay, she'll see it." Then a different voice asked—" What will *she* see, kerlin ?" " She'll see the craws picking his banes at the back o' the dyke."

Tibby's heart grew cold within her when she heard this terrible announcement, because, for many years bygone, she had been convinced, from sensible demonstration, that

old Douglas Hervey had commerce with some superior intelligence ; and after she had heard the above sentence repeated again and again, she shut her ears, that she might hear no more ; committed herself once more to the hands of a watchful Creator, and fell into a troubled sleep.

The elemental spirits that weave the shadowy tapestry of dreams, were busy at their aerial looms that night in the cottage of Know-back, bodying forth the destinies of men and women in brilliant and quick succession. One only of these delineations I shall here relate, precisely as it was related to me, by my friend the worthy clergyman of that parish, to whom Tibby related it the very next day. There is no doubt that her grand-aunt's disjointed prophecy formed the groundwork of the picture ; but be that as it may, this was her dream ; and it was for the sake of telling it, and tracing it to its fulfilment, that I began this story.

Tibby Hyslop dreamed, that on a certain spot which she had never seen before, between a stone-dyke and the verge of a woody precipice, a little, sequestered, inaccessible corner, of a triangular shape,—or, as she called it to the minister, " a three-neukit crook o' the linn," she saw Mr Forret lying without his hat, with his throat slightly wounded, and blood running from it ; but he neither appeared to be dead, nor yet dying, but in excellent spirits. He was clothed in a fine new black suit, had full boots on, which appeared likewise to be new, and yellow spurs gilt. A great number of rooks and hooded crows were making free with his person ;—some picking out his eyes, some his tongue, and some tearing out his bowels. But in place of being distressed by their voracity, he appeared much delighted, encouraging them on all that he could, and there was a perfectly good understanding between the parties. In the midst of this horrible feast, down came a majestic raven from a dark cloud close above this scene, and, driving away all the meaner birds, fell a-feasting himself ;—opened the breast of his victim, who was still alive, and encouraging him on ; and after preying on his vitals for some time, at last picked out his heart, and devoured it ; and then the mangled wretch, after writhing

for a short time in convulsive agonies, groaned his last.

This was precisely Tibby's dream as it was told to me, first by my friend Mr Cunningham of Dalawinton, and afterwards by the clefgyman to whom she herself related it next day. But there was something in it not so distinctly defined, for though the birds which she saw devouring her master, were rooks, blood-crows, and a raven, still each individual of the number had a likeness by itself, distinguishing it from all the rest; a certain character, as it were, to support; and these particular likenesses were so engraven on the dreamer's mind, that she never forgot them, and she could not help looking for them both among "birds and bodies," as she expressed it, but never could distinguish any of them again; and the dream, like many other distempered visions, was forgotten, or only remembered now and then with a certain tremor of antecedent knowledge.

Days and seasons passed over, and with them the changes incident to humanity. The virtuous and indefatigable Tibby Hyslop was assisted by the benevolent, who had heard of her exertions and patient sufferings; and the venerable Douglas Hervey had gone in peace to the house appointed for all living, when one evening in June, John Jardine, the cooper, chanced to come to Know-back, in the course of his girding and hooping peregrinations. John was a living and walking chronicle of the events of the day, all the way from the head of Glen-breck to the bridge of Stoney-lee. He knew every man, and every man's affairs—every woman, and every woman's failings; and his information was not like that of many others, for it was generally to be depended on. How he got his information so correctly, was a mystery to many, but whatever John the cooper told as a fact, was never disputed, and any woman, at least, might have ventured to tell it over again.

"These are hard times for poor folks, Tibby. How are you and auld granny coming on?"

"Joost fighting on as we hae done for mony a year. She is aye contentit, poor body, an' thankfu', whether I hae little to gie her, or muckle. This life's naething but a fight, Johnie, frae beginning to end."

"It's a' true ye say, Tibby," said the cooper, interrupting her, for he was afraid she was going to begin on religion, a species of conversation that did not accord with John's talents or dispositions, "It's a' true ye say, Tibby; but your master will soon be sic a rich man now, that we'll a' be made up, and you amang the lave will be made a lady."

"If he get his riches honestly, an' the blessing o' the Almighty wi' them, John, I shall rejoice in his prosperity, but neither me nor any ither poor body will ever be muckle the better o' them. What way is he gaun to get sicken great riches? If a' be true that I hear, he is gaun to the wrang part to seek them?"

"Aha, lass, that's a' that ye ken about it. Did ye no hear that he had won the law-plea on his laird, whilk has been afore the Lords for mair than seven years? An' did ye no hear that he had won ten pleas afore the courts o' Dumfries, a' rising out o' ane anither, like ash girderings out o' ae root, and that he's to get, on the hale, about twenty thousand pounds worth o' damages?"

"That's an unco sight o' siller, John. How muckle is that?"

"Aha, lass, ye hae fixed me now; but they say it will come to as muckle goud as six men can carry on their backs. And we're a' to get twenties, and thirties, and forties o' pounds for bribes, to gar us gie faithfu' and true evidences at the great concluding trial afore the Lords; and you are to be bribit amang the rest, to gar ye tell the hale truth, and nothing but the truth."

"There needs nae waste o' siller to gar me do that. But, Johnie, I wad like to ken whether that mode o' taking oaths, solemmn and sacred oaths, about the miserable trash o' this world, be according to the tenor o' gospel revelation, and the third o' the Commands?"

"Aha, lass! ye hae fixed me now! That's rather a kittle point, but I believe it's a' true that ye say. However, ye'll get the offer of a great bribe in a few days; an' take ye my advice, Tibby,—Get haud o' the bribe afore hand; for if ye lippen to your master's promises, you will never finger a bodle after the job's done."

"I'm but a poor simple body, Johnie, an' canna manage ony sicken

things. But I shall need nae fee to gar me tell the truth, an' I winna tell an untruth for a' my master's estate, an' his sax backfu's o' goud into the bargain. If the sin o' the soul, Johnie——"

"Ay, ay, that's very true, Tibby! very true, indeed, about the sin o' the soul! But as ye were saying about being a simple body—What wad ye think if I were to ca' up that day Gledging Gibby came here to gie you your lesson—I could maybe help you on a wee bit—What wad you gie me if I did?"

"Alack, I hae naething to gie you but my blessing; but I shall pray for the blessing o' God on ye."

"Ay, ay, as ye say. I daresay there might be waur things. But could you think o' naething else to gie a body wha likes as weel to be paid aff hand as to gie credit? That's the very thing I'm cautioning you against."

"I dinna expect ony siller frae that fountain-head, Johnie: It is a dry ane to the puir and the needy, and an unco sma' matter wad gar me make over my rights to a pose that I hae neither faith nor hope in. But ye're kend for an auld-farrant man; if ye can bring a little honestly this way, I shall gie you the half o't; for weel I ken it will never come this way by ony art or shift o' mine."

"Ay, ay, that's spoken like a sensible and reasonable woman, Tibby Hyslop, as ye are and hae always been. But think you that nae way could be contrived"—and here the cooper gave two winks with his left eye—"by the whilk ye could gie me it a', and yet no rob yoursel of a farthing?"

"Na, na, Johnie Jardine, that's clean aboon my comprehension: But ye're a cunning draughty man, and I leave the hale matter to your guidance."

"Very weel, Tibby, very weel. I'll try to ca' a gayan substantial gird round your success, if I can hit the width o' the chance, and the girth o' the gear. Gude day to you the day, an' think about the plan o' equal-aqual that I spake o'."

Old maids are in general very easily courted, and very apt to take a hint. I have indeed known a great many instances in which they took hints very seriously, before ever they were given. Not so with Tibby Hyslop. There had such a heavy charge lain

upon her the greater part of her life, that she had never turned her thoughts to any earthly thing beside, and she knew no more what the cooper was aiming at, than if the words had not been spoken. When he went away, her grandmother called her to the bedside, and asked if the cooper was gone away. Tibby answered in the affirmative; on which granny said, "What has he been hawering about sae lang the day? I thought I heard him courting ye."

"Courting me! Dear granny, he was courting name o' me; he was telling me how Mr Forret had won as muckle siller at the law as sax men can carry on their backs, and how we are a' to get a part of it."

"Dinna believe him, hinny; the man that can win siller at the law, will lose it naewhere. But, Tibby, I heard the cooper courting you, and I thought I heard you gie him your consent to manage the matter as he likit. Now you hae been a great blessing to me. I thought you sent to me in wrath, as a punishment of my sins, but I have found that you were indeed sent to me in love and in kindness. You have been the sole support of my old age, and of hers wha is now in the grave, and it is natural that I should like to see you put up afore I leave you. But, Tibby Hyslop, John Jardine is not the man to lead a Christian life with. He has nae mair religion than the beasts that perish—he is frightened for it, and shum it as a body would do a loathsome or poisonous draught: And besides, it is weel kend how sair he neglected his first wife. Hae naething to do wi' him, my dear bairn, but rather live as you are. There is neither sin nor shame in being unwedded, but there may be bath in joining yourself to an unbeliever."

Tibby wondered at this information. She did not know she ha'd been courted, and she found that she rather thought the better of the cooper for what it appeared he had done. Accordingly, she made no promises to her grandmother, but only remarked, that "it was a pity no to gie the cooper a chance o' conversion, honest man."

The cooper kept watch about Drumlochrie and the hinds' houses, and easily found out all the sly Gibby's movements, and even the exact

remuneration he could be urged to give to such as were pleased to remember aright. Indeed it was believed that the most part of the hinds and labouring people remembered nothing of the matter farther than he was pleased to inform them, and that in fact they gave evidence to the best of their knowledge or remembrance, although that evidence might be decidedly wrong.

One day Gibby took his gun, and went out towards Know-back. The cooper also, guessing what was in his head, went thither by a circuitous route, so as to come in as it were by chance; but ere he arrived, Mr Forret had begun his queries and instructions to Tibby.—The two could not agree by any means; Tibby either could not recollect the yearly crops on each field on the farm of Drumlochrie, or recollected wrong.—But at length, in comes the cooper, when the calculations were at the keenest, and at every turn he took Mr Forret's side, with the most strenuous asseverations, abusing Tibby for her stupidity and want of recollection.

"Hear me speak, Johnnie Jardine, afore ye condemn me aff-loof: Mr Forret says that the crooked holm was pease in the 96, and corn in the 97; I say it was corn baith the years. How do ye say about that?"

"Mr Forret's right—perfectly right. It grew pease in the 96, and aits, good Angus aits, in the 97. Poor gouk! dinna ye think that he has a' these things merkit down in black an' white, and what good could it do to him to mislead you? Depend on't, he is right there."

"Could ye tak your oath on that, Johnnie Jardine?"

"Ay, this meenint,—sax times repeated, if it were necessary."

"Then I yield—I am but a poor silly woman, liable to mony errors and shortcomings—My recollection is playing at hide-an'-seek wi' me—I maun be wrang, and I yield that it is sae. But I am sure, John, you cannot but remember this sae short a while syne, for ye shore wi' us that har'st. Was the lang field niest Robie Johnston's farm growing corn in the dear year, or no? I say it was."

"It was the next year, Tibby, my woman," said Mr Forret; "you are confounding one year with another again; and I see what is the reason.

It was oats in 99, grass in 1800, and oats again in 1801; now you never remember any of the intermediate years, but only those that you shore on these fields. I cannot be mistaken in a rule I never break."

The cooper had now got his cue. He perceived that the plea ultimately depended on proof relating to the proper cropping of the land throughout the lease; and he supported the farmer so strenuously, that Tibby, in her simplicity, fairly yielded, although hardly convinced; but the cooper assured the farmer that he would put her all to rights, provided she received a handsome acknowledgment, for there was not the least doubt that Mr Forret was right in every particular.

This speech of the cooper's gratified the farmer exceedingly, as his whole fortune now depended upon the evidence to be elicited in the court at Dumfries, on a day that was fast approaching, and he was willing to give anything to secure the evidence on his side; so he made a long set speech to Tibby, telling her how necessary it was that she should adhere strictly to the truth—that, as it would be an awful thing to make oath to that which was false, he had merely paid her that visit to instruct her remembrance a little in that which was the truth, it being impossible, on account of his jottings, that he could be mistaken; and finally it was settled, that for thus telling the truth, and nothing but the truth, Tibby Hyslop, a most deserving woman, was to receive a present of L.15, as wages for time bygone. This was all managed in a very sly way by the cooper, who assured Forret that all should go right, as far as related to Tibby Hyslop and himself, which elated the farmer exceedingly; for the spirit of litigation had of late possessed him to such a degree, and he had ventured such a stake on the issue, that if he had been master of the realm, he would have parted with the half of it to beat his opponents.

The day of the trial arrived, and counsel attended from Edinburgh for both parties, to take full evidence before the two Circuit Lords and Sheriff. The evidence was said to have been unsatisfactory to the Judges, but upon the whole in Mr Forret's favour. The cooper's was decidedly so, and the farmer's counsel were crowing and bustling immoderately, when at length

Tibby Hyslop was called to the witnesses' box. At the first sight of her master's counsel, and the Dumfries writers and notaries that were hanging about him, Tibby was struck dumb with amazement, and almost bereaved of sense. She at once recognised them, all and severally, as the birds that she saw, in her dream, devouring her master, and picking the flesh from his bones; while the great lawyer from Edinburgh was, in feature, eye, and beak, the identical raven which at last devoured his vitals and heart.

This singular coincidence brought reminiscences of such a nature over her spirit, that, on the first questions being put, she could not answer a word. She knew from thenceforward that her master was a ruined man, and her heart failed, on thinking of her kind mistress and his family. The counsel then went, and whispering Mr Forret, inquired what sort of a woman she was, and if her evidence was likely to be of any avail. As the cooper had behaved so well, and had likewise answered for Tibby, the farmer was intent on not losing her evidence, and answered his counsel that she was a worthy honest woman, who would not swear to a lie for the king's dominions, and that he must not lose her evidence. This intelligence the lawyer announced to the bench with great consequence and pomposity, and the witness was allowed a little time to recover her spirits.

Isabella Hyslop, spinster, was again called, answered to her name, and took the oath distinctly, and without hesitation, until the official querist came to the usual question, "Now, has no one instructed you what to say, or what you are to answer?" When Tibby replied, with a steady countenance, "Nobody except my master!" The counsel and client stared at one another, while the Court could hardly maintain their gravity of deportment. The querist went on—

"What? Do you say your master instructed you what to say?"

"Yes."

"And did he promise or give you any reward for what you were to say?"

"Yes."

"How much did he give or promise you for answering as he directed you?"

"He gave me fifteen pound notes."

Here Mr Forret and his counsel, losing all patience, interrupted the proceedings, the latter addressing the Judges, with pompous vehemence, to the following purport:—

"My Lords, in my client's name, and in the names of justice and reason, I protest against proceeding with this woman's evidence, it being manifest that she is talking through a total derangement of intellect. At first she is dumb, she cannot answer nor speak a word, and now she is answering in total disregard of all truth and propriety. I appeal to your Lordships if such a farrago as this can be at all inferential or relevant?"

"Sir, it was but the other minute," said the junior Judge, "that you announced to us with great importance, that this woman was a person noted for honesty and worth, and one who would not tell a lie for the king's dominions. Why not then hear her evidence to the end? For my own part, I perceive no tokens of discrepancy in it, but rather a scrupulous conscientiousness. Of that, however, we will be better able to judge when we have heard her out. I conceive that, for the sake of both parties, this woman should be strictly examined."

"Proceed with the evidence, Mr Wood," said the senior Lord, bowing to his assistant.

Tibby was reminded that she was on her great oath, and examined over again; but she adhered strictly to her former answers.

"Can you repeat anything to the Court that he desired you to say?"

"Yes; he desired me over and over again to tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"And, in order that you should do this, he paid you down fifteen pounds sterling?"

"Yes."

"This is a very singular transaction: I cannot perceive the meaning of it. You certainly must be sensible that you made an advantageous bargain?"

"Yes."

"But you depone that he charged you to tell only the truth?"

"Yes, he did, and before witnesses, too."

Here Mr Forret's counsel began to crow again, as if the victory had been his own; but the junior Judge again took him short by saying, "Have patience, sir, the woman may be right,

and your client in the wrong ; at least I think I can perceive as much. Now, my good woman, I esteem your principles and plain simplicity very highly. We want only to ascertain the truth, and you say your master there charged you to tell that only. Tell me this, then—did he not inform you what that truth was ?”

“ Yes. It was for that purpose he came over to see me, to help my memory to what was the truth, for fear I should hae sworn wrang, which wad hae been a great sin, ye ken.”

“ Yes, it would so. I thought that would be the way.—You may now proceed with your questions regularly, Mr Wood.”

“ Are you quite conscious, now, that those things he brought to your remembrance were actually the truth ?”

“ No.”

“ Are you conscious they were not the truth ?”

“ Yes ; at least, some of them, I am sure, were not.”

“ Please to condescend on one instance.”

“ He says he has it markit on his baik, that the crookit houn, that lies at the back o’ the wood, ye ken, grew pease in the ninety-sax, and corn in the ninety-se’en ; now, it is unco queer that he should hae settin’t down wrang, for the houn was really and truly aits baith the years.”

“ It is a long time since ; perhaps your memory may be at fault ?”

“ If my master had not chanced to mention it, I could not have been sure, but he set me a-calculating and comparing ; and my mother and me have been consulting about it, and have fairly settled it.”

“ And you are quite positive it was oats both years ?”

“ Yes.”

“ Can you mention any circumstance on which you rest your conclusions ?”

“ Yes ; there came a great wind ae Sabbath day, in the ninety-sax, and that raised the shearers’ wages, at Dumfries, to three shillings the day. We began to the crookit houn on a Monanday’s morning, at threeshillings a-day, and that very day twalmonth, we began till’t again at tenpence. We had a good deal o’ speaking about it, and I said to John Edie, ‘ What need we grumble ! I made sae muckle at shearing, the last year, that it’s no a’

done yet.’ And he said, ‘ Ah, Tibby, Tibby, but wha can hain like you ?’”

“ Were there any others that you think your master had marked down wrong ?”

“ There was ane at any rate—the lang field niest Robie Johnston’s march : He says it was clever in the drouthy dear year, and aits the niest ; but that’s a year I canna forget ; it was aits baith years. I lost a week’s shearing on it the first year, waiting on my auntie, and the niest year she was dead ; and I shore the lang field niest Robie Johnston’s wi’ her sickle heuk, and black ribbons on my mitch.”

The whole of Tibby’s evidence went against Mr Forret’s interest most conclusively, and the Judges at last dismissed her, with high compliments on her truth and integrity. The cause was again remitted to the Court of Session for revival after this evidence taken, and the word spread over all the country that Mr Forret had won. Tibby never contradicted this, nor disputed it, but she was thoroughly convinced, that in place of winning, he would be a ruined man.

About a month after the examination at Dumfries, he received a letter from his agents in Edinburgh, buoying him up with hopes of great and instant success, and urging the utility of his presence in town at the final decision of the cause on which all the minor ones rested. Accordingly he equipped himself, and rode into Dumfries in the evening, to be ready for the coach the following morning, saying to his wife, as he went away, that he would send home his mare with the carrier, and that as he could not possibly name the day on which he would be home, she was to give herself no uneasiness. The mare was returned the following night, and put up in her own stall, nobody knew by whom ; but servants are such sleepy, careless fellows, that few regarded the circumstance. This was on a Tuesday night ; and a whole week passed over, and still Mrs Forret had no word from her husband, which kept her very uneasy, as their whole fortune, being, and subsistence, now depended on the issue of this great law-suit, and she suspected that the case still continued dubious, or was found to be going against him.

But, behold, on the arrival of the

Edinburgh papers next week, the whole case, so important to farmers, was detailed; and it was there stated, that the great farmer and improver, Mr Forret of Drumlochrie, had not only forfeited his whole fortune by improper husbandry and manifest breaches of the conditions on which he held his lease, but that criminal letters had been issued against him for attempts to pervert justice, and rewards offered for his detention or seizure. This was terrible news for the family at Drumlochrie, but there were still sanguine hopes entertained that the circumstances were mistated, or at all events that the husband and father would make his escape; and as there was no word from him day after day, this latter sentiment began to be cherished by the whole family as their only remaining and forlorn hope.

But one day, as poor Tibby Hyslop was going over to the Cat Linn, to gather a burden of sticks for firewood, she was surprised, on looking over the dike, to see a great body of crows collected, all of which were so intent on their prey, that they seemed scarcely to regard her presence as a sufficient cause for their desisting; she waved her burden-ropes at them over the dike, but they refused to move. Her heart nearly failed her, for she remembered of having before seen something of the same scene, with some fearful concomitants. But pure and unfeigned religion, the first principle of which teaches a firm reliance on divine protection, can give courage to the weakest of human beings. Tibby climbed over the dike, drove the vermin away, and there lay the corpse of her late unfortunate master, woefully defaced

by these voracious birds of prey. He had bled himself to death in the jugular vein, was lying without the hat, and clothed in a fine new black suit of clothes, top boots, which appeared likewise to be new, and gilt spurs; and the place where he lay was a little three-cornered sequestered spot, between the dike and the precipice, and inaccessible by any other way than through the field. It was a spot that Tibby had never seen before.

A city dream is nothing but the fumes of a distempered frame, and a more distempered imagination; but let no man despise the circumstantial and impressive visions of a secluded Christian; for who can set bounds to the intelligences existing between the soul and its Creator?

The only thing more I have to add is, that the Lord President, having made the remark that he paid more regard to that poor woman, Isabella Hyslop's evidence, than to all the rest elicited at Dumfries, the gainers of the great plea became sensible that it was principally owing to her candour and invincible veracity that they were successful, and sent her a present of twenty pounds. She was living comfortably at Know-back when I saw her, a contented and happy old maiden. The letter was found in Mr Forret's pocket, which had blasted all his hopes and driven him to utter distraction; he had received it at Dumfries, returned home, and put up his mare carefully in the stable, but not having courage to face his ruined family, he had hurried to that sequestered spot, and perpetrated the woeful deed of self-destruction.

AIRD'S RELIGIOUS CHARACTERISTICS.*

IF we turn our attention away from the Sacred Profession, we shall not find that, in the present age, the current of thought runs strongly with men of genius towards religion. It cannot, we trust, be said with much truth, that these are irreligious times; yet certainly, to judge from the general character of our literature, the minds of our living poets and philosophers do not seem to be imbued with that deep devotion, which was the power and the glory of so many of our divine men of old. In their delineations of the faculties and feelings of human nature, they rarely speak of the highest of them all; and when they do so, it is rather with the skill of artists, to make their pictures appear perfect, than with that outpouring of the spirit that betokens a permanent and paramount piety. Few of our most illustrious writers, in their most tragical representations of the most agitating events of this world, have given religion that place in the constitution of the soul that it for ever maintains. Byron has done so beyond, perhaps, any other eminent poet of his day; and accordingly, notwithstanding his dark and disturbed scepticism, we do not fear to say, that the chief power of his poetry is its religion. Had he lived to be a happier man, the lurid lights that haunted his spirit with fits of such ghastly splendour, would have given way before a hallowed and serene lustre; and that profound pathos, and philosophical melancholy, which so often breathe enchantment over his purest pages, would, when tempered by the piety of thoughtful age, become Christian at last—have rendered him the greatest of all our poets. Even as it is, passages not a few are to be found in Byron, of which the religion is pure, deep, fervent, and sublime; nor will any one who knows much of himself, or of his fellow creatures, doubt its sincerity, because too many passages exhibit a far other spirit, and are rife with a reckless derision, and an impious scorn. Who of our living

poets has ever, in one single instance, fully, unequivocally, and fervently, declared religion to be all in all? Not one. Wordsworth's religion is that of a wanderer in the woods, rather than a frequenter of places of divine worship where Christians meet—and in his longest and most elaborate description of human suffering in all his works—that one in which he has put forth all his powers, and all his resources, and all his knowledge of mortal influences—the story of Margaret, the deserted widow, in the *Excursion*—there is not one syllable about religion, or its sustaining comforts—the sufferer goes not even to church—nor have we any reason to believe, that in her miserable dwelling there is a Bible. She does not seem to have known the doctrine of a future state. The picture, consequently, is rather painful than pathetic; and the reader wonders, at the close of the tale, how such a man as Wordsworth could have had his mind, for so long a time, utterly insensible to, or rather utterly forgetful of, religion.

The truth is, that the philosophy of the present age—if indeed there be anything that deserves the name—is too superficial even to be sceptical—and consists almost entirely of formal analyses of imaginary faculties, and now and then of still more formal analyses of feelings which the metaphysician himself had never experienced in their full power, and of which, therefore, his knowledge is altogether ineffectual for the ends of science. Our poetry, again, is too exclusively imaginative—and devoted either to the description of external nature, or to the emotions which the contemplation of external nature may excite. Even the most ordinary and common-place human feelings, important and impressive at all times on that very account, must now-a-days be worked up into something fantastic and out of the way, before critics will allow the delineation of them to belong to the poet's art. Hence the world is peopled with one race of beings, and what is called

* Religious Characteristics. By Thomas Aird. William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London. 1827.

poetry with another—between whom there is indeed a family likeness—but little more—no close kindred of spirit. Crabbe alone, of all our living poets, deals with men and women of flesh and blood—and had Crabbe had more soul, he would have been a great poet. As it is, passages are in his writings of vast power and pathos—and next to Byron he stands as a searcher of the heart. Of religion there may not be much of a sustained kind in the works of this extraordinary man,—but there are numerous touches—hurried allusions—passionate longings and yearnings—all betokening a religious spirit, and a religious view of human nature and human life.

It is not to be thought that the literature, the poetry, the philosophy, the religion of the age, as they have been yet exhibited in books, furnish us with a true and complete reflection of the spirit of the age. There is much in that spirit that has either been imperfectly expressed, or hitherto found no expression; and it would, we verily believe, be doing injustice to the age to suppose otherwise,—it would be a grievous mistake to believe, that, noble as are many of the works of our prime men, they have shown the mould and pressure of the age's character, and have not left, not only unachieved but unattempted, many still loftier triumphs than have as yet crowned with deathless laurels any living forehead. If all has been indeed done that the mind of the country is capable of doing, we must not think—even the loftiest among us—of taking rank with the mighty men of old—or of persuading ourselves, that those who have gone farthest into the mysteries of our being, have reached the penetralia of the Sanctuary. We might be able to think better and more highly of our most powerful spirits, if we could think that they have been deterred from advancing thitherwards by something of a holy horror—or sacred awe—a pious fear of offending—but we cannot think so, for they have seldom, if ever, shown themselves to have been under such solemn influences; they have been sufficiently, perhaps too fearless—fools even have rushed in where angels might fear to tread—while they who are not fools, but wise, virtuous, and high-minded, have com-

promised with the world, shaped their course according to its demands, lowered their flight to be within the range of its admiration, and been averse to found “their Pindus upon Lebanon.”

Can it be doubted, that among the many thousand enlightened minds that are now in this country, not only addicted but devoted to the study of human nature,—not formally and nominally, as professed philosophers or poets, but merely as intelligences drawn inwards upon themselves by high native impulses—there must be no inconsiderable number endowed with genius, altogether dissatisfied with this exclusive system, by which the greatest of all subjects of contemplation—the only just subject of worship—is set apart, it may almost be said, expressly, for ecclesiastics, and denied to the study of those whose chief business ought to be, according to this creed, with the affairs and transactions of this bustling world—among the “smoke and stir of this dim spot which men call earth?” In Scotland, especially, where knowledge is the birthright of almost all her sons—and where you are sure to meet in almost every the humblest household—“in huts where poor men lie,” some one person or other, young or old, male or female, whose character is seen in a moment to be thoughtful, composed, and strong:—In Scotland, where education has never been separated from religion, and the school-house has ever stood, it may be said, within the shadow of the kirk:—In Scotland, where penury has not frozen the genial current of the soul, but rather, like a cold clear sky, showed it cloudless and translucent; it is not to be thought that, among her instructed and studious youth, there are not many who regard all the relations in which they stand to their fellow-creatures and to their Creator, in that holy and awful light in which they are revealed in Scripture, and who, possessed of great mental endowments, that have grown up to the strength and stature of manhood, in a spirit of patient endurance, and often of heroic self-sacrifice, have qualified themselves, if ambitions of distinction, to come forward as expounders and teachers of truth, and untrammelled by the chains of custom or authority, to give free vent to the multitude of thoughts within them, and, in the language of enthusiasm

and inspiration, to speak of things appertaining to eternity, and to the immortal destinies of their race.

We do not hesitate to say, that he who has written the treatise of which we are about to lay a few specimens before the public, belongs to this class of men, and that he has given a promise of noble things, which we doubt not will be religiously kept, and ere long amply fulfilled. He thinks, feels, and speaks for himself—without arrogance, without presumption—but with a confidence founded less on the consciousness of great talents—although great talents are his—than on the far nobler consciousness of looking on human nature with an eye whose visual nerve has been strengthened by being kept constantly open in the light of faith, and fixed on objects not fluctuating and transient, but permanent and eternal. The whole structure of his character—judging from this his first effort—well called “*Religious Characteristics*”—convinces us, that to his younger days may be applied the fine lines of Wordsworth :

“ In dreams, in study, and in ardent thought,
Thus, even from childhood upwards, was
he rear'd ;
For intellectual progress wanting much
Doubtless of needful help, yet gaining
more ;
And every moral feeling of his soul
Strengthen'd and braced, by breathing in
content
The keen, the wholesome air of poverty,
And drinking from the well of homely life.

“ The Sabbath of the noble Christian,”
says this young, excellent, and powerful writer,

“ how finely exclusive of bare and worldly ambitions ! Is it not full, within its sacred precincts, of thoughts that fearfully try and ascertain the links of eternity that are darkly wound around us ;—of perplexed but aye renewed attempts of the eye of faith to trace these away from us along the chain that darkens or brightens into within the veil ;—of meditations that win from a higher than an apostle, even the Eternal Paraclete, the Golden Keys of Heaven ? And hopes, most glorious for man, fill up the day, and run over and bless all the other days of the week ; and thus, the good man's Sabbaths are like the oases of the wilderness, beautifully styled by the Arab the Footsteps of the Deity—rare spots in the desert—

full of green palm trees, and singing birds in the shade, and welling waters. The Sabbath, to the mere man of forms, is full of starts from a disallowed literal sleep, but only to an illapaing process of thought, heartless and faint. It may have the outward mark of appropriation—the formality of a fence ; but nothing thrives within : the trees of the oasis are bare and blasted, and everything a mockery of the weary pilgrim.”

Such a passage as this, in the Introduction to a small and unassuming duodecimo, cannot fail to startle the mind of the reader by its unexpected beauty, and to convince him at once, that whether the work keep or break the promise thus splendidly held forth, it must contain, at least, some fine imagery, and some breathings of high and solemn thoughts. That it certainly does—but it does more than that ; for although the style of the treatise is too frequently heavy, cumbrous, and obscure, it is pervaded by a deep religious, and a fine philosophical spirit. We have a very high opinion of Mr Aird's talents and genius, and shall now do what in us lies to make them known to the public. We shall ourselves occasionally speak for and with him—but he shall also speak for himself, unaided and alone, nor do we doubt that his eloquence will leave a strong impression in his favour, on all minds and hearts capable of understanding and feeling the power of originality and enthusiasm.

We must give another quotation from his Introduction, as it is extremely striking, and also directs us to the subject-matter of his inquiry.

“ Is this blindness to spiritual things a peculiar perversity ? or does the same hold of discernment of every kind ? Be admitted the suggestion about novelty and custom. The sun, or the fine planet of the moon, or the stars up in the silent night, or the rainbow with its seven stripes of glory—call not now the world out to gaze ; but any other phenomenon of the heavens, not because of a greater beauty, but the infrequency of its appearance. And the same in a multitude of instances, but—be it remarked—of things indifferent that have no immediate influence on worldly interest : for a man's spirit is generally alive to the state of his fortune, at every the most minute degree of its advancement, or the contrary. To be constantly engaged in the accounts of

his business, instead of inducing the insensibility of custom, only brings his affairs nearer to his heart, and sharpens his cares about new gain, in relation to which, things otherwise indifferent, become impressive. The farmer, in hope or fear, watches the sun distinctly, and ere he goes to sleep, marks all the appearances of the heavens, and can remember last year's clouds: And likewise the watchful sailor, who has a deeper interest in the same, who can familiarly describe every sign in the sky, and has a name for every degree of the wind's force. What palliation, then, for such as ascribe indifference in religion to the blunting influence of custom, not to be overcome by human nature? Only this worse confession, that religion is not immediately influential on our happiness, but accounted secondary to earthly interests.

"The examination of their plea hath found out a greater evil. Custom cannot deaden them to circumstances of wealth and outward estate. This is one class of things. But it can make them callous to remote appearances in nature, and to religion. These are virtually on the same level to him; and make up another class of things, of course, inferior to the former.

"This introduces, at once, a wide and melancholy field of observation—the various modifications of worldly-mindedness, and its influence on our immortal spirits; how the present life overcomes futurity, by being daily with us, as a small object near the eye can shut out the most magnificent prospect beyond.

"We shall attend to this a little, because it is always of mighty importance to detect those pleas in the heart of man, which, if they cannot leave iniquity unquestioned, can yet establish for it, in this life, over righteousness, a high ascendancy."

The work consists of two parts. The first contains six chapters—entitled *Worldly-Mindedness—Indecision—Pride of Intellect—Antipathy—Christian Principles—The Attainment of Christian Principles*. Part second contains eight chapters—*Charity of Education enforced—Need of Earliest Christian Education—Man's Intellectual Character—Habits of Intellectual and Moral Power—Application of Knowledge and General Instruction—First Points of Christian Discipline—Christian Discipline continued—General Christian Education—Millennial Hopes*.

These are important topics—and we shall soon see that Mr Aird brings—if not sufficient knowledge—certainly no ordinary power to their elucidation. We say—"if not sufficient knowledge," without meaning to hint that he shows anything like ignorance—on the contrary, Mr Aird is manifestly a man of education—but we suspect that his range of reading has not been very wide, and somewhat too exclusive. His illustrations drawn from the history of man are but few; and although generally both vigorous and brilliant, they are sometimes brought in too abruptly; and seldom, if ever, do they fling full and permanent light on the subject in hand.

The chapter entitled *Worldly-Mindedness* has many excellent, and some noble passages.

"We are born with passions, desires, tendencies, which naturally link us to this life. The pleasures of our childhood are derived almost from these alone. The love of this world becomes a part of our nature. New objects of the same class constantly exercise and strengthen these desires; and, so engaged, we grow to this, that we care for nothing beyond the concentration of our existence into the present in time and happiness.—This is one great part of our nature.—There is another, almost contrary, but much weaker, which seems the remains of some early high principle, broken down, but not yet completely destroyed by sin,—our natural desires, tendencies, passions, towards some indefinite state of life higher than the present, which, aided by a thousand circumstances of dissatisfaction in our worldly lot, lead us to challenge the amount and character of the pleasures of time, and also its pains.—This is heightened by natural religion. In our instance, moreover, by the great statements of revelation above mentioned. Our peculiar Christian probation then is;—shall the natural love of this world so far possess our spirits, that these better feelings shall not have their due influence? shall God's revealed statement of our higher interests be so impressive, that we cannot but anxiously attend to the conditional means, which it points out as now in our power, of securing them for ever to ourselves in happiness? This is the question;—shall we take as we find them, the business and pleasures of this world, and be contented with the portion? or shall we be convinced, that these very pleasures, far from being a

due portion for man, constitute only his most difficult probation? The conflict is between sense, on the one hand, an advocate for the present; and reason, faith, hope, on the other,—that strengthen our natural aspirations after a sphere beyond, and indefinitely higher."

This is strongly stated; but here we cannot help attempting some elucidation of the various active principles of human nature, not in order to gainsay Mr Aird's views, which are just, but simply, if possible, to bring out the truth of our being, so that we may know what we are, and according to what laws we act, in this our life, subject as we are to the influence of many various and opposing causes of action.

Man is so constituted, that he knows perfectly well it is not by the comparative strength of the active principles that he is to be governed, but that there is another ground of comparison between them, determining which he is to obey. He feels that some are higher than others; that this acknowledgement of superiority and subordination obtains everywhere, and that, generally speaking, the judgments of mankind respecting these correspond or are reconcilable. Take, for example, the principle of honour, that is, the regard which a man has to his own self-esteem, not from obedience to any moral law, but from regard to his own inward dignity, the pleasure he feels in maintaining it, and the abhorrence and shame with which he thinks of degrading it. This is merely a personal and self-regarding feeling; yet we are sensible at once that it is of a lofty order. And if we put into competition with it any other of those principles which are also self-respecting, we must immediately confess that this is the one which must hold the higher authority. Thus, if it should happen that a man loving glory, or ambitious of power, and whose pursuit of his object was perfectly justified in our eyes, should be placed in a situation, where, in order to maintain his pure self-conscious dignity, he must renounce all hopes of his high ambition, and even forfeit his name among men,—no one could feel a doubt that he was called on by the natural subordination and respective rank of these self-respecting principles themselves, independently of all moral considerations, to prefer his conscious honour

to all worldly power or reputation. We may go lower in the same scale, and set the love of pleasure against the love of power. What should we think of that man, who, having devoted his years to the purposes of an honourable ambition, is placed in the situation in which the indulgence of pleasures, innocent in themselves, will frustrate some important object of that pursuit of his life—what should we think of him, who, for the sake of such a gratification, could throw away the purposes of his ambition? We might not say he acted wrong, for it is not a case perhaps of right and wrong; nor that he acted imprudently, for we cannot say that ambition itself is prudent, perhaps the very reverse. But he would undoubtedly sink in our esteem and in his own. There is then an acknowledged difference of dignity, and of authority founded on dignity, in these two principles; that which is of all the most congenial to nature, the love of pleasure, and that which is often carried through with much violence to nature, the love of power. Nothing can be more marked, in these common judgments which prevail in society, and in which the human reputation of men consists, than this acknowledgment of different degrees of dignity, and of fitting authority, among the different principles of our nature, impelling us to feel and to act, even without referring them to any moral law,—but judging from the impulse of the other parts of our mind, and not from conscience. Horror and Scorn are the strong unequivocal expression and testimony of their native sentiments; and the degrees in which they are measured out, and the feelings and actions which they requite, declare too explicitly and decisively the language of nature upon this subject. They show us the scale of that estimate, which our mind is spontaneously and yet necessarily determined to frame, of the comparative rank of these different sources of action.

From those merely selfish, if we pass on to those which have a disinterested regard to others, as Love, Gratitude, and Patriotism, and institute comparisons between the dictates of these feelings, and of the greater part of those which regard self, and which are in themselves allowable and good till they come into such competition, we shall find that our own nature, and

the same nature speaking by the mouths of all men, pronounces loudly and unequivocally which of these diverging impulses we shall obey. How does love, and admiration, and praise, fellow, even for ages, the acts of generous hearts that have sacrificed their own proud and high desires to just affections; in whom self has shrunk from sight, and ceased to be, when it was opposed by the claims of holy loves! The same nature, living through successive generations, still throbs with transport at the recital and remembrance of noble passions embodied in noble deeds, though the bosoms in which those passions were felt, and those heroic deeds were conceived, have long mouldered in the dust. That transport speaks no lesson we have been taught by wise instructors, but the movement of unperverted nature.

Go to another class of active principles, and take that single one, the love of Knowledge and Truth. How are those honoured, who have given up to it their length of life! Who have forsaken pleasures and honours to bury themselves in meditation! Who have shut their eyes to all the dazzling shows of the world, more intently to enjoy those "not of this noisy world, but silent and divine!" Nature herself, it is manifest, has assigned the dignity of this principle of our being.

Pass on to another order of our affections; to those which regard the highest Being, which, in so many millions of our species, have been perverted by human infirmity and unhappiness to far other worship. Lost as mankind have been in the blindness of their errors,—grossly as they have been bewildered, and in the midst of all their ignorance and delusions, we may observe distinctly their common acknowledgment, that these feelings are the highest, and have justly the highest authority. *Imprimis venerare Deos*—is the essence of the most erring religion. There is no comparison or competition admitted between the feelings which regard Deity, and those which regard man. The affecting recital of the obedience of the Patriarch, who being called by God to sacrifice to him his only son without murmuring, laid him on the altar, does in the most beautiful man-

ner, and in the most perfect form, give example of that which, imperfectly, and in the midst of error, has been acknowledged by all nations of men; that there can be no comparison between the calls of those feelings which belong to religion, and the calls of all those affections which belong to our merely human nature. "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me."—"If any man come to me, and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple," is a claim upon the obedience of the heart, which, however reluctant nature may struggle against it, even reluctant nature confesses to be fitting and just. It does not dispute, even if it disobey.

This shows us the preparation and provision that is laid for making us moral beings. For all this is subordinate to our moral nature, and works towards its fulfilment. Even our religious feelings, if it may be said with reverence, are subject to the judgement of our moral conscience; and this will be understood, by considering that these feelings which, as merely natural, are, under all circumstances, essentially the same, do among the unenlightened often greatly mislead, as in superstition, which is often wicked. Conscience, therefore, ultimately judges even our religious, as all our other affections.

Perhaps, if man were incorrupt, this constitution of his character might be a sufficient light and guidance to him; but corrupted and gone astray, there prevails confusion in his nature, and we often seem to see it rather in fragments and in wreck, though we still see vestiges of its proportions, and the impress of the hand from which it came forth in its perfect beauty. We cannot believe what we do see is all that exists. Our mind is carried onwards incessantly to what we do not behold. This is a great and even sublime view of our nature. If, looking upon the past, and attempting to select from the best of what man has been in his right nature, we should take, from different individuals, that in which they have excelled, and exhibit it as the perfection for which man was designed; and if to that view we

should add, as the report of our common nature, the declaration of human feeling under the most favoured circumstances in judging of these perfections, then we should have, what has now been spoken of, a view of the subordinated constitution of man. This, indeed, is what one often unconsciously thinks; and then it is that we frame our abstract conception of human nature. But then, again, we look on individual man, and these views are thrown into confusion. Thus viewing man, we are not without an image of his pristine excellence and nobility.

In the contemplation, then, of man under this aspect, we see two things. We see the various parts of that which is, in its most perfect state, a beautiful, harmonious, and consistent whole. But this not being the state in which man is submitted to our observation, what we have much more occasion of seeing, is the manner in which, by the remains of that subordination, the lower and the higher principles of his being, there is yet maintained in him, throughout his various conditions of existence, certain approximations to a moral nature, and results of it manifested in his life; without which, all society must cease and disappear. In the characters of different men, and of different nations, one of the nobler principles or another becomes predominant, and this is found to preserve to the whole man, and to the whole nation, so much of that original subordination in which our moral perfection consists, as to give them a moral character.

This is true to so great an extent, that when we look over human life to estimate its moral character, we find a great part of that which we are willing to account moral, to have arisen in this manner. Were we to examine human nature, and human virtue, by the strictest measures, we should have to note only, for the most part, how much is found wanting. Created to a moral destination, and only fulfilling it when the whole government of our lives, hearts, and thoughts, is in strictest conformity to the laws of that destination, how many are there who are not taxed with lamentable deficiencies! We are made, then, to be moral beings, in the highest sense of the term;—beings entirely subjected

to and governed by a moral law;—yet such we are not, but have fallen from the purposes of our being. What then is our morality? and in what manner are we saved from what might seem the natural and necessary consequence of our lapse from such allegiance? Let us examine this, and we shall find ever more and more cause to be thankful, and to revere that goodness which has provided, that, in the midst of our lapse from its highest laws, we should still be accompanied by a protecting power, which has provided for us many means of the same good, so that, even when we have deserted and abandoned the highest and fittest means, we are not ourselves in the same degree deserted and abandoned, but find within us other inferior principles yet remaining, which do, in an inferior manner, carry us to the same good,—less securely indeed, less clearly, but still in such a manner as maintains to us a morality we do not seek, and a welfare we do not deserve.

Thus let it be conceived, for a moment, what is the efficacy, towards the morality of the world, of that powerful feeling which is in almost all hearts, subduing our selfish nature, and bowing our spirits to the service of others' welfare, the feeling of love! Imagine, if it be possible, what human society, and human being, owe to that love with which nature has filled the hearts of mothers. Indeed, we may think of love as a powerful spirit, that often commands from men that which their consciences would exact from them. How much of human duty is included in love to one another!—our duty to them has been so expressed by the highest authority. If we were to describe the duty of a mother to her child, and the dictates of a mother's love to her child, we should seem to describe one and the same thing. Even the dormant spark of moral feeling is awakened by such affection,—parents feeling for the moral souls of their children what they have ceased to feel for their own, and abandoned women having been struck with horror at seeing in their children the hideous reflection of themselves—at hearing from their young lips their own hideous language. Conceive what is the nature of the activity of love—of its officious services. It ministers to suffering; it wastes its own strength to cherish a

feeble life; under its influence, the young will forsake the pleasures of youth, to devote themselves to unwearied and anxious cares, and to repay the filial debt. The hoary head stoops, and the tenderness of pity, invading the young and boiling heart, tames its pride and joy, and subdues it to the humblest service. The passions are suspended in their mid reign, and a new and sad pleasure enters the bosom, which is alive only to the desire of yielding up, from its waste and superfluous strength, to that trembling, aged frame, from which the lingering strength of nature is so fast departing. What else would severe conscience enjoin than this, which gentle love woos from the heart? Nay, love steals from the heart, by pleasure and sorrow, what it refuses to that higher injunction. Conceive how this service of one to another is authorised by moral reason, and conformable to it; and yet, with how little consideration of any moral necessity, or imperative injunction, it is continually executed, and it will appear how much this principle is a substitute for morality among those whose understanding of the dictates of conscience is faint and dark.

In the same way might we consider other principles. It might be shown how much of moral character there is in the patriotism of many nations; yet that patriotism is no consideration of obedience to a moral law. It flows not from conscience; it is reverence for the memory and the graves of the dead; it is love to household hearths; it is the cleaving of human hearts to their coming posterity; it is passion breathed with the breath of life; it is the pride of independence, or of a lofty inherited name. Yet how much of virtue does it include—what fidelity—what self-devotion! How much of the evil nature of man does it hold in chains—how much of good does it foster and protect!

We have now taken the nobler qualities of human nature; but look to those that are less generous. See how a regard to the opinion of others will bind a man to their just service, and in many respects to a moral life; because such is the structure of human affairs, that, in the ordinary course of events, he only can render effectual service, and hold effectual reputation among men, whose acts are moral. See in this respect, what a

moral control men exercise over one another! and while the just sense of right is unable to govern their own actions, it will govern at least their judgment of others. He whose strongest principle of action is his sensibility to public opinion, is often by this as effectually held in check as by the secret admonitions of his inward guide. He dreads the moral censure of mankind, although his own breast should be silent. He stands in awe of their consciences, though not of his own. Go much lower. See how the inferior interests which the human being pursues, will put a restraint on the excesses of many of his passions. See, for example, how even avarice will render some service to virtue, taming the lust of pleasure, and teaching the lessons of prudence. Thus the passions are set one against another, and all are restrained by the mutual conflict.

Fully to understand the provision which is made for a moral order to society, and a moral character to human life, independent of that regard to moral law, which alone is indeed morality, we ought to consider two subjects, both of them of great interest, and of very various and complicated speculation. One is the equipoise of the Passions, if it may be so called—their direct mutual counteraction; the other is the structure of human affairs. It is incredible how diversified, and almost innumerable, are the methods provided in the ordinary and natural course of human affairs, for restraining men's excessive inclinations, and forcing them to a compliance with the requisitions of morality, when they are not called to it by their own better feelings. As a great and comprehensive example of this, may be mentioned, the effect of that necessity which lies universally, it may be said, on the human race, to produce their subsistence by their labour. To how many does that necessity hold the place of virtue! How many passions are calmed by it! What tranquillity and strength of mind are induced by continued and regulated toil! How little is now left to his own self-destroying will! What calm hours and peaceful thoughts does silent labour bring! The sun rises bright, the air smells sweet, and the small birds carol contentment to labour going forth from his rustic lodge. How

much virtue, too, is there in the frugal thrift that the same necessity has taught to many humble households!

We are not to think, however, that the provision thus made for moral results, independently of a direct cause, is to be considered as if the principles now spoken of were altogether independent of morality. The moral sense, when it is pure and strong, will blend itself with such affections as have now been spoken of, mixing itself in all human life. Even in those minds in which it is not perceptibly strong, there is little doubt that it often acts, when they scarcely perceive it themselves, when the affections by which they are influenced are in harmony with it. But where it is not a governing principle—where it is wanting almost, or altogether, these affections and these necessities will rise up in its place, keeping man within bounds—making him better than he knows, or wills to be—showing by what hand we have been framed.

But to return to Mr Aird. In his first chapter, on Worldly Mindedness, he has been speaking of the blindness of the Worldling to the great and awful relation in which he stands to his Maker—and thus beautifully expresses himself:—

“The claims of God are before us ever the same, and enforced by a thousand symbols of our mortality. There is an awful memorial from each old cathedral, and a host of warnings to living men. In the first occasion of its structure are implied the solemn thoughts, not of an individual, but of a saintly community, who, under the powers of the world to come, thought all little,—the most venerable temple and unceasing prayers,—for the soul's worth. Decay and an old date of years, mark its present existence as the monument of many buried generations, and cry with more than a loud voice, that its pious founders are long since gone each to his place, and have well found out the truth of the inscriptions lettered, from the earnestness of solemn minds, on the stones of the sanctuary,

‘The scrolls that teach thee to live and die.’

How long, in despite of all these, shall be the close system of the worldly heart? Alas! for familiarity makes a second and double film on the worldly eye. There is an inveteracy that walks on, and heeds not, in the face of all, and defies impression; which could crush a human skull in a moon-lit church-yard, without thinking of futurity; and pass by a thousand times,

without once marking, the untimely shadow of a little grave; ever strengthened, ever increasing, it shall be for ever, unless broken in upon by that Spirit whose thrill is more than the last trumpet that shall strike through the benumbed marbles of the dead;—unless dealt with by His steady power.”

Then follows a bold picture of the youth, manhood, and old age of the Worldling. We give the conclusion:

“How undignified the old age of such a man! The old hills are renewed with verdure. Even the lava-courses are hid in time beneath vineyards. The dismantled tower of ages gains in veneration what it loses by literal decay. The pious old man bears on the venerable tablet of his forehead shadowed glimpses of the coming heaven. The old worldling—alas! 'tis he; of him is the contrast. There is no redeeming symbol or circumstance in his old age. The eye of cunning still at its post, almost outliving decay: The old hand almost conquering by its unabated eagerness the palsy of years—trembling in both; still closing over gain; mocking, in the stiffness of its muscles, the being's protracted delight to count over so much money his own, or sorrow to give so much away.

“If we follow him still—there is something more imposing in that dead face of his, than if it bore the tread of majestic armies going out to conquer for him a kingdom and wealth beyond that of the famed Lydian king. It belongs to Eternity, and worlds could not repurchase it to live. His worldly hand hath gained an involuntary majesty: it belongs to the resurrection day; it hath taken the earnest of futurity, and closed solemnly over it.

“We have passed an intermediate stage, the approach and advent of death;—the day of God's Spirit, mighty in extremity, tearing up old habits of the mind;—or as a probable issue of a worldly life, and worthy of its tenor, the doomed being waiting the event with apathy; or eager to have his affairs of life wound up; or gladly conscious of no gross immoralities; or touched with just so much conviction of his bypast folly, that he will make a virtue of necessity, and bequeath money to found a church or hospital (and the solemn mockery of this state of mind shall be a charitable fame and a marble cherub to weep upon his monument). Or still an undying love of Mammon may be with his heart till the last, a retching of the soul toward the ebbing world, not unfitly represented by the fearful symbol of the natural hand clutching for life.”

From Chapter II. Indecision, we could quote many fine passages, but

we must content ourselves with one, which shows how the most common topic can be adorned by genius :—

“ But certainty in this there is not; and even the probability on which a thousand build, is a gratuitous assumption. For, as a man on a bridge waiting for his friend plucks a handful of weeds and flowers, and, in the caprice of impatience, drops another and another into the flood beneath, without discrimination, and without respect to the beautiful above the mean, to the budding sprig more than the decayed stalk, intent only to mark how they are borne away by the current; so is the dispensation of death over the children of men. The statesman and the clown; the sage and the idiot; fathers in God and light dancing women; the babe in its first cradled beauty; the strong bearded man; the patriarch whose locks are ripe and full of awe; the beautiful, the brave, the noble; every age and every degree, fall, in the same moment of time, before that mighty leveller. The love of mother and of sisters, a beautiful wreath of affection and strong! yet cannot it upbraid his sheer cold scythe; and the manly youth comes no more forth among the people at his father's right hand. There is not merely an apathy but a selfish hope in us that can distinctly propose reasons why we should live many years beyond the age of our neighbour that was buried yesterday; but who would dare, on this, to found a cause to delay his spiritual preparation, were it even the act of a day, and not the great work of this probationary life—on this, a presumption warred upon by a thousand daily and fatal accidents? Who will not rather, in the face of the above truth, bestir himself for his own safety and the consolation of his friends?”

But we must quote another fine passage :—

“ The apprehended terrors of death are less, that the loftiest intellect must submit; and because we have a brother or sister before us in the unseen mystic world. And who does not feel the brooding sense of the dread judgment-day mitigated in the reflection, that around us shall be all the millions of our species? So much of this feeling is allowed for consolation; but weakness and sin are his who can derive from it a hope of safety, or any opiate to lull him in yielding, with less reserve, to the current of a common defection. In the same class—must we name it of weakness?—are a thousand fanciful feelings, that sometimes have more influence over the whole man, than the broadest and most palpable dictates of reason and conscience;—to die in winter rather than summer;—to breathe ourselves away behind the midnight curtain, and funeral lamp, rather than be disembodied in the unnatural glare

of day;—who shall characterize such weaknesses as these? Perhaps it is a part of our ruin, not only that our best feelings have been broken down by sin, but that many have been lost which might have bound us to God through the medium of external nature; that so many are dim on the mystic leaves of the soul, and so transient in glimpses, that we cannot say how much they are of good.”

Passing over the next two chapters, *Pride of Intellect* and *Antipathy*, both full of important truths, vigorously stated, we come to that entitled *Christian Principles*—and from it we shall quote one long and noble passage, which will speak better than any panegyric of ours, of Mr Aird's extraordinary powers of thought, feeling, and expression :—

“ Thou Mysterious Inhabitant on our earth! Incalculable Spirit, imbowed and enshrined in the form of our mortality! Jesus of Nazareth! who shall declare the simple but sublime glory of thy life! The perfect adaptation of thy spirit to the infirmities of our nature, yet above their control to sin! With the countenance of a little child, what was in thy heart! The wisdom of age was thy praise of youth. Modest in thy earnest devotions, doing good unto men, doing the will of thy Heavenly Father! Why did thine eye lighten against the Scribes and Pharisees? Why didst thou not condemn the poor woman taken in adultery? Why did the weeping Magdalene wash thy feet with her penitential tears, and wipe them with the long hairs of her head? The wandering lunatic with his new and steady eye, and economical motions of reason, was left, in thy modesty, to the tears of a happy and grateful surprisal. When didst thou disregard the cry or not anticipate the wish of exposed and upturned blindness? That thou didst weep for thy friend Lazarus, and bring him back from dissolution and the investiture of the grave; that thou didst the same for the stranger; and heal every manner of inveterate disease, in a thousand instances; are they not written in the unostentatious but impressive records of thy life? Who hath not seen thy countenance in the forsaken Lazarus-house, more benignantly radiant beneath the dark wing of Azrael the angel of death; beneath thee, the crowd of pale and restless human faces, a map of uncertain light and a thousand changing expressions, but gathered into the staid and thankful brightness of health and reason?

“ The praise of conquerors is distempered flush of blood, through the pale tears of bereavement; but thine, holy Jesus of Nazareth! were triumphs on earth, celebrated by other tears,—the tears of joy.

“ Who sees not the glory of this cha-

master, nor tries to imitate, knows not the best nobility of our nature,—seeks not to be truly emulated,—is mean,—is worthy of condemnation,—is condemned already.

“But this is not all,—and the depth of his love, who of the Trinity thus condescended,—and all that he endured for man,—and his present merciful high-priesthood in Heaven,—and his imposing character yet to be revealed of severe judgment,—become farther gratitude in man, and awe, and the necessity of obligation, enforcing the imitation of these attributes upon every conviction.

“The burden of man's world! who shall declare it? The ‘hour and power of darkness,’ and our representative sacrifice! A cry such as never wind brought from the fierce peopled forest, when night hath locked up the black wilderness,—beyond all din of battle,—more than the echo of falling thrones,—might have been the cry of human nature, in that bewildered hour for the fast-during oath of God,—‘Watchman, what of the night?’ O watchman, what of our night? Shall he endure it all? Shall man be saved?—Yet how few wotted of the strange eclipse that fell upon the Sun of Righteousness! In the silent magnanimity of his unhired will, he tasked not one laborious hour of man in the act,—no, not his appeals of wonder; yet he endured it all; and the burden rolled away from over man, far beyond Sinai, gathering from off its thunder-hill of fear, and away from the angry Heavens, the scrolls of wrath against our world; and went down with them for ever, beyond Hell and eternity.

“The poet with his vague praises may turn to the setting sun; but for whose sake is this beautiful world kept up, and the sun shining on the just and the unjust? For thine, for thine, Jesus of Nazareth! Every sweet tone in nature comes forth from thy responsibility. Every little singing bird has in Thee more than a double creator. Thou art Alpha and Omega in the strangely-wrought song of Time and its spheres. Everything of affection which gladdens our earth, is held fast to us in the same interference of thine, under which our souls are finally redeemed.

“And love may be more closely bound by fear. For when mighty events have come round, and fearful changes have fallen on us, and on all men; when walled cities have tumbled down; when the crowns of Emperors lie on the streets, and not one poor idiot of mankind left behind to play with the baubles; the worlds of men shall see and quail before this Jesus of Nazareth,—Him awfully reverend, the Ancient of Days, the Judge of All, with his scarred hand. And his slightest ireful words upon that day, shall be rivers of fire burning away the sinners onwards, and on-

wards; but, O this day of mercy! ever unfound the far shore of eternity!

“There is in this life no consistent alternative between a distinct denial of the divine and mediatorial attributes of this Being of Mercy, and the profoundest respect for his cause and commandments; and that folly of man is not easily summed, which, professing to believe the one, is yet heedless of the other;—as if inattention were the prerogative or blessing of our life, and not hearts full of worship and manly bearing for our immemorial King, whose sway is yet no mere, dusty, antiquated prescription, but a daily ministration to our hearts;—as if the strange tragedy of his death were but a picture of exaggerated words, and not a real event that happened under the same sun and the same moon that yet shine by day, to earth, and by night,—and in the lifetime of men in all respects of the same nature as we ourselves.

“Who copies from this living perfection, and has the principle of love more firmly attached by this awe of attributes in the same being yet to be revealed, and by the uncertainty of his life, whose possible extinction in a moment, may place him for ever under the inflexible powers of the world to come,—cannot fail in the duties of any relationship. By little and little, faith produces an intense expectancy; and in this there is a sharpness almost to instinct, that cannot overlook the slightest duty as a cause or symptom of the coming change. And as the transition from the dark chamber of a long and painful malady to vernal air, when the soft gold of day falls sweetly on the eyelids, and the gentle wind raises and animates the sadly-smooth'd and uninstinctive locks, making a man humbly glad, and attentive to every thing—even the little fly on the sunny wall, and the slightest murmur of creeping waters; so is the sense of happy change from the uncertain and painful dreams of sinful life, to the opening daylight of Heaven, that renders us, as before, alive to the least duty, and fills with the same humility, as the expectancy of hope.

“And thus the beautiful graces by every combination are linked together: descending from above in a comely chain, they take man by the hand, and having untied the dismal bonds wherewith he was left bound to the chariot-wheels of God's smoking indignation, draw him in their own living assured chain, toward and up to the golden throne of Heaven. There is the fulness of love, to which every other grace hath become an element of beauty: here a faint and imperfect manifestation, there a full developement under all the colours of Heaven. As from the blue-barr'd and cloudy skies of morn, may fly forth the meridian with wide wings of sunshine and breezy shadows; as from the motionless and retired

chrysalis beneath the caves, springs the painted butterfly, personified element of the summer's beauty, catching the colours of the sun, and wavering away in the blue liquid noon; so from its birth on Earth is the perfection of love in Heaven.

"Not uncertain, however, is this noble principle even on earth; but superior its manifestations in every department of occupation. It cannot from any reason be argued, that the Christian must be deficient in the necessary business of everyday life, more than his neighbour. Far from being undiligent as at a post which he may despise, and a duty which may be dispensed with;—like the little hireling maid, who redoubles her exertions near the close of her term, that her services may be approved, and her wages paid without grudge, and the glad liberty be here again to revisit her delightful home, so does the Christian the work of this life, more assiduously and with greater care, the higher his final hope. And all the innocent enjoyments of life are his, with this peculiar satisfaction, that they interfere not with sterner duty. To a man without the first principle of religion, there lacks, however prudent the constitution of his habits and economy of life, the sense of this world in proper subordination to religion, which gives zest to everything: a vagueness of enjoyment is implied in the very possibility of his renovation, the dim consciousness of something postponed, not the less depressive because indistinct; unlike the pure satisfaction of him in any amusement, who has provided for the one thing needful; as the diligent schoolboy enters upon his evening play with unqualified alacrity, his task against the morrow prepared.

"Afflictions to the good man, are means that unbind him gradually from this life, and draw his heart toward another. To the bad man are they provocative of peevishness, or hardness of heart, and dislike of the chastener. To the one overflowing, they have yet a peculiarity of blessing, like the inundations of the Nile, to fertilize what they overflow; to the other, they bear the usual consequences of flooding waters, —sand and sterility.

"In very deed we believe our religion truth, because it best explains the mysteries of our nature, the strange origin of our being, its strange winding up; but were it even false, who would not yet wish its delusive hopes in the awful extremity of the last hour, when a man turns to the wall and lies still because he knows he must die? On the last shoal of time, the 'majesty of darkness' receiving us, when no brother is there, when no candle is there, nor any revelation, that the thought of man can produce, save hope or fear that at best are but thin spectre-ships on the unseen ocean that fast washes off our narrow footing, glimpsing away, but whither! O, who

shall not bless that Holy Religion that lightens on this black anxiety with the New Heavens of our Elder Brother!

"Now our love of God bears a farther sanction in ultimate consequences;—that to those who seek it not on this side the grave, and are not animated by its holy life, is appointed, beyond, a place without hope, where tears are of no avail, though in number to weep away the fiery-treaded sun. We have heard of the mad father who, having by chance slain his son, never ceased in his agony again and again to arrange and act over the circumstances of the accident with the same yell at its fatal termination. We have seen the ruined gamester turning at once—back upon his steps—and with every garment tightened, and glaring eyeballs, burst upon the scene of ruin and confederacy against him—seize the dice, to try anew, as if yet uncertain of the issue, the throw that ruined him; loud and desperate at first, but shrinking away in pathetic silence. But according to the revelation of Scripture, all such are nothing to the remorse of sinners who know themselves for ever excluded from Heaven,—the gnawing thought that it might have been otherwise; whose agony ever arrests them to calculate the contingencies of the past, but drives them from the satisfaction of a finished process; who multiply their eternity of pain by exhausting, every intense moment, the suffering of ages. Ambition is there, and, in virtue of his disputatious distinctions, lashed with a bigger and redder billow. And there is Envy, less wasted beneath the sounding rains of fire that come ever on, than premed and withered into a farther immortality of her hateful aspect. And Avarice cries through Hell for all his gold, to buy off the sharking Worm that will not die nor let him alone. And a million figures of moral agony are there and physical torment, writhing under the sense of an endless task; living pictures of fierce endurance, set in frames of deeply compact and stern, or faster and careering fires. What meaneth the joy of worldly men under such a prospect? It is unnatural as 'wild laughter in the throat of death.' Life to them is a lie; and that page which records their happiest annals, swelled by notices of mirth and marriage, and enlivened by sons and daughters born, and every circumstance of prosperity, should yet be edged with a margin of black, the sad notification of death. And that man is a madman a thousand times denounced, who, well assured that, a thousand years hence, he shall have heard, for at least nine hundred years, either the glorious anthems which good men sing, and seraphim that, in the ecstacy of the song, raise high their streaming wings, when sweet evening shadows the Hill of God; or the strange converse of that Other Place, and soliloquies that fearfully mouth

the far off Heavens;—yet cries not now unceasingly for the baptism of the Spirit—be it with flames of severest affliction—that he may be purified for that Hill; that at death he may not be found an unclean spirit, to be taken down naked to Hell's awful laver of fierce but unregenerating fire.

Faults will be detected in this passage—it contains some *splendida vitia* that will not be concealed; but we do not hesitate to say, that it is a grand and magnificent strain not easily to be surpassed.

"Faith," says Mr Aird, "is that state of heart which a forcible representation of all our relations to God hath induced; its sincerity testified, that its main constituent feeling is love towards God, an impulse ready for new obedience. Faith may be more general, but it works by love," &c. And then he goes on to speak of love of God and devotion. We do not think this the best part of the treatise. The doctrine is just, but it is imperfectly and heavily expounded; and the construction of the sentences here, as occasionally elsewhere, such as to render the writer's meaning difficult of comprehension. Indeed, Mr Aird must either reject some of the principles on which he often composes, or lay his account with being charged with the very worst and most fatal fault that can be alleged against any writer, namely—obscurity. His inversions and ellipses are often most abrupt and violent,—so much so, indeed, as to render him sometimes absolutely ungrammatical. Many of his best passages are deformed by such mannerisms,—while some indifferent ones are rendered unreadable and repulsive. But we shall quote no such passages—it may be sufficient, we hope, to assure Mr Aird of their existence.

The first great duty which evidently and demonstratively arises from our relation to God, as the original author and continual preserver of all beings, is Obedience. This duty appears to be prior even to that of love; since the duty of love implies a purified and exalted state of affection, to which we are to attain. But obedience lies at the very beginning of duty. It may be the very first act of our will turning itself towards God. Besides, every the least willed failure of obedience, is itself a positive and express act of offence and revolt. We obey, or we disobey. And hence there seems

in our own nature, nothing more elementary, essential, and indispensable, to every part of religion, than the actual performance of this duty.

The will of God may be said to be known to us in two ways; by his express declaration or word, and by his law written on our hearts, or by conscience. To both of these, when we conform ourselves, we obey him. Obedience is of two kinds—in act and in will. The first, which is gross and exterior, is first required. This is that which is most within our power. It is that, also, which is at first most essential, since the act corrupts the will; and the subjection of the act tends by degrees to subject the will. This part of obedience is, in some of its greatest respects, supported and confirmed by human law, which extends only to the external conduct. The rudest conceptions of religion are also chiefly directed upon obedience in act. But it is necessary that we should clearly understand that the beginnings only of obedience lie in the restraint and nature of our actions; that religious obedience extends to the will, and not only extends thither, but has there its seat. To this subjection of the will all other obedience ultimately tends; nor, except in this, is there religion at all.

If we inquire, more especially, what is comprehended under this subjection, or obedience to the will, we shall understand, in some degree, how it is rendered so difficult; for it comprehends the subjection of all our affections, of all our capacities of pleasure and pain, throughout the whole range of our being.

The mere passions of man oppose a great obstacle to this duty; for they are in themselves the power of his own will. They are strong principles, armed with all the strength of his nature, carrying him impetuously to the objects of their own gratification. He obeys his nature when he follows them. He follows the impulses which are the inciting and invigorating principles of his whole moral frame—which are the strength that supports him in all the exertions of his life. Now, these are the principles which he is called upon to subject to religion—and which it is difficult to him to relinquish and to sacrifice, in proportion to the force in which they were implanted, and in

which they have carried him on to the fulfilment of the very purposes for which they were given. He is required, therefore, to contend against his own nature—to subdue the strong but inferior principles of it to the highest.

Even his good affections to others present an obstacle of the same kind. For in all these affections there is mixed a blind vehemence of natural passions—which, when they are severely examined, or when the occasion and the events of life try them, are found to include strong, almost invincible determinations of the individual will to its own objects of desire—which have to be subdued and reduced in subjection to that Higher Will to which all things are subjected. And some of the most difficult efforts of human submission have respect to these natural and good affections.

Lastly, it may be observed, that a great part even of our moral discipline in this world tends to raise up obstacles in our minds to this total surrender and abandonment of our own will to that of God. For in all our earthly relations, it is a duty, and the most essential portion of our moral strength, to maintain the individuality and self-dependence of our own will against all opposing will of others. Not to bow down to authority; not to yield to fear in its most appalling, nor to love in its most gracious forms; to hold mere blind power as nothing, against the dictates of our own mind, and to harden ourselves against the collective will of mankind, if such could be united against us, is essential to our moral character, its highest and last excellence. But with God this is wholly reversed. This mind, which we have been trained to strengthen against every other will, must bow itself down before his. This will, which it was our virtue to keep unsubmitting, it is now our duty to surrender altogether. The difficulties which arise in this manner from the moral lessons we have learnt, to obstruct our minds in their acquiescence in this duty, will appear still more clearly, if we consider in what manner our minds are affected in the course of the opposition, which they are at all times required to make to the allurements and temptations held out to them, by the weaknesses, the passions, and the vices of others. This opposition necessarily nourishes in our hearts a moral pride; and even

rests, in a great degree, upon such a feeling. The consciousness of superiority to temptation, of superiority to those who are its victims, the very self-approbation of conscience, tends to engender such a pride. And our very obedience to conscience, that regulating principle of our nature, does, in a state merely natural and moral, tend to raise up in us those feelings, which have again to be vanquished, and cast away, before our hearts can be said to be properly subjected to religion.

Thus the whole of our nature seems to combine itself in strength, to make our will intractable to this obedience. Yet it is demonstrable, that without such obedience, that without the free, absolute, and most humble submission of our wills to the will of God, we are essentially removed from the state of religious affection and service.

Upon these considerations, we may mark out different gradations in the submission of our own to the Divine will. In the first place, we may distinguish the withholding, restraining, and suppressing, in ourselves, those strong passions which have become manifestly adverse to his plainest laws; in which self is plainly, explicitly, and consciously opposed to his laws—the case in which our knowledge of right and wrong is most clear, and our resolution of right accompanied with the most direct self-condemnation, and in which, nevertheless, from our corruption, the subjection of our will to that of God is most difficult. In the next place, we may distinguish that opposition of our own to the Divine will, which begins in affections in themselves gracious, good, and holy; when the strength of these feelings is in opposition to his will; or when such affections become passionate and excessive; or when they are thwarted by the appointments of the natural world, and lead us to repine and murmur under his dispensations. That temper of the religious spirit, which is called Resignation, is this obedience in those circumstances in which God's regulation of the world brings sorrow and disappointment to those just affections. The submission of the will in such cases is most difficult, not merely from the effort of self-subjection which it implies, but even before that, and in the first instance, from the difficulty there is, to most minds,

in clearly discerning this duty. To understand that our passions are to be subdued to the divine laws, is obvious to every mind. But it would appear, that to understand clearly in what degree the excess and vehemence of our affections may be in opposition to his will, and must be subdued under it, is the part of a mind which has already made much progress in religious self-submission or obedience.

As a last stage of difficulty in the same duty, stands that subjection of the soul which is required when the mind, conscious of its own integrity before men, must humble itself and acknowledge its own unworthiness before God. And this is, of all, the most difficult, not on account of the sacrifice which is required after it is understood to be due; but on account of the difficulty which the self-willed and self-delighting mind has to conceive the possibility of such a duty. Now this appears to be the height of the religious obedience of the human will to God, when that strength, which is allowed, cherished, and exalted by all other intercourse, and which is condemned only in the intercourse between the spirit and its Maker, is given up altogether from the softened and humbled heart, which acknowledges itself to be nothing, and God to be all in all.

It is of the utmost importance to see, that as in this submission of the human to the Divine will, which is the essence of all obedience, lies the most difficult part of religion, so it is that to which the greatest aid is prepared in the natural constitution of the world. And much, it is possible, of what is apt to appear to us evil in the natural world, is to be explained, or at least its uses to be discovered, in its efficiency to control and humble our will, and to break asunder its strong attachments. That heavy necessity which lies upon the whole human race, to carry on the support of life by unceasing toil, and which gives occasion for so much of the most melancholy reflections upon our condition, appears to be one of the great provisions made in the world, for subjugating and taming down the bold, violent, disordered, and licentious will of man; and those who have examined more closely the connexion of the moral character of the human mind with the continued habits and course of the life it passes through, are aware how much of the

ordinary virtue of men, how much of the conforming of the will of their own minds to the general laws of the universe, proceeds directly from this constant and inexorable necessity.

In the same light we must regard that steadfast and severe control which men exercise over one another; a control which appears in their opinions and manners, in their laws and in their civil governments. In all of these ways, is the individual will subjected to strict and often harsh control; and all these are so far of a preparation for that higher and complete subjection which religion demands. They are, in the ordinary imperfect states of human society, a substitute for that subjection.

Another form of the same control which is exercised by human beings over one another, is that to which every one is subjected by his birth—the control of parental authority over the child—a discipline of subjection, which must in like manner be accounted a preparation for that highest submission of which we have spoken, and which, in our imperfect states of society, is one of its chief substitutes. It has this peculiar to itself, that it has more necessarily a moral character, and a moral influence, than any other kind of human authority by which the pride and wildness of the individual will is controlled. In this it more nearly approaches to that divine authority of which it may be conceived as a shadow.

Now, it is difficult to look upon the array of power which is thus collected against the individual mind—against its lawlessness of action, its headstrong love of passion, its presumption of independent thought; and to conceive at the same time that total subjection of the same mind to the highest law and will, without seeing throughout the different parts of one same system—a system, of which it is the object to subdue the individual will of man, mediately or immediately, to the will of God, declaring itself expressly, or manifested in universal laws—a subjection of his mind, to be effected alike for his own and the common welfare. Under this aspect, those parts of the institution of his life possess a religious and moral importance, of the extent of which we are not always aware, and we see a direct connexion between the oppressive harshness even with which these authorities are sometimes exercised over him, and that

highest welfare, against which he is himself at all times offending, and for which so many and so powerful provisions are made, independently of his own intelligence and desire.

Speaking of the Christian principles of love or faith, how finely does Mr Aird elevate himself almost above the ordinary level of prose—yet without becoming too poetical. The following passage is Miltonic:—

“Like the up-springing fire, its native sphere is above. Of necessity oft mingled with feelings of less ethereal touch, or borne down by passions dull and earthy, its virtue may appear doubtful or gross of element; but once solemnly enshrined in the soul, like the Vestal fires, it shall never be out, but shall grow from point to point in measures of ascendancy; and, in the darkness of that midnight, when the sound of the Bridegroom cometh on, shall it fill with odorous light the lamps of the wise virgins that haste to meet him. Harassed by sin on earth, it is fear of offending God; surrounded by apostates, it is the zeal of Abdiel; in doubt, it is prayer and trust; in danger, the smile of a happy alternative; it watches against temptations to sleep and indifference, that in the temple it may be reverence and attention of spirit; it is contemplation, and wonder, and praise; and faith in all things, to read in providences and on the sublime monuments of the universe, pledges of His truth who will come and will not tarry, against whose advent “all creatures sigh to be renewed.”

The world, and the circumstances of life in which we are placed, often lead us to religious belief; they are adapted to awaken in our minds impressions of the goodness and power of God;—to call up those feelings of the heart which naturally flow towards him, so that such situations cannot be said to require the exercise of Faith. They may seem in a manner, and for a time, to supersede it; so too when this world has passed away, and that which we now only know of by report, shall be revealed to our eyes, Faith will no longer have a place, and will cease. It is then a duty peculiar to that condition of existence in which we are now placed, and to those circumstances of our condition which are adverse to our religious belief. If we inquire what there is in our present condition that is thus hostile to our religious belief, we find chiefly two things;—our immersion in sense; and the difficulties, trials, and sor-

rows of this world. Both of these appear to require and to try the principle of faith. The very physical condition of our existence, that is, the state of a spirit plunged in matter, demands it. For deriving, as it does, the natural knowledge and the pleasures of life from matter, and by those senses which are the inlets of knowledge, looking continually on material existence, there is needed a strong effort to lift it out of this scene of things, and to carry it over into that invisible and spiritual world which is the scene of the realities of religion. Faith then resists the natural impressions that are made by the world of natural life—strengthening and exalting the mind to conceive that which is veiled from it by this visible being. And this appears to be the first great conception of this principle which has been entertained of it by devout minds, that it has a power of passing out, in thought and feeling, from present realities into that which is future and invisible. Here then are, in the first place, the natural impediments to belief overcome by faith. These are impediments to all religion, because they hold the mind altogether in a different sphere of existence.

In the second place, and of similar effect, are the sorrows and difficulties of this life, which oppose our religious belief, not altogether, by alienating the spirit from such thought and knowledge, but in particular points, by disinclining us to believe, or by disabling us to understand, certain truths of the dispensations of God towards ourselves, and towards mankind at large, which we are instructed and commanded to receive. As, for instance, under severe visitations of distress, and in consternation of sudden calamity, in the overthrow of our hopes, or in the sweep of desolation which involves large portions of our fellow-creatures, and ourselves among them, it is difficult to maintain an assured and confiding belief of the goodness and mercy of the ever watchful providence of God over his creatures. In all these cases, we understand, under the name of Faith, a power in the mind to maintain its belief, in spite of those impediments, and against those assaults, which are most capable of obstructing the understanding, or shaking the trust of weak humanity.

We must now draw to a conclusion, having, perhaps, entered into some discussions; that, to too many persons, may seem to be not only uninteresting in themselves, but on subjects which they are unwilling often to consider. Be it so. Readers of a different character will not be wanting, and to them we recommend, not our observations, but the admirable *Treatise* which has given them birth. Right habits of action, or capacities thereof, to fit a man for Heaven, may proceed, Mr Aird observes, from the Great Principle alone; yet are none to be despised, however different—not even the sensibilities of bodily temperament, that make against sin; but all to be addressed, not only for their after co-operation, but as “causal of the better motive, and its very first growth.”

“On this argument is founded the necessity of maintaining a visible church, and the advantage of making it national, —to keep up the very spirit of religion. It is better that men be constrained by reasonable obligations, to pay homage to religion, even at the risk of being hypocrites, than that it be left to them altogether, whether or not they will maintain the sanctuary. Decency is the parent of the purest virtue. If the externals of religion are not kept up, there is more fear, both in the case of individuals and communities, that the spirit of it shall be forgotten. And let no man think, that a determination to bear the fear of God ever on his spirit, can compensate for neglecting ordinary modes and seasons of devotion.”

There is great wisdom in these remarks, and they evidently emanate from a mind habitually conversant with those things of earth that lead us to Heaven. In all Mr Aird's meditations, the present speaks of the future. Indeed, if we do not thus always look beyond the limits of time, what poor words are well-being, or welfare, or happiness, or virtue, or morality, or religion. In all our efforts to be as God would wish his creatures to be, how are we helped by his own invisible hand!

It may be observed, as remarkable of religious feeling, that, when once it has entered deeply into the mind, it will sustain many things in ordinary life that would seem to destroy it, and which yet do not destroy it. Thus minds which in early years have

received these feelings deeply, will afterwards seem to be without religion altogether, and will pass through polluting scenes of life, which seem as if they must drive that spirit out of the mind altogether. Yet afterwards it will appear that these feelings, though long subdued in their power, have not been destroyed nor corrupted. They will rise up again, just as they were, and resume their force.

If this were not true, the principle of which we now speak must much sooner become extinct, and be much more widely abolished, from their control of human life, than they are. For how many are there, who are driven forth from the sheltered spots in which they first received these holy lessons, into the wild scenes of a licentious world? Their early years are guarded with anxious care, and the name of God is bound on the innocent heart of the child, like a talisman that is to protect it through life. Prayer is taught, and devout fears are instilled. The names of good and evil are explained, and the love and wrath of Him who judges and recompenses them, is shown as hanging over the whole race of mankind. With this instruction laid up in his heart, the human being goes forth into the various and perilous world: His own strong passions shall be seized upon by the examples which the passions of others strew before him on the paths he is to tread. Far other scenes shall fill his eyes—far other instructions shall possess his mind. The treasure that was given to his childhood shall be buried among the recollections of its happy and innocent years. Yet, notwithstanding the revolutions which his spirit undergoes, notwithstanding the corruption he beholds, and the deeper taint of his own acts, that early possession of his soul will remain long undestroyed, and will be the foundation upon which, at some later period of his life, religion shall again be built up. If this were not true, it would seem that its influence must be greatly abated. Nay, it is probable, that while it seems silent, and while there is no explicit reference in the thoughts to its principles or its sanctions, it does still exercise a strong and unperceived control, restraining many excesses of passion, and exercising over the mind a force of prohibition and command, which it obeys, while it does not understand the source from which it proceeds. This

gives us a very affecting view of the power which is held over the whole future destiny of the human being, by those into whose hands the sacred charge of its earliest years of life is committed.

Similar to this power of religious restraint, to remain unextinct, under circumstances in which it has no place to act, and which seem most fatal to it, is what we may observe of the same principle even in ordinary life. For when we consider what the life of man must be, how much occupied in toils, in studious cares, and exertion for providing against its ordinary exigencies, we perceive well, that the mind must, during the greater portion of its earthly existence, be withheld from the thoughts of religion; that it must keep these feelings to return to, when occasion requires or offers; but that they can by no means, to the greater part of men, be the continual food of the mind. Thus we may conceive of those whose lot is ordinary labour, that while they are engaged in the severe exertion by which they contend against ordinary necessity, their mind must be intent on the objects with which it is immediately conversant. It must be possessed with desires and cares, having their termination in the next moment; and those great thoughts, which are the support of life, must for a season be laid aside. But to those on that account, the more certainly, at the stated times, and on the solemn occasions, to which they belong, do they return with their accustomed full and unbroken force. Their piety, therefore, does not waver as in those disengaged and speculative minds in the continual fluctuation of their thoughts. Strong and fixed, though not always present, it rises up at the occasion of need, either for the due repetition of consecrated observances, or for admonition and direction in the exigencies of life, or consolation in distress. To them their lot is consistently framed; and if less can be yielded by their spirits, loaded more heavily with the bur-

den of mortality, less, we may believe, is required,—and less also, we see certainly, is sufficient for maintaining in them their regular piety. But let us conclude with Mr Aird's own beautiful words:—

“ 'Tis well to exercise our lofty will;—but what must become of our usual states of mind and less happy hours, beset by low wants and vile passions? We may walk forth with the beauty of earth beneath our feet, and the star of heaven in our eye; and our souls consent to the loveliness of organized nature; and our hearts overflow with silent worship of the Great Author; but this is not enough—and there is neither power of instruction, nor example, nor hope, nor fear, sufficient, in such exercises of moral intellect, to raise the prostrate world from its debased conditions. There is a better calculation in Christianity for poor man, above the pity or contempt of vain intellects, or the generous efforts of the more truly wise. It waits for no conditions of wisdom or greatness. It takes not the bold speculator on the heights of natural religion first by the hand, nor hails him the greatest favourite of Heaven. It defies his calculations of merit. It oversteps the control of circumstances. The dungeon and the lazaret-house, and the parlous of lowest humanity it searches for the contrite heart; and raises it to a higher gratitude than of natural religion, and the capacity of a greater moral worth. A rainbow on the dim tears of the penitent, and an immortal hope in his heart;—he rises above the anxieties of low care and his former sins, a new man, more sublime, in his change, than Brutus of old when he threw aside his idiocy and disenthralled Rome. It is the redemption of those who can least help themselves; of the most despised soul from the meanest pollution; and stripping it of its vile accompaniments, it purifies it more and more, and at last places it in the bright jewellery of the sainted heavens.”

LETTERS FROM THE PENINSULA.

NO. I.—THE BATTLE OF BAROSSA.

Lieutenant Spencer Moggridge to his Aunt Mrs Dorothea Moggridge.

Isla de Leon, 12th May, 1811.

Mille gracias, my dear aunt, a thousand thanks for your kind present. Both box and hamper arrived safe from all the perils of the sea. Nothing could be more acceptable than their contents. Flannels, cheese, shirts, porter, stockings, nightcaps, and portable soup, all excellent, and I started on the late short, but sharp campaign, well provided both for famine and fatigue. The issue of our wildgoose expedition you of course know; but do not be alarmed, I beseech you, at seeing my name among the wounded. A mere scratch, a flesh wound, a hole bored through my thigh as neatly as Sam Ayliffe could have done it with a gimlet. My spirits, you see, are good, and you may believe me, when I assure you, that my vital functions are quite as lively as ever. I have got back to my own comfortable barrack-room, furnished with all the appliances which the genius of a regimental carpenter can supply. A stretcher bed, overhung by a gossamer net, to exclude those enemies to English happiness, the musquitos,—a table, two chairs, and a wash-hand stand, (to say nothing of the more contingent enjoyment of a glazed window and a floor mat,) form altogether a constellation of luxury, beyond which the imagination of the most epicurean campaigner never ventured to soar.

In other respects, too, I have no reason to complain. Three doctors to attend me, and the society of my brother officers, who make my sick-bed their lounging place, and come running to me with all the news which the imagination of idle men can either devise or set afloat. Do not be angry, my dear aunt, when I confess, that were I with you at Beaumont Lodge, I question whether I could be happier or more comfortable.

Having thus set your fears at rest, I confess the doctors were not at first without some serious apprehensions about my wound. How the ball, taking the direction it did, managed to steer clear both of the great Femoral artery and the bone, is what none of

them can explain at this moment. The course of the probe would prove to surgical demonstration that the artery must have been divided by the passage of the bullet. The fact of my existence proves at least as incontestably that it was not so, and it is probable a great deal might be said on both sides. It was still to be feared, however, that, in the extensive supuration which is the natural consequence of a gunshot wound, the artery might give way, in which case I should inevitably have bled to death before medical assistance, near as it is, could have been procured. This, as you may suppose, was no very soothing intelligence to the patient; but, making the best of a bad bargain, I turned a deaf ear to all evil prognostics, eat, drank, and slept as well as I could, made jokes of my own, and laughed at those of others; my Femoral artery obligingly belied the doctors' fears, and weathered the storm, and here I am pronounced on all hands to be out of danger, and fast approaching to convalescence. But somewhat too much of this.

You are distinguished, I know, my dear aunt, by a certain genius for war,—a penchant for the "*art militaire*,"—a sort of abstract and refined love of hostilities,—an innocent, but inherent combativeness and appetite for the details of slaughter, which contribute, with other good qualities too numerous to mention, to render you what you are, a most amiable and delightful person. Your Bohea never tastes so delightfully as when seasoned by an account of a battle—the bloodier the better. A skirmish, or an affair of posts, always leads to a second cup, so does a mutiny or a retreat. The capture of a fort, or a charge of cavalry, never fails to induce a third; but give you a general engagement, or the storm and sack of a city, and you absolutely drain the pot. It would be unkind, ungrateful in me not to contribute all in my power to the gratification of this predominant peculiarity of taste. To the extent of three, or

even four sheets of foolscap, I beg you will at all times command me; and I shall now proceed to give you within that compass, if possible, a narrative of the battle of Barossa, and the circumstances which led to it, in so far as they happen to have fallen within the sphere of my personal observation.

Cadiz, my good aunt, you know, (or, if not, you may know it either by reading this letter, or consulting one of Arrowsmith's maps,) is situated at the extremity of a long and narrow isthmus, at one place only a few yards wide, which stretches from the Isla de Leon towards the mainland, thus forming a large and capacious basin, or harbour. Across the narrowest part of the isthmus a canal has been cut, which is crossed only by a drawbridge, and can be inundated at pleasure. Since the arrival of the English, it has been fortified on the land side by a series of batteries and redoubts, so strong and numerous, that the hair of the very bravest man might excusably bristle up at the bare idea of storming them. If the besiegers have not the command at sea, Cadiz can only be approached through the Isla de Leon, which is a triangular shaped island, about five miles long. The Isla is only separated from the mainland by a river, called the Santi Petri, which, though not broader at the point of its confluence with the sea than the Thames at Richmond, is considerably enlarged as you recede from it, and varies from half a mile to a mile in breadth. The Isla is naturally strong, and all that art can do to add to its capacities of defence, has been done by the English. The heights literally bristle with forts; and the march of the enemy, supposing them to pass at the mouth of the Santi Petri, which is the only practicable point, would be exposed, every yard of the way to Cadiz (12 miles), to such a fire, as I imagine few troops could stand, and still fewer survive, if they did so. As it is certain that the Isla must be the first object of the attack, in case the French mean seriously to attempt the reduction of Cadiz, and therefore constitutes the post of honour and of danger, its defence has been ceded to the English by their obliging allies. The Spanish troops form the more immediate garrison of Cadiz, and are stationed within its walls.

Before the late events, the Leaguers

of Cadiz, and the Isla de Leon, had continued nearly a year without any active operations having been attempted on either side. The French, it is true, had constructed huge mortars for the purpose of bombarding Cadiz across the bay, a distance of three miles, and had brought them recently into play, but with very trifling effect. A few shells, indeed—and but a few—reached their destination, and produced at first some terror and consternation among the inhabitants. In general, they either exploded in the air, or fell harmlessly into the bay. These shells, of which I have seen several, are certainly most formidable-looking instruments of war. I cannot give you a better idea of their size than by telling you they are quite as large as the twenty-four inch globes that stand in the Library. One of them fell into a coffeehouse, to the sore discomfiture of certain "potent, grave, and reverend seniors," who were regaling themselves with iced punch and lemonade. Another dropped through the roof of a church in service-time. It is needless to say the congregation dispersed without waiting for the blessing. It was a favourite amusement of the English officers to ride down to the beach and watch the flight of these stupendous missiles, as, like the rocks one reads of in the Arabian Nights, they winged on high their way towards the city. There was certainly something sublime in the spectacle, whether intrinsically or by association, I am not metaphysician enough to know. Of this I am sure, they have for ever spoilt my relish for the Vauxhall fire-works. When shall I delight again in a squib or a rocket? A sentinel was placed on a steeple to give notice to the inhabitants whenever one of these mortars was discharged. At first these intimations occasioned some bustle and uneasiness among this idle and indolent race, but frequent impunity soon made them be disregarded, and nobody slept a bit the less soundly for the chance of one of these unwelcome intruders interrupting his domestic privacy.

"Such," (I know you would here evangelically observe,) "is the fate of all warnings to vain and unregenerate man. Are we not all journeying," you go on to say, "through the valley of the shadow of death? Are there not shot and shells continually burst-

ing on all sides of us, pitfalls at our feet, rocks suspended by an invisible hand over our heads, and ready every moment to fall and crush us? Are we not constantly assailed by the batteries of the senses? Is not the devil's bomb continually at work? Do we not live in the constant disregard of warnings more loud and impressive than even an angel's voice sounding from an eternal trumpet in the sky? In these your truly pious and appropriate remarks, I most cordially agree. This affair of bombardment, however, was mere child's-play. A few dozen of shells sent from a distance of three miles, could never force Cadiz to capitulate, and Victor is no better than a nincompoop, if he thought they would. Such conquests are not to be effected now-a-days by scaring a few old women and children. But except this and the capture of Fort Matagorda, the French did literally nothing. The garrison, too, were infinitely too well-bred to put their assailants to shame by any exuberant display of zeal and activity. Their courage, though vociferous enough, did by no means seek to vent itself in any deeds of valorous and heroic enterprise. This polite and punctilious mode of warfare, however, was, as you may suppose, by no means agreeable to General Graham. He had served in Mantua during the celebrated siege, where matters were not quite similarly conducted. In vain did he endeavour to infuse a little more vigour and spirit into the councils of our Spanish allies. He appeared but in a subordinate character, and his advice and opinion were slighted and over-ruled. The English troops were placed, it is true, under his exclusive command; but he held no Spanish commission, and not a soldier of that nation acknowledged his authority. It is known also that his express instructions from the British Government were merely to *assist and co-operate* with the Spanish general in command, whoever he might be. The English troops were too few to effect anything by themselves, and we had long the mortification of seeing his plans thwarted and counteracted by contemptible dastards on whom he had been injudiciously made to depend. In short, General Graham was an English bull-dog of the true breed; and the Conde de La Pena the ca-nister tied to his tail, of which, in

spite of all his growling, he could not get rid. The junction of such men was like uniting a living man to a dead one.

It was known that the besieging army had recently been very considerably weakened by large drafts of men, which had been withdrawn in order to supply the more pressing exigencies of the service in Portugal and the west of Spain. Of this we had soon reason to believe the allies intended to take advantage. Some project was evidently a-foot. There were meetings of the Regency, and councils of the generals; reviews and inspections of troops; and the garrison received orders to hold themselves at all times ready to march at a moment's warning. Weeks, however, passed away without any remarkable occurrence, and the symptoms of activity which had excited our speculation, once more subsided into a calm. This was in January; the Kalends of February were still as the grave, but the Ides brought with them a renewal of bustle and animation. Portents of enterprise were again visible. There was shipping of naval stores, and preparation of ships for sea; and much cantering of aides-de-camp and galloping of orderly dragoons, while the roads were almost quite impassable by the dust of commissaries' mules. Of all this, we regimental officers were, of course, only passive and ignorant spectators; but I believe every one of the brigade had formed some peculiar theory to account for the phenomena. Some said the English were about to evacuate Cadiz and join the Viscount; others spoke knowingly of a general sortie; others still of a diversion in Catalonia, or a descent on the French coast in the Mediterranean. In short, we were idle and curious; and surely, if curiosity be justifiable at all, it was so in a case in which our lives and limbs were pretty certain to be jeopardied. But our struggles to burst the cements of our ignorance were vain. I tried to extract knowledge from all my friends on the staff, but without success. The Adjutant-General knew nothing—the Quartermaster-General would tell nothing—the Military Secretary was not at liberty to mention—the Brigade-Major was quite in the dark—the Commissary-General put his finger to his nose, and assured me *Mum* was the word—and the very

Aide-de-camp had the impertinence to look with an air of compassionate sagacity as he evaded my question by riding off. Time, however, the great solver of all doubts and difficulties, at length solved ours. We were seated one evening at the mess-table in the barracks on the Gallineros Heights, when the orderly-sergeants entered in a body, and presented each to his officer the copy of an order just issued from head-quarters. By this we were directed to march for Cadiz at eleven o'clock of the same night; and immediately on reaching that city, to embark on board certain vessels provided for our reception in the harbour. These orders occasioned a speedy termination to the convivial enjoyments of the mess-table. We had all considerable preparations to make during the few hours that remained to us; and the business of packing and arrangement admitted of no delay. Having drank, therefore, one concluding bumper to the success of the enterprise, we separated with hearts full of "hopes, and fears that kindle hope," to make such provision as our means afforded for the contingencies of the approaching crisis.

"The drum beat at dead of night," and the regiment assembled at its call. The night was one of the deepest darkness I ever remember: not a sentinel star in the heavens, and the moon absent without leave. The men were counted by the touch, for sight at a foot's distance was impossible. Our spirits were high, but our departure was not unaccompanied by the voice of lamentation. The women were to remain, and the wind that followed us on our march came onwards loaded with the wailing of sorrowful and loving hearts. The road to Cadiz is over deep sand, and we were occasionally wet by the spray of the waves, which broke on both sides of us. It was two in the morning before we reached the point of embarkation. The boats of the squadron were waiting to convey us on board, and in an hour I found myself safely housed in the Rialto transport. The morning dawned stormily, and the wind increased to a strong gale, which prevented the sailing of the fleet. During the day we lay at anchor, I had an opportunity of exchanging the monotony of ship-board for the enjoyments of the shore. We breakfasted and dined in Cadiz;

but we re-embarked before sunset, and about eight o'clock the fleet weighed anchor and stood to sea. The night was, in all respects, a contrast to the preceding one. The moon and stars were abroad in all their beauty, and not a cloud was in the sky. The gale had subsided to a pleasant breeze, and we ran before it on our course smoothly and rapidly. It was now only that we acquired any certain knowledge of our destination, and were enabled to comprehend the general scope of the project, in the execution of which our lives were to be perilled. The minor details, and the exact plan of co-operation agreed on by the generals, of course we did not know; but it may be as well to take advantage here of my subsequent knowledge, and give you a succinct account of the scheme of operation intended by the allies.

Victor's army, I have already informed you, had been considerably weakened by large drafts, which the necessities of the war in the North rendered necessary to be withdrawn. This, therefore, was considered by the allies as a favourable moment of attack. General Sebastiani commanded a considerable army at Seville, which having no enemy to oppose, might be considered as a disposable force, and employed to reinforce the emboldened army of Cadiz. It was judged prudent to anticipate this contingency, and, by a simultaneous attack from different points, to drive the enemy from his lines, and raise the siege. The command of the force destined for this service was bestowed on the Conde de la Pena. The plan of attack was arranged as follows:—One body of the Spanish troops was to cross at St Roques, and advancing from that point, to attack the enemy in rear of their lines, along the banks of the Santi Petri, and to effect a junction with another force, which, under the command of General Lardimbel, were to cross at the mouth of the river, and thus lay open a communication with the Isla de Leon and Cadiz. The main body of the Spanish army, under La Pena, and the English, under General Graham, were to land, if possible, at Tariffa, and after effecting a junction with Lardimbel, co-operate with them in the simultaneous attack which was contemplated. Such was the object of our expedition.

The wind, as I already told you,

blew favourably, and the night was clear, and we scudded steadily along, at the rate of ten knots. We expected only to be one night on board, and I had brought no bedding with me; so, after a draught of porter, and a supper of salt junk, I returned to the deck, to pass the night there. We walked the deck for several hours, engaged in conversation on the enterprise on which we were about to enter, and its probable success, or beguiling time with a cigar, and listening to the song of the sailors, collected in groups for a similar purpose to our own. But a different train of feeling was soon excited by a spot which we were fast approaching. Cape Trafalgar was visible a-head. There did the blood of my countrymen

"The multitudinous sea incarnadine,
And make that green one red."

Not a hill, cape, or promontory that now met my eye, but stood the eternal, though silent, witness of my country's glory. They had beheld the meteor flag of England burn in its unquenchable brightness, in the dark hour of battle. The associations, in short, connected with the scene around me, could not but enter deeply into my spirit. Adieu at once to all timidity and apprehension. The high duties of my vocation rose before me, and I felt a solemn pride that I too was about to enjoy the privilege of periling life and limb in the cause of my country—of attesting my attachment with the outpouring of my blood.

The night had become chilly, the dew fell fast, and my brother officers had retired to rest. I mounted the shrouds into the main-top, where, wrapped comfortably in my boat-cloak, I lay down to enjoy

"The harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps on his own heart,"

gazing on the varying scene through which I was carried, till the material world around me became but as a dream.

The wind chopped round about sun-rise, and when I woke in the morning, we were sailing close-hauled, and endeavouring to make the Gut of Gibraltar. It blew a stiff breeze, and several of the ships being heavy sailers, we made but little progress on our destined course. It was not till night, therefore, that our efforts to get into the Straits were successful, and even

then, notwithstanding the current in our favour, we made little way. I believe, it had been in contemplation by General Graham to land at Tariffa; but the wind, which was gradually increasing, and the roughness of the sea, made this impracticable. We therefore held on in our course, and in the morning cast anchor in the Bay of Gibraltar, nearly opposite to Algeiras. General Graham went on shore at the Rock, and had an interview with General Campbell, the Governor. When he returned, the debarkation was ordered to take place immediately. It was thought advisable, however, that the men should dine before landing, and in consequence the day was nearly spent before we found ourselves in marching order on the shore. The commissariat stores and the artillery were directed to proceed by sea to Tariffa, at which point they were again to join us. By this arrangement our operations were considerably accelerated, for the roads were so bad as to be almost impassable for guns.

We marched for a league and a half, and bivouacked for the night. The day had been cloudy, and towards evening set in with heavy rain. Destitute, as we were, of all camp-equipage and the equipments of more practised campaigners, you may believe, my dear aunt, our situation, exposed as we were to all the elements, was not very pleasant.

Two days' march brought us to the neighbourhood of Tariffa, where the Spanish transports had arrived the day before. Here the final arrangements for our operations were concluded by Graham and La Pena. The French had a garrison in Veger, a town distant but a few leagues, and at Casas Viejas, both of which places, in order to prevent intelligence of our approach being conveyed to Marshal Victor, it was deemed necessary to surprise. With this view, every precaution was taken to conceal our movements from the enemy.

The attempt on the part of the Spaniards, however, to take those places by surprise lamentably failed. The garrison of Veger received intelligence of their approach, and retreated on the main body of their army by way of Conil; nor was La Pena more fortunate with regard to Casas Viejas. He miscalculated his time or his distance, and instead of arriving, as he expect-

ed, several hours before day-break, the sun rose while he was yet at a considerable distance from the fort.

The enemy thus enjoying an opportunity of reconnoitring their advancing enemy, did not think it prudent to await their assault in the fort, and retreated to a hill a short distance in its rear, where they took up their position. It was naturally a strong one. On the left flowed the river Barbate, in the front lay a flooded marsh, and on the right it terminated in a steep and precipitous acclivity.

The Spaniards formed the van of the army, and to them the honours of this first attack were to be resigned. Their cavalry, under General Whittingham, accordingly advanced to the attack, making a circuitous detour to the right; but though these alone were sufficient, in point of numbers, to dislodge the enemy from the height, General Graham, perhaps, thought it more prudent to support them by a body of the cavalry of the German Legion, and to make a simultaneous attack on the left, by throwing a battalion of infantry across the Barbate.

For this latter service, our regiment was selected, and advancing under a tolerably smart fire from two pieces of artillery, which, however, did but little execution, we crossed the stream at the imminent danger of absolutely sticking in the mud at every step. We had almost reached the height on which the enemy were posted, with the view of dislodging them by the bayonet, when we suddenly saw them thrown into disorder by the charge of the cavalry which, by a considerable detour—rendered necessary by the nature of the ground—had at length been enabled to operate thus efficaciously on their flank. The French abandoned their artillery, and hastily retreated; they were hotly pursued for several leagues by the cavalry of the allies, but without any material advantage on our part.

It became now apparent that some change in the plan of our projected operations had taken place. Instead of advancing towards Chiclana or Medina Sidonia, between which points the forces of Victor were concentrated, the army changing its route held on its course along the shore, towards the lines of Santi Petri, by which it was intended to open a communication with the Isla de Leon. The misma-

nagement of the commissioners had indeed rendered this measure necessary. Only three days had passed since our disembarkation, and yet our provisions were almost exhausted. On that day, we saw nothing more of the enemy, and after marching a league or two further, we again bivouacked for the night.

On the following morning, we were in motion an hour before daylight, and our march along the sands of the shore was pleasant and uninterrupted. By mid-day we had reached Barossa, a rugged and extensive plain, here and there covered with wood, and intersected by several ridges of rough and sandy eminences, which stretch northward from the shore.

The British had already marched upwards of seven leagues, and General Graham, judging rest and refreshment to be necessary to enable them to proceed, ordered a halt, and gave directions that the men should cook their dinners before proceeding farther. Never was a military order more joyfully obeyed. We halted in the wood, and in a moment all the knapsacks and accoutrements were laid aside, and the men busily engaged in collecting fuel and kindling fires. The officers too, I assure you, my good aunt, exhausted and half-starved as we all were, did not fail to take advantage of this cessation of their toils, and might be seen divested of their more cumbersome and oppressive appendages, stretched at full length upon the sod in the enjoyment of as much shade as the scraggy and dwarfish trees, to which alone the soil gave nourishment, were capable of affording.

On our right were the Spanish army, which having on the day previous been reinforced by the junction of the body which had crossed from Cadiz to St Roques, were in considerable strength. By the inequalities of the ground, however, they were entirely hid from view.

In this situation were the English army, when a column of the enemy were suddenly seen rapidly advancing on our flank, to the heights a short distance in the rear. Of the hurry—I might almost say trepidation—which a sight so utterly unexpected occasioned in us all, your prolific fancy may conceive something, but not all. Not a moment was to be lost, the enemy were at hand, and sooth to say, it was impossible for any army to be less prepared

for their reception. The command to stand to our arms was instantly given, and never was the business of equipment dispatched with greater celerity. The men forsook their camp-kettles already boiling on the fires, and again accoutred themselves in martial array. We were ordered to counter-march to the rear, in order to be beforehand with the enemy in occupying the heights, of which it was evidently their object to obtain possession. In our retreat, a heavy firing on our right told us that the force of La Pena was already engaged in close combat with the enemy. The brigade to which our regiment belonged, was commanded by General Dilkes. We had reached the heights which it was our object to occupy, and were actually engaged in the ascent, when a heavy and destructive fire from the summit, told us our antagonists had anticipated our views. This unexpected reception did at first stagger us a little; but General Dilkes spurred forward to the front, from the right of the line, and a cheer being given, the brigade, which had halted for a moment, (observe I do not say retreated,) once more advanced to the charge. On reaching the summit of the eminence, the firing was even hotter than before, and the smoke was so thick, that it was literally impossible to see a yard before you. I mention this, because, as it was the first time in which, in military phrase, I had ever smelt powder, I really felt anxious to have a view of the enemy with whom we had been brought thus suddenly in contact. But I could discern nothing of our adversaries, and after firing a volley or two, like men groping in the dark, we charged on through the dense mass of smoke in which the summit of the height lay hid. I believe the thrust of the British bayonets gave the French the first intelligence of our extreme proximity, and on receiving the intimation, they certainly retreated in confusion. Orders were given that we should not pursue them, but continue our fire from the hill; in the ardour of the moment, however, a considerable body on the right of the brigade disobeyed the mandate, and continued to follow up our success, driving the enemy before them through the wood. Of this body my regiment formed a part, and while we were thus engaged, a renewal of the

firing on the height we had just quit-
ted, and which was still occupied by
the greater part of the brigade, met
our ear, and, with somewhat more
hurry than regularity, our steps were
retraced. In ascending the side of the
eminence, it became apparent that our
troops on the summit were in some
confusion, and suffering severely from
the fire of another column of the ene-
my, which had advanced to contest
with them the possession of the height.
There was little order in our proceed-
ings; by the difficulties and inequali-
ties of the ground, the battalion had
become clubbed; and when we crown-
ed the hill, and opened fire on our an-
tagonists, we found ourselves certainly
not in the same place we formerly
occupied in the line. The firing
was continued for a minute or two,
and then we charged with the ba-
yonet; while advancing with this
view, I remember stumbling over the
stump of a tree, and immediately af-
terwards I felt myself to be wounded.
A bullet struck me in the thigh, and
passing directly through from front
to rear, lodged in the pocket of my
coat, in which I afterwards found it
safely deposited. You may rely on
its being brought home as a curiosity
for your museum.

I know you have a curiosity about
such matters, my dear aunt; and as
having your thigh bored by a bullet is
not likely to prove an incident in your
life, eventful as it has been, I shall
endeavour to give you some idea of
the sensations it occasions. The first
feeling, then, of a person so situated, is
not one of acute pain, and is wholly dis-
similar to that occasioned by the cut-
ting of a sharp instrument. The sen-
sation is more like that which proceeds
from the violent blow of a hammer,
and the patient has at first no idea
that he has received anything more
than a bruise. This, at least, was my
own case. I imagined myself struck
only by a spent ball, and actually pro-
ceeded several paces with my regiment,
congratulating myself on my escape;
but my limb was stiff, and there was
a numbness of the muscles which led
me almost instinctively to carry my
hand to the wound, in order to ascer-
tain the extent of the damage. On
withdrawing it, I saw my white glove
absolutely incarnadined with blood,
and a sudden sickness came over me
as I beheld it, and now for the first

time knew myself to be wounded. I then felt a strong inclination to lie down, for the discovery occasioned what I had not felt before, a certain swimming in the head and conglomeration of ideas, which made me imagine it was both safer and more decorous for a wounded man to enjoy *otium cum dignitate* in a recumbent posture. I had still sense enough left, however, to proceed deliberately to work, and selecting the most comfortable site for my person which the compass of a few yards offered for my selection, I hobbled towards it leaning on my sword, and took up my position with true military *coup d'œil*, which even in these trying circumstances did not desert me. The charge of bayonets had decided the possession of the height, and the French had retreated, closely followed by our brigade.

As the smoke cleared away, I found additional reason to congratulate myself on my choice of situation. The spot on which I lay was one of the most elevated of the whole ridge of heights, whose possession, but a moment before, had been the subject of warm contest between the contending armies, and commanded a full view of the field in which the contest still continued.

As I gazed with anxious eye, myself and my wound were for a time forgotten. From a rising ground, at some distance, the British artillery had opened a heavy and effective fire on an advancing column of the enemy, who still appeared determined to dislodge us from our position. Though their loss was severe, yet their progress was not interrupted, and it was evident the left wing of the British army was destined to be the chief object of their attack.

I cannot tell you, my good aunt, how my heart fluttered, or how the pulses danced in my veins, as I watched the conflict which was evidently depending. I could not look on the large masses of the French army, and on the small number of those who were to repel the attacks of so formidable a body, without—I confess it—a pretty strong sensation of uneasiness. However, the moment of action came, and I was too much occupied with the present, to be able any longer to speculate on the future.

The brigade commanded by Colonel Wheatley opened a heavy fire on their

assailants as they advanced, which, as soon as the French had succeeded in deploying from column into line, was returned with interest. This, however, did not continue long; I heard the truly British cheer given, which indicates a determination to charge, and saw them advance in double-quick towards their enemy, in order to decide the issue with the bayonet. The French awaited their approach, as if resolved to take them at their own weapons; nor was it till only a few yards of distance intervened between them, that symptoms of disorder became suddenly visible in their line. In a moment all was confusion. The enemy, from a regular military body, performing all its evolutions with regularity and precision, became suddenly a confused crowd, as incapable of order or obedience as a Manchester or Sheffield meal-mob. Our brave fellows did not leave their success unimproved, but continued the pursuit across a narrow gully or ravine which opposed a considerable obstacle to their advance. The artillery too, which, by the way, was admirably served, had now advanced and taken a position nearer the enemy, among whom it now played with terrible effect.

Yet, after all this, the battle was not won. There were still a strong and formidable *corps de reserve* which had not yet been engaged, and by whom the tide of battle might yet have been turned. All apprehensions on this score, however, were soon at an end. These were likewise charged with the bayonet; and disheartened, perhaps, by the fate of their companions, whom the generals were obviously endeavouring to form into some order in the rear, they too, on the approach of our gallant fellows, after firing a few volleys, hastily retired.

The French army were now evidently in full retreat, and it was obvious they no longer intended to dispute the possession of the field. During the action, General Graham had been most active; moving incessantly from point to point, at once animating and inciting the troops by his voice and example. What would I not have given for his feelings, as he beheld the enemy retreating, disgraced and discomfited, from the unequal contest with his little army!

I have said little of the conduct of the Spanish troops, both because they were at a considerable distance from the spot on which I lay, and because my attention and anxieties were, of course, in a much greater degree engrossed by my countrymen. On them—I may say on them alone, I well knew, the event of the day must depend. With regard to La Pena and his army, I only know that we received no assistance from them in the battle.

The ground was not calculated for the operations of cavalry; but General Whittingham, who was stationed on the shore to protect the left flank of the allies from being turned, made a successful charge on a body of the enemy's horse, which attempted, that route, to gain possession of the heights. On the whole, nothing could be more honourable to the British arms, than the victory thus achieved. Never were bravery and resolution more determined and unswerving displayed by any army; never was an army brought into action under greater disadvantages; they were tired, hungry, and taken by surprise; yet never did any army pass more gloriously through the ordeal of battle, or better earn the wreath of victory that encircles their brows. The numerical disparity of the contending armies, in any ordinary calculation, must have appeared overwhelming to the weaker party; yet in spite of all we conquered. After the battle, it was judged necessary to suspend farther operations, and return to Cadiz and the Isla. We were not strong enough to attack the enemy in a strongly entrenched position, and, besides, it was well known that the Spanish and English Generals were at loggerheads.

In dwelling on the general details of the battle, I have almost forgot to continue the account of—to you, at least, the most interesting object—myself. The truth is, however, there is little further to tell. I lay quiet and unmolested in the position I had chosen, until the French retreated, when my wounds were dressed by the regimental doctor, and I was carried on a blanket, by a fatigue party of my own company, to the lines of Santi Petri, where we crossed the river, and returned to our quarters in the Isla de Leon. Ever since, I am happy to inform you,

I have been in a progressive course of recovery, and the doctors assure me that another fortnight will set me on my legs again.

From the details I have given you, my dear aunt, of the expedition which terminated in the battle of Barossa, you will see much, in a military point of view, deserving of censure. The idea of surprising the French, in the first place, was absurd; in fact, there were sentinels continually posted on the top of a high church-tower in Chiclana, which commanded the whole country for leagues around, including by far the greater part of the Isla de Leon, whose observation it was hopeless to escape. But had this not been so, the chances of success would have been very inconsiderably increased. The French knew, *and must have known*, of the expedition, before it even went forth on its destination;—they saw all our preparations, they received intelligence of all our proceedings from their spies in the city, and nothing, I believe, but a most fortunate jealousy between Victor and Sebastiani prevented the British army being attacked by numbers so utterly overwhelming, as to render even negative success almost hopeless. With the single army of Victor, the odds were indeed fearfully against us, and against the combined armies of Victor and Sebastiani we could have done nothing. It is not surely undervaluing British prowess, to say it could not work miracles.

But if the very project of the expedition was bad, the execution was certainly in fine keeping and accordance. A beautiful and harmonious consistency prevails throughout. The supply of provisions was inadequate; there was no cordial and effective co-operation between the British and the Spanish armies; the generals were not agreed on the plan of operations; and, lastly, instead of surprising the enemy, we ourselves were taken by surprise!

In the object of the expedition, we entirely failed. The siege of Cadiz was not raised, and an eagle, a French general, and some two or three hundred prisoners were the only trophies of our victory. I would not, however, be understood as casting any censure on General Graham: he is as zealous and gallant an officer as any

in his Majesty's service; and, situated as he was with La Pena, placed in fact by his own government under his command, he had a difficult card to play, and it would be unfair for those not in the secrets of the game, to blame him for being influenced by circumstances, which, however he might deplore, he could not prevent.

And now, my good aunt, farewell. I hope in this long letter I have been successful in catering for your taste, and that I have at least satiated, for the present, your military appetite. At present we are lying here without any prospect whatever of being soon engaged in any active military operations. "Oh that we were with Lord Wellington!" is the prayer of us all; for even you can hardly imagine how galling it is, to hear daily of the glory which other more fortunate regiments are earning in the field, while we are shut up in a state of utter sluggish-

ness and inaction. However, we live in the hope that better days may yet come, and you may still enjoy the satisfaction of seeing your gallant nephew return to his native land a brevet-major, with a wooden leg!

To conclude,—Pray take care of my dogs and horses. Tell Parsons I wish Lady Morgan to be stinted this season to Adam Blair, and I hope the produce will turn out better than Filho da Puta's.

God bless you, my dear aunt, and believe me, &c. &c.

SPENCER MOGGIDGE.

P. S.—I had almost forgot to mention, that I have been obliged to draw on you for another hundred. Write Coutts to take care of my bill, and depend on receiving a satisfactory explanation of the causes of this unpleasant necessity in my next.

S. M.

THE SPELL BROKEN.

Oh yes, thou art, though changed, the same,
I read it in that auburn hair,
Those speaking eyes, that thrilling frame,—
Which breathes of Heaven's divinest air:
But yet there is a shade of gloom,
Which to my spirit seems to say,
That care and grief have marr'd thy doom,
Since girlhood's bright unclouded day.

Fair creature! gazing thus on thee,
The sunshine of the past returns;
And, o'er what never more can be,
My time-taught spirit hangs and burns.
Thou wert a bud of beauty then,
A star-gem in a cloudless sky.
A glory idolized by men,—
And who thy votary more than I?

How fleeteth time away! twelve years,
With shades of grief, and gleams of joy,
Have come and gone in smiles and tears,
Since thou wert girl, and I was boy;
Since, unreserved, how oft with thee,
'Twas mine through wood and wild to range,—
And art thou silent! can it be
That, like our looks, the heart can change?

When within mine thy fingers thrill'd,
Although 'twas but a moment brief,
My heart dilating swell'd, and fill'd
My bosom with a gush of grief;
That pressure was a spell,—that touch
The treasures of the past unfurl'd;
Showing at once, how Time so much
Had changed thee—me—and all the world!

Oh, there is not an earthly woe.
 So bitter, as to see the form,
 Once overbright with beauty's glow,
 Bow'd down beneath misfortune's storm !
 To mark the once clear, cloudless eye,
 That swam as in the depths of bliss,
 Subdued to darkness, and the dye
 Of such a dull grey world as this.

Would I had known not this !—thou wast
 An image to my musing mind,
 Amid the sunshine of the past,
 In glory and delight enshrined ;—
 But now the spell is broken ;—now
 I see that thou like all canst fade,
 That grief can overcloud thy brow,
 And care thy cheek's pure beauty shade !

Yes ! thou canst change like all beside ;
 And I have lived to look on thee,
 All radiant once in youthful pride,
 Chill'd by forlorn adversity ;
 And though, like July skies, of yore
 Glowed thy serene, unblemish'd fame,
 I've sigh'd to hear black Envy pour
 Her venom on thy favourite name !

Flower of life's desert ! art thou sad ?
 Nought purer breathes beneath the sun
 Than thee, in thy sweet meekness clad ;—
 What couldst thou ere have said or done,
 That gloom should reave thy thoughts of rest,
 Should dim the bright eyes, cloud the brow,
 Or hang a burden on the breast
 Of aught so beautiful as thou ?

Or is it, that, from wandering come,
 From travels of the land and main,
 It was thy hope to greet at home
 The faces of old friends again ?
 Alas ! if such thy cause of woe,—
 For ever quench'd their jocund mirth ;
 The old have died, and sleep below,
 The young are scatter'd o'er the earth.

We sow in hope, but from the seeds
 Of promise, nothing reap save grief ;
 Joy's flowerets fade to noisome weeds
 Of vulgar bloom, and bitter leaf :
 Age—when Youth's wine hath run to lees—
 Confesses Earth a vale of tears ;
 'Tis only Hope's keen eye that sees
 Perfection's glow in coming years.

△

THE MONKEY-MARTYR: A FABLE.

"God help thee, said I, but I'll let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get to the door."—STERN.

I.

'Tis strange what awkward figures and odd capers
Folks cut, who seek their doctrine from the papers,—
But there are many shallow politicians
Who take their bias from bewilder'd journals,
Turn state-physicians,
And make themselves foolscaps of the diurnals.

II.

One of this kind—not human, but a monkey,
Had read himself at last to this sour creed,
That he was nothing but Oppression's flunkey,
And Man a Tyrant over all his breed.
He could not read
Of niggers whipt, or over-trampled weavers,
But he applied their wrongs to his own seed,
And nourish'd thoughts that threw him into fevers.
His very dreams were full of martial beavers,
And drilling Pugs, for liberty pugnacious,
To sever chains vexatious :
In fact, he thought that all his injured line
Should take up pikes in hand, and never drop 'em
Till they had clear'd a road to Freedom's shrine—
Unless perchance the turn-pike men should stop 'em.

III.

Full of this rancour,
Pacing one day beside St Clement Danes,
It came into his brains
To give a look-in at the Crown and Anchor,
Where certain solemn Sages of the nation
Were at that moment in deliberation
How to relieve the wide world of its chains,
Pluck Despots down,
And thereby crown
Whitee- as well as Blackee-man-cipation.
Pug heard the speeches with great approbation,
And gazed with pride upon the Liberators ;
To see mere coal-heavers
Such perfect Bolivars—
Waiters of inns sublimed to innovators,
And slaters dignified as legislators—
Small Publicans demanding (such their high sense
Of liberty) an universal license,—
And patten-makers easing Freedom's clogs—
The whole thing seem'd
So fine, he deem'd
The smallest demagogues as great as Gogs!

IV.

Pug, with some curious notions in his noddle,
Walk'd out at last, and turn'd into the Strand,
To the left hand,
Conning some portions of the previous twaddle,

And striding with a step that seem'd design'd
 To represent the mighty March of Mind,
 Instead of that slow waddle
 Of thought, to which our ancestors inclined—
 No wonder, then, that he should quickly find
 He stood in front of that intrusive pile,
 Where Cross keeps many a kind
 Of bird confin'd,
 And free-born animal, in durance vile,—
 'A thought that stirr'd up all the monkey-bile !

V.

The window stood ajar—
 It was not far,
 Nor, like Parnassus, very hard to climb—
 The hour was verging on the supper time,
 And many a growl was sent through many a bar—
 Meanwhile Pug scrambled upward like a tar,
 And soon crept in
 Unnoticed in the din
 Of tuneless throats, that made the attics ring
 With all the harshest notes that they could bring ;
 For, like the Jews,
 Wild beasts refuse
 In midst of their captivity to sing.

VI.

Lord ! how it made him chafe,
 Full of his new emancipating zeal,
 To look around upon this Brute-Bastile,
 And see the King of creatures in—a safe !
 The desert's denizen, in one small den,
 Swallowing slavery's most bitter pills,—
 A Bear in bars unbearable. And then
 The fretful Porcupine, with all its quills
 Imprison'd in a pen !
 A Tiger limited to four feet ten ;
 And, still worse lot !
 A Leopard to one spot !
 An Elephant enlarged,
 But not discharged,
 (It was before the elephant was shot,)
 A doleful Wanderow,* that wander'd not ;
 An Ounce much disproportion'd to his pound.—
 Pug's wrath wax'd hot
 To gaze upon these captive creatures round,
 Whose claws—all scratching—gave him full assurance
 They found their durance vile of vile endurance.

VII.

He went above—a solitary mounter
 Up gloomy stairs—and saw a pensive group
 Of hapless fowls—
 Cranes—Vultures—Owls—
 In fact, it was a sort of Poultry-Compter,
 Where feather'd prisoners were doom'd to droop :
 Here sat an Eagle forced to make a stoop,
 Not from the skies, but his impending roof ;
 And there aloof,

* Wanderow—a sort of Baboon.

A pining Ostrich, moping in a coop ;
 With other samples of the bird creation,
 All caged against their powers and their wills ;
 And cramped in such a space, the longest bills
 Were plainly bills of least accommodation—
 In truth, it was a very ugly scene
 To fall to any liberator's share ;
 To see those winged fowls that once had been
 Free as the wind,—no freer than fix'd air.

VIII.

His temper little mended,
 Pug from this Bird-Cage Walk at last descended
 Unto the Lion and the Elephant,
 His bottom in a pant
 To see all Nature's Free List thus suspended,
 And beasts deprived of what she had intended.
 They could not even prey
 In their own way ;
 A hardship always reckon'd quite prodigious.
 Thus he revolved—
 And soon resolved
 To give them freedom, civil and religious.

IX.

That night, there were no country cousins, raw
 From Wales, to view the Lion and his kin.
 The keeper's eyes were fix'd upon a saw ;
 The saw was fix'd upon a bullock's shin ;
 Meanwhile, with stealthy paw,
 Pug hasten'd to withdraw
 The bolt that kept the king of brutes within—
 Now, Monarch of the Forest ! thou shalt win
 Precious Enfranchisement—thy bolts are undone—
 Thou art no longer a degraded creature,
 But loose to roam with liberty and nature,
 And free of all the jungles about London—
 All Hampstead's heathy desert lies before thee !
 Methinks I see thee bound from Cross's Ark,
 Full of the native instinct that comes o'er thee,
 And turn a ranger
 Of Hornsey Forest, and the Regent's Park—
 Thin Rhodes's cows—the mail-coach steeds endanger,
 And gobble parish watchmen after dark—
 Methinks I see thee with the early lark
 Stealing to Merlin's cave—(thy cave)—Alas,
 That such bright visions should not come to pass !
 Alas for Freedom, and for Freedom's hero !
 Alas for liberty of life and limb !
 For Pug had only half unbelted Nero,
 When Nero bolted him !

T. H.

A SUBALTERN IN AMERICA.

CHAPTER XIII.

We had hardly taken possession of the post allotted to us, when the rain, which during the whole of the day had ceased, began again to fall with renewed violence; it unfortunately happened, too, that there was nothing within our reach which we could oppose to it. Our station was at the edge of a belt of oaks, that cut off one portion of a large field from another, and our advanced sentinels were planted about half musket shot in front of us. But the branches of the trees were not sufficiently close to afford the slightest shelter, nor was there a hovel or shed of any kind, under which we could retire. To add to our miseries, both the officers' cloaks and the men's blankets, having been kept behind, we were denied the means of keeping ourselves ordinarily warm; whilst it was not without much difficulty that we succeeded in getting a fire to blaze. The wood within our reach was all green; the rain of last night had completely soaked it, and it more than once occurred that the sheets of water which poured down from the clouds, extinguished, in a moment, the spark, which we had wasted a full quarter of an hour in coaxing into life. At last, however, our patience received its reward, and a couple of fires, roaring and crackling beneath the green wood, had the double effect of increasing our bodily ease, and elevating our spirits.

About a couple of hundred yards in front of our videttes, stood a mansion of considerable size, and genteel exterior, upon which we cast many a longing look, without venturing for some time to approach it. That a place so neat in all its arrangements, and so well supplied with out-houses of every description, could be wholly devoid of the necessaries and comforts of life, was a matter which we were very unwilling to believe. Without doubt, the pens that stood at its western gable contained their due quantity of pigs,—the hen-roosts could not be all tenantless,—and the flights of pigeons, which went and came, gave decisive proof that the dove-cot had not been built for purposes of empty show. Neither was it probable that the larder would be absolutely cleared out,

or the cellars totally empty. Our very mouths watered as these reflections occurred to us; and at last it was determined, that at all hazards, the mansion in question should be examined.

The charge of conducting the search fell, as it was proper that it should fall, upon me, as the junior; and I set off, attended by four men, to effect it. Being assured by the sentries that no Americans had shown themselves there since they assumed their posts, we pushed on without much apprehension, and our satisfaction was far from being alight when we found that the house was empty. But the satisfaction arising from that source, suffered a very considerable diminution when, on proceeding to look round for the viands, in quest of which we had come, nothing of the kind could be found. There was not a pig, fowl, or other living creature about the place. The pigeons alone, of all the stock upon the farm, remained, and they were a great deal too wary not to baffle every effort which was made to surprise them. Disappointed and chagrined at an event so little anticipated, we were preparing to quit the inhospitable domicile, when a whole crowd of stragglers, artillerymen, sappers, sailors, and soldiers of the line, rushed into the hall. In a moment the walls of the building re-echoed with oaths and exclamations, and tables, chairs, windows, and even doors, were dashed to pieces, in revenge for the absence of food. By and by, however, a shout of joy was heard. Like those about us, we ran in the direction of the sound, and beheld, through a chasm in a brick wall under ground, the interior of a wine cellar, set round in magnificent array, with bottles of all shapes and dimensions. The wily Yankee, to whom this house belonged, unable, or unwilling, to remove his wine, had adopted the common precaution of blocking up the entrance to his vaults with brick-work. But the absence of all uniformity between the old and the new masonry failed not to strike one of our soldiers who passed by it; and applying the butt-end of his musket to the portion which seemed to have been last thrown up, he

easily forced a few bricks out of their places. An exclamation indicative of the highest degree of pleasure, instantly gave notice that some great discovery had been effected; it drew the whole of us to the spot, and in five minutes, the cellar was crowded with men, filling, in the first place, their own haversacks and bosoms, and then handing out bottles, with the utmost liberality, to their comrades. In less than a quarter of an hour, not a single pint, either of wine or spirits, remained out of all this magnificent stock.

Well pleased with the issue of our undertaking, we retraced our steps to the picquet, where we were received with the cordiality which our burden was calculated to produce. There the spirits were equally divided, and the men receiving their due proportion, there fell to the share of Charlton and myself a flask of exquisite cogniac, with two magnums of superior Bourdeaux. With the help of these, we contrived to make a very comfortable meal upon salt pork and biscuit which alone remained to us, and then lighting our pipes, we sat down by the side of the fire in a state of excessive moisture, it is true, but still of considerable enjoyment.

By this time darkness began rapidly to set in, and the scene acquired every moment more and more of interest and sublimity. The rain still fell, though not with so much violence as it had fallen a little while ago; whilst the wind rising by fits and starts, waved over the flat, and whistled through the wood in violent gusts. The clouds rushed before it, and totally obscured, from time to time, a young moon, which seemed to struggle against their supremacy, and then dividing into their grey fleeces, suffered her, for a moment, to smile out upon the storm. But it was not in the operations of nature alone that we found much to admire. Our outposts, extending in a sort of curve, permitted us, who occupied one of the extreme flanks, to look at once upon the fires, both of the British and American armies, and the effect of these, in a dark and tempestuous night like the present, was in the highest degree striking. Our troops lay all along the plain; in part among the wood which skirted the open country, in part upon the open country itself; and their or-

der, probably through motives of policy, was as loose and scattered as a due regard to safety would permit. The consequence was, that their fires stretching out in a single line, presented an appearance far more imposing, than if they had been confined, as usual, to one or two spots. On the part of the Americans again, there was no need for any artificial extension. Their fires ran along the whole face of the hill. Like our own, they were arranged in a sort of semicircle, only the horns of their crescent, instead of advancing, fell back, on both sides from the centre. It was impossible not to feel the contrast, which the dense arrangement of their bivouac presented, to the scattered and somewhat irregular disposition of ours. That they surpassed us in numbers, at least three-fold, we had all along been aware; the very nature and extent of their works were, of themselves, sufficient to prove this; but I am not sure that the knowledge of that superiority produced its full effect, till after the establishment of the two camps for the night had brought it completely home to us. Yet there was not a man amongst us who entertained a doubt as to the issue of the battle, let it begin when it might. We despised the Yankees from our hearts, and only longed for an opportunity to show them how easily they could be beaten.

Nor was this eager desire to engage the mere offspring of an impetuosity, which British soldiers always experience when in the presence of an enemy. It had been explained to us, that as soon as a communication could be opened between the army and the fleet, of which all the bombs, and many of the lighter frigates, were in the river, an attack upon the American lines would be made. This was to begin with a heavy fire on the right, for the purpose of drawing to that part the principal share of Jonathan's attack; after which, the 85th regiment, and the seamen supported by the 4th and 44th, were to penetrate the left silently, and with the bayonet. Having overcome all opposition, the column was to wheel up upon the summit of the ridge, to remain stationary till dawn; and then taking the whole of the works in flank, to carry them one by one in detail. But everything, it was understood, must depend upon the ability of the fleet to co-operate.

There was, upon the extreme right of the American position, a strong post, well supplied with heavy ordnance. To pass it by unheeded, would be, our leaders conceived, to expose the attacking column, even should it succeed in the dark, to certain destruction, as soon as daylight enabled the artillery to play; whilst to attempt it by escalade, was esteemed a project too hazardous. To the fleet it was accordingly left, which, by bombardment, would, it was presumed, reduce it to ruins in a few hours; and the commencement of a serious cannonade from the river, was to be the signal for a general movement in line.

Thus instructed, the reader will easily believe, that as hour after hour stole on, we turned our gaze, with feverish anxiety, towards the river. All, however, continued as it had been before. No flash told that the shipping had taken their stations; the noise of firing was unheard, and the most serious apprehensions began to be entertained, that the plan had, for some cause or another, miscarried. At last, when midnight was close at hand, a solitary report, accompanied by the ascension of a small bright spark into the sky, gave notice that the bombardment had begun. Another and another followed in quick succession; and now every man instinctively sprung from the earth, and grasped his arms. The point to be passed was, we well knew, in our immediate front. We were aware, that in forcing it, our detachment would take the lead; and we listened, in breathless attention, for the coming up of the column which had been appointed to support us. Our ears, too, were on the stretch for the musketry which ought soon to be heard in the opposite direction; in a word, we stood in our ranks for a full hour, under the influence of that state of excitation, which, while it locks up the faculty of speech, renders the senses, both of sight and hearing, acute to an almost unnatural degree.

Such was our situation, both of body and mind, from midnight, when the ships began to open their fire, up to the hour of two. That all things went not prosperously, was manifest enough. The precious time, at least, was escaping us; and for that loss we all felt that nothing could make amends; but we were far from anticipating the total change of resolution which had occur-

red, and of which we were so soon to receive proofs the most decisive. At last, when murmurs, "not loud but deep," began to pass from man to man, an aid-de-camp arrived, and our sentries were ordered to be called in. This being effected, we proceeded, under his guidance, towards the left; till, being arrived at the high road, we found the whole army in marching order, and, to our inexpressible astonishment, preparing to withdraw. The column was formed, as soldiers express themselves, left in front; and the men's faces were then towards the shipping.

It is impossible for me to convey any idea of the disappointment, or rather humiliation, experienced and expressed by persons of all ranks, when it became apparent that a retreat was determined upon. It was no consolation to us to be told, that the frigates had been unable to force their way within cannon-shot of the enemy's works, and that even the bombardment of which we had been spectators, proved all but harmless to those against whom it was directed. We could not believe that our success depended, in any essential degree, upon the operations of the navy. What were the American entrenchments to us? In the first place, the most unpractised eye could not fail to perceive, that of the field-works begun, not one had arrived at completion; and the most ignorant in the art of war is aware, that in works only half defensible troops repose very little confidence. In the next place, no truth can be more apparent, than that, in all night-operations, a compact body of veterans, well-disciplined and orderly, are at all times an overmatch for whole crowds of raw levies. Perhaps our leaders acted prudently in deferring the moment of attack till after nightfall. By doing so, they at all events rendered the enemy's superiority in artillery of no avail; but why the plan of a night-attack should be given up, because a single redoubt escaped cannonading from the river, we could not divine. Our business, however, was a simple one; we had only to obey; not, indeed, with the same satisfaction which would have marked our obedience of other orders, but promptly, and in good spirits.

It fell to the lot of the companies which had furnished the picquets, to perform, on the present occasion, the

office of a rear-guard. Among these our company took its station; and as we were commanded not to move till daylight began to break, we no sooner saw the column fairly set out, than we gathered round a large fire by the road-side, and sat down. There still remained in our flask some portion of the cogniac, a few crumbs of biscuit lay about the recesses of our wallets; and upon them, early as it was, we proceeded to make our rude meal, lest an opportunity of so doing should not occur again.

At last, a few faint streaks of dawn showing themselves in the eastern sky, our sentries were called in, our men took their stations, and the retreat began. To guard against surprisal, two files, each at the distance of thirty or forty paces from the other, were commanded to move about fifty or sixty yards in rear of the company. Six other files, three on each side of the way, swept the woods as a sort of flank patrol; whilst the body of the company, amounting to exactly twenty-four men, proceeded in column. Of the rest of the army we saw nothing; it had set out a full hour and a half before us; although it necessarily moved more slowly than us, we could hardly expect to overtake it till it should halt. But so little were we apprehensive of pursuit, that the idea of being cut off never once occurred to us; and hence we were not altogether so careful in providing against such an accident as we ought to have been. We were, however, taught, before the day's journey came to a close, that things do occasionally happen which have not been anticipated.

The storm of wind and rain having died away, our march became, before long, exceedingly agreeable. Of the country through which we now travelled, none of us during the advance had seen anything; the scenery accordingly possessed all the attractions which novelty bestows. The road, too, though sandy, was a good one, and the late moisture rendered it better than it had been before, by hardening it; whilst the trees, bending over from both sides, afforded an agreeable shelter from the sun's rays, which soon began to beat upon us somewhat powerfully. With all these pleasant circumstances about us, it was but natural that we should trudge

on in excellent humour. But the carelessness to which, as our distance from the enemy's lines increased, we began to give way, suddenly received its chastisement, and our attention was drawn from lighter topics, to the important business of our duty.

It might be noon, or a little past it, and we were approaching the scene of the action of the 19th, when a shout from the files in the rear, followed by the discharge of a couple of muskets, attracted our attention. We halted instantly, and looked back; but no time was allowed for any regular formation, ere a troop of some twenty or thirty horsemen dashed round an angle of the road, and, sword in hand, galloped towards us. "To the right and left," was the only word of command that we could give; the men understood it; and springing, some to the right, and others to the left of the way, they threw themselves into the wood, where the cavalry could not reach them. Then was a fire opened, which in a trice brought men and horses to the ground. The cavalry paused; one or two attempted, with great bravery, to force their horses into the thickets, and two of our people, who chanced to be more exposed than their comrades, were sabred. But the alarm having spread to the main body, now not far ahead of us, a howitzer and a field-gun came at full speed to our assistance. The Americans waited not for the guns to open. Instantly that they appeared every man turned his head; and as they rode for life and death, our gunners had only an opportunity of firing two shots.

Ignorant, as we necessarily were, whether the corps which had just charged, formed part of the advanced guard of the whole American army, or was a mere patrol, sent out to track our steps and ascertain our plans, we broke not at once into marching-order as soon as it had disappeared. On the contrary, the whole force drew up in two lines; the artillery took its station, and every arrangement was made for fighting a general action on the spot. But nothing farther being seen or heard of the assailants, all hope of bringing matters to that desirable issue was laid aside, and the brigades, one by one, took the road, as they had done before. A recogni-

sance was, indeed, instituted; that is to say, the rear-guard, supported by two pieces of cannon, and four additional companies of infantry, retraced its steps about a mile, for the purpose of ascertaining with accuracy how matters stood; but they meeting with nothing to excite their interest, they too turned back, and followed their comrades unmolested.

The rest of our journey was performed without the occurrence of any remarkable incident. We passed, as we were necessitated to pass, our yesterday's position, where men and officers recovered the cloaks and blankets which had been left behind; and we saw the dead lying as they lay on the evening of the action, still unburied. Many had, however, undergone the process of stripping, though by whom it was impossible for us to guess; and all were beginning to emit an odour the reverse of acceptable to delicate organs; but we could not pause to give them sepulture; and both the sight and smell were too familiar to affect us very deeply. We pushed on, and arriving about four o'clock in the afternoon at a convenient piece of ground, a halt was ordered. There all the customary arrangements of lighting fires, piling arms, and planting outposts, were gone through; and here, under the shelter of gipsy-tents, composed

of blankets and the ramrods of muskets, we passed the night.

It is not necessary that I should continue the detail of our subsequent operations very minutely. Enough is done when I state, that on the following morning, as soon as broad daylight came in, the retreat was resumed; and that we arrived about nine o'clock, A. M. at a position which promised to furnish every facility for a safe re-embarkation. The boats were already on the beach in great numbers; a couple of gun-brigs were moored, as before, within cable's-length of the shore; and the sailors, in crowds, were waiting to receive us, and to convey us to our respective vessels. No hearty cheering, however, gave notice this time of the satisfaction of these brave fellows with the results of the expedition. On the contrary, a solemn silence prevailed among them; and even the congratulations, on the safe return of their individual acquaintances, were accompanied by an expression of deep sorrow for the loss of General Ross, and the profitless issue of the inroad. In this humour they conducted us, regiment by regiment, to the boats; and the evening was as yet very little advanced, when the whole army, with all its materiel and stores, found itself again lodged on board of ship.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE feelings which took possession of us now, were similar in their nature, though perhaps less vivid, than those which had come into play after the re-shipment of the expedition to Washington. At first the change from constant excitement to absolute rest, was received as a positive boon; by and by the sameness of the rest itself became a thousand degrees more irksome than its very opposite. During the remainder of the day which witnessed our return to the transport, we were, upon the whole, happy enough; that is, we enjoyed the luxury of clean linen, a social dinner, and a cheerful glass of wine after it. But the day after rose somewhat heavily, and it became more and more heavy as it proceeded on its course. There was nothing whatever to be done. The weather chanced to be singularly ungenial; the rain fell in torrents, and the cold—or rather the

damp chill—was excessively disagreeable. Of course, there was no such thing as walking the deck; and our wretched library had long ago become an object of loathing to most of us. For my own part, as soon as I had finished my letters for England, and played a game or two at chess, I went fairly to bed, and slept, or rather dozed confusedly, till dinner was announced.

In mercy to us, a fine breeze sprung up on the morning of the 17th, and the rain ceasing, the weather again smiled upon us in all the luxuriance of the western hemisphere. The deck was accordingly converted to its old uses; and a regular promenade from the taffel to the mizen-mast, and from the mizen-mast to the taffel, was established. A rumour, likewise, somehow or another got into circulation, that a large fleet, containing ten thou-

sand fresh troops, with Sir Rowland, now Lord Hill, to command them, had been seen and spoken to off the entrance of the bay. It will be easily believed, that a piece of intelligence so desirable was received with every demonstration of extravagant joy. With such a force, and such a leader, we all felt, that there was nothing which we would not readily attempt, and hardly anything which we could not easily accomplish; and if a whisper of a complaint was heard at all, it arose only from the idea, that had the reinforcements come in but a week earlier, we should have been now in quarters in Baltimore, and the gallant Ross alive. Nevertheless we were philosophers enough to rest satisfied, that an event in itself so fortunate would never occur out of due time; and we soon brought ourselves to believe, that a day or two at the farthest would see us again on shore, and that Baltimore would not, after all, escape its visitation.

We were in this ardent frame of mind, when about eleven o'clock in the forenoon the Admiral fired a signal-gun, and the fleet got under weigh. The breeze had by this time increased to a pretty strong gale; but as it blew in the direction to which our prows were turned, no man, either soldier or sailor, complained of its violence. We flew like eagles down the bay; but as we were approaching Kent Island the wind suddenly shifted, and we were compelled to cast anchor under its cliffs for the night. On the morrow, however, we were again steering our course; and it soon became apparent, from the direction in which we moved, that the Patuxent was again about to afford us a temporary roadstead. In the course of to-day's passage we passed, as we had done before, within gun-shot of Annapolis, and of the villages and hamlets in its vicinity. Almost the same spectacle which had previously arrested our attention rose to attract it now. Again the beacons were set on fire—again signal-guns were fired, horsemen mounted, and telegraphic communications were carried on at every station; whilst the provincial capital, with all the inhabited places near it, again sent forth crowds of men, women, and children, flying in manifest confusion into the interior. I must confess, that though the course of some three years' cam-

paing had by this time pretty effectually blunted my finer feelings, I could not but pity the ill-fated denizens of this devoted district, and then I regarded our present proceedings with no very triumphant eye, inasmuch as they reminded me more of the operations of the ancient Danes against Alfred and his subjects, than anything in the annals of modern and civilized warfare. Yet was there a great deal in this kind of life calculated, in an extraordinary degree, to interest and amuse. We came at last never to look upon a town or a village, without having, at least, the wish, that we might be allowed to pay to it a hostile visit; and though I am sure that the peaceful inhabitants would have suffered no wrong at our hands, I am equally sure, that there was nothing in the shape of public property, or public works, which we did not regard as furnishing a legitimate source of plunder and outrage.

Our voyage continuing throughout the whole of the 18th, we arrived, at an early hour on the morning of the 19th, at our old anchorage in the Patuxent river. Here every ship in the fleet brought up; and here, as far as we could gather, it was more than probable that we should be condemned to remain in a state of useless inactivity, for some time to come. A sort of rumour began about this time to get abroad among us, that the ultimate object of our transportation to America, was not to be looked for here. A permanent conquest, it was whispered, would somewhere or another be attempted; but when, how, or in what direction, continued a mystery. There were persons, indeed, who spoke of a descent upon New York. There were others who insinuated, that one of the southern states lay more open to an attack, and if subdued, might more easily be retained. All, however, confessed themselves ignorant of the real undertaking meditated, though all seemed to agree, that in this quarter of the United States our campaign was at an end; that however long we might continue here, would be in idleness and confinement. With such rumours afloat, the reader will not be surprised to hear, that we soon began to find that enemy of all unemployed persons, ennui, gaining ground rapidly upon us; and that we looked forward to a move with the same impatience

which a betrothed female experiences, when she is counting the hours which intervene between the first publication of the banns to the day of wedding.

I will not attempt to record, in regular order, the methods which were adopted to kill time, from the 19th of September, the day on which we cast anchor, up to the 13th of October, when we finally quitted the Chesapeake. It was, upon the whole, but a dull and uninteresting period of our existence. We moved, indeed, from the Patuxent to the Potomac, and from the Potomac back again to the Patuxent. We landed, too, sometimes in small parties, sometimes in large, and twice in whole brigades. But the journal, were it regularly transcribed, with due attention to dates and circumstances, would, I fear, prove as little interesting to the reader to peruse, as it would be irksome and disagreeable to the writer to detail it. It will be better to relate only such events as appear to myself most worthy of relation.

In the first place, then, I recollect, that whilst the fleet lay at anchor in the Patuxent, a signal was hoisted at the mast-head of the Royal Oak, requiring a certain number of captains and other naval officers to come on board, for the purpose of holding a court-martial. Two seamen, captured in some of the late operations, had been recognised as deserters from one of his Majesty's ships, and they were now about to be tried. The court met; the prisoners were convicted; and they were sentenced to be hanged; and at noon, on the 20th of September, the sentence was carried into execution. As the circumstances attending the execution of a criminal on board of ship are rather solemn, I shall take the liberty of describing them somewhat at length.

Having heard that such an event was about to occur, two or three others and myself, obeying the dictates of a curiosity, not perhaps of the most refined nature, took boat, and went on board the Royal Oak, about an hour previous to the fatal moment. Whether any ceremonies were gone through previous to the general muster of the ship's company, and if they were, of what nature they consisted, I cannot speak, because, till all hands were piped upon decks, I sat with the lieutenants in the ward room. About ten

minutes before twelve o'clock, however, the drum beat to quarters, and all, both officers and men, hurried to their stations. This done, the boatswain's whistle sounded, and all hands crowded the fore-castle, quarter-deck, and poop, in a moment. There we stood in profound silence, till eight bells were tolled; and exactly as the last stroke ceased to reverberate, the Captain made his appearance.

All eyes were now turned in fearful expectation upon the fore-batches; nor was expectation long kept upon the stretch. A sergeant of marines, followed by a file of men, mounted the ladder; then came two persons, dressed in blue jackets and trousers, heavily ironed, and after them came another file of marines. They moved towards the quarter-deck, and having arrived opposite the gang-way, stood still. In the meantime, it had not escaped our notice, that a couple of nooses hung from the fore-yard, one on each side of the mast; and that the ends of the ropes lay at length upon the fore-castle, ready to be hurried aft by the ship's company. Of course, we were all perfectly sensible to what uses these rope-ends were about to be turned; and though there was not one amongst us who felt disposed to deny the justice of a deserter's fate, there were few indeed who experienced no pity for the unhappy wretches about to suffer. No great while, however, was granted for the indulgence of such thoughts. The Captain, unfolding a roll of paper which he held in his hand, read aloud the proceedings of the court-martial, which sentenced the prisoners before him to suffer death, and having stated, that the sentence in question received the approbation of the Admiral on the station, he silently motioned to the culprits, that their hour was come. I cannot pretend to convey to my reader any notion of the expression which passed across the poor men's countenances, whilst these preliminaries went on. They were both deadly pale; the limbs of one, too, appeared to totter under him; but neither of them spoke a word. They seemed, indeed, especially one of them, to feel as men may be supposed to feel, if indeed they feel at all, on whose heads a heavy stunning blow has fallen, for they suffered themselves to be led back towards the fatal noose without uttering one

exclamation, or offering the slightest resistance. Their lips moved, however, though whether in prayer or execration, I cannot tell; and one raised his manacled hands with great apparent energy, to his breast. But the struggle was soon over. The chains were struck from their legs, which were bound about at the ankle and thigh with cords; their hands loosened from the handcuffs, were pinioned behind them, and a white night-cap being drawn over each of their faces, they were placed upright, with their fronts towards the mast. Then was the noose silently cast on their necks, and a signal being given by the first lieutenant, about twenty stout fellows seized each of the ropes. One instant's, and only one instant's pause occurred, for the boatswain piping "hoist away," the executioners ran with all speed towards the poop; and the unfortunate culprits, hurried aloft with the rapidity of thought, died in an instant. I forced myself to gaze steadfastly upon the whole proceeding, and I can vouch, that not so much as a quiver, or motion of the limb, gave evidence of suffering; it seemed to me, to be the most humane execution which I had ever witnessed. And now all was over. The sailors returned to their births, and we to our transport; whilst the bodies of the deserters were left to swing in the air till sunset.

I have said, that whilst the fleet lay, both in the Patuxent and Potomac, it was a common practice amongst the officers to land, and amuse themselves during the whole of the day, upon the banks of the rivers. Sometimes these debarkations took place for the purpose of laying in fresh provisions; on which occasions they were usually conducted with prudence, and protected by armed parties. At other times mere individual caprice directed them; and then they were, for the most part, as rash as they were agreeable. I know not how it came about, but rarely indeed was a day permitted to pass by, without my spending some portion of it on shore; and to one of these casual excursions was I indebted for my first acquaintance with the writings of an author now well known in this country,—I mean Washington Irving.

I perfectly recollect, that both the 21st and 22d of September were spent by a friend and myself on the right

bank of the Patuxent. The air, though cooler than it had hitherto been, was mild, and even enervating; and the scenery partook just so much of a mixture of wilderness and cultivation, to be in the highest degree interesting and attractive. Not far from the brink of the stream there stood a large chateau, from which, as may be imagined, the family had long ago retired. It was surrounded by grounds laid out with very considerable taste; and the furniture, and general arrangement of the interior, gave evidence, that its owner, whoever he might be, was not wanting either in aristocratic feeling, or elegant propensities. Strange to say, the chateau in question had escaped plundering; its very library was entire,—though the only individuals left in charge of it were an old grey-headed negro and his wife. In that library we found a work not long ago republished in this country—*The Salamagundi*; and though we could not enter into the local pleasantries interspersed through it, I remember that we read it with very great gratification. To say the truth, our admiration of the talents of the author quite overcame our regard to honesty; for we not only read the volume on shore, but brought it off with us to our transport.

We were not, however, on every occasion, so intellectual in the objects of our search. Our fresh provisions being expended, it became a consideration of some moment with us, how we might procure a second supply, and for this purpose parties were more than once landed, and sent some way up the country. Several of these I accompanied; but as the adventures which befell us on one occasion, resembled very nearly those which befell on others, it will suffice if I select a single excursion, and give a narrative of it, as a fair specimen of the rest.

On the 24th of September, a brother officer and myself took with us twelve men well armed, and landing at a particular point, pushed off for the house of a gentleman named Carrol, which stood at the distance of some two or three miles from the river. Mr Carrol had already been visited by several parties from the fleet, to whom he had sold, at considerable profit to himself, sheep, geese, turkeys, and other live stock. The pur-

port of our excursion to-day was to obtain from him a similar favour, and we found no difficulty in persuading him to accept about twice its value, for any article that we coveted. To do him justice, however, Mr Carrol was extremely hospitable; he made us heartily welcome to all that his larder and cellar would afford; and we became, as it was right that we should become, the best friends imaginable. But our visit was not doomed to pass by wholly without accident. We had sat with him about half an hour, during which time our men had caught and brought in six sheep, two pigs, and a quantity of poultry, when a negro, rushing into the apartment, informed us, in a hurried tone, that two hundred horse had just arrived at a village about a mile distant, and that he entertained no doubt of their design to cut us off from the boats, and put us all to death. I know not whence it came about, but we had brought a bugler, bugle and all, on shore with us. Not doubting that our African friend was in the right, we instantly assembled our party; and placing the live stock in the centre of half a dozen men, we caused the other half dozen to extend in covering order, and gave the bugler directions, on the first appearance of an enemy, to sound. We had good reason to think, that the sound of a bugle would convey to the minds of these troopers the idea that a large force was on shore; nor were we deceived.

We had traversed about a mile, and were approaching the open country on the immediate margin of the stream, when a squadron of some twenty horse suddenly showed itself, close upon our rear. The bugler blew, as if it were intended to alarm a whole brigade, and our men flocking to the spot in ones and twos, doubtless impressed the Americans with a belief, that a large force was in front of them. They halted, wheeled round, and slowly rode away; nor did we see anything more of them that morning. I need not add, that we made no delay in gaining our boat; or that we half resolved not again to venture, so few in number, even as far from the fleet as Mr Carrol's residence.

Besides these private landings, as they may be termed, in the course of which, by the way, four officers of the

84th regiment narrowly escaped being made prisoners, two disembarkations of troops, under the command of Colonel Brooke in person, took place. The first of these occurred on the occasion just referred to. A party of the 85th having incautiously exposed themselves, and a report having reached the fleet that they were betrayed, the light corps landed for the purpose of chastising the traitor, and forcing a release of the prisoners. The first of these proceedings was not, they found, required; there had been no treachery, but much honour and good feeling displayed towards the English; the last, I believe, came to nothing. The officers having been concealed all day by an American farmer, effected their own escape; the privates, who had fallen into the hands of some cavalry, were instantly removed up the country. The light troops accordingly returned to the ships, without having effected anything.—Nor was the second debarkation one whit more profitable. A rumour having come to Colonel Brooke's ears, that ten or twelve hundred Americans, with a park of six pieces of cannon, were encamped about five miles up the country, he determined to attempt their surprisal. With this view, the 4th, 44th, and 21st regiments, as well as the battalion of marines and the corps of rocketers, were landed, on the 4th of October, upon the left bank of the Potomac. The landing took place during the night; and as the weather chanced to be stormy and moist, there was very little comfort whilst it went on. Nor, to speak the truth, did any man's enthusiasm rise sufficiently high to make him satisfied even under the petty grievance of a ducking. We could not but feel, that the object in view was utterly worthless; and we were far from being sanguine, that, worthless as it was, it would be obtained. We were not mistaken. Having marched all night under a soaking rain, we arrived about ten o'clock in the morning, at the site of the enemy's bivouac, and found, as most of us expected to find, that it had been abandoned. The Americans were not quite so careless of themselves, as that two thousand men could step on shore unobserved. Intelligence of our design reached them long before we began our inroad; and they returned leisurely into the inte-

rior. Under these circumstances, there remained for us but one course to pursue; we retraced our steps, and

returned on board of ship, wet, weary, and empty-handed.

CHAPTER XV.

BUT besides taking part with my comrades in these different pursuits, it was a common custom with me to spend whole days on shore, either seeking for game in the woods, or loitering about the beautiful banks of the river with my fishing-rod. No man who has not experienced the irksomeness of a four months' confinement on board of ship, can at all comprehend the degree of gratification which these solitary excursions afforded. On such occasions, the air always appeared to blow with peculiar sweetness, and the noises produced by things animate and inanimate about me were all most musical. Every branch overhead was alive with birds, which made the forest ring with their clear and varied notes; whilst the rustling of the breeze through the foliage, the murmur of the large stream, broken in upon and varied from time to time by the indistinct cries of the seamen, created altogether a harmony more exquisite than any other to which the human ear can listen. Towards nightfall, in particular, these sounds came upon me with peculiar force. Nor were the bleating of sheep, or the lowing of cattle, which met me as often as I ventured to any distance from the boats, thrown away. I am not sure that I ever spent days more perfectly to my own satisfaction than those which were passed in solitude upon the banks of the Potomac.

Things continued thus with us during several weeks, the boats rowing daily to the beach, and bringing off stores of fresh water from wells which had been dug there, and the horses and some part of the artillery being landed on an island in the river. But at last a signal was made for all parties to repair to their respective vessels; and on the evening of the 6th of October, the whole expedition was again embarked. On the morning of the 7th, the anchors were raised, and a fair wind happening to blow, we stood in magnificent array towards the Chesapeake. Having fairly entered it, a pause was made for the night; but on the morrow we were again under

sail, with prows turned towards the capes, and before dusk we had the satisfaction to observe the mouth of the James' river open on our starboard bow. Nor was this the only or the most agreeable event which befell us that day. A beautiful schooner, carrying a white flag at her main-top-mast head, shot after us from the Patuxent; she overtook us just as we were preparing to bring up for the night, and great was the joy of every man on board when it appeared that she was the bearer of the majority of the men and officers who had been left behind wounded at Bladensburg. Among the individuals thus restored to the army were Colonels Thornton and Wood, (Major Brown's hurts were too serious to admit of his removal,) and not a few of the best non-commissioned officers and privates belonging to the light brigade. I need not add, that a reunion of friends, under such circumstances, was productive of the highest exultation on all sides; whilst the reflection, that two officers of experience had returned to their stations, gave universal satisfaction, on higher grounds than those of mere personal attachment.

From the date last referred to, up to the evening of the 14th, the fleet either continued at anchor, or beat about the bay, as if the Admiral were in expectation of dispatches from home, or had not yet made up his own mind as to the course which it behoved him to follow. At last, however, though not before we soldiers had begun to give utterance to many and sore complaints, a signal to steer in a SSE. direction was displayed. All the transports, most of the line-of-battle ships, the bombs, brigs, and small craft, instantly obeyed; and as the wind blew fine and fresh, we bounded over the water like eagles through the skies. Capes Charles and Henry both hove in sight before dusk. We rushed through between them, and the rising moon found us once again at sea in the Atlantic ocean.

Of the circumstances which attended our passage from the Chesapeake to

Jamaica, it is not necessary that I should give here any minute account. The usual varieties of rough and calm, fair and foul weather, presented themselves; and the customary formalities of shaving and administering oaths on crossing the line were gone through. Sharks were fished for, dolphins harpooned, and flying-fish secured on the quarter-deck, whither they had leaped; and water-spouts, thunderstorms, and other children of the tropics, came by turns to amuse and to alarm us. Yet was the period of our lives which extended from the 14th of October up to the 28th of November but a dull and monotonous one. The scenery, indeed, after we had fairly entered what is called the windward channel, became interesting and beautiful in no ordinary degree. It was delightful to behold the bold shores of St Domingo on the one hand, and the no less magnificent cliffs of Cuba on the other; whilst the unvarying progress which we made under the influence of the trade-winds proved of itself a source of hearty congratulation. But in spite of these ameliorating accompaniments, a six weeks' voyage is, after all, nothing more than a six weeks' imprisonment, where, as Dr Johnson has observed, in addition to the loss of liberty, you run the risk of being drowned. It was, therefore, with feelings of unspeakable satisfaction, that we at length beheld the blue mountains of Jamaica cast their shadows upon the distant horizon; and our satisfaction received tenfold greater force when the anchor was dropped in Port Royal bay. The reader will readily believe that we lost no time in putting foot upon dry land; indeed, the vessel had not swung round to the tide, when every officer, except such as were absolutely required for duty, abandoned her.

In spite of the excessive sultriness of the climate, I shall never cease to look back upon the period of my brief sojourn in Jamaica with sentiments of unqualified satisfaction. So many months had elapsed since an opportunity of mixing at all in civilized English society was afforded, that though I can hardly venture to compare the society of Kingston and its vicinity to the polished circles of Grosvenor Square or Portland Place, even it, with all its drawbacks, (and they were neither few nor trifling,) brought a charm along with it, such as I cannot

adequately describe. There was something in the very domestic arrangement of the planters' houses, which men, so little accustomed of late to the sight of such things, could not behold with indifference. True, the absence of well-bred and well-educated white women was severely felt. Not that there were none such in the island—nay, far from it, those with whom we did form an acquaintance were at least as polished as women of their own stations at home. But they were few in number; and where they existed not, their places were but indifferently supplied by the Mulatto and Mustee girls, who, in too many instances, presided at our entertainers' boards. Then the manners of the men, hearty and sincere, no doubt, were at the same time abundantly rough, uncultivated, boisterous, and dogmatical. To a stranger, too, the being waited upon by filthy blacks, male and female, proved disgusting in the extreme. In spite of all this, however, we enjoyed the change in the order of our existence amazingly. The people were all, without any exception, frank and hospitable; they gave us dinners and balls, as well quality as not quality; they did their best, in short, to make our visit a pleasant one, and it would ill become me, whom they entertained thus liberally, to speak of them in terms of disrespect. If I have appeared to err in this particular, I assure them that I do not feel what I may have unwarily written.

I am not going to enter into any discussion of the Slave Question; neither shall I waste my reader's time, by laying before him a minute description of Kingston, or the country round it. On the subject of slavery, it will be sufficient to observe, that I landed as strongly imbued with prejudice as most men, and that a little close inspection of the behaviour of both Whites and Blacks, served to convince me, that the first were not the monsters which they were so frequently represented to be, nor the last the objects of that mawkish compassion which it is the pleasure of a certain class of worthies to stir up in their favour. The domestic slave in Jamaica, is, generally speaking, as well treated, and in every respect as happily situated, as a domestic servant in England; and, from what I saw of the tasks imposed upon the field-negroes,

I should certainly not say, that the slave in the sugar or coffee plantation, is much more heavily oppressed with toil, than the English ditcher or reaper. No doubt there are many respects in which the slave stands upon less enviable ground than the European labourer, though I cannot rank among them the mere fact of his being a bondsman; because, to people so little advanced in the scale of civilization, there is really no pain in a degradation, which, after all, is but ideal. But I do consider their liability to be separated at the will of their owner, from their nearest relatives, as a very grievous hardship. It is a sad sight, too, to behold both men and women walked backwards and forwards, as in this country we walk a horse through a cattle-market: yet the individuals themselves seem not to regard the thing,—in all probability they do not feel it. Of the wanton cruelties so much talked of here, my own observation brought not before me so much as a solitary example. They may sometimes occur; wherever a multitude of persons possess absolute power, some will always abuse it; but it is mere folly to speak of drivers and overseers as men who delight in the sound of the whip, and in the agonies of their fellow-creatures. There is yet another class of slaves, on whose condition a word or two may be hazarded. Many owners teach their negroes trades, and these negroes afterwards labour, not for the exclusive benefit of their owners, but for their own. Men even hire themselves of their masters; that is, undertake to pay the masters so much per week, on condition that they shall be allowed to apply their earnings to their own uses; and the balance, as often as it proves to be against the master, is punctually made good. All these facts I deem it proper to state, not in the spirit of one who wishes to involve himself in the controversy which has so long raged between the planters and abolitionists, but as the results of a pretty accurate investigation, set on foot with no design whatever to discover excellencies in a system which all Englishmen must constitutionally abhor.

With respect to the general appearance of the island, again, I saw too little of it to authorize my entering upon minute details. Stoney Hill Barracks at the foot of the mountain, on

the one hand, and Spanish-Town, with the Governor's residence, on the other, bounded my tour in this quarter; and even when the ships proceeded to the place of assembly at Negril Bay, I never ventured ten miles from the beach, because our stay was expected to be at most a brief one; the exact moment of its termination no one could tell; it would have been as rash as impolitic, under such circumstances, to wander very far away from the shipping. Yet I saw enough, both in the bold outline of its mountainous coasts, and in the fertility and richness of its mid-land plains, to satisfy me, that few places more deserve the notice of a traveller, whose search is after natural beauty alone.

It was on the 17th of November, just as day began to break, that the little squadron of vessels which had rendezvoused at Port-Royal, weighed anchor. The rest of the fleet having steered direct for Negril Bay, and it being understood that a large reinforcement had been ordered to join the expedition in that roadstead, it was necessary for us also to direct our course thither, as soon as our stores of water and provisions should be complete. All things were in readiness for the move on the evening of the 16th, and on the following morning we put to sea.

Our short voyage, for it was accomplished in less than forty-eight hours, proved an exceedingly agreeable one. Keeping constantly within sight of land, we alid with the tide round the promontory, and moved along sometimes slowly, at other times with considerable velocity, according as the light airs which wafted us, freshened or lulled. The scenery brought by this means into view, was as interesting as a constant succession of rock and mountain, wood and glen, could render it; and the rate of our going enabled us for the most part to enjoy every change to the utmost. Towards evening, again, the smell became gratifying in a degree not less palpable than the sense of sight. It is probably needless for me to mention, that in this quarter of the world, the wind invariably changes with the rising and setting of the sun; and that as it blows on shore, in every part of the island, during the day, so it blows off the land in all directions, during the night. By this means the most delicious odours, from oranges,

myrtles, and all the sweet-scented shrubs of a tropical climate, load the evening breezes; and being to-night just within their influence, we sat upon the deck long after it became dark, to inhale their fragrance. Then the morn arose in cloudless majesty, making rocks, woods, and sloping downs again visible, and casting over them a radiance a thousand times more beautiful than that of day, whilst the ripple of the sea, as the ship cut her way across its smooth surface, and the small waves broke upon some cliff more precipitous than those about it, filled up the measure of our delights with the most exquisite harmony. On the whole, I do not recollect to have passed a similar space of time, especially on board of ship, with greater gratification, nor to have witnessed the termination of any water-journey with greater regret.

We reached the entrance of the bay just after sun-set on the 18th; but as the breeze died wholly away before we could enter, we were necessitated to cast anchor till it should spring up again. It did spring up early in the morning of the 19th, when, having stood out to secure a good offing, we put our helms up, and bore majestically down upon our anchorage; and seldom have I looked upon a spectacle more animating than that which was then brought before us. About seventy, or eighty sail of vessels, some of them ships of the line, and many more entitled to display the pendant, lay within compass of a small natural harbour, so closely wedged together, that to walk across the decks, from one to the other, seemed, when at a little distance, to be far from impracticable. Behind this gallant navy rose a shore, not mountainous certainly, but so far the reverse of flat, that hill upon hill lifted its modest green head, feathered with plantain, cocoa-nut trees, and the other graceful plants peculiar to those climates. Immediately upon the strand, and under the shelter of a few plantain trees, stood about half-a-dozen cottages; the habitations of some families of free negroes, who gained a livelihood by fishing, and selling refreshments to such ships as touched at the place. They were but simple edifices, formed merely of the boughs of trees, and thatched with the stubble of Indian corn. But they were not the only domiciles in sight.

A sort of encampment had been formed along the sea-side, for the accommodation of a party of artillery drivers, sent on shore to look after the horses, which it had been deemed advisable to land; and not a few of the officers, as well of the navy as of the army, preferred taking their residence there, to a continuance on board of ship. The display of life and activity, thereby occasioned, added not a little to the general effect of the scene, which afforded every moment fresh power of attraction, as we drew nearer and nearer to the beach.

As soon as we had cast anchor, boats from almost every vessel in the fleet boarded us. There were little pieces of intelligence communicated, not indeed so important in their nature as to deserve repetition, but sufficiently interesting at the moment, both to the persons who told, and those who listened to them; while a thousand anxious inquiries were instituted as to what was going on at Kingston, and when the long-looked-for reinforcements might be expected. All this was natural enough; nor was it less natural, that an early hour on the morrow should see us in numerous groups upon the land; either threading our way through the graceful forests, for the purpose of forming some acquaintance with the interior, or lounging about in idleness by the sea-shore. But these employments were not sufficiently attractive to hinder us from feeling or expressing our utter distaste of a life of idleness, or prating, till the subject grew stale, about the folly of wasting our precious time in a friendly settlement.

Though I profess not to be writing a regular history of these campaigns, it will not, perhaps, be deemed out of place, if I state here, that long before the expedition arrived at Jamaica, an error, the fatal effects of which were felt in all our future operations, had been committed. Though the point of attack was kept a profound secret from the troops, there was hardly a coffeehouse in Kingston in which the views of the English government were not openly discussed,—not as a subject of conjecture, but as a truth, of which no doubt could be entertained. How this matter first got abroad, various rumours have been in circulation; but I believe the truth to be as follows. The conquest of New Orleans was

from the first the grand object, for the attainment of which our expedition was fitted out. The capture of Burlington, and the landing at Baltimore; with the whole series of operations in the Chesapeake, were undertaken simply as blinds, to divert the attention of the American government from the district really threatened; and so anxious were ministers to effect this, and that though a general rendezvous, at Jamaica, of the invading army, had been long planned out, not a hint of the matter was dropped to the naval officer commanding there, till the forces, both from England and the Potomac, were ready to set sail. It unhappily occurred, however, that in the interval, the Admiral on the Jamaica station died, and the dispatches designed for him were necessarily put into the hands of the senior captain. That gentleman, with a singular absence of all common prudence, opened these dispatches in the presence of a Jew merchant; and, like a perfect simpleton, informed him of their contents. An opportunity so favourable of earning a rich reward, the son of Israel

could not permit to pass. He fitted out a fast-sailing schooner without delay, and dispatched them to the enemy. Nor was he satisfied with this. The projected inroad became, through his instrumentality, a matter of universal discussion; and the American governor of Florida learned, from a thousand different quarters, that he was in danger. The information was not wasted upon him. He set himself instantly to work, raising men, planning out fortifications, laying in stores, and making other preparations to receive us; and so diligent was he in the prosecution of his task, that the means of defence got together were such as we found ourselves quite unable to overcome. The name of the naval officer to whose womanish garrulity so much mischief is attributable, I do not choose to record; but the fact itself is too generally known to make me at all scrupulous about repeating it. But I will not break through my established rule, by entering, even slightly, into the politics of the war; let me rather go on at once with my own personal narrative.

CHAPTER XVI.

BREAKFAST being ended, we were walking the deck on the morning of the 24th, to indulge, as usual, the spirit of grumbling which had of late sprung up among us, when a cry of "a fleet in the offing," suddenly turned all our attention to other subjects. For a while little could be seen, except an indistinct line in the horizon, in which none of us were sufficiently imaginative to discover the smallest resemblance to a fleet. But the line began, by degrees, to change its appearance; it became broken into detached spots; by and by these spots began to assume distinct shapes; and at last the masts and sails of vessels could be distinguished. We rent the air with shouts as soon as the truth burst fully upon us; and our joy exceeded all bounds, when, towards noon, a magnificent squadron of ships, of all classes and dimensions, steered into the bay. They contained the long-looked-for reinforcements, amounting in all to upwards of two thousand men; and, above all, there accompanied them a new general to command us. Now, then, were hope and good humour

once more renewed in all ranks; and now we looked forward with confidence to a speedy restoration of that active career, the abandonment of which had so long and so severely galled us.

One day only, besides the evening of that on which General Keane arrived, having been devoted to the adjustment of a few necessary preliminaries, the signal for sailing was hung out; and at an early hour on the morning of the 26th, the whole fleet put to sea. For some hours, our progress was but tardy. There was a dead calm from sunrise till noon; and from noon till two or three o'clock, the light breeze that blew was against us; but towards evening, the land-winds began to exert their influence, and long before dark, all trace of Jamaica disappeared. Away, then, we bounded, with a blue and cloudless sky overhead, and one wide waste of ocean around us; and meeting with no accident, nor any squalls or adverse gales to detain us, we soon began to feel, that our distance from the tropic was increasing. The climate became by degrees more and more temperate; we were enabled

to keep the deck, unscreened by an awning, at mid-day; and at last the shelter of a cloak, when exposed to the night-air, became highly agreeable. Our spirits rose with these changes in our circumstances. We resumed our former occupations of promenading, eating, drinking, and reading, with fresh spirit, and we introduced a moral source of amusement before long into our little circle. My friend Charlton happened to be an amateur in music; he had provided himself with a violin before the regiment quitted France; and now, for the first time, was it brought into general use. Every evening, after coffee, the cabin-floor was cleared, and about ten of us danced to his music waltzes and country dances till midnight.

Nor were the men less sensible than their superiors of the change for the better, as well in the temperature of the atmosphere, as in their own frame of mind. There were among them many who played the fife well; these, taking a cue from their officers, produced their instruments, and the forepart of the ship soon resounded to the voice of piping and making merry. All on board, in short, from the officer commanding down to the cabin-boy, appeared to acquire additional vivacity as we proceeded farther and farther from the tropic; insomuch, that I will take it upon me to affirm, that a ship has rarely navigated the Gulf of Mexico, among the crew of which so much good humour and genuine conviviality prevailed.

Such was the order of our existence, from the 3d of December, when the romantic shores of Cuba were lost sight of, up to the 9th, when the low coast of the Floridas first came into view. The wind had, generally speaking, been in our favour; if a squall did occasionally occur, it never lasted above an hour or two, nor did the fleet the smallest damage. On the 8th, indeed, our master experienced no little uneasiness; for, at a moment when we were proceeding under a press of sail, the horizon became suddenly overspread with clouds, and a violent hurricane seemed at hand. But our ship's company was a good one; and the soldiers, brave by habit, had all acquired some knowledge of naval tactics; we were accordingly enabled to take in our canvass in good time, and so averted the danger. The storm, however,

left one disagreeable consequence behind it;—the wind changed; and hence, instead of seeing land before dark that day, the evening of the next was approaching before we were enabled to discover it. I perfectly recollect that the 9th of December was an exceedingly cold day. A sharp northeasterly wind drove into our faces a keen sleet; and it was not without having recourse to cloaks and blankets, that we were enabled to keep the deck.

I shall not readily forget the effect produced by the first appearance of the land towards which our course was directed. The coast of America is, I believe, for the most part low, at least I never chanced to approach it in any quarter, where it presented a different character; and all along the compass of the Mexican Gulf, it is peculiarly so. When, therefore, the cry was uttered from the mast-head of "land on the weather-bow," it was in vain that we who stood upon the quarter-deck strained our sight in order to discover it. We saw nothing, and more than an hour elapsed ere any object rose upon the view, calculated to satisfy us that the look-out seaman had not reported falsely. At length, however, some dark specks, resembling the masts of ships lying at anchor, stood between us and the horizon. As the vessel held her course, these appeared gradually to assume the appearance of thick, or bushy substances; and by and by it became manifest enough, that we were gazing upon the upper branches of a grove of fir-trees. As to the leaves and roots, however, they were entirely hidden from us. The entire picture was as if a grove of cedars had been lopped off about twelve feet from the ground, as if the higher branches had been suspended by some unseen rafter in the air, whilst the stumps being cleared away, the sea obtained free course where they had stood. So great was the refractive power of the atmosphere in these parts; and so very low the beach upon which this cedar wood was growing.

It happened, that during the whole of the 10th and 11th, the winds proved baffling in an extraordinary degree. The consequence was, that we were not only compelled to cast anchor each evening after sunset, but throughout all the hours of daylight we could only beat off and on, without gaining one inch of way, or ap-

preaching one jot nearer to the point of debarkation. On the 11th, however, a clear, sharp, and bracing frost set in; and the breeze getting slightly round, we managed to hold our course so well that at noon the inhospitable beach of Chandeleur Island became conspicuous from the poop. Never have I gazed upon a spot of earth more woefully barren and uninviting. A low red sand, just rising above the level of the tide, seemed to give nourishment to nothing more than a few miserable cypress trees. There was not a house, hovel, or any other symptom of a human habitation to be noted; no batteries, no beacons, no watch-towers, nor any other thing, capable of proving to the spectator, that the foot of man had ever trodden there. I need scarcely add, that the island in question lies at the entrance of Lake Borgue, and that it forms the most advanced district of West Florida, of which New Orleans is the capital.

Having come close in with this bleak coast, we hove to, but refrained from casting anchor during the night, and on the morrow made sail, with the earliest appearance of dawn. The air was still clear and frosty, and the fleet, steering in one compact body, under the rays of a brilliant sun, produced one of the most striking marine panoramas which it has been my good fortune to behold. But its progress in this order was not of long continuance. The lake which we had entered soon becoming shallow, the ships of war, at least the line-of-battle ships, to hinder themselves from running ashore, were obliged to anchor; and then began a scene as stirring and uncomfortable as the imagination can very well conceive. The troops who had taken their passage in them were all embarked in boats and transported to the lighter vessels, which became, in consequence, crowded to excess. We escaped not the fate of our companions; instead of ten officers, the evening of the 12th saw full twenty huddled into one small cabin; yet we none of us abated one jot of our former good humour; and Charlton's fiddle being, as usual, brought into play, we danced till a late hour in the morning. This was the last ball which we were enabled to get up, previous to the disembarkation; it was the last, in the

strictest sense of the term, to more than one of those who took part in its merriment.

On the 14th we still held our course, without any other event occurring, except that in the evening a squadron of boats which had been employed in the attack of the enemy's flotilla, passed us. How they fought and conquered on that occasion it is unnecessary for me to relate: but this I must state, that they were greeted as they rowed along, with loud and hearty cheers; which their brave crews failed not to return. They had suffered severely; but they had completely opened to us the navigation of the lakes, besides adding considerably to our means of transport by the reduction of the six light cutters, which General Jackson had stationed here to oppose our landing. The same remarks may serve as a narrative of our proceedings on the 15th. We sailed on, till at last even we took the ground; and it became manifest that all further progress, otherwise than in boats, was impossible.

It is hardly necessary for me to state, that from the moment land became visible, I and my companions began to make such preparations as seemed necessary, for our disembarkation. The usual supply of linen; that is to say, a spare shirt and pair of stockings, were carefully laid aside by each of us for service; three days' provisions were in like manner cooked, and packed up; whilst as much of rum as we could either spare from our daily allowance, or prevail upon the Master to issue out, was put into a large horn. Similar precautions had been taken by the men; so that from the evening of the 16th we were ready, at a moment's notice, to step upon shore. Not the slightest hurry or confusion, therefore, ensued, when, at an early hour in the morning of the 16th, it was announced, that a flotilla of boats were approaching the vessel, and that the troops would be required to load them without delay. In an instant every man buckled up his knapsack and haversack, putting on his accoutrements, and grasped his musket; and when the leading barge drew up alongside the gangway, the first division stood in order to step on board. In something less than half an hour, about two hundred men, with a competent sup-

gals of officers, quitted the deck of No. 375; and in a few minutes after, the squadron began its voyage.

We were so far fortunate, that the day chanced to be remarkably fine one. There was little wind, it is true, and the little that blew, blew against us, compelling us to make way entirely by rowing; but there was no stream to bear up against, so that we proceeded at a tolerably rapid rate. As we went on, we had the satisfaction to discover, that other ships, besides ours, were pouring forth their inmates. Nearly one hundred boats of different sizes covered the surface of the lake; and as they were all crowded with soldiers, not less than two thousand infantry moved together towards the landing place. It was a magnificent spectacle. What an enemy snugly stationed behind stone walls, and having a few pieces of heavy ordnance at their command, would have thought of it, I know not; but it appeared to me, that no opposition could possibly hinder such a force from gaining the shore; and that having gained it, no army, at least of Americans, would have the hardihood to dispute with it its ground of encampment.

From the naval officer who commanded our boat, we learned, that there was no intention of pushing for the mainland to day. About thirty miles from the shipping, and not less than twice that distance from the main, was a small desolate spot of earth, called Pine Island, upon which the General had determined to collect and arrange his army, previous to their entrance upon actual service. Of this place, the naval officer who, it appeared, had already visited it, gave us the most discouraging account. It was indeed a miserable swamp; not only devoid of all human habitations, but bare even of trees and shrubs. A large pond or lake, shallow and reedy, occupied its centre; and its edges consisted of nothing more than a circle of sand, slightly diversified, here and there, with a thin coat of herbage. There certainly was nothing in such an account calculated to excite any overweening expectations of comfort; yet, to confess the truth, when the island itself appeared, we were more than half disposed to accuse our pilot of dealing in misrepresentations; so far

did the reality exceed the description of this most melancholy bank of sand.

The sun had set ere we reached the landing place, but there was still light enough left to convince us, that we had indeed arrived where all hope of comfort, even in the limited sense in which soldiers are so often called upon to employ that phrase, had better be laid aside at once. Two stunted firs, with about half-a-dozen sycamores, formed the only growth in the whole island; and they grew out of a soil, which manifestly contained not moisture enough to nourish any other vegetable substance besides themselves. There was not a bank or hill to shelter us from the blast, nor a dell or green spot upon which to lie down; and as to fuel, unless we could get these sea-beaten plants to take fire, we must make up our minds to subsist as we best could without it. I have no wish to laud myself when I say, that few men are, or rather were, in those days, less mindful of luxuries, or more capable of enduring hardships, but I must confess, that I could not contemplate the prospect now before us, without experiencing a degree of alarm, such as I am not conscious of having felt on any similar occasion. I not only dreaded the sojourn, as it threatened to affect myself, but I trembled for the health of the troops, if it should be found necessary to keep them many days exposed on this horrible desert.

Happily for us, the night of the 16th, though cold and frosty, proved fair. For myself, having seen my men arranged in as snug a situation as could be procured for them, and superintended the fall of one or two of the trees, I returned to the sea-side—the boats, it appeared, had received orders to rest their crews during the night, and were not to set out for fresh troops till dawn; I gladly availed myself of the circumstance, by taking up my abode in one of them. We spread a sail over from gunwale to gunwale, and lying down under the seats, contrived to sleep as soundly, as a very cramped position, and no slight suffering from frost, would allow.

It was still-dark, when a general stir among the sailors warned me to quit my uneasy couch. I rose stiff and uncomfortable; and having bro-

ken my fast with a little hard biscuit, and a glass of rum, I proceeded to the ground where the men were bivouacked. I found them all up and employed; not from any apprehension of an attack, or because they had fallen instinctively into their old customs, but because they felt the necessity of motion to keep their blood in circulation, and were heartily tired of their uncomfortable lairs. Their fires, poor at the best, were all burned out; and as there is no period of the day so severe as that which immediately precedes the dawn, they felt the absence of fires now very severely. Some accordingly set to work, for the purpose of renewing them, whilst others ran about to recover their limbs from a state of absolute torpidity. But as day dawned upon them, better humour, and better hopes, began to prevail; and when the sun once more shone out in splendour, not a murmur could be heard, from one end of the encampment to the other.

There was no difficulty in discovering that Pine Island, though uninhabited by rational creatures, was not entirely devoid of animal life. Wild fowl, of various descriptions, abounded here. Flocks of geese, duck, widgeon, and a species of wood-pigeon, careered over our heads continually, and seemed to challenge us to a pursuit. We had brought no fowling-pieces on shore; we came with no idea that they would be wanted, or that an opportunity of using them would be furnished. But my friend and myself made a couple of muskets supply their place to-day, and set out at an early hour in quest of game. To say the truth, we were but clumsily equipped as sportsmen. Our powder, taken from his Majesty's stores, might have passed, in the eyes of a Norfolk game-keeper, for small shot; whilst in lieu of small shot, we carried, each of us, a paper of slugs; yet, even with these rude instruments, we contrived before dark to bring down no trifling quantity of birds, for which, indeed, the stupidity of the birds themselves was much more to be thanked, than our skill. Of the wood-pigeon, we found immense co-

vies; which sitting down upon a few fir trees that grew at the other side of the island, permitted us to approach under the very branches, and even when we fired, would scarcely shift their quarters for a moment. Those which were not killed, barely rose at the report, wheeled a few times round their roosts, and actually came back again to the same spot. Had our shot been somewhat smaller, we might have killed game enough to furnish the whole regiment with a meal; as it was, we brought back about three dozen of birds to the camp.

But the satisfaction arising from the consciousness that we had thus amply provided against the cravings of hunger, was not sufficient to console us under the misery of a night of incessant and tremendous rain. It appeared to me, whilst I was lying upon the sand, exposed to this pelting shower, that, till that moment, I had never known what rain, real genuine rain, was. My cloak afforded no protection against it; in less than half an hour from the period of its commencement, I was as if I had been dragged at the stern of one of the boats, all across the lake. And then it was, that the absence of all tolerable fires was most severely felt. What were a few half-kindled sticks, sputting and smouldering upon a bare beach, under such circumstances. We crept round them, it is true, and held our hands by turns over their feeble embers, till the points of our fingers became half baked; but the influence of the baking extended not beyond the fingers,—our bodies were chilled in perfection. In a word, I do not recollect, in the whole course of my military career, to have suffered so much from cold or damp in any night, as I suffered in this night of the 18th of December. How the bulk of the unfortunate black troops, of whom two battalions had joined us at Negril Bay, stood it out, I know not. But this I do know, that the first rumour which reached us on the morning of the 19th was, that numbers of them had fallen asleep beside their fires, and expired.

MORÆ ITALICÆ.

No. IV.

L'ARBECCHE, BY GIAMBATISTA GIRALDI CINTIO.

IN some of those articles in which the modern school of Italian Tragedy has been introduced to the notice of the British public, mention was made of the appetite for horrors which characterized the earlier tragedies of that fair land, where man is the only growth that dwindles. It is now intended to afford the readers of this Magazine the means of judging for themselves, whether such expressions originated in any unfair desire to throw the accusation of theatrical bloody-mindedness, so frequently urged against this country by our would-be classical neighbours of *la belle France*, from our own shoulders on to those of their and our predecessors in the career of Dramatic Literature. The play selected for this purpose, is L'ARBECCHE, of Giambatista Giraldi Cintio. This last name was the author's academical denomination, a sort of *nom de guerre*, such as every individual admitted into any one of the innumerable academies, that in Italy accompanied, and probably materially promoted, the revival of letters, was obliged to assume, and which, as commonly, at least, as his own, was prefixed to his works. Cintio was equally distinguished as a poet, both Tragic and Lyric—and as a prose novelist: in the latter character, he trod as closely as abilities, far inferior, would allow, in the footsteps of Boccaccio, in emulation of whose *DECAMERONE* he bestowed upon his collection of his Tales the title of *ECATOMITI*. Born in the year 1604, he flourished during the brightest period of Italian Genius, between the days of Ariosto and those of Tasso; he was esteemed by his contemporaries, favoured by the Ferrarese Mæcenases of the House of Este, and appears to have been not less highly appreciated by subsequent compatriot critics. Crescembeni, in his *ISTORIA DELLA VOLGARE POESIA*, says of him,—"He wrote much in the Lyric, as well as in the Tragic style, and in both attained to excellence. * * * In his Tragedies, especially in the ARBECCHE, he unites such judgment in the conduct of the story, such fulness

of sentiment, and such dignity of language, as entitle him to be reckoned amongst the good Tuscan Tragedians."

We have inserted the above extract from an Italian critic of acknowledged eminence, by way of precaution against the arising of any suspicion of unfairness, on our part, in the choice of the piece we are about to pass under review, and to which we now proceed.

L'ARBECCHE, which was first performed in the author's own house, before Duke Ercole the Second of Este, and his Court, is founded upon the second tale in the second Decade of the *ECATOMITI*. The scene is laid in Persia, and Arbecche is the name of the heroine. The poet, closely imitating, according to the custom of his age and country, his classical models, has introduced the chorus in its true ancient form, occasionally taking a share in the dialogue, as well as filling up the *entre-actes* with appropriate odes. The play is preceded by a prologue, an invention for which, according to Mænage, Modern Europe is indebted to Giraldi—meaning probably this kind of prologue, unconnected with the story of the play.—Upon the present occasion it consists of about a hundred lines, chiefly occupied in exhorting the noble audience, especially the fair ladies, who constitute part of it, to retire, and avoid the horrors and agonies about to be exhibited; the exhortation being enforced by a warning, that at a later hour they may not find it so easy to return to Ferrara from Susa in Persia, whither the poet will, by some occult power, presently transport them.—The Prologue, finally, after wondering that, despite so much friendly advice, nobody runs away, announces the approach of the wrathful and tremendous goddess Nemesis—whom the speaker has not courage to confront—and departs. Nemesis accordingly opens the Tragedy, though we are not told what brings her, and some others of our old mythological acquaintance, amongst the fire-worshippers of Persia. It should seem, however, as far as we can make out the state of affairs, that

our friend Cintio, being himself no believer in the religion of the *Gæbres*, has, by virtue of his poetical omnipotence, converted the Persian Court, at least, if not the whole nation, to the more orthodox creed of classical idolatry. Be this as it may, Nemesis, in a monologue as long as the prologue, favours us with a very Christian exposition and vindication of the justice of Providence, in occasionally permitting guilt to prosper. She ends by observing, that such prosperity is, for the most part, only temporary; and that, when it ceases, the punishment inflicted upon the criminal, even in this world, usually compensates, by its severity, for its delay, as will immediately appear in the case of the tyrant Sulmone,—to torment whom, she summons the Furies from the infernal regions. The Furies, more complaisant than Hotspur's spirits, come when they are called, and inquire the goddess's pleasure. She bids them fill the impious Court with discord and disorder, and the hearts of the father and daughter with mutual hatred. The Furies answer that it is done, when Nemesis, observing that Nature cannot support their presence, orders them home again, and withdraws in their company. But it is not to make way for the ordinary flesh and blood occupants of the stage. To the departing deities, succeeds the ghost of Selina, the *ci-devant* wife of Sulmone, a personage who might, we should have thought, have proved fully as insupportable to Nature as the *Eumenides* themselves; inasmuch as she had been false to her husband with her own son. The intrigue had been detected through the instrumentality of her daughter Arbecche, and Sulmone forthwith puts both delinquents to death. Had this been the extent of his tyranny, he might probably, at most tribunals, have been held excusable. But her shadowy majesty thought differently of the transaction, taking her summary punishment so heinously in dudgeon, that she has now obtained a short leave of absence from Pluto, solely in order to participate in inflicting the retributory sufferings, which her husband and daughter, whom she seems pretty equally to abhor, are about to endure. The Furies have, however, done their work so effectually, that all the mis-

chief the Ghost can contrive to super-add, is the driving her daughter, finally, to commit suicide with the self-same hand which had formerly proved the indicator of maternal infamy.—Having accomplished her object, by shaking a torch providentially brought from Tartarus, this most loathsome of apparitions, as day is beginning to dawn, returns to the tortures, with which she and her son spend their time in recreating each other. This supernatural first act concludes with a hymn to Venus, sung by the Chorus—composed of the ladies of Suma. We shall translate it, as one of the best of the lyrical effusions in the Tragedy.

“ Fair Venus, of whose influence Earth,
and Sea,

And Heaven above, and eyeless Hell,
And all that either lurks in secrecy,
Or flaunts in open day-light, tell;
Oh, Goddess, from whose balmy power
All mortal things increase,—
Solace, repose, and peace
Receive,—from whom whatever can de-
light

Springs, as the plant with fragrant flower,
And melting fruit,
Springs from its root;

Vainly would Earth or Heav'n to him in-
vite,

Didst thou withhold thy genial fostering
ray,

Worshipp'd by all on whom looks down
the God of day!

'Twas only thou, when all yet lay ob-
scure,

Confused, unhonour'd, and unknown,
Thou, Nature's Sovereign, that the shroud
impute,

And chilling, o'er her beauties thrown,
In darkling horror eye inclosing

The world's essential seed,

Didst lift, and over freed

Existence pour thine ever-fruitful beams;

El'ments, each other most opposing,

Didst closely knit

In union fit,

Whence concord, love, and bliss, flow'd
in full streams.

The willing Universe thy sway confess'd,
Nor ever more rebell'd against thy high
behest.

Thence first divided water was from
land,

From viewless air, and soaring fire,
A still accordant, still discordant band,
That in their kindly warfare's ire
Peopled, ere long, with fish the ocean,
With warbling birds the air,

With fishes and cattle fair
 Earth's hills and plains; nor fill'd with
 only these,—
 Creatures possess'd of sense and motion,
 Each flower and leaf,
 Of date so brief,
 The lowliest grass, the stateliest forest
 trees,
 Were thence produced,—whilst man's
 ambitious race
 Burns with thy vivid flames, exists but
 by thy grace.

Nor these the limits to thy power assign'd.

The glorious Sun himself, the Moon,
 The Stars that, fix'd or wandering, we find
 In Heav'n's blue vault, all are thy boon.
 Without thee, still in gloom and sadness
 They with the world would lie;
 The mightiest, through the sky
 Ceaselessly journeying on, each fiery ball,
 Knew without thee nor light nor glad-
 ness.

Thine influence

Governs all sense;

Thee, origin and chiefest end of all,
 The great Creator first design'd! Through
 thee

The universe he rules to all eternity.

Then, Goddess, since from thy benig-
 nant sphere

All natural affections flow,
 Prohibit deaths so cruel, so severe,
 Such agonies of hopeless woe,
 As o'er these lovers are impending!
 'Tis thine to change their doom,
 Whom all thy fires consume!
 Despair and death shall fall on either
 head,
 Unless by thee Fate's blow, descending,
 Be timely staid;
 Oh, Goddess, aid!
 Yield to our pray'rs! Destiny stern and
 dread,
 Thou only canst control:—Thy power
 employ,
 And sorrow's moans shall turn to hymns
 of grateful joy."

In the second Act, we at length meet with dramatic personages of a more accustomed kind. Arbecche herself opens the scene, uttering doleful lamentations. Her Nurse inquires the cause of her distress, and she answers, that it arises from her happiness in the possession of her beloved husband Orontes, and her two children;—a happiness as yet wholly unsuspected, owing to the cautious management of the said Nurse, her only confidante. The Chorus of Ladies, who have

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just discovered their knowledge of the secret, appear to count for nothing, their discretion being, we suppose, insured by their choral character. The old woman is considerably puzzled by the Princess's speech; which the riddling mourner explains by informing her very lengthily,—to borrow an Americanism, seemingly coined for the especial use of the reviewer of this tragedy,—that her father has promised her hand to the King of the Parthians; that she had been thunder-struck at the first intimation of the fate to which she was destined, but, quickly commanding herself, had declared to her father that her attachment for him was too strong to allow of her existing thus separated from him; and that she had obtained a day to consider of her answer. The Nurse tries to comfort her lady by observations upon the vicissitudes to which human life is subject, which she illustrates by the simile of a ship at sea. The whole simile, including some description and some exhortation, is in rhyme and lyric measure, the play itself being in blank verse. This poetical and philosophical effort fails to cheer the desponding Arbecche, who now bids her seek Orontes, that they may consult together what is to be done, and retires. The Nurse reflects upon the sorrows of life, through some hundred lines, until Orontes, arriving, interrupts her didactic strain, and bids her call the Princess. The result of the conjugal conference is a determination to impart the secret of the marriage to Malecche, a sort of Minister or Privy Councillor, and the friend of Orontes, though hitherto not his confidant; and then to request him to break the matter to the King. The husband departs to execute this resolve, expressing sanguine hopes of the result; the wife remains to soliloquize, at the usual length, upon the unhappy lot of women; and the Act ends with a shortish Chorus upon the fallacy of all mundane enjoyments.

The 3d Act begins with a monologue, similar in dimensions to those already noticed, delivered by Malecche, in which he deliberates upon the best mode of revealing the important secret intrusted to him, and of endeavouring to reconcile the tyrant to his daughter's stolen nuptials. He entertains very faint hopes of succeeding in his mission, it seems, because he has

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himself frequently intreated his royal master to bestow the Princess upon Orontes, in guerdon of the young man's martial prowess, and been refused, although upon insufficient grounds; whence he argues that Sulfone will persevere in the denial he has once given. But Malecche need not have perplexed himself as to the manner of making the communication, for the King has meanwhile learned the secret from a chambermaid, who had casually overheard the recent conversation of the wedded pair, and comes in great perturbation and anger to consult his Minister how he can sufficiently punish so flagrant a crime. Malecche, always taking care first to obtain permission to express his sentiments unreservedly, makes long speech upon long speech, in all of which he, more morally than politically, recommends the virtues of clemency and self-control, as the only qualities becomimg a King, and eulogizes both Orontes' great military abilities, which fit him to govern and defend a mighty empire, and his honourable conduct in rather marrying than seducing the Princess. The only topic he touches upon really calculated to reconcile the Persian Monarch to what has occurred, is the inveterate enmity hitherto displayed by the Parthian King, which, he reminds his master, has already robbed him of two brothers and two sons; and which he, Malecche, suspects may have suggested the present treaty of marriage, as a mean of fraudulently obtaining possession of the King of Persia's sole remaining child and heiress. Sulfone long resists, but at last, tired out, we presume, declares himself subdued, and sends his adviser to fetch his daughter, with her husband and children. It is now the Tyrant's turn for a soliloquy, and he takes advantage of it to inform us that he has cheated Malecche, and intends to take terrible vengeance upon Orontes and the children. He then deliberates what to do with his daughter, and finally determines that, as he can inflict abundant misery upon her without depriving himself of his now only child, he will spare her life. By this time he has made up his mind. Malecche returns with those whom he had been sent for, and whilst crossing the stage towards Sulfone, the elder three hold a long conversation, in which the men

blame Arbecche's unconquerable apprehensions. The reconciliation scene that ensues is not very affecting. Malecche harangues apologetically; Arbecche and Orontes beg pardon, and the King professes much paternal tenderness; after which he retires, taking his two grandchildren along with him. Arbecche and Malecche next make their respective exits, we know not very well why, except to afford Orontes his last opportunity of comfortably soliloquizing. He has just leisure to tell us the whole history of his birth, parentage, and education, with which there is no need to trouble the reader, before Alocche and Tamul, two subordinate instruments of tyranny, come to conduct him to their master. The act concludes with a *Sestina* of rejoicing between the Nurse and the Chorus. It may perhaps be as well to mention, that a *Sestina* consists of six unrhyming six-lined stanzas, in which the six concluding words of the six lines of the first stanza conclude the lines of each of the other five, but always in a different order; the first line of the second stanza ending with the same word that ended the last line of the first, and so on through the rest.

Thus far we have hurried forward through scenes which, notwithstanding the praises lavished by Italian literati upon L'ARBECCHE, appear to us exceedingly dull. But as we have now reached the most interesting, or, *tout au moins*, the most tragical part, and as, in justice to our author and to his learned panegyrists, we must allow him to display his dramatic as well as his lyrical talent, we shall select for translation, in the fourth Act, one of those narrations which afford the principal field for the exhibition of their powers to those tragic writers who, either to preserve the unities, or to spare the sensibility of the audience, banish almost all action from the stage; and from the 5th Act we shall give the only really dramatic scene in the whole piece. The Chorus, without the Nurse, remain in possession of the stage at the commencement of the 4th Act, when they are joined by a royal messenger, who for a long time does nothing but exclaim—in *lengthy* exclamations however—about the horrors he has just witnessed. The Chorus repeatedly urge him to explain himself, and at last he says:

"These is, amidst this lofty tower's deep vaults,

In part so solitary and remote
That never sunbeam thither penetrated,
A chapel dedicate to sacrifices,
Which to the shades, to ireful Proser-

pine,
And sullen Pluto, by our Kings are offer'd;
Where not alone obscurest Night, where reigns

Horror most horrible. Thither Salmone
Commanded that Orontes should be led;
—Th' unfortunate Orontes, who believed
That now all fears, all sufferings were past,

The guards had unexpectedly assail'd
And master'd, whilst discoursing with
the King.—

The Monarch, following to the lofty tower,

Laid his own hand on him, and said:
'Orontes,

'Tis here that my successor in my kingdom
I will appoint thee.' Then he bade the

villains,
Who thither brought him, seize his arms,
and place

Both hands upon a block; with ponderous blade

Then from the arms the savage, at two blows,

Lopp'd them, drew back, lifted the bleeding hands,

And to Orontes, offering them, said:
'This is the sceptre I present thee; thus

King I create thee. Speak—art thou contented?'
Orontes then exclaim'd, 'Oh, most perfidious!

Is this thy plighted faith?—the promise this
Made by Malbecche in thy name? But forward;

Proceed, thou impious tyrant! Here my throat

I offer—strike it, villain! here my breast—

Let thy sharp weapon lay it open. Never,
Save by a royal hand,—if hand so barbarous

Indeed be royal,—should Orontes fall.
But if in Heaven reign pity, with just eye

If God look down upon our human deeds,
Deceiver, dreadful retribution waits thee!'

The tyrant at these accents smiled, as one
Who hears what he disdains, or what diverts him;

He answer'd not, but taking by their hands
The children, whom, before Orontes came,

He in that dismal vault apart had station'd,

He led them towards their father. The poor babes

Caress'd their grandsire, innocently hoping
Kindness from that iniquitous assassin.

Not long their error lasted; for the eldest,
Whom little it avail'd his grandsire's name

To bear, he seized, his breast uncover'd, bound
Behind his back his hands, 'twixt his own legs

Then placed the infant, that with lisping tongue
Besought compassion, and, like harmless lamb,

With the same bloody knife he slaughter'd him,
Flinging him dead before the wretched father.

Chorus. Alas! alas! into what grief is changed
The joy so recently that fill'd my heart,
When this most impious monarch feign'd to pardon

His daughter and Orontes. In my bones
There is no marrow, in my veins no blood,
But trembles. In this miserable case
What did Orontes?

Mess. That strong heart, which never
His proper danger could to prayers for safety
Bend, was subdued by pity for his sons.
Then sorrowfully did Orontes kneel
Upon the ground,—as if he still possess'd
His hands, lifting his mutilated arms,
Defiled and wet with blood, that from the stumps
In torrents gush'd,—compassion he implored
For his surviving boy, of the fierce king.
The frighten'd child, for mercy crying, ran
With arms outstretch'd to his sad father's bosom,
There hoping safety. Oh, my heart is bursting!
Words, voice, are wanting, when I recollect
How the barbarian sprang upon his prey!
The child that to Orontes fled, Salmone
Pursued, as through the forest angry hounds
Pursue the timid hind. This saw Orontes,
And writhing, weeping at his feet, thus urged
With warmer prayers the cruel King:—
'Salmone,
By the compassion of the gods in Heaven,
Pardon this unoffending babe! Suffice it
Mine eldest to have slain; the youngest spare,

And me, what guilty, say! I stand
beside
Gave move thy heart in this extremity
To treat with clemency a wretched man,
Whom thou hast loved, think how un-
worthy 'tis
With blood of innocents to foul thy hands.
In thee let horror o'er unjust revenge
Prevail; and if thou fear'st no human
power,
Yet fear the gods, who recompense good
deeds,
Dealing to evil acts dire punishment.'

Chorus. And did not prayers so fervent
and so just

Softened that stony heart?

Mess. Alas! what ask you?

I saw the very walls weep at these words,
The tower with horror tremble, and the
image

Of gloomy Pluto, unto whom the king
Offer'd the innocent souls in sacrifice,
Not only weep, but turn his eyes away,
Shunning the horrid sight. He, only he,
Harder than hardest marble, stood un-
moved:—

So stands the rock against the ocean's
waves.

In purpose not alone unchanged, the
King,

As trodden serpent, full of rage and ve-
nom,

Turns with keen tooth to bite the harm-
ing foot,

Turn'd fiercely, when such gentle prayers
he heard,

As by barb'd arrow struck, tow'rd's sad
Orontes,

Exclaiming, 'Wretch perfidious and dis-
loyal,

Of thy flagitious sin take the reward!
Could I be with a single death appeased,
None had I slain; and little are both these
To expiate thine infidelity!'

Chorus. Alas! what heart was then
the wretched father's,
Robb'd of all hope!

Mess. The miserable Orontes,
O'erpower'd by the excess of agony,
Found courage in despair. Parental
prayers

Then giving over, with audacious brow
He turn'd upon the King—'Fierce
Dog!' he cried,

'Who, wolf-like, only for nocturnal wiles
And treachery art fit—art only strong—
Ferocious only in the blood of infants,—
I trust, I trust, and partly does such hope
Alay mine anguish, that amidst the
Shades

The tidings of revenge ere long shall
greet me.'—

Then tow'rd's his son, he, weeping, turn-
ed, and cast

His arms round his, saying, 'Dreadful
child,

Since Heav'n decrees that each of us
must view

The other's death; for us, since deaf as
asp

To pity,—take, dear child, thy sire's last
gift,—

These sobs, these tears, these my last
lingering kisses.

Together will we seek stern Pluto's
realms,

Where, haply, less than here we shall
endure.'

Chorus. Meanwhile, how acted the in-
human King?

Mess. The traitor listen'd gladsomely
to words

Which rock or diamond had split,—had
thaw'd

A heart of ice. As 'twere to him enjoy-
ment

So long to see Orontes mourn his tes-
tures,—

His infants' deaths,—the murderer laugh-
ing stood,

Attentive to his speech. But when
great anguish

Smother'd his utterance, then more in-
censed,

Er'n as the lion, flocks and herds destroy-
ing,

Who, when he sees the field streaming
with blood,

Burns with new fury, that his appetite
For blood and slaughter quickens, so the
King

Rush'd furiously upon the child, whom
still

Orontes, weeping, in his mangled arms
Held closely lock'd, bespatter'd with his
gore,

And would have snatch'd him from his
father's breast.

Like tiger, that when he the helpless calf
Sees flying to the heifer, in his rage

Mother and young together slaughters,
so

When the sad father would not from his
grasp

Release the boy, the fierce inhuman ty-
rant,

Raising his weapon, struck so desperately,

That at his feet together dead they fell."

Some lamentations of the Chorus
are followed by ejaculations on the
part of the Messenger, intimating fur-
ther horrors. These lead to new in-
quiries, which he thus answers:—

"*Mess.* That nothing foul the impious
King undone

Right before of which and all was his dread-
ful office,

With blood already dripping, to Orontes
He went, stoop'd over him, cut off his
head,

And bade the body be flung forth to dogs,
Vultures, and ravens. Then a precious
vase

He called for, of the purest silver; in it
Placed, with both hands, the head, and
over all

Spread carefully a covering of black silk.

Chorus. Eternal Justice triumphs still!

Behold,

When most the Tyrant would show cru-
elty

Tow'rd his that illustrious, that honour'd
head,

His pity shows! Those hands, well wet-
thy sceptres,

Have, from the bitterest foe, the mur-
derer,

Received due honour! But the children's
corpses,

Say, how bestow'd he?

Mess. When Orontes' head

He had ta'en off, from his embrace he
drew

The tight-clasp'd child, which when he
writhing saw,

Its tender bosom twice or thrice he
wounded,

Till, with its streaming blood, the inno-
cent soul

Had pass'd away. The monster stripp'd
the body;

Then to the other turning, that already
lay dead, tore off its garments, and thus
naked

In silver vessels both depositing,
He in the breast of one, the other's
throat,

The knives with which he slew them
fix'd. The vessels

He gave command should to the royal
chamber

All three be carried—Wherefore, he ex-
plain'd not."

The mourning of the Chorus in the

character of an interlocutor over the

spectacle which awaits the unhappy

Princess, and an *ex officio* lyrical dis-

quisition, in its merely choral capa-

city upon Faith, which, revered

even by inanimate Nature, is violated

by man alone, conclude the act.

In the fifth Act, Sultane presents

himself, accompanied by Tamul and

Alocche. These worthy associates dis-

course at some length upon the trans-

actions in the vaults, which appear

equally to delight all the party. The

King then dispatches Tamul to sum-

mon his daughter to receive a nuptial

present at her nuptials, and Alocche to
fetch the intended gift, which, as our
readers will have anticipated, consists
of the three silver dishes, with their
bloody contents. His Majesty is very
particular in his directions about their
arrangement; but we confess we do
not, after all, clearly understand where
they are finally placed, though, for
the sake of the audience, especially of
the ladies, who remained in spite of
the prologue's warnings, we hope it is
somewhere out of sight. Tamul, re-
turning, announces the approach of
the Princess, when the tyrant and his
executioners withdraw to watch her
awhile unperceived. Arbecche appears,
attended by her nurse, and a semi-
chorus of her own ladies. She is full
of melancholy forebodings, for the
unreasonableness of which the nurse
chides her. The Princess justifies
them, first upon the plea of a fright-
ful dream, which she relates, and
which the philosophical nurse ascribes
to the gloomy apprehensions she had
indulged throughout the day; and,
secondly, upon one less capable of re-
futation, i. e. the character of the
messenger who had called her to her
father's presence. She promises, how-
ever, to exert herself to subdue her
fears, and, at all events, to suppress
every symptom of mistrust. As her
father advances, she thus accosts him—

"What would your Majesty desire of me?

Sult. Nought but thy good. Retire ye
to the palace;

Go all of you;—I with my dearest daugh-
ter

Would here converse alone.—Not an hour
hence,

Arbecche, to thy consort, and my son,
Our own Orontes, I my heart laid open,

And plainly manifested what delight
I had derived from the intelligence

That he had taken thee to wife. No more
There now remains; but, in thy turn, that

thou
Thyself shouldst comprehend how I re-
joice

That for thy husband him thou hast se-
lected.

I therefore purpose to present thee here
A gift, which may demonstrate visibly

My satisfaction and our reconciliation.

Arb. Father, I seek not from your Ma-
jesty

Token of reconciliation more decisive
Than the kind pardon, which, beyond my

hopes
Or merits, I this day from you received.

But to bestow a gift, if't be your pleasure,

Not to confirm my knowledge of your goodness,

But to obey you, and to prove that still
Your pleasure must be mine, with gratitude

Shall I accept it.

Salm. Daughter mine, thus ever
I'd have thee act. Lift thou that silken napkin,

And underneath thou shalt behold the sign

Of my content, my joy.

Arb. Trembles my hand
Ere it the napkin touches. In my breast
Trembles my heart—Seems as I dared
not raise it.

Salm. Wherefore delay'st thou, daughter?
Boldly lift;
There shalt thou see the feelings of my heart

Tow'ards thee.

Arb. Gods! what is this?

Salm. Unworthy daughter,
It is the gift deserved by thy dissembled
Filial affection . . .

Arb. Miserable me!

Salm. Thy base disloyalty . . .

Arb. Oh, bitter grief!

Salm. Thy broken faith, and recklessness
of honour.

Arb. Oh, cruel spectacle! Oh, dreadful
fate!

Salm. 'Tis such as thou hast merited.

Arb. Alas!

How sharp the sword with which my
heart you pierce!

Salm. The worthier thee.

Arb. Alas! Sure to my sons
Pity you might have shown!

Salm. Pow'rless is pity,
Where injuries are so atrocious.

Arb. Oh!

Had I but died ere I beheld this sight!

Salm. Thou see'st the happiness, unnatural wretch,
Which to thy father thou hast given.

Arb. Woe's me!

How agonizing proves the gift, whence I
Unmingled happiness anticipated!

Oh, father! Dearest father!

Salm. Now thy father
Thou own'st me; but such was I not
when thou,

Detested daughter, didst take yon traitor

For thy love. Now that thine eyes are
open'd

To know me, I rejoice.

Arb. Dire spectacle!

Alas, my love! Alas! alas! my babes!
Alas! of what deep anguish you're the
source!

Salm. The more these objects torture
thee, the more

To me they're dearest: Oh, thou art
perverse!

The more I see thee suffer, so much more
Am I rejoiced, even to my heart.

Arb. Yet bitterer,

Father, than 'tis, 'twere to behold a sight
So cruel, which, with pity, not alone .

Others, but even yourself, might touch—
my pangs

Being exasperated by the knowledge,
That from your hand, whence they advancement, honour,

Might hope, my dearest lord and darling
babes

Outrage and death received. But the
delight

Which I perceive my sufferings and their
deaths

Afford you; and mine inward consciousness,

That our great fault no lenient punishment,

Haply none less atrocious merited,—
Compel me with more patience to endure

Affliction so severe, than else were mine.
For much do I prefer your happiness,

To the beholding, 'midst my highest joys,
Your sorrow. But so grievous if my

fault,

Wherefore does punishment proportionate
Not light on me—on me, of such great

ills

Who am the causer? Father, I conjure
you,

If ever daughter from her father wrung
A favour, let my guilty blood the stain

Wash out, that I, upon the royal line,
And the venerable name of father,

Have brought! And that the deed be not
delay'd,

May't please you, choosing either of these
weapons,

To plunge it into this offending breast;
So thence the soul shall part, and motionless

My pallid corpse remain.

Salm. Such were thy doom,
Weigh'd I thine error only; but my hand

In blood more deeply now I will not
bathe.

Suffice it, that henceforth thou learn to
know

The conduct that befits thee, and the reverence

Thou owest me. Be then our present
quarrel

Extinguish'd in the guilty blood that's
shed.

Be thou again, as erst, my dear loved
daughter,

And as thy father think of me.

Arb. This gift,
Father, I merit not.—Only my death

Can expiate my crime 'gainst thee committed.

Salm. Live thou; and learn to share my satisfaction

That they are dead who had deserved to die,

Whose lives brought infamy on both our heads.

Prepare thee now a consort to receive
Such as befits thy birth, thy lofty station,

By whom thou'lt mother be of different sons,

Who, worthy of thy race, shall yield me solace.

Lay down those weapons, and with me go in—

There shalt thou have of our reconciliation

Clear evidence.

Arb. If Heaven now oppose me not,
My vengeance for the wrongs I have endured,

Deceiver, I myself will wreak. These weapons—

They fail me not!

Salm. Oh, cruel! Oh, disloyal!

Woe's me! I die! Her dagger in my heart

Has mine unnatural daughter plunged.
Oh, help!

Assist me! Seize, destroy her! Ere I die,
My vengeance let me see!

Semi-Chorus. Alas! what cries!

The voice was King Salmone's.—See! the dagger,

Conceal'd in her right hand, deep in his breast

His daughter, whilst he offer'd to embrace her,

Has planted, dealing his death-blow.—
Nor thus

Appeased, observe how with a second weapon

His throat she cuts.

Salm. Woe's me! Oh! mercy! mercy!

Semi-Chorus. He is quite dead.—What torrents from both wounds

Of blood are pouring! But what sight is this?

Exists such fury in the human heart?—
And in a woman's? From the neck the head

She severs, from both arms the hands!
Too truly

'Tis said, nor wind, nor fire, nor other force,

Are half so terrible as widow'd woman,
Madden'd at once by anguish and by love."

The Semi-Chorus goes on to observe,

with the copious flow of words common to the whole *Dramatis Personæ*,

upon the exact equality of the retributive justice which has now overtaken the tyrant. Then, seeing Arbecche returning with her father's head and hands, and still armed with her dagger, the whole company of ladies precipitately retreat, apprehending that, in her present blood-thirsty mood, the Princess may not distinguish nicely between friends and foes. Arbecche now presents her father's head and hands, as a peace-offering, to the head and hands of her husband, and laments over her losses, her misery, and the prolongation of her life, after the established fashion of the play, but, notwithstanding the abundance of Ohs, Ahs, and Oime's, not to our minds very pathetically. Whilst she is thus engaged, her nurse and the other half of the Chorus, hearing sounds of complaint, come to inquire what has happened, and spend some little time upon the stage, consulting together as to who, and where, the mourner can be; during which interval, she continues her monologue of grief, occasionally making the pauses requisite to allow the other contemporaneous dialogue to proceed. When this has lasted a while, the Nurse says,—

"I pray you let us look about, to see
Who 'tis pours forth to Heaven such sad complaints.

Arb. Let me implore, if pity be from earth

Not wholly banish'd, that at least one favour

In mine extremity be granted me—

That as our spirits in the life to come
Shall be conjoin'd—

Semi-Chorus. Nurse! Woe is me! our Queen

It is who thus laments. Mark where she stands,

Grasping a dagger, as her purpose were
Self-murder!

Nurse. Oh, too sure her treacherous father

His faith has broken, and compels her thus,

With her own hand, her death to perpetrate.

Oh, me, unhappy! Let us hasten to her,
But secretly, dear ladies, so that she

Perceive us not, lest, if she mark'd our coming,

She should precipitate the fatal blow.

Let us if possible prevent her death.

Arb. So in the self-same place our mortal forms

May be together laid in this and life,
Which I, my breast thus piercing, now
forake."

Arbecche having thus effected her suicide, before the nurse and ladies can hinder her, they, joined, we imagine, by the remainder of the Chorus, proceed to mourn over the cruel fate of the Princess, her husband, and her children, sometimes in blank verse, sometimes in proper lyrics, and sometimes in a sort of unrhymed, irregular lyrical measure.

Thus ends this assuredly not less tragical tragedy than any that ever was tragedized by any company of tragedians; amidst all whose horrors, however, the strict decorum which preserves the French stage pure from all actual killing, appears to be most punctiliously observed. It is not, to be sure, distinctly said, that Sulmone retreats behind the scenes to be stabbed; but besides that no entrances or exits are recorded—indeed, that the tragedy does not, from one end to the other, afford a single stage-direction, there can, we think, be no doubt of the fact, from the circumstance of the Semi-Chorus taking the trouble of describing the whole process, as well as from the nature of the latter portion of the process itself, which could not well be represented without material inconvenience to the actor performing the part of Sulmone. How the exhibition of amputated heads and hands is managed, so as not to prove a good deal more offensive than the simple operation of stabbing, we confess we do not conceive. With one

single remark that precedes to the rest of our pen, we shall now conclude, deeming it equally a work of supererogation, to offer a regular *critique* of this play itself, or to descant upon the then state of the drama, in a country whose most celebrated historians and judges of literature could rank Giambatista Giral-di Cintio amongst their excellent poets, esteeming *L'Arbecche* his masterpiece. The remark which we cannot refrain from making, regards the sort of *hors d'œuvre* character of the preceding loathsome, and, we should hope, impossible, crime of Queen Selina, which is so carefully and gratuitously imparted to us in the first Act. Never once does Arbecche, amidst her gloomiest forebodings and apprehensions, or subsequently, in the depth of her despair, refer either to her mother's sin, as entailing hereditary pollution upon herself, or to her own unintentional matricide,—in having been the means of exposing the odious criminal to the revenge of an injured husband,—as filial guilt rendering her unworthy of maternal happiness, and for which she must expect punishment. Neither do any ideas of such a kind occur to the tyrant in his anger at the daughter of such a mother, or to the Nurse or Chorus in their regrets. And, indeed, the whole foul history appears to have been so totally forgotten both by the Court and by the family, that had it not been for the very communicative disposition of the ghost of the murdered delinquent, we might have been spared the knowledge of it altogether.

THE NAVY.

No. I.

IN the series of Papers which we now commence, on the exploits of the Navy, from the commencement of the Revolutionary War, we lay claim to no peculiar sources of information; nor do we arrogate to ourselves any peculiar powers or qualifications for the task. We have in our library, we believe, every book or pamphlet of authority, written on naval affairs, since that period; and we have the happiness of numbering among our friends some of the most distinguished officers in the service. We have ourselves made an occasional cruise in Line-of-Battle Ship, Frigate, Brig, Cutter, and Sloop. We are not absolute land-lubbers, although we have chiefly served ashore—our stomach has proved itself superior to sea-sickness—and we have even gone aloft in a gale. We have, in good truth, very much the look of an old admiral; and although we do not mount, as our friend Pasley did, a wooden leg, nor sport a timber toe, yet our gouty gait seems, to strangers' eye, to hobble of Aboukir, Copenhagen, or Trafalgar.

All this being the case, we hold ourselves entitled to become Naval Chroniclers. We have a huge shell—the armour of some anonymous fish—lying at all times on our table, and we never tire of putting it, ever and anon, to our ear, that we may hear the far-off sound of the sea. When ships of war used to lie in these our roads, we dearly loved eight o'clock in the evening, for the thunder of the evening-gun used to make our tumbler of toddy dirl on the table; and duly did we, solitary or social, at that moment drink “the Navy!” Now, our Frith murmurs indignantly at mere craft; and the Queen of the North, as she flings her white arms to the sea, misses the masts that, on days of rejoicing, streamed their ensigns responsive to those floating afar from Nelson's Monument and the Castle.

Our very talk, now-a-days, is as the talk of Quakers. The name of Nelson is on few lips; and of a dinner-party of fourteen, seven shall not know the name of the ship in which the hero died. Of politics there is still

the same eternal prating—of what is called the vessel of the state—and the steersman at the helm—and of pilots that weathered the storm—and much more to the same purpose, mouthy and magnificent. The vessel of the state, indeed!—by a pretty crew is she now getting herself manned, as you will see on a summer's-day—most harmoniously officered from Admiral to Mid—and scientifically ballasted, that she may sail in the wind's eye; but let her beware of hoisting hersky-scrappers, for the weather looks squally a-head—that is the sound of breakers on her lee, and all her masts may in a moment go by the board. Yet shall there not be wanting boatfulls of trusty tars to tow the hulk into harbour for a refit.

Charnock, Schomberg, Beatson, Ekina, Brereton, and twenty others—yonder they all are in the “Naval Nook”—in the row beneath the Naval Chronicle—are worth reading, and consulting, and quoting; but by far the best historian of the Navy is, like ourselves, a landsman, Mr James. His work, in six volumes, is an inestimable one, compiled chiefly from the best of all authorities, the Log-Book. He is a sincere lover, we verily believe it, of the truth, and has his heart too, in the right place. It is quite a mistake to suppose that he is unjust or unfair to the merits of any man; on the contrary, he often vindicates, successfully, the character of brave and good officers, whom rumour, that great liar, incorrigible even to cuff and kicking, had traduced. He does not scruple, and why should he, with such materials as he has had in his hands, to give his opinions; but he always gives, too, the facts on which these opinions are founded; and we perceive, that in the second edition of his admirable book, he has had occasion to qualify or correct very few of them indeed; but those few he has qualified or corrected with the greatest manliness. Why should our gallant naval men, although sensitive, be thin-skinned? A post-captain who fears no other enemy, ought not, like a poet, to fear a critic's face; for who

ever was written down on his own quarter-deck? Neither is a post-captain, commodore, nor admiral, like the Pope, infallible. He does not expect people to kiss his toe; but as to his hand, let him stretch it out, and where is the man that will not warmly and proudly grasp it, as one of those hands that have cast the sheet-anchor of Britain's prosperity and glory on a rock? In this Article we shall chiefly be indebted to Mr James—whose work ought to be in the library of every man who studies the history of the country.

On the first of February 1793, the National Convention declared war against Great Britain and the United Netherlands. According to an official return on the first of October of the previous year, the navy of France amounted to 246 vessels, of which 86, including 27 in commission, and 10 building and nearly ready, were of the line. The squadrons were designated according to the ports in which they had been built, or were laid up in ordinary; and of the 86 line-of-battle-ships, 39 were at Brest, 10 at L'Orient, 13, including the only 64 in the French navy, at Rochefort, and 24, including a strong reinforcement lately arrived from the Biscayan ports, at Toulon. Of frigates at the different ports, there were 78; 18 of them mounting 18 pounders on the main-deck, and none of them less than 12 pounders. Those resembling in size and force the British 28-gun frigates, were classed as 34-gun corvettes. Shortly after the commencement of the war, the French government, in order to provide against those losses which experience had shown were likely to attend a combat with England, ordered to be laid on the stocks 71 ships, including 25 of the line; and to be cast at the national founderies, 3100 pieces of marine ordnance, including 400 brass 36-pounder cannonades, the first of the kind forged in France. Several of the old small class seventy-fours, or such as carried 24 pounders only on the lower-deck, instead of being repaired to serve again in the line, or taken to pieces as unfit to serve, were cut down and converted into the most formidable frigates that ever sailed the seas.

Holland and Spain were then the maritime allies of England. The navy of Holland, according to her publish-

ed accounts, amounted to 119 vessels, from a 74-gun ship, to a six-gun cutter. Of her 49 ships of the line, however, the largest were not superior to a second class British third-rate; and of these there were but 10 in all. Their heaviest ships, indeed, of which there were but a few, are said to have mounted 92 or 94 guns; but of these, probably a portion were swivels, while the shallowness of their waters cramped the Hollanders in the dimensions of their ships, and compelled them to adopt, in those larger vessels especially, a flatter floor, and a bluffer contour, than characterised the ships of other nations. The remainder of the Dutch line was composed of 64 and 64-gun ships; the latter a class expelled from the line of battle by all other navies, but retained by the Dutch, as a hardy description of two-deckers for their shallow waters. Some of the Dutch frigates were fine vessels, but very few of them carried heavier metal than long 12-pounders; and vessels mounting but 24 eight-pounders, and of 500 tons burden, were designated frigates, although, strictly speaking, but corvettes.

According to Schomberg, the navy of Spain consisted of 204 vessels, of which 76 were of the line, mounting from 112 to 60 guns; of which latter class, and of sixty-fours, there were but 11. Of the 76 ships of the line, 56 were in commission, and of the under-line vessels 105; and out of these, Spain stipulated to join the confederacy, with 60 sail of vessels,—a reinforcement that ultimately proved of little use; while the navy of Holland lay rotten, or rotting, in dock, or at their moorings, in the different harbours, and was of little more than a nominal advantage to this country at the commencement of the Revolutionary War.

Portugal furnished six sail of the line, and four frigates—nearly the whole of her navy; of which the seventy-fours were fine vessels, and partly officered by Englishmen. The navy of Naples is said to have consisted of four fine line-of-battle ships, 74 gun-boats, and other vessels, mounting 618 guns in all, and manned by 8614 men. The line-of-battle ships, and a body of 6000 troops, the king of the two Sicilies engaged to place at the disposal, when required, of the British commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean.

The strength of any navy, Mr

James well observes, resides, in a national point of view, in its line-of-battle, rather than its detached or frigate force. He shows very satisfactorily, that the effective British line, at the commencement of the Revolutionary War, consisted of 115, and the French line of 76 ships. The French line possessed eight ships, mounting from 110 to 120 guns each, while the British could produce no ship mounting more than 100 guns. Upwards of a fourth, too, of the British numerical strength was made up of 64-gun ships, whereas the weakest ship belonging to the French mounted 74 guns. Taking, then, the total number of guns mounted on each side, which would be

8718 and 6002; we have a difference of rather more than four to three. But as every one of the lower-deck guns of any French line-of-battle ship is of greater nominal caliber, by one ninth, than the heaviest long gun carried by any British ship; and as a French gun, of any caliber, is of greater power, by one twelfth, than an English gun of the same caliber,—the mere number of guns on each side is, manifestly, an inadequate criterion of force. Reduce, then, the calibers of the 8718 English, and 6002 French guns into English pounds, and we have the following statement:—

	No. of ships.	No. of guns.	Aggregate broad-side weight of metal in English pounds.
British line,	115	8718	88,997
French line,	76	6002	73,937

Showing that the difference in favour of the British is really very little over one sixth.

From the middle of July to the middle of December 1793, Lord Howe contrived to cruise, with a fleet of from 17 to 22 of the line, in the Channel, and a battle between the two rival fleets (the French commanded by M. Morand de Talles, numerically equal,) had been so confidently predicted, that the nation was not well satisfied with a bloodless campaign. To suppose, however, says Mr James, that Lord Howe, and his fleet, had not in both instances (off Belleisle and off Carcale Bay) done all that was possible to bring on an engagement, betrayed a total unacquaintance with the subject. The slow sailers of a fleet that chases in line of battle, must always govern its rate of going; and if there be but one ship of that description in the fleet, she must be waited for. The proverbial character of the French ships renders it probable, that the cleverest sailer of the Brest fleet could have outailed the swiftest sailer of Lord Howe's.

Let us now attend to what was going on in the Mediterranean, on the northern coast of which is situated the second naval depot belonging to France—Toulon. Lord Hood took his station off Toulon, about the middle of August, with a fleet of 21 sail of the

line, besides frigates and sloops. The French had in Toulon ready for sea, exclusive of several frigates and corvettes, 17 sail of the line—four refitting—nine repairing—and one building. The fleet was commanded by the Comte de Trogoff, a royalist; and the spirit of disaffection to the Republican cause existed both in the fleet, and throughout the southern provinces. Having received some intimation of the disposition of the people in the county of Provence, Lord Hood secretly opened a negotiation with some of the leading men of the Provisional Government, and they agreed to deliver up the town, arsenal, forts, and shipping of Toulon, to the British forces, in the name of Louis the XVIIIth, who was to be proclaimed King of France. Of the disasters that followed from this time to the 17th of December, it is not now our business to speak. The expedition had been a fatal one; and at a council of war it was unanimously resolved, that Toulon should be evacuated; that the French ships of war which were armed, should sail out with the fleet, and that those which remained in the harbour, together with the magazines and the arsenal, should be destroyed. The important service of

destroying the ships and magazines was intrusted, at his own particular request, to Sir Sydney Smith, and executed with incomparable spirit, and, considering his limited means, great success. Mr James' account of the whole affair of Toulon is by far the best extant; and he concludes it with a statement of the national advantages, in a military point of view, which were lost to France and gained to England by its seizure. According to the official accounts of the time, twenty-seven ships of war, from 120 to 14 guns, were burnt, or otherwise destroyed; 15 brought away by the British, and three by the Allies. Of these, one was of 120 guns, 3 of 80, and 16 of 74. But subsequent information lessened the number of vessels supposed to have been destroyed. And with respect to the buildings on shore, it appeared that the grand magazine had escaped the ravages of the flames, the smaller storehouses only having been consumed. Many of the frigates were old and unserviceable, and their destruction or capture not of material consequence to either party. Of the 15 ships brought away by the English, few were good for much, except the three frigates, the *Perle*, the *Arethusa*, and the *Topaz*, which were fine vessels. Scarcely any of the smaller vessels reached a British port, but to be condemned or laid up. The *Puissant* 74 never again quitted Portsmouth; nor did the *Superb*, nor *Commerce-de-Marseilles* of 120 guns, ever sail as a cruiser in the service of England. She measured 2747 tons, and as she was the largest, so was she the most beautiful ship that had hitherto been seen, and, notwithstanding her immense size, sailed and worked like a frigate. The *Pompey* 74 was also a fine ship, and long remained an ornament to the British navy. The *Scipion*, also a fine vessel, blew up, soon afterwards at Leghorn; most of the crew, says Brereton, perished—Happily, however, says James, no lives were lost—and this latter statement is the correct one. Some of the ships, Brereton tells us, that were supposed to be included in the conflagration, afterwards took their station in the French line of battle. They had not time to burn before the active enemy extinguished the flames in many of them, and even those that were the worst damaged were repaired. The destruction of the ships and magazines,

says James, might certainly have been more complete but for the treachery of the Spaniards, (they left entire the French five line-of-battle ships, which they had undertaken to destroy,) while the pusillanimous flight of the Neapolitans thwarted the plans of the British; and the only surprise was, that the latter, hurried and pressed as they were, effected as much as they did.

On the 13th of May, of the same year (1793) an action was fought between the British 12-pounder 32-gun frigate, *Iris*, Captain George Lumsdaine, and a French frigate, supposed at that time to have been the *Medée*, and so stated in Schomburg's *Naval Chronology*; but ascertained by James to have been the *Citoyenne Française*, a frigate also, mounting the same number of guns with the *Iris*, but belonging to a private individual. It was a drawn battle—for just as the Frenchman hauled on board his fore and main tacks, and shot ahead clear of his opponent's guns, the *Iris*, who was about to make sail in pursuit, lost her foremast, main top-mast and main-mast, and resumed her course before the wind for Gibraltar.

On the 27th of the same month, the British 12-pounder 32-gun frigate *Venus*, Captain Jonathan Faulkner, engaged the French 36-gun frigate *Semillante*, mounting 40 guns. Of this engagement Brereton says, somewhat too laconically, and not quite correctly, "that the ships parted by mutual consent. We therefore may be excused fixing the details of an action which has no particular claims to our notice." The truth, however, is, that the *Venus* had silenced her opponent for half an hour, and would certainly have taken her, had a large ship, under French colours, not appeared to leeward, whom the *Semillante*, as if recognising a friend, bore up to join, with, as was afterwards learned, five feet water in her hold. This ship was the *Cleopatre*, 36-gun French frigate, Captain Jean Mullen, who, on the 18th of June following, was taken, after a desperate action, off the *Lizard*, by the *Nymphé*, Captain Edward Pellew.

"At 5 A.M., finding that the *Nymphé* had the advantage in sailing, the *Cleopatre* hauled up her foresail, and lowered her topgallant sails, bravely awaiting the coming of her opponent. At about 6

Ara, the *Nymphæ* approaching near, the *Cleopatre* hailed her; but Captain Pellew, not hearing distinctly what was said, replied only by the usual 'Hoe! Hoe!' an exclamation instantaneously followed by three cheers from the crew of the *Nymphæ*. Captain Mullen, upon this, came to the gangway, and, waving his hat, exclaimed, 'Vive la Nation;' and the crew of the *Cleopatre*, at the same time, put forth a sound, which was meant for an imitation of the cheering of the British.

"At 6 h. 15 m. A.M. the *Nymphæ* having reached a position from which her foremost guns would bear on the starboard quarter of the *Cleopatre*, Captain Pellew, whose hat, like that of the French captain, was still in his hand, raised it to his head,—the preconcerted signal for the *Nymphæ's* artillery to open. A furious action now commenced, the two frigates still running before the wind, within rather less than hailing distance of each other. At about 6 h. 30 m. the *Cleopatre* suddenly hauled up eight points from the wind; and before 7 A.M., her mainmast (about 12 feet above the deck) and wheel, in succession, were shot away.

"In consequence of this double disaster, the French frigate, about 7 A.M., paid round off, and shortly afterwards fell on board of her antagonist, her jibboom passing between the *Nymphæ's* fore and main-mast, and pressing so hard against the head of the already wounded main-mast, that it was expected every instant to fall; especially, as the main and spring stays had both been shot away. Fortunately, however, for the *Nymphæ*, the jibboom broke in two, and the mast kept its place. After this, the two frigates fell alongside, head and stern, but were still held fast, the *Cleopatre's* larboard, main-topmast, studding-sail, boom-iron, having hooked the larboard leech-rope of the *Nymphæ's* main-topmast.—Here again was danger to the mainmast. In an instant, a maintopman, named Burgess, sprang aloft, and cut away the leech-rope from the end of the mainyard; and, while that was doing, as an additional means of getting the ships apart, Lieutenant Pellew, by Captain Pellew's orders, cut away and let drop the best bower-anchor. During these important operations, no relaxation had occurred, on the part of the British at least, in the main purpose for which the two ships had met. Soon after they had come in contact in the manner we have related, the *Cleopatre* was gallantly boarded by a portion of the *Nymphæ's* crew; one man

of whom, at 7 h. 10 m. A.M., hauled down the republican colours. The firing now ceased; and it was just as the last of 150 prisoners had been removed into the *Nymphæ*, that the two ships separated."

In less than an hour, the business was effectually done; the *Nymphæ* being inferior to her antagonist in the number of the crew, (240 to 320,) but in weight of metal and size somewhat superior. For this action Captain Edward Pellew was knighted, and his brother Israel, who fortunately was on board the *Nymphæ*, was made Post Captain.

Towards the end of July, the British 12-pounder 32-gun frigate *Boston*, Captain N. Augustus Courtenay, was cruising off New York, and sent a challenge to Captain Bombard of the *Embascade*, then in port, to meet him at sea. The challenge was accepted; and on the 31st, the *Embascade* was seen coming down before the wind.

"At 4 A.M., the latter wore to the eastward, and the *Boston* set her mainsail, as did also the *Embascade*. At 4 h. 45 m., A.M. the *Boston* tacked, hauled up her mainsail, hauled down the French, and hoisted English colours, and was passed by the *Embascade* at about a mile and a half distance. At 5 A.M. the *Boston* again tacked; when the *Embascade* bore up, and, 5 h. 5 m. A.M., ranged along the former's larboard and weather-side. The *Boston* thereupon fired her larboard guns, which were promptly answered by the starboard ones of the *Embascade*, as the latter lay with her maintopsail to the mast. The *Boston* then wore, and, on coming to on the starboard tack, laid her maintopsail to the mast also; and an animated fire was kept up by both ships. At this time, the high land of Neversink, in the Jerseys, bore north-west, distant four leagues.

"At 5 h. 20 m. A.M., the cross jack-yard of the *Boston* was shot away; and, 5 h. 45 m. A.M., her jib and foretopmast staysail, with the stays themselves, as well as all the braces and bowlines; consequently, she had no farther command of her sails. At 6 h. 10 m. A.M., her maintopmast, and the yard with it, fell over on the larboard side, and the mizenderrick was shot away. At 6 h. 20 m. A.M. Captain Courtenay, and Lieutenant James Eward Butler of the Marines, while standing at the forepart of the quarterdeck, were killed by the same cannon-ball. At this time, too, the mi-

main-topmast, and mizen-stay-sail, were shot away; the mizen-mast was also expected, every moment, to go by the board; and the only two lieutenants, John Edwards and Alexander Robert Kerr, were below, wounded; the latter, with the temporary loss of sight in one, and total blindness in the other of his eyes; and the former by a contusion in the head, which rendered him senseless. At 6 h. 40 m. A.M., finding that the crew were in some confusion for want of officers to give orders, Lieutenant Edwards, although still suffering greatly from the stunning effects of his wound, came on deck, and took command of the ship.

"At 6 h. 40 m. A.M., the *Embascade* dropped a little astern, with the view of putting an end to the battle at once by a raking fire, and which the *Boston*, having no use of her sails, with difficulty wore round in time to avoid. On coming to on the larboard tack, the *Boston* could not use many of her guns, because the wreck of the main-topmast lay over them. Thus circumstanced, with her principal officers dead or disabled, the British frigate put before the wind under all the sail she could set; and 7 h. 7 m. A.M., the *Embascade*, who, to all appearance, was nearly as crippled as herself, stood after her. At 8 A.M., however, when about four miles off, the French frigate brought to, with her head to the eastward, and was soon lost sight of by the *Boston*."

The *Boston* was somewhat inferior in weight of metal—and very much inferior in size and in number of her crew—her tonnage being 676—that of the *Embascade* 906—her crew 204—that of the *Embascade* 327. The *Boston* fought nobly—but the *Embascade* beat her, and was prevented by the state of her masts, all of which had to be taken out on her arrival at New-York, from continuing the chase. This long and close-fought action was viewed from beginning to end by crowds of American citizens standing on the Jersey beach. On account of the acknowledged gallantry of Captain Courtenay, the late King settled on his widow a pension of £500, and on each of his two children an annuity of £50 per annum.

Mr James has been frequently blamed for speaking his mind too freely about the conduct of naval officers in action; but we verily believe, without good reason. He frequently vindicates them, indeed, with success against the aspersions of their

brethren. Speaking of this action, Captain Brereton says, "The action soon began, and continued with great bravery on both sides, until the iron hammock-rail of the quarter-deck being struck by a shot, a part of it took Captain Courtenay on the back of the neck, and he fell, but no blood followed; the first Lieutenant caused the body to be immediately thrown overboard, lest, as he said, it should dishearten the people, and after this operation, hauled away from the enemy, who had no inclination to follow him." This seems rather to imply that the Lieutenant threw his Captain overboard before ascertaining that he was dead; and charges him also with cowardice. Mr James replies to what he justly but mildly calls "an extraordinary statement," that his own account of the action was chiefly taken from the *Boston's* log-book, and that he has no reason, from subsequent inquiry, to think it incorrect. The officer, Lieutenant Edwards, thus severely treated, after acting for a short time in command of the *Pluto* sloop, whose commander (since Admiral Sir James Nicol Morris) had been posted into the *Boston*, resumed his station on board the latter, went to England in her in extreme ill-health, and was afterwards made commander.

About the middle of October of the same year, was fought a brilliant frigate action off Cape Barfleur, between the *Crescent*, Captain James Saumarez, and the *Réunion*, Captain Francois A'Dénian.

"Just as the day dawned, the *Crescent*, standing on the larboard tack, with the wind off shore, descried a ship and a large cutter coming in from the seaward. She immediately edged away for the two strangers, and in a little while ranged up on the larboard and weather side of the ship, which was the French 36-gun frigate, *Réunion*, Captain Francois A'Dénian.

"A close and spirited action now ensued, in the early part of which the *Crescent* lost her foretop-sail yard, and soon afterwards, her fore-topmast; but, putting her helm hard starboard, she came suddenly round, on the opposite tack, and brought her larboard guns to bear. The *Réunion*, by this time, had lost her foreyard and mizen topmast, and became exposed in consequence to several raking fires from the *Crescent*. After a brave resistance of two hours and ten minutes,

by which time she was utterly defenceless, the *Réunion* struck her colours; a measure the more imperative, as the British 28-gun frigate, *Circe*, Captain Joseph Sydney Yorke, which, during the greater part of the action, had lain becalmed about 3 leagues off, striving her utmost to get up, was now approaching. The cutter, which was believed to be the *Espérance*, mounting 12 or 14 guns, had made off as soon as the firing commenced, and escaped into Cherbourg."

The ships were of equal force; and what is most remarkable, in this long and severe action, not a single man was either killed or wounded on board the *Crescent*, while the loss of the *Réunion* was 120. The *Crescent* suffered greatly in her masts and rigging. This contest was witnessed from the shore; and the *Semillante*, the *Réunion's* consort, remained in Cherbourg, detained, after some attempts to get out, either by a contrary tide, failure of wind, or knowledge that the *Circe* was in the offing. Cap-

tain Saumarez was knighted, soon after his arrival at Portsmouth; and Sir James presented with a handsome piece of plate by the city of London.

On the 24th of October, an action was fought between the British 12-pounder 32-gun frigate *Thames*, Captain James Cotes, and the French 40-gun frigate *Uranie*. The *Uranie*, after nearly two hours' fighting, got under the stern of the *Thames*, and, after repeatedly raking her, attempted to board on the starboard quarter, but was repulsed, and on receiving through her bows a well-directed fire from six or seven of the *Thames's* main-deck guns, double-shotted, she threw all her sails aback, and hauled off to the southward. The British crew, on seeing this, gave three hearty cheers; but the *Thames* was in too crippled a condition to make sail in pursuit. The comparative force of the combatants stood thus:—

		<i>Thames.</i>	<i>Uranie.</i>
Broadside guns,	{ No.	16	22
	{ lbs.	174	413
Crew,	No.	137	320
Size,	Tons.	656	1100

The *Thames* was sadly cut to pieces—masts, rigging, deck, and hull,—but the *Uranie* ought to have taken her, and the action was glorious to the British frigate. The *Thames* was taken the same afternoon by two frigates and a corvette, and carried into Brest.

On the first of December, his Majesty's packet the *Antelope*, Captain Curtis, was attacked, between Cuba and Jamaica, by the *Atalante*, French privateer schooner, who hoisted the bloody flag.

"On the 2d, at 5 A. M., it being still calm, the *Atalante* again rowed up, and, on reaching her opponent, grappled her on the starboard side. The privateer then poured in a broadside, and attempted, under cover of the smoke, to carry the *Antelope* by boarding; but the crew of the latter drove back the assailants with great slaughter.

"Among the sufferers by the privateer's broadside, was the packet's commander, Mr Curtis, who fell to rise no more; as did also the steward, and a French gentleman, a passenger. The first mate, too, was shot through the body, but

survived. The second mate having died of the fever soon after the packet had sailed from Port-Royal, the command now devolved upon Mr Paton, the boatswain; who, with the few brave men left, assisted by the passengers, repulsed repeated attempts to board, made, at intervals, during the long period that the vessels remained lashed together. At last, the privateer's man, finding they had caught a Tartar, cut the grapplings, and attempted to sheer off. The boatswain, observing this, ran aloft, and lashed the schooner's square sail yard to the *Antelope's* fore-shrouds. Immediately a well-directed volley of small arms was poured into the privateer, and the crew called for quarter. This, notwithstanding the *Atalante* had fought with the red or bloody flag at her mast-head, to indicate that no quarter would be shown by her, was granted, and possession was forthwith taken of the prize.

"The *Antelope* mounted six 3-pounders and had sailed with 27 hands; but she had lost four by the fever, and two were ill in their hammocks; consequently the packet commenced the action with only 21 men, exclusive of the passengers. Her total loss in the action was three

killed, and four wounded. The *Atalante* mounted eight 3-pounders; and her complement was 65 men, composed of French, Americans, and Irish. Of these, the first and second captains, and thirty men, were killed; and seventeen officers and men wounded. The *Atalante* had been fitted out at Charleston, in the United States. The *Antelope* now carried her prize in triumph to Annatta Bay, Jamaica, where the two vessels arrived on the morning succeeding the action.

"The unparalleled bravery of one of the *Antelope's* passengers, a M. Nodin, formerly a midshipman in the French navy, deserves to be recorded. It is related of this young man, that he stood by the helm and worked the ship, armed with a musket and a pike, which he alternately made use of; that, when he perceived the *Atalante's* men climbing the quarters of the *Antelope*, he quitted the helm, and with the pike dispatched such as came within his reach, returning at proper intervals to right the vessel; that, with the pike and musket, he killed or disabled several men, and continued his astonishing exertions for upwards of an hour and a quarter.†

These Frigate Actions are interesting, because they were trials of the comparative courage and skill of the two great naval nations, on the commencement of a new war, and after a considerable period of peace. The mighty victories over fleets that afterwards befel—when our admirals had learned to practise what had long been known in theory—the breaking of the line—in some measure, perhaps, obscured to the sailor's eye the lustre of such sanguinary single fights. But it never was—nor ever will be—an easy thing for an English frigate to capture a French one of equal force. All the actions now recorded, were desperately contested; and the Frenchman has seldom struck his flag, even at sea, till his masts tottered, and his decks swam with blood. At the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, and when first the Tricolor "braved the battle and the breeze," officers and men were inspired with even more than the bravery native to the race, by the spirit of political frenzy; and they either believed, or tried, by fierce vaunting, to

believe, that they were inferior to Britons neither on land nor sea. Many of our ships had been manned, as theirs were, by landsmen and ordinary seamen; few ships, if any, had such crews as those that afterwards conquered at Camperdown, Aboukir, and Trafalgar. In all the actions, however, fought during the 1793, the British flag was victorious, whenever victory was possible; and there was the dawning of that glory, that was afterwards to wreath the brows of Britannia as indeed the Ruler of the Main. The taking of a frigate made a man a hero, and deservedly so; for had the event in any one single case been otherwise, the spirit of the British Navy might have been tamed, and that of the French "screwed to the sticking place" of other victories. That there had been no great battle between the fleets, disappointed the hopes of the nation, and Howe was almost unpopular. The people expected him to bring the enemy to action when they were not at sea; they forgot that even the Channel is broader than a turnpike road, where two carriages can with difficulty pass; and should hostile fleets be in sight of each other, what matters it whether there is wind or not—or from what quarter it blows—let them engage. Old Howe was, we have heard, not a little sulky; for John Bull, who is often an unreasonable blockhead, even sang out that the Admiral was not over-and-above fond of fighting; and we have attempts at songs in our possession satirical on that score, and with a cutting chorus. Nay, even the First of June itself, certainly one of the most glorious in our Naval Annals, did not at the time satisfy all the world; and a few years ago it has undergone criticism, as we shall see, in the diagrams of Rear-Admiral Ekins. But of that Great Battle—more in our Navy No. II., July or September—just as this paper takes—on which we have taken no pains—for "the most fighting in the fewest words" should, we opine, be the rule of composition in articles about Tars and Tartars.

* The number of dead lying on the deck, when the schooner was taken possession of, amounted to twenty. It is probable that none had, as conjectured, been thrown overboard; hence, admitting sixteen to have been, as is stated, the number of privateer's men found unhurt, the schooner's complement, on commencing the action, would be twelve fewer than appears in the text.

† The Jamaica House of Assembly, with its wonted liberality, as soon as the gallant conduct of the *Antelope's* officers and crew was made known, voted the sum of 500 guineas to be distributed among them.

THE CHANGE OF MINISTRY.

Our readers have not to be told, that the change of Ministry is a matter of sufficient importance, to justify us in devoting a paper to its consideration. We foresaw, and on more than one occasion foretold, long since, that a change like this would happen. Two years ago we said, that Ministers were taking a course which would soon ruin the Tories, and give the Cabinet to the Whigs; and in our letter to John Bull, twelve months ago, we predicted, that when an expected retirement or two should take place, Mr Canning and his party would expel the Tories from office, and replace them with Whigs. Our foresight certainly did not extend to everything that has happened: we did not predict that Mr Canning would likewise connect himself with the Radicals, and that Sir Francis Burdett and Sir Robert Wilson would be his especial favourites.

The course pursued by Mr Canning since he was made the successor of the Marquis of Londonderry, has astonished and grieved the whole country; and it has astonished and grieved many of those the most, who at the time were the most anxious that he should have the office. Such people, while they differed from him on the Catholic Question, wished to see him the leader in the House of Commons, from the opinion that he was the best fitted for combating the oratory of the Whigs and Radicals. All the principles on which the Constitution stood, and all the first principles of society, were brought into fierce dispute; and they thought his eloquence would be the most effective in defending these principles. We who now write were numbered with such people.

No sooner did Mr Canning obtain the office, than he embraced nearly all the principles of the Whigs and Radicals. He was prevented from agreeing with the latter on Parliamentary Reform by his previous speeches, but on almost every other point he went with them, so far as regarded general principle. On being intrusted with the command, he carried over the army to the enemy.

The Ministry—we speak of a thing which is defunct—then became the most odd, incongruous, loathsome, and portentous thing conceivable. One

part of it steadily identified itself with the Opposition to the utmost, and, whenever opportunity occurred, openly aided in the war on the other part. One part of the Ministry allied itself with the Opposition, to oppose and destroy the other part. On leading questions, one part of the Ministry was at variance with the other. The Cabinet comprehended within itself both the Ministry and the Opposition.

The Whigs, the Radicals, and the publications of both, became the warm supporters of a part of the Ministry; and their support was furious in proportion to the distinction they had previously obtained for unpardonable principle and conduct. This part of the Ministry numbered amidst the most determined and vociferous of its supporters, such men as Mr Brougham, Sir Francis Burdett, and Mr Hume; and such publications as the *Westminster* and *Edinburgh Reviews*; it was lauded to the skies by the liberals and revolutionists of foreign countries; it was puffed by every man at home and abroad, who had acquired any notoriety as an innovator, a visionary, a demagogue, or a traitor—as an enemy of the Church, the Aristocracy, Monarchy, Religion, and Morals. These supporters were, at the same time, the most rancorous enemies of the other part of the Ministry.

The Opposition solemnly conferred on itself the title of “His Majesty’s Opposition,” and openly declared that its object was to keep a part of the Ministers in office, and to enable them to carry their measures against the constitutional sense of the House of Commons. It publicly proclaimed, that these Ministers were indebted to it for their continuance in office, and their majorities in Parliament.

The part of the Ministers who acted thus, and who were supported thus, praised in the House of Commons those publications which had made themselves almost infamous by their destructive doctrines, their attacks upon everything sacred in the country, and their eternal abuse of the other part of the Ministers. They so praised these publications, at the very time when the latter were heaping the most vile calumnies on the more

eminent of their colleagues. These Ministers, nevertheless, called themselves devoted followers of Mr Pitt. As a whole, the Ministry solemnly renounced the principles of foreign and domestic policy on which it had so long acted, as wholly false; and it adopted the most opposite ones. Yet a Ministry like this, a Ministry which was jumbled and in creed with, and puffed and supported by, the Foxites and Burdettites—the Whigs and Radicals—the champions of Universal Suffrage and Annual Parliaments—the clamourers for the destruction of the Church and the Aristocracy—the democrats, republicans, and infidels of the whole world—called itself a Tory Ministry, and a Ministry scrupulously acting on Pitt principles.

From the combination of the great thorough interests which all this produced, parliamentary discussion, and even Parliament itself, were practically annihilated. The government was in effect rendered despotic. The most sweeping changes of law and system were made without parliamentary scrutiny; and the prayers for inquiry and redress, of the great interests injured by these changes, were as much ridiculed and resisted by the Opposition as by the Ministry.

The Press naturally combined, as the Ministry and Opposition combined. It is chiefly in the hands of men who have received favours from, and who are supplicants for notice, and benefit to, party heads. It became nearly unanimous, daubed everything the Government did with Oriental bombast and hyperbole, and established a system of terror and proscription against all who ventured to oppose the Government. When various large portions of the community complained to Parliament, that the measures of the Ministry had brought them to distress and ruin, this Press attacked them, as though they were guilty of treason, and covered them with falsehood and scurrility. It did this when their conduct had nothing to do with party interests—when they merely prayed for impartial and dispassionate inquiry, touching innovations which were reducing them to beggary—and when their interests were inseparable from those of the empire. The conduct of this Press to the shipowners must be for ever execrable in the eyes of every right-hearted Englishman.

The country was bewildered by this monstrous combination of parties and their Press, but the fruits soon brought it to its senses. It then separated itself from the Ministry and Legislature, and bore every infliction with passive despair. It then had no alternative. Parliament was lost to it; petitioning was useless, for there was a unanimous House of Commons to deride and oppose its petitions; if it essayed to give vent to its sentiments, it was furiously attacked by the Press; no man could question the wisdom of the measures of Ministers, without being stigmatised by the leaders in the House of Commons, and the newspapers, as both a fool and a knave. Effectual resistance to anything the government might please to do, was a thing utterly hopeless; and it could not be attempted without the certainty of incurring what was in reality grievous punishment. In so far as regarded the possession of power, the government was rendered a tyranny; Parliament was its instrument, and the Press was its slave and executioner.

It was not possible for such a Ministry to have long existence. It created the means of its own destruction, and it is no more. From the bottom of our hearts we rejoice that it is no longer in being; we so rejoice, even when we look at its successor. Had it endured a year or two longer, the ruin of the empire would have been inevitable; but now there is hope, however feeble it may be. The constitution is restored—we have once more our government of checks and balances—the Ministry is again placed under constitutional restrictions—the unnatural union of parties is dissolved—the House of Commons will resume its duties of examination and discussion—the injured and aggrieved will obtain a hearing in the Legislature—and the country will recover its due influence in the management of its interests.

Our readers will readily believe us when we say, that we do not feel so much respect for the new Ministry, as we should have felt if it had been composed of the individuals who have retired from office. It is, however, a most important point gained, when these eminent men are no longer mixed up with the Broughams and Burdetts—when their countenance is no longer given to the promulgation and

practice of Whiggism and Radicalism—and when the mighty portion of the community which follows them has regained liberty of speech and action. The country never could have been brought into the state we have described, if they had not been bound up with, and dragged along by their late colleagues, and the Opposition leaders.

In commenting on the exhibition which has been made by the breaking up of the Ministry, we shall speak with our wonted plainness. That we are perfectly independent of both sides, is what we need not assert; for every paper we have put forth contains proofs of it. If we know ourselves, we are as anxious to do justice to the one side as to the other. Our conviction is, that if there ever was a time in which the interests of the community called for a severe examination of the principles and conduct of public men, and of the character and proceedings of the Ministry, this is such a time; and we shall act on the conviction. Those who think differently, and who would tolerate any profligacy to secure a triumph for this individual, or that party, will draw from what we shall say but small gratification.

Our readers are aware that Lord Liverpool's Cabinet was divided into two conflicting parts, in respect of the Catholic Question; and that each part possessed a certain defined portion of power. Now it must be obvious to every man living, that when his Lordship was incapacitated for office, the Ministry could only be preserved from dissolution by the filling of the vacancy in such a manner, as would leave the balance of power wholly unchanged. Each part of the Cabinet held the Catholic Question to be of the first importance, and acted in trust for one of the two great divisions of Parliament and the nation. The question between the two parts was not one of personal desert, or ambition; it was one of party power and public duty; neither could weaken itself, without weakening the part of Parliament and the community which it represented. If Lord Eldon and his friends, or Mr Canning and his friends, had consented to such an appointment as would have diminished their own strength and increased that of their opponents, they would have betrayed their trust, and sacrificed

their honour. This is equally applicable to both parties.

The truth of what we say is so clear and unassailable, that we are very sure it will be admitted by every honest and honourable man in the three kingdoms, whether he be Tory or Whig, Liberal or Radical, Protestant or Catholic. The question, which of the parts held the correct opinion? had nothing to do with the matter. Assuming that each believed its opinion to be the true one, it had, in honour and duty, no alternative but to preserve the power it possessed, or to abandon office.

The three parties interested—the Crown, Lord Eldon and his friends, and Mr Canning and his friends, were all perfectly aware of this. They knew that in the appointment of a Premier, any attempt to change the balance of power would inevitably dissolve the Ministry. If, therefore, they wished to remain united, and to act uprightly towards each other, they had but one course before them, which was, to go amicably together in making such a selection, as would leave to each part of the Cabinet precisely that portion of power touching the Catholic Question, which it possessed under Lord Liverpool.

Did these three parties do this? It does not appear that the Crown ever had the least communication with the Cabinet as a whole, or that the two parts of the Cabinet ever had any discussion, in regard to the choice of a Premier. Whatever might be the case with particular individuals speaking for themselves, it seems to be quite certain, that the Crown never asked for an opinion from the Cabinet in its collective capacity, and that the latter never gave one.

That the Crown was in this very dishonestly advised, is what we deeply suspect; that it was very unwisely advised, is what we are sure of. The outcry raised about prerogative, by those whose lives have been spent in labouring for its destruction, is below notice. It is preposterous to confound a case like this, with one in which the Crown should wish to change the Ministry. According to all that has been said, his Majesty wished for no change—he wished to retain all the Ministers already in office—he merely wished to fill a single vacancy. If prerogative gave him the right to select a Premier,

it gave him no right to compel others to serve under this Premier; and his advisers well knew, that the Ministers would exercise their clear constitutional right of choice as to whom they would hold office with. Common sense, fair dealing—every sound principle known in the conducting of human affairs, prescribed that the Crown, before making a selection, should ask the opinion of the Ministers. If Mr Canning, or Lord Eldon, had a right to offer it advice as individuals, the whole Cabinet had. Advice from the whole would have partaken no more of the character of dictation, than advice from the one; and it was utterly impossible for the Crown to make a wise and proper selection, and to foresee what consequences its selection would produce, without being fully acquainted with the sentiments of the whole.

If the Crown had required the Ministers collectively to state whom they could hold office with as Premier, or on what principles they wished the Premier to be chosen, before it had resorted to the exercise of the Prerogative, this probably would have broken up the Ministry by causing one party or the other to resign; but then the Crown itself should have escaped all blame. The country would have distinctly seen, *by whom*, and *upon what grounds*, the Ministry had been dissolved.

According to his speech, Mr Canning was *first* called on by the King for advice. What did he advise? He says he advised his Majesty to form a Protestant Ministry. Now he states that several months previously the King had received similar advice, and that on its being communicated to Lord Liverpool, the latter refused to belong to such a Ministry. There is every reason to believe that he would then be made acquainted with the sentiments of the other Ministers touching the matter. There is every reason to believe that when Mr Canning gave the King this advice, he knew the opinions of those who were likely to be selected for forming such a Ministry, and that he knew what he advised was an utter impossibility.

If he did really offer his Majesty advice which he knew could not possibly be acted on, he must have been actuated by motives which render him a very unfit man to have the smallest share in the King's councils.

According to the newspapers, Mr Peel was then consulted, and he informed his Majesty, that materials did not exist for a Protestant Ministry.

Mr Canning was then consulted again; and, as he says, the King expressed a wish that the Ministers should be retained, and the Ministry formed on the principle adopted by Lord Liverpool. Did he advise that the Ministers should be made acquainted with his Majesty's wish, and should have an opportunity afforded them for deliberating on the best means of meeting it? No such thing. He declared in Parliament, that nothing should have induced him to hold office under a Premier adverse to the Catholic claims; and it may be assumed, that he stated this to the King when he was first consulted. He knew that the King's desire could not be realized, if the other Ministers were not conferred with previously to the appointment of a Premier; yet he advised no communication with them, but he placed before the King the alternative of his own resignation, or the appointment of himself, or some other individual holding his opinions on the Catholic Question, to the office of Prime Minister. Without any reference being made to his colleagues, the office was given him.

It is now necessary to place before us again the principle on which Lord Liverpool's Ministry was formed. This principle clearly was, not only that the Cabinet should comprehend a certain number of Protestant and Catholic advocates, but that the Premier should be hostile to the Catholic claims. That the Premier should be thus, formed the pith of the principle. Mr Canning a few years ago stated, that the Catholic Question hinged upon the Premier; or, in other words, that it might be carried by a Premier favourable to it. His friends and champions now declare that it will gain prodigiously, and will be carried because he has obtained the office. When, therefore, Mr Canning refused to be a member of the Ministry, if the Premier were not friendly to the Catholic cause, he knew that he was insisting on the abandonment of the essential part of the principle—of the part which gave it value.

Now, what was the conduct of Lord Eldon and his friends? They declare, and the truth of it is not questioned

by Mr Canning, or the most bitter of their enemies, that they did not desire the least departure from the principle—that they would not have resigned if it had been adhered to. The whole they wished was, that the new Premier should be of Lord Liverpool's principles, and that the change should be, merely one of person. Everyone knows, that not one of them wished for the office for his own sake; that they did not seek to reap the least party or personal benefit from the change; that if they desired to place Lord Bathurst or Mr Peel at the head of the Ministry, their object was, not to benefit the individual, but simply that the Cabinet should be what it had been under Lord Liverpool; and that they would have been satisfied with any Premier holding Lord Liverpool's principles, who might have been named by the King and Mr Canning. The truth of this is not questioned, and it is above question.

And now, why did Lord Eldon and his friends adhere so tenaciously to the principle? Not because they wished to benefit themselves personally, or as a party, but because, according to the open confession of their opponents, their abandonment of it, to the extent claimed by Mr Canning, would have been the ruin of their cause; because, not only in their own judgment, but in that of the most virulent of their adversaries, such an abandonment of it would have enabled the advocates of the Catholics to triumph over Parliament and the nation; and would have produced such a change in the laws and Constitution, as they believed, in their consciences, would destroy the Constitution and liberties of their country.

These exalted individuals, however, in their anxiety to meet Mr Canning, made a concession to him, which we think was not a justifiable one. They conceded that he should be the Premier, on condition that he should be placed under certain restrictions, in regard to the ecclesiastical part of his patronage. Without these restrictions, neither Mr Peel, nor any individuals of his opinions, could have held the office of Home Secretary. Mr Canning met this with a flat refusal. We say that this concession was not a justifiable one; but, at any rate, it proves that Lord Eldon and his friends were willing to sacrifice to the utmost point,

rather than embarrass the King and break up the Ministry.

The assertion, that submission to the restrictions would have been degrading to Mr Canning, scarce deserves refutation. The restrictions were proposed to preserve the balance of power from being wholly destroyed in the Cabinet; to enable Mr Peel, or any individual of his opinions, to hold the office of Home Secretary, and to prevent Mr Canning from obtaining what, all admitted, would enable him to carry the Catholic Question. Lord Eldon and his friends, in proposing them, conceded more than Mr Canning would have conceded, had he accepted them; and the sacrifice on the one side, demanded, in fairness, an equal sacrifice on the other. Mr Canning's claim for the office of Premier, involved, in reality, a claim for the expulsion of Mr Peel from the Ministry, and the appointment of a Home Secretary friendly to the Catholics. In reality, it amounted to the claim, not only that Mr Canning should be made the Prime Minister, but likewise that Mr Peel should be wholly expelled from office, and the heads of the Ministry in the Lower House should be all Catholic advocates. We say it amounted to this, because it does not appear that Mr Canning ever proposed any arrangement, having for its object to give Mr Peel some other office of equal dignity, and retain him in the Cabinet.

Mr Canning was made Premier, and then he applied to Lord Eldon and his friends to hold office with him; assuring them that he intended to construct the Ministry on the principle adopted by Lord Liverpool. How he could have the incredible hardihood to do this, we cannot tell. He knew that he had abandoned the vital part of Lord Liverpool's principle; that he intended to form the Ministry on a principle, which, according to his own previous confession, would ruin the cause of Lord Eldon and his friends; and that the latter could not hold office with him, without betraying their trust, and disgracing themselves for ever. He knew that he was so far from intending the Ministry to be what it had been under Lord Liverpool, that he intended it to be, in effect, on the Catholic Question, the reverse; and that he was practically asking Lord Eldon and his friends for such a sac-

render of power, and breach of duty, as they could not in honesty concede.

It is abundantly manifest, that Mr Canning wished to exclude the Duke of Wellington and Mr Peel altogether from the Ministry. The fact stated by the Duke, that he withheld from him the information which he gave to the other Ministers—his petulant conduct to the Duke—his refusal to make the least concession, in order to enable Mr Peel to retain the Home Office—and his not making any effort to provide Mr Peel with some other fitting place in the Cabinet, will warrant no other conclusion. Why he did not treat Lord Eldon similarly, may perhaps be accounted for by the advanced age, and known wish to retire, of the latter.

Now, on what ground did Mr Canning venture to say to the other Ministers, and to Parliament, that he wished to make the Ministry what it had been under Lord Liverpool? Simply this—Catholic Emancipation was not to be made a Cabinet Question; the Cabinet was still to retain members hostile to it. Such a change was to be made in the Cabinet, as in the judgment of himself and his friends would enable him to carry the Question—he did all that he durst do to exclude the influential opponents of the Catholics from the Cabinet—in his own opinion he made the Question practically a Cabinet one—and still he attempted to make the nation believe that he wished the Cabinet to be what it had been under Lord Liverpool, merely because he was willing for it to have a few powerless Protestant members. We need not trace the true character of such conduct.

Mr Canning did what he knew would inevitably break up the Ministry. If in this he had been actuated by the opinion that it would be a degradation to him to hold humbler office than that of Premier, we would have pardoned him. However erroneous a man's notions of his own importance may be, he has a right to act upon them. But what was the fact? The Duke of Wellington stated in Parliament, that Mr Canning informed him early in April, he intended to propose Lord Goderich as the successor of Lord Liverpool. If he were willing to hold office under Lord Goderich, he could not possibly have had any objections on the score of personal dignity, to hold it under Mr Peel, Lord Bathurst,

or various other individuals hostile to the Catholic claims. This, coupled with his declaration that he would not have taken office under a Premier hostile to these claims, proves that he broke up the Ministry to obtain a Catholic Premier—to obtain what Lord Eldon and his friends could not in honour and duty surrender.

If Mr Canning had done this from the conviction that the Catholic Question ought to be immediately carried, he would have been free from blame. But now that he has been made the Premier, and that he has in effect made the carrying of this Question a Cabinet measure, he declares that the Question must not be carried, and that it would be highly improper to press it. It can scarcely be doubted that he gave some pledge to the King, when he accepted his present office, by which he bound both himself and his Whig friends from bringing it before Parliament.

Upon the whole, then, these things seem to be very evident:—

1st. On Mr Canning being consulted by the Crown, he refused to hold office on Lord Liverpool's principle, that the Premier should be hostile to Catholic Emancipation. Sensible that Lord Eldon and his friends could not serve with such a Premier—that his refusal was in fact a demand for their dismissal from office—and that if his conduct came before the nation in its true light, he would incur the odium of having broken up the Ministry on most unjustifiable grounds, he advised the Crown to form a Protestant Ministry. He gave this advice when, from what he knew of the sentiments of the other Ministers, and even of the Crown, he must have been assured that it would not be acted on. He gave it that the other Ministers might be compelled to resign, or might bear the blame of dissolving the Ministry.

2. No serious attempt was made to form a Protestant Ministry.

3. Mr Canning never gave any advice to the Crown, having for its object to bring the Crown and the Ministers generally into amicable deliberation, calculated to meet the wish ascribed to the King, and to keep the Ministry from falling to pieces. On the contrary, his advice was of an opposite character.

4. Mr Canning took ground at the first which rendered it impossible for

Lord Eldon and his friends to hold office with him. He demanded the abandonment of the vital part of the principle on which Lord Liverpool constructed the Cabinet. He demanded that Lord Eldon and his friends should surrender to him what, in the judgment of himself and his advocates, would enable him to carry the Catholic Question: and further, he in effect demanded that Mr Peel should be deprived of office.

5. Although Mr Canning was aware that Lord Eldon and his friends could not accede to his terms without betraying their trust, and sacrificing their honour, and likewise that these terms implied the expulsion of Mr Peel from the Cabinet, he obstinately refused to make the smallest concession. He refused to do this when Lord Eldon and his friends offered to sacrifice more on their part than was justifiable.

6. Mr Canning's conduct implied a desire to exclude the Duke of Wellington and Mr Peel from the Cabinet.

7. The assertion of Mr Canning and his friends is at variance with truth, that he wished to make the Ministry what it had been under Lord Liverpool; as he obviously wished to make it wholly the reverse in power touching the Catholic Question.

8. Mr Canning did what he knew would inevitably break up the Ministry; he did this on the ground that the Premier ought to be favourable to the Catholic claims, and still he says, these claims ought not to be granted until a distant period. He knew that they could not be granted. He therefore broke up the Ministry, not on national grounds—not that the public measure he used as his pretext might be carried—but that he might expel Lord Eldon and his friends from office.

9. Lord Eldon and his friends never manifested the least wish that the Cabinet should be other than it had been under Lord Liverpool. They did not desire the smallest increase of power personally, or as a party; on the contrary, they offered to weaken themselves, and to strengthen Mr Canning. Their conduct displayed throughout fairness, disinterestedness, and an anxiety to do every thing in their power to meet the wishes of the King and Mr Canning. They resigned, not from personal reasons—not because

they could not aggrandize themselves—not because Mr Canning refused to make sacrifices to them—but because they had no alternative before them but resignation, or breach of trust, and the surrendering of that to Mr Canning, which they believed would destroy the Constitution, and involve the nation in calamity.

Judging from what has been laid before the public, we can arrive at no other conclusion. The opinion of those who differ from us may be a more correct, but it is not a better considered and more conscientious one. An impartial and dispassionate examination will, we are pretty sure, lead every independent and honourable man, no matter what his party denomination may be, to the same conclusion.

Mr Canning was made the Premier, and in consequence Lord Eldon and his friends resigned. Our readers are aware that, for this, the latter have been covered with the most gross abuse. They have been called conspirators; they have been charged with attempting to encroach on the Prerogative, and to dictate to the King; every charge has been made that could insult and blacken them. If the guilt of doing this had been confined to the London press, it would hardly have deserved notice; for the country is beginning to discover the true character of this press. But it is evident that the press was used as an instrument. The newspaper article contained the abuse, which contained such information as could only have been procured from Mr Canning, or his confidential friends. That Mr Canning and his friends sanctioned the foul charges, may thus be fairly inferred; and that they originated them, is what very many people suspect. We must therefore bestow on the matter some notice.

The Prerogative gives to the King the right of selecting his Ministers, but it gives him no power to compel service. He has not a more clear right to dismiss his Ministers, and offer office to whom he will, than the subject has to refuse his offer of office. Those who hold the abominable doctrine, that the refusal of Lord Eldon and his friends to hold office with Mr Canning as the Premier, was an encroachment on the Prerogative, cannot, in consistency, pause here. The

guilt could not, of necessity, be altered by the name or person of the Premier: it must have been equally great, if his Majesty had selected, not Mr Canning, but Mr Brougham, or Alderman Waithman, or Mr Carlile, or that person who enjoys newspaper celebrity, under the name of White-headed Bob. If the King should graciously offer office, as privates in any foot regiment, to the "gentlemen" who write in the *Times* newspaper, touching "brutes," "conspirators," and the like, a refusal would be an infringement on the prerogative, or the doctrine is evidently untenable. If the King can thus compel service, why cannot he compel property? It would be a monstrous anomaly, to enable him to enslave the person, and to restrict him from taking the purse, or the estate.

The nation may discover from this doctrine, what its parents would do with the constitution and the rights of the subject, if their power were proportioned to their wickedness.

Mr Canning refused to hold office with any other Premier than one friendly to Catholic Emancipation—Lord Eldon and his friends refused to hold office with any other Premier than one hostile to such Emancipation, or one subject to certain restrictions, if he were friendly to it. If they were guilty of encroaching on the Prerogative, he assuredly was equally so. They were willing to remain in office, if no change were made save one of person; he refused to remain in it, unless a very great change were made in respect of power; they evidently were not actuated by interest—he evidently was. On this point the guilt of Mr Canning greatly preponderates.

In regard to principle, there is no practical difference between the refusal of a man who is in office to continue in it under a new Premier, and a reversed balance of power in the Cabinet, and the refusal of one who is out of office to accept it under such a Premier. Lord Eldon and his friends, however, were, in reality, dismissed from office before they refused to serve under Mr Canning. Before they tendered their resignations, the latter communicated to them that he had been appointed to form a Ministry, and requested to know from each if he would be a member of it. This

was, in effect, communicating to them that the Ministry was no more, and, of course, that they were no longer Ministers. When they refused to serve under Mr Canning, they had been practically turned out of office, and they were as free from it as the Marquis of Lansdown and his party. If their refusal were an infringement on the prerogative, Mr Canning acted in a very unconstitutional manner, in addressing them as though they had liberty of choice.

What real difference, then, was there between the refusal of the Marquis of Lansdown and his friends to take office with Mr Canning, save on certain conditions, and that of Lord Eldon and his friends? None whatever.

The right of Lord Eldon and his friends to refuse, is thus indisputable,—was there anything indefensible in their exercise of it? They exercised it on this ground,—they were willing to hold office on the same terms on which they had held it under Lord Liverpool—they were even willing to hold it on considerably worse terms, but they would not consent to hold it on completely altered terms, which would ruin their cause, and blast their honour. The ground they took is unassailable.

If their refusal had rendered it impossible for the King to make the man of his choice the Premier, it would be far worse than absurd to call it dictating to him, and placing him in fetters. If the doctrine were regularly acted on, it would make blind destructive subserviency to the King the only means of obtaining office: The history of this country teems with proofs, that inability, on the part of the Sovereign, to place his favourite at the head of the Ministry—that even the necessity, for him to place a man he dislikes at the head of it,—is often most beneficial to both him and the empire. Were we to say that it would have been well for both, if his Majesty had been unable to make Mr Canning the Premier, we should not be singular in the opinion—we even should not be in the minority. But whether his choice be a wise or an unwise one, it is unquestionable that the restrictions which the rights of the subject virtually place on his exercise of the prerogative, have a most wholesome operation; and that it would be most ruin-

ous, if individuals could be compelled to sacrifice their principles and honour by holding office, merely that he might make his favourite the Prime Minister.

When we look at the country to which we belong, and at the constitution and laws under which we live, our cheeks burn with shame, from the necessity which constrains us to combat such slavish and execrable doctrines. If the government of this country be not an absolute tyranny, it seems, at any rate, evident enough, that we have a press, parties, and very exalted public men, very anxious to make it one.

But it is clear that much more was wanted than the mere exaltation of Mr Canning to the office of Premier. If he really wished to retain Lord Eldon and his friends, why did he not use the proper means? Why was he not willing to make sacrifice equal? Why did he not promote unreserved and honourable communication and deliberation? When he knew that Mr Peel could not hold the Home office under him, why did he not propose some arrangement,—for he was able to do so,—to retain him? When he knew that his conduct would disgust the Duke of Wellington, why did he adopt it? Why was he in concealed and dishonourable communication with the Whigs? His conduct throughout will warrant no other conclusion, than that he wished, not to retain Lord Eldon and his friends, but to drive the more influential of them from office. He was willing, nay, perhaps anxious, to retain some of the least important of them, to secure their support as a party; but that he desired the resignation of such of them as were likely to have weight in the Cabinet, is, in our judgment, very manifest.

If Mr Canning really wished to retain Lord Eldon and his friends, he could have no motive for connecting himself with the Whigs; he could not hope to secure the latter, without giving them a share of office; and he could only offer them office possessed by Lord Eldon's party, for it could not be expected that he would turn his own friends out of place. The Whigs could only tender their support on condition of receiving a due share of office, and they would expect this share to be taken solely from Lord

Eldon and his friends. To enable him to secure the Whigs, and to enable the Whigs to obtain a share of office, it was essential that some of the leading members of Lord Eldon's party should be removed from the Cabinet.

Our conviction, therefore, is, that it was the intention of Mr Canning and the Whigs, from the first, to drive Mr Peel and some of his friends from the Cabinet, to make room for the Marquis of Lansdown, and other Whigs. That this was the intention of the Whigs when they offered themselves to Mr Canning, before Lord Eldon and his friends resigned, is above question; and that it was his intention, is, we think, abundantly proved by all the circumstances.

What, then, are we to think of Mr Canning's advocates, and the Whigs, for the abuse they cast on Lord Eldon and his friends for resigning; and for their charges of cabal, intrigue, conspiracy, infringement of prerogative, and attempt to dictate to the Crown? And what are we to think of Mr Canning, if he originated, or sanctioned, the abuse and the charges?

The object is sufficiently obvious. It was to fix upon Lord Eldon and his friends the odium of breaking up the Ministry, and to detach from them the country. To accomplish this, it was attempted to blast their fame, and cover them with public execration, by those who knew them to be guiltless, and who laboured to the utmost to compel them to do what they did. The object, however, failed. The speeches of these eminent men had their proper effect on public opinion. Their anxiety to free themselves from the suspicion of resigning in concert, was altogether unnecessary, for they had as much right to resign so, as to resign as they did. On the Catholic Question, they acted in the Cabinet, not only as individuals, but as a body intrusted with the interests of Parliament and the country; and they had a clear right to examine and decide upon any proposition, affecting this Question, in concert. They had as much right to act in concert as the Marquis of Lansdown and his friends.

Not only were these exalted individuals attacked in this atrocious manner, but the Press vilified some of them, as though they were the most imbecile and depraved of their species. The revolting scurrilities, and brutal

blackguardism, which it heaped upon Lord Eldon and the Duke of Wellington, deserve especial notice.

We will speak, in the first place, of Lord Eldon. In his legal character, are his talents and learning matter of question? Ask his most bitter enemies—ask the very Mr Brougham—read what the latter said of both not many weeks ago in the House of Commons. If this be not sufficient, examine the additions he has made to English law. If more evidence be necessary, look at his decisions, in respect of both character and reception.

Truth, in such cases, may be greatly aided by comparison. What, then, is Lord Eldon, in legal talents and acquirements, compared with the whole Bench and Bar, English, Scottish, and Irish? What is he, compared with the present Lord Chancellor, Mr Brougham, Sir J. Scarlett, Lord Plunkett, or Mr Jeffrey? Will any one say that he has a superior? will any one say that he has an equal? No one will venture to say that he has either!

Has, then, his integrity as a Judge been doubted? Never. The confessions of the most malignant personal hostility proclaim that it is spotless and incorruptible—that it is unsoiled by the breath of suspicion.

Has he, then, been honest, but indolent and careless in his judgments? Apply again to his most bitter enemies, and they will testify that his labour to elicit truth, and his anxiety to administer impartial justice, are without example. His equal could not be found amidst the servants of the State, for incessant and arduous toil in the discharge of his various official duties. He gave to his country time which it did not buy, and which it had no right to; he gave to it what was due to his family—to his friends—to recreation—to rest—and to health.

What, then, can be urged against him in his legal character? The alleged delay *alone*. On this point we may refer to the Chancery Report and evidence.

We will resort again to comparison. In regard to talent and service, what is Lord Eldon as a lawyer and a judge, compared with Mr Canning as a statesman and a minister? The pound to the shilling.

And now, what is Lord Eldon in his political character? Throughout

his whole life he has scrupulously kept aloof from faction and factious conduct. He never resorted to intrigue and trickery—he never addressed himself to popular delusion—he never sought to crush his opponents by the arts of the assassin—he never allied himself with political mountebanks and jugglers—and he never was a traitor to his friends and his party. He has always studiously maintained his principles by naked fact and chaste dispassionate argumentation. No one ever suspected him of apostasy, or inconsistency. For steady, conscientious, unshrinking fidelity to his creed, the whole circle of public men cannot furnish Lord Eldon's equal. If his consistency be above panegyric, the calm, intrepid, straight-forward, uncompromising spirit with which he ever defended his principles, is equally so. Regardless of popularity—careless who were for or against him—no matter whether friends supported or opposed him, he always kept his ground, and fought the battle with the manly heroism of the sterling Englishman.

Now, assuming that Lord Eldon's principles are as erroneous and pernicious as his slanderers assert, would this justify the treatment he has met with from the ruffians of the press, and other ruffians of a higher station? In this land of freedom of opinion, we need not supply the answer, neither need we say what these ruffians merit.

But are his political principles erroneous and pernicious? Look at the principles which saved the constitution and liberties of this country from destruction, which liberated Europe from the most colossal tyranny that ever existed, and which made the British empire the first in the universe. These are the principles of Lord Eldon.

And now touching the Duke of Wellington—what is he in professional talent and reputation? The greatest General in the empire—the greatest General in Europe—the greatest General of the age—the hero who conquered Napoleon Buonaparte. We speak fact, and not opinion. History cannot name a conqueror, who, in splendid talent, and gigantic and glorious achievement, was the superior of the Duke of Wellington.

Once more let us resort to comparison. What is the Duke of Well-

ton as a General; compared with Mr Canning as a minister? What have been the public services of the one, compared with those of the other? The reply we need not give.

What is the political character of the Duke of Wellington? It is without speck or soil. He has zealously employed his great powers in the Cabinet, without taking any part in debate; and his name has scarcely ever been breathed amidst party and faction. His open, manly, independent, chivalrous spirit has distinguished itself alike by its inflexible consistency, and its avoidance of every thing that could be called party conduct.

What are the political principles of the Duke of Wellington? They are those of Lord Eldon. Further description they need not.

The Duke has been charged with ingratitude towards his Majesty. We will not attempt to divide what he has received from the King personally, from what he has received from the country; it is sufficient for us to say, that he never received a favour from either, which he had not previously earned; and that he performed services for both, which are not, and never can be repaid. No—no! It is not in the power of his Majesty—it is not in the power of the Sovereign of the first empire in the world—to make a debtor of the Duke of Wellington.

Assuming that the King had overwhelmed the Duke with unearned bounties, would this have constituted a claim upon the latter to sacrifice his honour and principles on a question affecting the vital interests of his country? He was not called upon to do something that merely concerned his Majesty's private personal interests; he was asked to be a responsible Minister in a Ministry which he believed would involve the country in calamity. The Duke had really received favours from two parties—from the country as well as from the Crown; he had to look at the claims of both; and he knew that he could not injure the country to please the Crown, without injuring the Crown equally. If the charge of ingratitude be true, it must follow, that, if an individual receive favours from the Crown, he is thenceforward to be its slave and minion, regardless alike of his own honour and the interests of the empire.

If it could be proved that the Duke

acted upon an erroneous opinion, it would amount to nothing. Like all other men, he must follow his own judgment in what concerns his honour and the discharge of his duties.

Let us for the last time resort to comparison. In unsullied consistency—spotless fidelity to friends—contempt of spurious popularity—and lofty disdain of vicious ambition, factious intrigue, and disgraceful alliances, what are Lord Eldon and the Duke of Wellington, compared with Mr Canning? We leave the question for others to answer.

To define the claims which these two illustrious individuals have upon the gratitude and affection of the country, is not in the power of calculation: but we may say, that the man never lived to whom England owed more than it owes to Lord Eldon and the Duke of Wellington.

As men who are no more known, or indebted, to these exalted persons, than we are to the inhabitants—if such there be—of the planet of another solar system, we speak thus, not more to do them justice, than to vindicate the character of the nation. By the foul calumnies heaped on them, public honour is insulted and outraged. We speak to the upright and honourable men of all party denominations. If they will read and judge with the same disinterestedness with which we write, they will give a decision with which we shall be satisfied.

Mr Canning had an undoubted right to refuse office under a Premier hostile to the Catholic claims—to refuse every office save that of Premier—to refuse to hold office with any, or all, of Lord Eldon's party—to refuse to hold office at all, save on his own conditions. This we admit and assert; but while we do so, we insist that he was bound to exercise his right according to the laws of honour and integrity. He would have been thus bound, if the question had only affected the private interests of himself and his late colleagues; but the obligation was ten thousand times more imperative, when it affected the interests of the empire.

We deem, from what we have said, that in the exercise of this right, he used artifice and treachery towards his colleagues, which an upright and high-minded man could not resort to; and we will now look at his conduct in its other bearings.

From what Mr Canning said to the Duke of Wellington, he was willing to hold office under a Premier friendly to the Catholic claims; and he said in the House of Commons, that Lord Eldon and his friends agreed with him in every thing save these claims. He therefore has given his anxiety for the carrying of the Catholic Question, as his sole reason for breaking up the Ministry. Now, nothing could possibly have justified him in taking a step like this—in deliberately and intentionally breaking up the Ministry—save the clear conviction that the claims of the Catholics ought to be immediately conceded; and that what he was doing, would produce immediate concession, in a constitutional manner, and without entailing any evils on the empire.

Well then, what was Mr Canning's conviction on these points? With regard to the first point, he says that Emancipation ought to be deferred to a distant period—that it ought to be deferred until certain changes take place, which, if they be within the scope of possibility, cannot, in the nature of things, take place until after the lapse of many years. With regard to the second point, he knew that the Catholic Question could not be carried, either constitutionally, or otherwise. He knew that two of the estates of the realm were opposed to it, and that it was impossible to conquer the opposition of either. He admits that Emancipation is opposed by the country; that when this is the case, it ought not to be carried; and that the attempt to carry it would produce great public evils.

Mr Canning, therefore, intentionally broke up the Ministry, and deprived of office those members of it who were the most confided in by, and who deserved the best of the country, merely, as he says, to accomplish that which he knew could not be accomplished; and which, he confesses, ought not to be accomplished until some distant period.

But then it is urged, that by being Premier, he can greatly promote the ultimate success of the Catholics. How can he do this? He has not only gained the office, but he has gained the office of Home Secretary for another friend of the Catholics; and he can now employ nearly the whole patronage of government in favour

of Emancipation. Whether Emancipation ought, or ought not, to be conceded, every one knows that its concession would completely alter the construction and working of the House of Commons, and would make a gigantic and vital change in the laws and constitution. This is a fact, which the warmest advocates of the Catholics cannot question. No one who knows any thing of constitutional doctrine, and who is not a knave, will assert, that such changes ought to be made without the full consent of the country obtained in a legitimate and honest manner. While the Ministry was constituted as it was under Lord Liverpool, patronage was neutralized; and the gaining of public consent was left, as it ought to be, to discussion. Now patronage is all to be employed in favour of the changes, public consent is to be gained, not by discussion, but by sapping and mining, by artifice and trickery, by purchase—by the bribe of place and stipend.

That it is most unconstitutional and unjustifiable to make such changes by means of patronage, needs no demonstration. The employment of patronage in such a way, must be very prolific of injustice and evil. Mr Canning must exclude, as far as possible, the vast majority of the community from public trusts and preferments, solely because this majority opposes the Catholic claims. The more highly gifted an opponent of these claims may be in talent, knowledge, and integrity, the more jealously must he be excluded by Mr Canning, from the service of his country. Mr Canning has practically excluded Lord Eldon, the Duke of Wellington, and Mr Peel, from office, on account of their opposition to these claims. This is strictly at variance with the spirit of the constitution, and it must have the most baleful effects on the interest of the nation.

Patronage is to be employed in this manner amidst the clergy. If it be true that the Church of England ought to exist, it is equally true that zealous attachment to its interests ought to be one of the indispensable qualifications of the clergyman. Promotion in the church must, however, now depend, not upon any proper qualification, but upon friendship for the Catholic claims, although such friendship must, at the least, be accompanied by discre-

ward of the interests of the church. Promotion on this principle must, of course, exclude every clergyman who is the active friend of these interests. Men like the Bishop of Norwich, and the Rev. Sidney Smith, must be made the heads of the Church; and men, like the Bishop of Chester, and Dr Phillpotts, must be confined to poor curacies, if they be lucky enough to get into orders. If any man will look at the general politics and principles of those clergymen who are in favour of the Catholics, he will say, that such a system is the best that could be devised for ruining the Church. It must involve the clergy in division, animosity, and contention; and, at the best, neutralize their power for protecting the interests confided to their care. If their strife and divisions could be confined to politics, they would operate most perniciously on the interests of religion; but they could not be so confined. They would soon be extended to religion. Those who may live to see the day when the heads of the Church of England shall be in favour of Catholic Emancipation, will likewise live to see the day when this Church will be surrendered to the Romish one.

If the Catholic Question cannot be carried without making the Church of England a fierce political one—involving the clergy in disputes and warfare—making them the betrayers, rather than the guardians, of the interests confided to their keeping—injuring religion—bringing the greatest evils upon the Church—and placing its existence in jeopardy, he is a traitor, who will say that it ought to be carried. He is an enemy to his country who will say that it ought to be carried by other than strictly constitutional means, and that the clergy ought to be used as an instrument for carrying it. That Minister who should bestow his ecclesiastical patronage, not on proper qualification, but on friendship to the Catholic claims, would deserve impeachment: he would deserve this, even though it should be clear that these claims ought to be granted.

If, therefore, Mr Canning ultimately carry the Catholic Question by such means, as his champions and allies proclaim that he will use—if he carry it by placing the government of the country in the hands of the petty

minority, excluding the great majority from public trusts and preferments, and bringing upon the Church what we have described—he will carry it by means which an upright man could not employ; and he will bring evils upon the empire which will be as a globe to a molehill, compared with the good which he himself expects to flow from Emancipation.

When Mr Canning was made the Premier, the body of the Tories cast him off, and he found he could not maintain himself in office without the support of the Whigs. He then, as he says, solicited the Whigs to take office with him. That a man, regardful of his character, would have suffered death before he would have taken such a step, is, in our judgment, unquestionable. No matter what he may say of his opinions on this point, or that; the act of uniting himself with the Whigs in a Ministry, and allying himself with the party of Mr Brougham, Sir F. Burdett, and Sir R. Wilson, was, in itself, most gross and loathsome inconsistency and apostacy. It is essential for public good, that such acts should not be tolerated in public men—that the penalty on their commission should be, the loss of every thing that honest and honourable men value.

Mr Canning was aware that he had little strength of his own—that he was making himself the dependent of the Whigs—that his own insignificant party had not talent, character, or numbers to keep itself in existence without him—that for the last two or three years his health had partly disabled him for discharging his Parliamentary duties—and that what he was doing would give the Whigs the sole possession of the Cabinet on his retirement from public life. He declares that he is opposed to various vital questions which the Whigs advocate, and yet he is giving them the means of carrying these questions. He asserts that he is hostile to Parliamentary Reform, and the repeal of the Test Acts; and still he is enabling the Whigs to accomplish both. It makes but small difference whether these questions be carried at present, or after the few remaining years of his official life shall expire. It is not necessary for us to say whether these questions ought, or ought not, to be carried: it is sufficient for us to say,

that while Mr Canning insists that they ought not, and after he has again and again declared that the carrying of one of them would destroy the Constitution, he is doing what he must be aware will ensure their success.

To secure, therefore, the distant triumph of the Catholics, he is knowingly doing what must secure the triumph of that which, according to his own repeated declarations, must bring the most grievous calamities upon the empire.

The Mr Canning, who, for great part of his life, professed the opinions put forth in the *Anti-Jacobin*—who, up to the present hour, has asserted himself to be a worshipper of Mr Pitt, of that Mr Pitt whose principles, in so far as they deserved to be called Pitt principles, were flatly opposed to the principles of modern Whiggism—has given to the Whigs the Cabinet. He has placed the country under the government of Whigs and Whig principles.

We care not whether a man call himself Tory, Whig, or Radical; we are very sure that if he be sufficiently sensible and honest to distinguish between right and wrong, he will say that Mr Canning's conduct is utterly indefensible.

We must not spare the Whigs, when we speak thus of Mr Canning. The coalition between them has been most truly called the most unprincipled and abominable one that ever disgraced the country. Compared with it, the coalition between Mr Fox and Lord North was the essence of purity and consistency. When the latter coalesced, the leading points of difference between them had ceased to exist, and there was little more than their previous fierce personal hostility to keep them asunder. But in the present wicked and disgusting Coalition, the principal parties have not only, through life, abused each other as much as ever Mr Fox abused Lord North, but they are to this moment, as they assert, flatly opposed to each other on various general principles and vital questions of state policy. Here are Mr Canning and Sir F. Burdett, who challenged each other—here are Mr Brougham and Mr Canning, who would have challenged each other but for the House of Commons—here are men who have applied to each other every epithet that can stain human character—here are the cham-

pions of moderate Reform, the champions of Universal Suffrage, and Annual Parliaments, the sworn enemies of all Reform, the advocates of the repeal of the Test Acts, the opponents of such repeal, the pretended worshippers of Pitt, the devout followers of Fox, the leaders of Radicalism, the trumpeters of Prerogative, the assailants of Monarchy, the eulogists of the Church, the inveterate enemies of the Church, the menials of Royalty, the apostles of the sovereignty of the People, all combined together in a party and a Ministry. What can be thought of such a Coalition, if there be such things as principle, consistency and honour, or if the defining of such things do not belong exclusively to Mr Canning and his new brethren? Let the scorn of every honest man sit upon it! Let it be scathed and consumed by national disgust and indignation! Let the present generation, for the sake of its own character, fix upon it that brand of guilt and infamy which it will for ever bear in the eyes of posterity!

Here is the Mr Brougham, who has been through life the reviler of every crowned head in Europe, who has belonged to that knot of writers by whom Royalty has been eternally attacked and vilified, who has seized every opportunity for assailing Prerogative, and covering the Court and its friends with Billingsgate, and who has incessantly cried up the blessings of republicanism—here is this Mr Brougham giving a construction to Prerogative which would make the King absolute, supporting the Crown against what he knows to be the sense of the country, ranging himself with the lowest of the menials of the Court, and assisting with all his might the back stairs' influence.

Here is the Mr Brougham, who declares that there ought to be no tests in the conferring of public trust, allying himself with a Minister who declares he will oppose the repeal of the Test Acts—here is the Mr Brougham, who is the champion of Parliamentary Reform, allying himself with a Minister who is the inveterate enemy of such Reform—here is the Mr Brougham, who has railed so loudly against a divided Ministry, allying himself with a Ministry divided on almost every question—here is the Mr Brougham, who calls himself an idolizer of Fox, allying himself with a Minister who calls himself an idolizer of Pitt.

Here is the Sir Francis Burdett, who, for the greater part of his life, has abused the Tories—who has abused the Whigs still more—who advocates Universal Suffrage and Annual Parliaments—who called the House of Commons a den of corruption and knavery—who annually made those inflammatory speeches in Parliament and Covent-Garden, in favour of the rabble, which made many people doubt his sanity—and who has been the outrageous knight-errant of the sovereignty of the people—here is this Sir Francis Burdett furiously supporting a Ministry that is headed by Mr Canning, plunging up to the ears into the corruption of the Treasury benches, fighting for the Cabinet against public opinion, acting the part of the instrument of the Court, and the menial of the power behind the throne.

Here is the Sir Francis Burdett, who, a few years ago, publicly called Mr Canning everything save an honest public servant, now the uproarious friend and supporter of Mr Canning as the Prime Minister.

Here is the Sir Francis Burdett, who has advocated Universal Suffrage, and heaped such a mountain of scurrility upon the boroughmongers and their boroughs, now doing his utmost to enable the combination of the Treasury boroughs, the Whig boroughs, and the boroughs of the Romish Church, to triumph over the independent part of the House of Commons. He is now the sworn brother of a Premier who is the inveterate enemy of all Parliamentary Reform.

Can such conduct be pardoned? Can it be extenuated? Can the shadow of an excuse be pleaded in its favour? If all the received principles of honour and consistency have not been reversed, the man is a disgrace to his species, who will reply in the affirmative. If we be told, that these individuals have acted thus to gain for the Whigs and Radicals entire possession of the Cabinet, we must be likewise told, that the end sanctifies the means—that men may commit any profligacy and crime to attain what they deem a good—that, because the possession of wealth is desirable, people have a right to acquire it by forgery and swindling, by highway robbery and the cutting of throats,—or the apology will be below contempt.

The conduct of this execrable Coalition, touching the Catholic Question, cannot be sufficiently reprobated.

Mr Canning stated in Parliament in the present Session, that if the Catholic claims were not speedily granted, a state of things would arise in Ireland which could not be contemplated without horror. He evidently meant by this, that if these claims were not almost immediately conceded, Ireland would be involved in rebellion. Lord Plunkett put forth the same doctrine. The Whig leaders asserted the same; the Catholic advocates generally protested, that Ireland was on the brink of rebellion, because her claims were not granted. Well, Mr Canning and the Whigs now say; that Emancipation ought to be deferred to a distant period, and that there is not the least danger of any disturbances in Ireland.

What is the *only* inference which common sense can draw from this? It is, that Mr Canning and the Whigs have agitated the Catholic question, solely for their own filthy personal and party purposes—it is that they have stirred up animosity and dissension between Britain and Ireland, and have filled the latter with distraction, turbulence, madness, guilt, and misery, solely that they might expel Lord Eldon and his friends from, and monopolize, the Cabinet.

Not long ago, Mr Canning asserted, that the frequent discussion of the Catholic question in Parliament, was exceedingly beneficial in removing the hostility of the Protestants; now his friends say, that the question ought not on any account to be discussed. The Whigs, not satisfied with one discussion, intended to have a second in the present session; now they declare, that a second discussion would be in the highest degree reprehensible. Mr Canning must have long known, and the Whigs must have known, too, the sentiments of his Majesty, and that the question could not be carried. In their own knowledge, therefore, no *national* grounds existed for the continual discussion of the question, before the change of Ministry, which do not exist in full force at this moment. The deduction is, they have used the question solely for personal and party objects.

If the excuse be set up for the Whigs, that they were not in office, what excuse can be set up for Mr

that while Mr Canning insists that they ought not, and after he has again and again declared that the carrying of one of them would destroy the Constitution, he is doing what he must be aware will ensure their success.

To secure, therefore, the distant triumph of the Catholics, he is knowingly doing what must secure the triumph of that which, according to his own repeated declarations, must bring the most grievous calamities upon the empire.

The Mr Canning, who, for great part of his life, professed the opinions put forth in the Anti-Jacobin—who, up to the present hour, has asserted himself to be a worshipper of Mr Pitt, of that Mr Pitt whose principles, in so far as they deserved to be called Pitt principles, were flatly opposed to the principles of modern Whiggism—has given to the Whigs the Cabinet. He has placed the country under the government of Whigs and Whig principles.

We care not whether a man call himself Tory, Whig, or Radical; we are very sure that if he be sufficiently sensible and honest to distinguish between right and wrong, he will say that Mr Canning's conduct is utterly indefensible.

We must not spare the Whigs, when we speak thus of Mr Canning. The coalition between them has been most truly called the most unprincipled and abominable one that ever disgraced the country. Compared with it, the coalition between Mr Fox and Lord North was the essence of purity and consistency. When the latter coalesced, the leading points of difference between them had ceased to exist, and there was little more than their previous fierce personal hostility to keep them asunder. But in the present wicked and disgusting Coalition, the principal parties have not only, through life, abused each other as much as ever Mr Fox abused Lord North, but they are to this moment, as they assert, flatly opposed to each other on various general principles and vital questions of state policy. Here are Mr Canning and Sir F. Burdett, who challenged each other—here are Mr Brougham and Mr Canning, who would have challenged each other but for the House of Commons—here are men who have applied to each other every epithet that can stain human character—here are the cham-

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Here is the Sir Francis Baring, who, for the greater part of his life, has abused the Tories—who in the House of Commons the Whigs still maintain—into the Universal Buggins and have got the Parliaments—who called the House of Commons a den of corruption and a nursery—who annually made the Parliamentary speeches in Parliament at Covent-Garden, in favour of the noble, which made many who doubt his sanity—and who has set the outrageous knight-errant of the sovereignty of the people—here is this Sir Francis Baring furrows supporting a Ministry that is headed by Mr. Canning, plunging up to the ears into the corruption of the Treasury benches, fighting for the Cabinet against public opinion, acting the part of the instrument of the Court, and is the mainstay of the power behind the throne.

Here is the Sir Francis Baret, he, a few years ago, publicly called it Canning everything save an actual public servant, now the strongest friend and supporter of Mr Canning as the Prime Minister.

Here is the Sir Francis Baring, who has advocated Universal Suffrage, who has leaped upon a mountain of anarchy upon the borough-mongers and their boroughs, now doing an attempt resembling the combination of the Treasury borough, the Whig borough, and the borough of the Bazaar, to trample over the independent part of the House of Commons. He is now the sworn brother of a Premier who is the inveterate enemy of all Parliamentary Reform.

Can such conduct be pardoned? Is he excused? Can the status of an excuse be pleaded in its favour? If all the received principles of honour and consistency have not been violated, the man is a disgrace to the opinion, who will rapine in the alternative. If we be told, that these individuals have acted thus to please the Whigs and Catholics, since accession of the Cabinet, we must be likewise told, that the said ministers had means—that men may commit any profanity and crime as soon as they deem a good—that require no permission of which it is denied. People have a right to punish: to arrest and imprison, to arrest robbery and the crime of murder—we the apology will be made.

Canning? What defence can be made for that Minister—that member of the Cabinet, who promoted and defended the continual discussion of the question, when he knew that it could not possibly be carried, and that such discussion brought the most gigantic evils upon Ireland, and was driving Mr Peel from office?

To the Catholics, the conduct of the coalition has been most unpardonable. It incited them to tear each other, and their Protestant fellow-subjects, to pieces—it fed their madness, guilt, and misery, to the utmost—it continually led them to believe that their claims were on the point of being conceded—and it did all this when it knew that these claims **COULD NOT** be conceded.

It is our duty to observe, that Earl Grey has separated himself from the iniquity. In a speech, distinguished by sound constitutional doctrine and honourable feeling, he has declared, that he will have no connexion with the coalition. We need not say that the country thinks as it ought of his Lordship's manly, consistent, and high-minded conduct. We rejoice that he has adopted it. We hope it will be the means of keeping the old, honest, steady independent race of Whigs in existence; for, although we differ very widely from them, we should deplore their extinction as a public calamity.

Every friend of the proper working of the Constitution must have been disgusted with the contempt which the members of the Coalition have manifested for the feeling of the country. Mr Canning has again and again admitted, that the country is opposed to Emancipation; he has indirectly admitted this since he was made the Premier. He, and his Whig and Radical brethren, know, that on this question the vast majority of the community repose no confidence in, and is decidedly hostile to, the New Ministry. He and his brethren know, that on the new system of trade the majority of national interests—the Landed interest, the Shipping interest, the different Colonial interests, the Banking interest, nearly all the smaller Manufacturing and Trading interests, and a considerable part of the larger ones, are decidedly opposed to the Ministry. They know, that on most leading and important questions of policy, the country has no

confidence in, and is strongly opposed to, the Ministry. Nevertheless, they force upon the country a Ministry like this, and they employ the most unconstitutional means for keeping it in existence.

Why was the Duke of Clarence—not only the Heir Presumptive, but virtually the Heir Apparent—placed in a high and most responsible official situation? That the appointment was a very unconstitutional and reprehensible one, cannot be doubted; for the doctrines of Mr Pitt, and certain impeachments and investigations, cannot be forgotten. On what ground, then, is it justified? The trumpeters of the Coalition call it a master-stroke of policy; and actually proclaim, that it was made, not on the principle of qualification, but solely to keep the Ministry from being driven out of office. The sight in print of such a scandalous reason might make an Englishman blush for his country. He who is really the Heir Apparent is to be subjected to the odium and hazard of Ministerial responsibility—is to be dragged into the vice and filth of party strife—is to be confounded with this unprincipled and loathsome Coalition, merely to keep the Ministry in existence. If the country would have supported the Ministry, what could have injured it? And if, without this appointment, the country would have driven it from office, where is the honest man who will say that it ought to have existence?

What are all these offers of Peerages, but attempts to keep the Ministry in being by bribery and purchase? Is this the way in which a British Ministry should exist? Is this the way in which the country should be treated? Is this the way in which the nation is treated by those Tories who would revolutionize the whole Continent, and those Whigs and Radicals who pretend that the people are everything in the political system?

We will ask what these shameless men are exposing the Crown to, by such conduct?

No means, however, can, we think, preserve such a Ministry,—we, of course, mean by the term, what the Ministry is to be when the Whig members take possession of their offices,—from early dissolution. On various questions, the two parts are bitterly opposed to each other; and on other

questions, each part is divided against itself. It is made up of division; it consists, from beginning to end, of jarring, unmixable atoms. It is impossible for the Whigs to place the least confidence in Mr Canning, for never more can he be trusted by any party whatever. They will of necessity act upon the conviction, that as long as they may be connected with him, they will be in hourly danger of being kicked out of office by his treachery; and they will seize the first opportunity for getting rid of him. They have the party strength, and their heads are not men to be dictated to by Mr Canning. Collision and conflict will continually take place between them and him; and the first moment practicable, they will, as a matter of defence as well as of aggrandisement, expel him, and seize the whole Cabinet. Speedily afterwards, they will be themselves expelled.

How this Ministry will be supported, time must disclose. Its members avow that it has been formed on the principle of securing the success of the Catholic Question. In effect, the Cabinet is entirely in favour of the Catholics. What are its few Protestant members? The Lord Chancellor was a runaway Whig when he joined the late Ministry; and whatever he may be as a lawyer, he is a very miserable politician. He never will obtain any weight in the House of Lords as a political authority. The Marquis of Anglesea does not profess to know anything of politics, and he has already voted on both sides of the Question. As to Lord Bexley, it is sufficient to say, that he is a member of this unprincipled coalition; of a Ministry which has been formed to enable the Catholics to triumph. Not the least reliance can be placed on the sincerity of these individuals; and if the case were different, they would be constantly blinded and outvoted in the Cabinet, on all schemes for weakening the Protestants and strengthening the Catholics. The Irish government is to be *wholly* in favour of the Catholic claims; this is to be the case after it has been put forth, that the Crown had assured the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of London, this government should be *wholly* opposed to the Catholic claims. If it be true that the Crown gave this assurance to these exalted persons, we will say, it

is their sacred duty to state it in their places in Parliament, in order that the nation may discover who these men are who have been guilty of that scandalous dictation to the Crown, which has produced such a violation of the Royal word. If the Irish government be wholly in favour of the Catholic claims, it must, from its nature, govern on the principle of weakening the Protestants and strengthening the Catholics, to the utmost. To this principle it must make everything subservient. That in doing this, it will do the reverse of its duty, and ensure the destruction of the Irish Church, cannot be doubted.

The same principle must be the leading one of the British Government. In so far as concerns votes, Mr Canning's *own* party—that party which he can command and carry about with him—consists almost wholly of the members of the Romish Church. The Whig borough-men will not be under his dictation. He is now thrown entirely upon the Romish Church; he must depend upon it for a majority against the Tories, and he must depend upon it for preventing the Whigs from expelling him from office. The Romish Church, by means of its votes, now holds the balance in the House of Commons; and both Mr Canning and the Whigs must trundle to it in every imaginable way, to keep possession of the Cabinet.

In this state of things, to support the Ministry must be to support the admission of the Catholics to power. This is in reality declared to be the case by Ministers and their advocates. They avow, that if the Ministry can only be kept long enough in existence, the triumph of the Catholics is inevitable. No man can possibly support this Ministry, without likewise supporting what is called Catholic Emancipation. A man may vote, speak, or write against this question; but this will be worthless, and he will be an efficient advocate of it, if he give his general support to the Ministry. This is as clear as mathematical demonstration. No sincere, conscientious opponent of the Catholic claims can be other than the zealous opponent of such a Ministry.

Every man who supports this Ministry will likewise support that system of Free Trade which has already produced so much ruin and distress,

and of which we have barely had the beginning.

What the new Opposition may accomplish, is not for us to determine. We will however say, that it will accomplish but little, if its leading spokesmen regularly disclaim each other's sentiments—if it take its stand upon mere personal topics—and if it only act as an Opposition on the Catholic Question, when this Question is never to be discussed, but is to be carried by things done out of Parliament. It will be, not an Opposition, but a tool of the Ministry—not an opponent of the Catholic claims, but the most powerful engine for enabling these claims to triumph—if it support the Ministry's general principles and policy. It must know that the longer Ministers remain in office, the more difficult it will be to remove them; and if it be really sincere in its hostility to Emancipation, it must believe that on their early expulsion depends the salvation of the Church and the Constitution. If it act as it acted on General Gascoigne's motion—if it take the part of the Ministry against the distressed portions of the community—if it identify itself with the general measures of the Ministry, it will not carry the country along with it. On almost all questions but one, it will be opposed to the opponents of the Ministry, and agreed with the supporters. The former will not be able to support it; and the latter, no matter how far they may agree with it, will be its bitter enemies.

If the question were put to us, we could not confidently say that the English Revolution has not commenced—that we are not in its first stages—that the same characteristics cannot be found in this country which distinguished the beginning of the French Revolution. We have reached the point when the Government has

embraced the destructive doctrines of the Economists and Philosophers—and has thrown itself for support upon the Democrats and Infidels. We have reached the point when the leading Ministers have to depend mainly for their continuance in office upon the support of violent men, who have been distinguished through life for advocating the most ruinous principles, and who are sure to drag them very far beyond their intentions. We have reached the point, when the Government is politically separated from, and arrayed against, the Church and the Aristocracy; and when its most furious supporters advocate the destruction of both on abstract principle, as a national need of the first magnitude. We have reached other points, which we dare not describe; and which, if we durst, our sorrow would not suffer us to describe. As to what we shall reach next, we will not give vent to our apprehensions. We have no expectation that the Ministry will have long existence, but if it exist for a year, or two, we believe it will cover the empire with irremediable calamities. We know it to be the opinion of many people that it will involve the nation in extreme distress, and then be replaced by another, without any political convulsion; but we are not convinced of the truth of this opinion. When we look at the sentiments which are put forth by Ministers, which are triumphant in the House of Commons, which are promulgated by the greater part of the Press, and which are so industriously circulated amidst the lower and middle classes; and when we likewise look at what the Government is doing—we are far from being sure, that if public distress should continue and increase for a year, or two years, longer, it would be in the power of any Ministry to prevent the Constitution and Monarchy from being numbered among

THE THINGS THAT WERE, AND ARE NOT.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

The Rev. Dr Niblock is preparing for the press, a Hebrew, Syriac, Greek, and English Lexicon of the Scripture Proper Names, with the penultimate quantities accurately marked and accented.

The Life, Voyages, and Adventures of Naufragus; being a faithful narrative of the author's real life, and containing a series of remarkable Adventures in Asia.

Part I. of a new version of the Psalms, from their original text. By James Usher.

Memoirs of Lord Collingwood, with extracts from his correspondence, are announced.

Mr George Colman the Younger announces a new volume, to be entitled, "Random Records."

The Honourable Mrs Damer is about to publish a novel, to be entitled, "Belmour."

Godfrey Higgins, Esq. announces for early publication a work, in one vol. 4to, to be called the Celtic Druids, with numerous illustrations.

A Tale of Fashionable Life is about to appear, under the title of "Hyde Nugent."

A second volume of the Rev. T. Belsham's Doctrinal and Practical Discourses is just ready.

A volume is in the press, to be entitled, "Absurdities," in prose and verse.

A translation of the Life of Lewis Stolberg, a celebrated Danish writer, by himself, is announced for early publication.

A work is announced, to be called, "The Book Collector's Manual, or a guide to the knowledge of 20,000 rare and curious books, either printed in or relating to Great Britain and Ireland, from the invention of printing to the present time."

A novel is in the press, to be entitled, "Blue-Stocking Hall."

Captain Andrews, who went out as a commissioner from the Chilian Peruvian Mining Company, to engage mines in South America, has prepared a Narrative of his Journey from the Rio de la Plata by the United Provinces into Peru, thence by the Deserts of Coranga to the Pacific. The work will very shortly appear.

The Rev. Walter Burgess is about to publish an Appeal to Reason, or Christianity and Deism contrasted. Dedicated to the Christian Evidence Society.

The Castle of Villeroy, or the Bandit Chief, a novel.

The Chronicles of Wesleyan Methodism, exhibiting an alphabetical arrangement of all the circuits in the connexion, the names of the preachers who have travelled on them, and the yearly order of their succession, from the establishment of Methodism to the present time.

J. B. Nicolas is preparing for publication the Journal of Thomas de Bekynton, afterwards Bishop of Bath, and Keeper of the Privy Seal, and Sir Robert Roosa, knight, from Windsor to Bourdeaux, and thence to London, on a special mission to Henry the Sixth, from June 1442 to March 1443.

The first number of a work, to be entitled, the Quarterly Juvenile Review, or a periodical Guide to Parents and Instructors in their selection of New Books, is announced.

J. Graves, Esq. is about to publish a History of the Town and Honour of Woodstock.

The Third and Fourth Parts of Captain Grindlay's Scenery, Costume, and Architecture of the western side of India, are just ready for the press.

Memoirs of the Life and Administration of the Right Hon. William Cecil, Lord Burghley, Lord High Treasurer of England in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. With Extracts from his Private and Official Correspondence, and other Papers, now first published from the Originals. By the Rev. Dr Nares.

The Rev. W. L. Bowles is preparing for publication an Account of the Parish of Bremhill, Wiltshire.

Charles Abraham Elton, Esq. is about to publish a work, to be entitled, "Second Thoughts on the Person of Christ, on Human Sin, and on the Atonement, containing Reasons for the Author's leaving the Unitarian Communion," &c.

Mr Gilchrist is also about to publish a volume, to be entitled "Unitarianism abandoned, or reasons assigned for ceasing to be connected with the description of religious professors who designate themselves Unitarians."

Miss Edgeworth has a volume of Dramatic Tales in the press, designed for young people.

Mr Dewhurst is preparing for publication a System of Osteology, illustrated with engravings in lithography of the Bones, the size of nature, from drawings taken from the recent skeleton.

General Foy's manuscript History of the War in the Peninsula, with a politi-

cal and military view of Europe from 1789 to 1814, is announced for early publication.

A Brief History of the Court of Chancery, with practical remarks on the recent Commission, Report, and Evidence, and on the inadequacy of the bill for the improvement of the administration of justice in the English Courts of Equity.

A series of short essays are about to appear, under the title of *Seaside Sketches*, by the Rev. J. East.

A volume of Original Correspondence between the Right Hon. Edmund Burke and French Laurence, Esq. LL.D. is announced.

Plain Truth; by Mrs West, Author of "Letters to a Young Man," "Tale of the Times," &c.

A Translation of the second edition of Niebuhr's Roman History undertaken in concert with the author. By the Rev. Julius C. Hare, A.M. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Connop Thirlwall, Esq. A.M. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

A volume is in preparation for the press, to be entitled "Captain Rock's Letters to the King," to be printed uniformly with "Rock's Memoirs."

The Poetical Works of Collins, with ample Biographical and Critical Notes, by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, are now in the press.

The Dramatic Works of John Webster, now first collected, with Notes by the same Gentleman, is also in preparation.

Mr and Mrs Howitt announce for early publication, "The Desolation of Eyam, The Emigrant, and other Poems," in one volume.

A volume of Prose Fictions, entitled, "Tales of all Nations," is announced for early publication, comprising, Queen Elizabeth at Theobald's—The Heir Presumptive—The Bridal of Winter Tower—The Abbey of Laach—The Last Heir of Etenkerrin—The Ring—Hans Diepenstein—The Bride of Glenonoy—Lord Eustace d'Ambreticourt—The Numidians. Among the contributors of these stories are the following well-known writers, viz. the author of London in the Olden Time; the author of *Manie Wanch's* Autobiography; Mr Alaric Watts; Mrs Charles Gore; the authors of the Odd Volume; Mr Emerson, author of *Greece*, &c. &c.

Mrs Hoffman is preparing for publication a new novel, under the title of *Self-Denial*.

The author of *The Cavalier*, *The King of the Peak*, &c. is about to publish a novel, under the title of *Onnam Goeh*.

A Portrait of the Earl of Liverpool from a Picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. engraved by Mr C. Turner, in mezzotinto, will be shortly ready for delivery.

The Rev. Dr Russell will shortly publish, in two octavo volumes, the *Connexion of Sacred and Profane History*, from the Death of Joshua until the Decline of the Kingdoms of Israel and Judah. Intended to complete the works of Shuckford and Prideaux.

Memoirs of the Life of Mr Morris Birkbeck will shortly appear, from the pen of his daughter.

Stories from the Old Chroniclers, so long announced, with Prefatory Essays and Historical Notes, are now nearly ready.

The Rev. Dr Wait is about to publish Hag's Introduction to the Writings of the New Testament. Translated from the German, with notes.

Sir Jonah Barrington's personal Sketches of his own Times, being his individual recollections of distinguished Personages, remarkable Events, High Life, and Irish manners, for the last fifty years.

Mr William J. Thoms announces a series of reprints, accompanied by illustrative and bibliographical Notices of the more curious old Prose Romances. The work will appear in monthly parts, and the first, containing the prose *Lyse* of Robert the Deuyll, from the edition by Wynkyn de Worde, in the Garrick Collection, will soon be ready.

Shortly will be published, the Private Memoirs of Sir Kenelm Digby, Gentleman of the Bed-chamber to King Charles the First, written by himself; including the secret history of his romantic attachment to the beautiful but unfortunate Lady Venitia Stanley; now first published from the original Manuscript, with an Introductory Memoir.

Mr Horace Smith has announced another novel, to be entitled "*Reuben Apsley*."

The Hon. Thomas de Roos, R.N. is preparing for the press a Personal Narrative of his Travels in the United States, with some important remarks on the state of the American Maritime Resources.

A second series of London in the Olden Time will shortly appear.

Narrative of Don Juan Van Halem's Flight from the Dungeons of the Inquisition to the foot of the Caucasus; with an account of his adventures in Russia, &c Edited by the author of *Don Esteban and Sandoval*, with Portraits and other Plates.

A Treatise on Logic, on the basis of Aldrich, with illustrative Notes. By a Graduate of the University of Oxford.

The Aylmers, a novel.

Miss Edgeworth announces a work intended as a seventh volume of the Parent's Assistant, containing three stories—The Grinding Organ, Dumb Andy, and the Dame School Holiday.

In a short time will be published, a novel, to be entitled, "O'Neale, or the Rebel."

The Epicurean, a tale, by Thomas Brown the Younger.

Solutions of the more difficult Equations contained in the fourth edition of Bland's Algebraical Problems. By Francis Edward Thompson, B.A.

Octavo editions of the Diaries of Evelyn and Pepys, each in 5 vols. with Plates, are announced for early publication.

In the press, a History of England for young persons on an improved plan. By a Clergyman of the Church of England. In 12mo.

The Rev. H. Clissold is preparing for publication, an Account of the Deaths of Men who have been eminent for their Attainments in Theology, Philosophy, and General Literature. In one vol.

Dr Gordon Smith's work on Poisons, which has been greatly interrupted through the ill health of the author, will be shortly ready for publication.

In the press, and speedily will be published, Pathological and Practical Observations on Spinal Complaints, illustrated with cases and engravings; also an Inquiry into the Origin and Cure of Distorted Limbs, by Edward Harrison, M.D. F.R.A.S.E., formerly President of the Royal Medical and Physical Society of Edinburgh, &c.

Shortly will be published, Mrs Leslie and her Grandchildren, a tale, embellished with an elegant frontispiece, from a design by Wright.

A Translation of some of the most popular Fairy Tales from the German is in the press. They will be illustrated by Cruickshank.

On the 1st of June 1827 will be published, Part I, a Natural History of the Bible; or, a descriptive account of the Zoology, Botany, and Mineralogy of the Holy Scriptures; compiled from the most authentic sources, British and Foreign, and adapted to the use of English readers. Illustrated with numerous engravings. By William Carpenter, author of a popular Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures, &c. &c.

Twelve Sermons preached to a country Congregation. By the Rev. A. Dallas, M.A.

In the press, a volume of Sermons, by the Rev. William Dealtry, Rector of Clapham.

A Prosodiacal Lexicon of the Greek Language, collected from the heroic poets; for the use of schools, and for the advancement of the study of Prosody. Translated from the German of D. John Frederick Christopher Gräfe. By Joseph Edward Taylor. Crown 8vo.

In a few days will be published, in 8vo, a Solemn Appeal to the Common Sense of England against the Principles of the Right Hon. George Canning and his associates. By an English Protestant.

The Elements of Euclid, containing the first six, and the eleventh and twelfth books, chiefly from the text of Dr Simson, adapted to elementary instruction by the introduction of Symbols, by a Member of the University of Cambridge, are in the press, and will shortly appear,

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of George Lord Jeffreys, some time Lord Chief-Justice of the King's Bench, and Lord High Chancellor of England in the reign of James II. By Humphrey W. Woolrych. 8vo, with Portrait.

A History of the Right Honourable William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, containing his Speeches in Parliament, a considerable Portion of his Correspondence when Secretary of State, upon French, Spanish, and American Affairs, never before published. With an Account of the principal Events and Persons connected with his Life, Sentiments, and Admini-

strations. By the Rev. Francis Thackeray, A.M. In 2 vols. 4to, L. 8. 12s.

Memoirs of Theobald Wolfe Tone. Written by Himself. Comprising a Complete Journal of his Negotiations to procure the Aid of the French for the Liberation of Ireland. Edited by his Son, William Theobald Wolfe Tone. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.

Memoirs of Scipio De Ricci, Bishop of Pistoia and Prato, and Reformer of Catholicism in Tuscany, under the reign of Leopold. Composed from the Original Autograph Manuscripts of that Prelate, and other distinguished Persons of the 18th century. By M. De Potter.

The Reminiscences of Thomas Dibdin, of the Theatres-Royal, Drury-Lane, Covent-Garden, Haymarket, &c.; and Author of "The Cabinet," "The Jew and the Doctor," &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Jennings' Catalogue, for 1827, of a Valuable Collection of Standard English Books and Important Works on the Fine Arts, with a few Original Paintings and Drawings. Offered for sale for ready money, at the affixed prices.

Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green's Catalogue of Old Books for 1827, part Second, containing Auctores Classici, Gr. et Lat.; Dictionaries, Grammars, and Bibliography, in various Languages; Antiquities, Historici, Numismatici, et Miscellanei; Livres Français, Libri Italiani, Libros Espanoles, Deutsche Bücher, &c.; Theologia, Historia Ecclesiastica, Biblica, &c.

BOTANY.

First Number of a Monthly Work called The Botanical Cabinet. Each Part contains Ten Figures, accurately drawn from the living plant, and engraved by George Cooke, with an Account of each, and Rules for its Cultivation, &c. By Conrad Loddiges and Sons. 5s. with plates.

CHEMISTRY.

A Dictionary of Chemistry, and of Mineralogy as connected with it; in which is attempted, a complete List of the Names of Substances, according to the present as well as former Systems. By William Campbell Otley.

Chemical Manipulation; containing Instructions to Students in Chemistry relative to the methods of Performing Experiments, either of Demonstration or Research, with accuracy and success. Illustrated with numerous Engravings of Apparatus in Wood. By M. Faraday, F.R.S. &c.

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Instructions for Collecting, Rearing, and Preserving British Insects, Crustacea, &c. By Abel Inghen, A.L.S. 3s. 6d.

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Pompeii, illustrated with Engravings by W. B. Cooke, from Drawings by Lieut.-Colonel Cockburn, of the Royal Artillery, J. Goldicutt, Henry Parke, and T. L. Donaldson, Architects. Part III. is just published, in imperial folio, containing upwards of twenty plates, and forty-eight pages of Descriptive Letterpress, presenting a Review of the Manners and Customs of the Ancients, both public and private, as connected with the several Edifices. Written by T. L. Donaldson, Esq., with accurate and elaborate

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Consols for acc.	82½ 1½ 2	82½ 1½ 2	82½ 3½	83½ 1½
French 5 per cents.	99f. 75c.	—	—	100f. 15c.

Courses of Exchange. May 11th.—Amsterdam, 12: 4. Ditto, at sight, 12: 1. Rotterdam, 12: 5. Antwerp, 12: 5. Hamburg, 37: 5. Altona, 37: 6. Paris 3 days sight, 25: 55. Ditto, 25: 80. Bourdeaux, 25: 80. Frankfort on the Maine, 16: 0. Petersburg, per rble. 9½: 3. Berlin, 0: 0. Vienna, 10: 12. Trieste, 10: 13. Madrid, 33¼. Cadix, 33¼. Bilbao, 34. Barcelona, 33½. Seville, 33½. Gibraltar, 45. Leghorn, 47½. Genoa, 26. Venice, 46. Malta, 0. Naples, 37½. Palermo, p. oz. 114. Lisbon, 49½. Oporto, 49½. Rio Janeiro, 37. Bahia, 42. Buenos Ayres, 0. Dublin, 0. Cork, 0.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 6d. per oz.
New Doubloons, £0 : 0 : 0. New Dollars, 4s. 9½d. Silver in bars, stand. Oz. 0d.

PRICES CURRENT, May 14

SUGAR, Musc.	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	56 to 58	58 58	54 58	57 60
Mid. good, and fine mid.	59 69	71 76	60 71	61 70
Fine and very fine, . .	70 74	— —	74 76	71 72
Refined Doub. Leaves, .	112 114	94 97	— —	82 86
Powder ditto,	— —	— —	— —	83 87
Single ditto,	88 104	85 93	— —	— 81
Small Lumps,	84 88	80 88	— —	79 94
Large ditto,	82 84	80 88	— —	88 102
Crushed Lump,	65 84	— —	— —	— —
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	24 —	23 —	— —	24 —
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.	48 50	52 —	52 57	— —
Ord. good, and fine ord.	54 56	65 —	58 56	44 60
Mid. good, and fine mid.	58 80	— —	68 80	64 65
Dutch, Triage and very ord.	54 58	— —	50 56	— —
Ord. good, and fine ord.	60 68	— —	62 64	— —
Mid. good, and fine mid.	85 90	— —	68 80	— —
St Domingo,	— —	— —	48 50	— —
Pimento (in Bond,) . . .	0 11d	9½d. 10	9d. —	— —
SPIRITS, Rum, Jam. 160.P	3s 6d 3s 9d	2s 11d 3s	2s 10d 3s 3d	3s 0d 3s 6d
Brandy,	3 9 4 0	— —	5 4 3 9	3 0 3 8
Gin,	2 10 3 0	— —	2 3 2 4	2 7 2 9
Whisky, Grain,	5 4 5 6	— —	— —	— —
WINES, Claret, p. 138 gal.	— —	— —	— —	£36 £50
Portugal 1st Growth, hhd	35 46	— —	— —	— —
Spanish, White, pipe,	36 48	— —	— —	— —
Teneriffe, butt,	22 24	— —	— —	24 26
Madeira, pipe,	25 60	— —	— —	50 60
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton,	£5 10 6 0	— —	£6 15 7 0	£6 5 £6 10
Honduras,	5 10 5 15	£7 7 10	7 0 7 5	6 10 6 15
Campeschy,	6 0 6 10	— —	7 15 8 0	8 10 —
FUSTIC, Jamaica	5 10 6 0	7 10 8 0	6 10 7 0	7 15 8 10
Cuba,	9 0 10 0	9 0 10 0	10 0 10 10	10 10 —
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	12s 6 12s 0	— —	10 6 11 6	10s 9d 12s 6d
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1 4 1 11	— —	— —	— —
Ditto Oak,	2 6 3 0	— —	— —	— —
Christiansand (dut. paid.)	2 0 2 7	— —	— —	— —
Honduras Mahogany, . .	1 4 1 10	0 11 1 1	— —	0 9d 1s 0d
St Domingo, ditto, . .	2 4 2 9	1 3 1 8	— —	1 5 2 3
TAR, American, bri.	23 0 —	— —	14 0 14 6	12 16
Archangel,	16 —	16 17	17 17 6	15 —
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	8 —	— —	— —	7 8 8 0
TALLOW, Rus. Vel. Cand.	40 6 41	41 —	30 41	37 38
Home melted,	— —	— —	— —	— —
HEMP, Polish Rhine, ton,	48 —	— —	48 —	— —
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	39 40	— —	46 —	— —
FLAX,	— —	— —	— —	— —
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	43 44	— —	— —	£44 —
Dutch,	— —	— —	— —	— —
Irish,	— —	— —	— —	— —
MATS, Archangel, . . .	— —	— —	— —	— —
BRISTLES,	— —	— —	— —	— —
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	— —	— —	— —	13 14
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .	26 —	26 26 6	— —	£1 8 £1 9
Montreal, ditto, . . .	29 —	26 6 27	24 24 6	1 6 1 7
Pot,	25 —	25 —	23 23 6	1 4 1 5
OIL, Whale, . . tun, L.25	— —	L.25 25 10	31 26	29 29
Cod,	— —	25 10 —	— —	— —
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	6d 6½	6 6½	— —	0 5½ 0 0
Middling,	5½ 4½	4½ 4½	3½ 4½	— —
Inferior,	— —	— —	— —	0 2½ 0 5
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	— —	— —	— —	0 6 0 7
Sea Island,	— —	— —	— —	— —
Stained,	— —	— —	— —	— —
Middling,	— —	— —	— —	— —
Demerara and Barbice	— —	— —	— —	0 8½ 10
West India,	— —	— —	— —	0 8½ 0 9½
Pernambuco,	— —	— —	— —	0 9½ 0 9½
Maranham,	— —	— —	— —	— —

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

February.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Feb. 1	M.31 A.35	29.728 .739	M.38 A.37	N.	Day fair, snow on hills	Feb. 15	M.24 A.29	29.799 .981	M.53 A.53	N.	Keen frost for the day.
2	M.28 A.31	.815 30.109	M.36 A.35	E.	Frost for the day.	16	M.20 A.24	.911 .615	M.31 A.31	NW.	Ditto.
3	M.28 A.34	.320 .320	M.34 A.35	W.	Frost, with sunsh.	17	M.24 A.31	.483 .738	M.32 A.31	NE.	Heavy snow, hail.
4	M.24 A.35	.320 .320	M.36 A.36	W.	Foren. frost, aftern. fresh.	18	M.17 A.23	.959 .991	M.28 A.29	NE	Frost slight, shrs. snow.
5	M.32 A.40	.113 29.999	M.40 A.39	W.	Dull, but fair.	19	M.20 A.26	.836 .685	M.29 A.29	E.	Frst. flying shrs. snow.
6	M.34 A.37	30.171 .284	M.42 A.39	E.	Morn. snow, daydull, fair.	20	M.13 A.28	.573 .710	M.29 A.31	SE	Keen frost.
7	M.32 A.35	.294 .299	M.38 A.35	E.	Dull, flying shrs. snow.	21	M.26 A.35	.532 .560	M.32 A.33	Cble.	Ditto.
8	M.29 A.35	.318 .357	M.38 A.35	E.	Dull, but fair.	22	M.24 A.30	.674 .758	M.32 A.34	NW.	Ditto.
9	M.32 A.31	.341 .212	M.34 A.35	E.	Dull, cold. snow aftern.	23	M.27 A.24	.634 .584	M.38 A.36	Cble.	Ditto.
10	M.30 A.35	.118 29.946	M.36 A.36	E.	Cold, with shrs. snow.	24	M.30 A.35	.628 .667	M.36 M.36	Cble.	Morn. frost, dull aftern.
11	M.29 A.34	.814 .732	M.36 A.37	E.	Cold, with shrs. sleet.	25	M.33 A.37	.676 .554	M.35 M.35	Cble.	Snow and sleet aftern.
12	M.30 A.33	.725 .866	M.35 A.35	Cble.	Frost. morn day fair.	26	M.32 A.46	28.932 .802	A.45 M.41	SW.	Snow and sleet for day.
13	M.27 A.32	.935 .834	M.35 A.35	N.	Morn. frost, sleet aftern.	27	M.31 A.36	.792 29.191	A.41 M.40	NW.	Foren. rain, aftern. fair.
14	M.27 A.32	.704 .706	M.43 A.39	W.	Snow morn and aftern.	28	M.26 A.35	.582 28.391	A.38 M.40	E.	Snow and sleet aftern.

Average of rain, 1.761.

March.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Mar. 1	M.31 A.45	28.150 .824	M.45 A.38	W.	Heavy. Showers.	Mar. 17	M.30 A.40	29.260 .765	M.42 A.40	N.	Frost morn. day fair cold
2	M.28 A.34	.755 .818	M.38 A.35	W.	Morn. frost, form.h.snow.	18	M.31 A.37	.932 .918	M.40 A.41	SW.	Sunsh. foren. night rain,
3	M.28 A.33	.988 .741	M.35 A.33	E.	Heavy fall of snow.	19	M.30 A.45	.696 .696	M.45 A.48	SW.	Mild, shws. Rain even.
4	M.26 A.32	.465 .810	M.35 A.35	Cble.	Foren. snow, aftern. fair.	20	M.42 A.47	.696 .936	M.48 A.47	Cble.	Morn. rain fair day.
5	M.20 A.31	29.210 28.400	M.32 A.34	Cble.	Storm. snow sleet, rain.	21	M.36 A.44	.450 .448	M.46 A.46	NW.	Fair, shws. very cold.
6	M.32 A.38	.238 .525	M.40 A.37	Cble.	Thaw, with rain.	22	M.42 A.47	.392 .495	M.49 A.51	W.	Fair, with sunsh.
7	M.25 A.30	.999 .926	M.32 A.34	NE.	Keen frost.	23	M.42 A.49	.547 .541	M.50 A.51	W.	Ditto, wind high.
8	M.24 A.30	.348 .674	M.35 A.32	NE.	Ditto.	24	M.40 A.48	.542 .566	M.50 A.48	W.	Ditto.
9	M.22 A.32	.974 29.250	M.36 A.37	Cble.	Morn. frost, day fresh.	25	M.32 A.39	.613 .702	M.47 A.44	NW.	Fair, but very cold.
10	M.25 A.35	.316 .510	M.36 A.38	NW.	Frost morn. and night.	26	M.29 A.42	.818 .701	M.46 A.45	NW.	Morn. frost, day sunsh.
11	M.35 A.41	.280 .273	M.39 A.39	SW.	Fine shws. rain aftern.	27	M.29 A.45	.276 .228	M.46 A.45	SW.	Dull, shws. rain aftern.
12	M.35 A.39	28.980 29.356	M.41 A.42	SW.	Thaw, show. hail.	28	M.34 A.41	28.826 .466	M.44 A.41	SW.	Cold, rain, sleet aftern.
13	M.32 A.40	.334 .555	M.42 A.41	W.	Morn. frost, rain aftern.	29	M.29 A.35	.505 .691	M.41 A.41	W	Stormy, frost showr. snow.
14	M.31 A.39	.550 .514	M.41 A.40	NW.	Morn. frost, day dull.	30	M.30 A.40	.845 .555	M.42 A.41	N.	Ditto.
15	M.28 A.32	.265 .631	M.37 A.40	NE.	Heavy fall snow.	31	M.30 A.40	.778 .842	M.14 A.45	N.	Frost morn. day fair.
16	M.30 A.38	.654 .110	M.42 A.41	NW.	Morn. frost, day thaw.						

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

February.

- 2 Life Gds. Cor. and Sub-Lt. Trotter, Lt. by purch.
vice Sir W. Scott, prom. 27 Oct. 1826
J. Roche, Cor. by purch. do.
- 2 Dr. Gds. Hosp. Ass. Home, M.D. Ass.-Surg. vice
Bell, 25 F. 18 Jan. 1827
- 3 Cor. and Rid.-Mast. Bourke, to have
rank of Lt. do.
- 7 Capt. Chalmer, Maj. by purch. vice
Daly, prom. 30 Dec. 1826
- Cor. Dunne, Capt. by purch. do.
Cor. Atkinson, Lt. do.
- 3 Dr. Ass. Surg. Cross, from 66 F. Ass. Surg.
vice Dawn, prom. 18 Jan. 1827
- 4 F. Lt. Campbell, from h. p. (pay. diff. to
h. p. Fund,) vice Cartan, prom. 13 Feb.
- 5 Capt. Browne, from h. p. Capt. pay.
diff. vice Galbraith, 27 F. 18 Jan.
- 10 Ass. Surg. M'Munn, from h. p. 94 F.
Ass. Surg. do.
- 18 ——— Bain, M.D. from 9 F. Ass.
Surg. vice Knott, 6 Dr. do.
- 19 Lt. Jackson, from h. p. 94 F. Lt. vice
Durnford, prom. 13 Feb.
- 27 Capt. Galbraith, from 5 F. Capt. vice
Talbot, ret. h. p. rec. diff. 18 Jan.
- 31 Ass. Surg. Ayre, from 83 F. Ass. Surg.
vice Sheppard, dead do.
- 35 Hosp. Ass. Humphrey, Ass. Surg. vice
Crichton, dead do.
- 39 Capt. Durnford, from h. p. Paym. vice
Burn, ret. h. p. 13 Feb.
- 40 ——— Elliott, from h. p. Capt. vice Ryan,
prom. 18 Jan.
- 45 Ass. Surg. Brown, M.D. from 87 F.
Surg. vice Smyth, h. p. do.
- 51 Hosp. Ass. Molyneux, Ass. Surg. vice
Clarke, prom. do.
- 52 ——— Tuthill, M.D. Ass. Surg. vice
Paterson, 3 F. do.
- 59 ——— Foss, Ass. Surg. vice Sive-
wright, 11 Dr. do.
- 60 Capt. Hon. G. Upton, from h. p. Capt.
(pay. diff. to h. p. Fund,) vice Mac-
kenzie, prom. 18 Feb.
- 66 Hosp. Ass. Linton, Ass. Surg. vice
Cross, 3 Dr. 18 Jan.
- 72 ——— Stratford, Ass. Surg. vice
Burrell, Staff do.
- 79 Ass. Surg. Baillie, M.D. from 92 F.
Ass. Surg. vice Grant, 10 F. do.
- 83 Hosp. Ass. Watson, Ass. Surg. vice
Ayre, 31 F. do.

Ordnance Department.

- R. Art. 2 Capt. Jackson, Adj. vice Grantham,
res. Adj. only 1 June 1826
- 2d Lt. Poole, 1st Lt. vice Johnson, ret.
h. p. 1 Feb. 1827
- Med. Dep. 1st Ass. Surg. Stewart, Surg. by aug-
mentation 27 Jan.
- 2d Ass. Surg. Nelson, Ass. Surg. do.
T. Colebester, 2d Ass. Surg. do.

Staff.

- Capt. Worsley, from h. p. Sub-Inspr. of
Mil. in Ionian Isles, vice Temple,
prom. 13 Feb. 1827
- Rev. H. Parker, from h. p. Chaplain to
the Forces, 23 Jan.
- N. R. Dennis, from h. p. Chaplain
to the Forces do.

Unattached.

- To be Lieut.-Colonel of Infantry by Purchase.
Maj. Daly, from 7 Dr. Gds. 30 Dec. 1826

The under-mentioned Officers, having Brevet rank
superior to their Regimental Commissions, have
accepted Promotion upon half-pay, according to
the General Order of 25th April 1826.

To be Majors of Infantry.

- Brevet Maj. Temple, from Sub-Inspr. of Mil. in
Ionian Isles 13 Feb. 1827
- Longden, from 33 F. do.
- Brevet Lt.-Col. Mackenzie, from 60 F. do.

The under-mentioned Lieutenants, actually serving
upon Full-Pay in Regiments of the Line, whose
Commissions are dated in or previous to the year
1811, have accepted Promotion upon Half-Pay,
according to the General Order of the 7th Dec.
1826.

To be Captains of Infantry by purchase.

- Lieut. Stewart, from 38 F. 13 Feb. 1827
- Cochran, from 65 F. do.
- Morrison, from 46 F. do.
- Edmonds, from 66 F. do.
- Gould, from 76 F. do.
- Armstrong, from 61 F. do.
- Emerson, from 35 F. do.
- Durnford, from 19 F. do.
- Cartan, from 4 F. do.
- Wilson, from 18 F. do.
- Fitzgerald, from 5 F. do.
- De Lacy, from 61 F. do.
- Pilkington, from 61 F. do.
- Stewart, from 42 F. do.
- Robertson, from 42 F. do.
- Hughes, from 42 F. do.

Exchanges.

- Major Maclean, 65 F. rec. diff. with Major Thomp-
son, h. p.
- Lieut. Fraser, 58 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Fletcher,
h. p.

Retirement.

- Lt.-Col.-Comm. Bayly, h. p. 2 Prov. Bn. of Milit.

Deaths.

General.

- Cartwright, Col. of 1 Dr. Gds. London 9 Feb. 1827

Lieut. Generals.

- Ramsay, R. Art. Shooter's Hill 9 Feb. 1827
- A. C. Jackson, late of 66 F.

Lieutenant Colonels.

- Radcliffe, h. p. Major of Brig. to the Cav. Lon-
don 24 Feb.
- Forrest, h. p. Unatt. Chatham 26 Jan. 1827

Captains.

- Ramsay, 6 Dr.
- Hon. G. Strangways, 7 Dr.
- Evanson, 54 F. 17 Dec. 1826
- Forrest, h. p. Gar. Co. Chelsea 9 Feb. 1827
- J. D. Hicks, h. p. 85 F. France 8 Jan.
- Farmer, h. p. 7 Dr. Gds. Fort Clarence 30 do.
- Cook, late of 94 F. 31 Aug. 1826
- J. Mackay, h. p. 27 F. Nova Scotia 28 Nov.
- Macrae, h. p. York R. Mount Maria, Edinburgh 27 Oct.

Lieutenants.

- Hutchins, R. Art. Woolwich 1 Feb. 1827
- Manning, h. p. 21 Dr. 10 Nov. 1826
- Lewis, h. p. 83 F. Cork 11 do.

Cornets.

- Joyce, h. p. 5 Dr. G. 26 Jan. 1827
- Voss, h. p. 2 Dr. German Legion, Hanover 29 Oct. 1826

Ensigns.

- Flattery, h. p. 25 F. Banagher, King's Co. Dec. 1826

Quarter-Masters.

- Dodd, 20 F. Poonah, East Ind. 23 Sept. 1826
- Eves, h. p. 25 Dr. 14 Jan. 1827

Surgeons.

- Trigge, 6 F. Calcutta, East Ind. 4 Aug. 1826
- Dunn, h. p. 67 F. Devonport 5 Feb. 1827
- Linn, h. p. 63 F. Larne, Ireland 15 Jan. 1827
- Dep. Asst. Com. Gen. Pate, Lisbon 8 Jan. 1827

March.

- Brevet** Maj. Kelly, h. p. 25 Dr. Dep. Adj. Gen. to Forces serving in Ava, Lt.-Col. in the Army 30 May 1826
J. Oke, late Maj. h. p. 61 F. and Lt.-Col. to have the local rank of Lt.-Col. on the Continent of Europe only 30 Dec.
- Life Gds. Cor. and Sub.-Lt. Hqs. C. F. Berkeley,** Lt. by purch. vice Lyon, prom. 29 Jan.
- Str H. Webb, Bt. Cor. and Sub-Lieut.** by purch. do. 29 Jan.
- 1 Dr. Gds. Lieut.-Gen. Str H. Fane, G. C. B. from** 4 Dr. Gds. Col. vice Gen. Cartwright, dead 24 Feb.
- 3** Capt. Kearney, Maj. by purch. vice Chamberlains, prom. 30 Dec.
— Boyd, from 4 Dr. Gds. Maj. vice Soulsby, dead 1 Feb. 1827
- Lieut. Davies, Capt. vice Kearney** 30 Dec. 1826
- Cor. Charlton, Lieut. by purch. do.** Ena. Hickman, from 55 F. Cor. by purch. do.
- 4** Lieut.-Gen. Str G. Anson, K. C. B. Col. vice Str H. Fane, 1 Dr. Gds. 21 Feb. 1827
- Lieut. Shaw, Capt. vice Boyd, 2 Dr. Gds.** 1 do.
- Cor. and Riding-Master Lloyd, Cor. ret.** his Original Situation in Regt. do.
Hon. H. Fitzroy, Cor. by purch. vice Collingwood, prom. 22 do.
- 5** Regt. Serj. Maj. O'Brien, Qua. Mast. vice Atkinson, dead 1 do.
- Cor. Henley, from 4 Dr. Cor. vice Good-** lake, ret. 15 Mar.
- 7** Gent. Cadet Craven, from R. Mil. Coll. Cor. by purch. vice Atkinson, prom. 22 Feb.
- 1 Dr.** Cor. Yates, Lieut. by purch. vice Webb, prom. 1 do.
Hon. W. Rollo, Cor. by purch. vice Yates, prom. 15 do.
- Serj. Maj. Kelly, Qua. Mast. vice Wad-** dell, ret. full pay 1 Mar.
- 1** R. Fawkes, Cor. by purch. vice Gumbelton, prom. do.
- D. Gordon, Cor. by purch. vice Elton,** prom. 8 do.
- T. Lloyd, Cor. by purch. vice Henry,** 3 Dr. Gds. 15 do.
- 6** Lieut. Ratcliffe, from 3 Dr. Capt. vice Ramsay, dead 22 Feb.
- R. D. Barbor, Cor. by purch. vice Hoop-** er, ret. 15 Mar.
- 7** Capt. Dundas, from h. p. Capt. (pay diff. to h. p. Fund) vice Strangways, dead Feb.
- 13** M. Jones, Cor. by purch. vice Mahon, prom. 1 Mar.
- 15** Assist. Surg. Deasley, from 13 F. Assist. Surg. vice Quiney, prom. 15 Feb.
- 16** Hosp. Assist. Ross, Assist. Surg. vice Mount, 14 F. do.
- V. B. Simpson, Cor. by purch. vice Bere,** prom. 1 Mar.
- 17** Cor. Shawe, Lieut. by purch. vice Greville, prom. 1 Feb.
- R. Wag. Tr. Lieut. Baklock, from h. p. of** Reg. Lieut. 15 Mar.
- 3 F. Gds. E. W. Walker, Ena. and Lieut. by purch.** vice Parnell, ret. do.
- 1 F.** Capt. Wetherall, Maj. by purch. vice Hopkins, canc. 13 June 1826
- Lieut. Bland, Capt. vice Harvey, dead** 12 Feb.
- Holebrooke, Capt.** 2 Mar.
- Ena. Hoskins, Lieut. by purch. vice** Butler, prom. 1 Feb. 1827
- Going, Lt. by purch. vice M'Pherson,** prom. 2 do.
- Montgomery, Lieut. vice Carter,** dead 18 do.
- Curtis, Lieut. vice John M'Gregor** (2), dead 19 do.
- Hill, Lieut. vice Dugald Campbell,** dead 20 do.
- 1 F.** Ritchie, Lieut. vice Gray, dead 21 March
- Hornsby, from 55 F. Lieut. 22 do.** Vol. Ross, Ena. vice Montgomery, prom. 29 Jan. 1826
- Brown, Ena. vice Church, dead** 12 Feb.
- H. M. Dalrymple, Ena. by purch. vice** Hoskins 1 Feb. 1827
- Gent. Cadet Vallance, from R. Mil. Coll.** Ena. vice Curtis 19 do.
- W. Webster, Ena. vice Hill** 20 do.
- T. J. Furnell, Ena. vice Ritchie** 21 do.
- Ena. Bedford, Lieut. by purch. vice** Macpherson, prom. 31 Jan.
- H. A. Dalton, Ena. by purch. vice** Young, prom. 1 Mar.
- G. R. Cathrow, Ena. by purch. vice** Bedford 8 do.
- Hosp. Assist. Overton, Assist. Surg. vice** Capt. Dutton, Maj. by purch. vice Anwyll, prom. 20 do.
- Lieut. Chetwode, Capt. by purch. do.** Ena. Alloway, Lieut. by purch. do.
- Lieut. Kinsopp, from h. p. R. Art. Driv.** Payn, vice Anderson, (ret. to his h. p. as Lieut.) 1 do.
- A. Q. G. Craufurd, Ena. by purch. vice** Alloway, prom. 15 do.
- Lieut. Yee, from h. p. vice Fitzgerald,** prom. 13 Mar.
- Ena. Shaw, from 6 F. Ena. vice Collins,** ret. h. p. 21 do.
- Acting Qua. Mast. Serj. Hornby, Qua.** Mast. Smart, ret. 1 Feb.
- Ass. Surg. Goodrich, Surg. vice Triggs,** dead 8 do.
- Hosp. Assist. Spence, Assist. Surg. vice** Goodrich, do.
- Ena. Curteis, Lt. by purch. vice Eyre,** prom. 20 Mar.
- B. W. Shaw, Ena. by purch. do.** Ena. Malcolm, from h. p. Ena. vice Shaw, 5 F. 21 do.
- Hosp. Assist. Thom, Ass. Surg. 8 do.** Hosp. Assist. Gillies, Ass. Surg. vice Deasley, 15 Dr. do.
- Lieut. Harret, Capt. vice Reed, dead** 25 May 1826
- Ena. Croker, Lieut. vice Pyne, dead** 1 Jan.
- 13 F.** Lt. Keir, from 67 F. Lt. vice Barrett 25 May
- G. J. Douglas M'Kenzie, Ena. vice Cro-** ker 22 Feb. 1827
- Wade, Ena. vice Orlerson, 87 F.** do.
- Ass. Surg. Mount, M.D. from 16 Dr.** vice Jackson, ret. h. p. 15 do.
- W. Whitaker, Ena. by purchase vice** Lane, prom. 8 do.
- F. Fairclough, Ena. by purchase vice** Dowglass, prom. 22 do.
- Assist. Surg. Finnie, from 1 F. Surg.** vice Savery, cancelled 26 Oct. 1826
- Assist. Surg. Griffith, Surg. vice Arnot,** ret. h. p. 8 Feb. 1827
- Hosp. Assist. Moffat, Assist. Surg. do.** Lt. Forster, from 23 F. Lt. vice Nokes, prom. 15 Mar.
- 24** Capt. Young, from h. p. Capt. vice Macdougall, prom. 8 Feb.
- J. L. Wilton, Ena. by purchase vice** Grove, prom. 13 Mar.
- Ena. Armstrong, Lt. vice M'Leod, re-** 19 Apr. 1826
- Waldron, Ena.** 22 Feb. 1827
- Qua. Mast. Serj. Palmer, Qua. Mast.** vice Waters, dead 8 May 1826
- Ena. Thomas, Lt. by purch. vice Suck-** ling, prom. 13 Mar. 1827
- J. T. Hill, Ena.** do.
- E. Borough, Ena. vice Hornsby, 1 F.** 22 Feb.
- Cap. Gray, from h. p. 34 F. Capt. vice** Loughan, prom. 1 Mar.
- Lt. Wood, from h. p. 65 F. Lt. vice** Macfarlane, prom. 15 do.

- 34 E. Lt. Sturgeon, from h. p. Lt. vice Pickering, prom. 13 Mar.
Lt. Vandeleur, from h. p. Lt. vice Weyland, prom.
- 38 Qua. Mast. Serj. Gould, Qua. Mast. vice Southall, dead 19 May 1836
- 41 Capt. C. L. Bell, from 87 F. Maj. vice Chambers, prom. 12 Apr. 1837
J. Bayley, Ens. vice Price, 47 F. 22 Feb. 1837
Qua. Mast. Serj. Randle, Qua. Mast. vice Smith, dead do.
42 Lt. Guthrie, from h. p. Lt. vice Robertson, prom. 21 Mar. 1 Dec. 1825
- 44 Lt. Scott, Adj. vice Gledstanes, dead 1 Dec. 1825
- 45 Lt. Lloyd, from R. Staff Corps, Lt. vice Grant, prom. 1 Mar. 1837
Assist. Surg. Campbell, M.D. from 50 F. Assist. Surg. vice Tower, dead 15 do.
- 46 Ens. Zuhlicke, Lt. vice Read, dead 4 May 1826
2d Lt. Edwards, from Ceyl. Regt. Lt. by purch. vice Muttibury, prom. 15 Feb. 1837
J. Campbell, Ens. 22 do.
47 Ens. Lardner, Lt. vice Kyffin, dead 12 July 1825
— Robinson, Lt. vice M'Carthy, dead 12 Dec.
— Hewson, Lt. vice Douglas, dead 3 Jan. 1826
— Clarke, Lt. vice Frome, dead 1 May
— M'Nally, Lt. vice Millar, dead 20 do.
— Price, from 41 F. Lt. vice Murray, dead 23 do.
Gent. Cadet Fyers, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Lardner 10 Feb. 1827
W. Hope, Ens. vice Robinson 20 do.
W. Wise, Ens. by purch. vice Clarke 21 do.
H. Hutchinson, Ens. vice Hewson 22 do.
Lt. Deverell, Adj. vice M'Carthy, dead 12 Dec. 1825
W. F. White, Ens. by purch. vice M'Nally, prom. 20 Mar. 1827
Ens. J. A. Erskine, Lt. by purch. vice Weston, prom. 1 Feb.
H. D. Roebuck, Ens. by purchase vice Erskine 22 do.
Lt. White, from h. p. York Chas. Lt. vice Hughes, prom. 15 Mar.
- 49 Lt. Sutton, from h. p. 9 F. Lt. vice Burrows, R. Afr. Col. Corps 15 Feb.
- 51 Asst. Surg. Sibbald, from R. Afr. Col. Corps, Assist. Surg. vice Molyneux, cancelled 18 Jan.
Lt. Lloyd, from h. p. Lt. vice Impett, prom. 13 Mar.
E. Bond, Ens. by purch. vice Ottehar, ret. 8 do.
- 54 Lt. Hill, Capt. vice Burnett, dead 1 Apr. 1826
Ens. Dodd, Lt. vice Fraser, dead 5 Jan.
Lt. Kennedy, from 67 F. Lt. vice Hill 1 Apr.
F. J. Chinery, Ens. by purch. vice Burton, prom. 15 Feb. 1837
Lt. Lawless, Capt. v. Evanston, dead 15 Mar.
- 55 Ens. Mann, Lt. do.
Lt. Cowell, from h. p. 24 F. Lt. vice Nicholson, prom. 13 do.
- 56 Lt. Mayne, from h. p. R. Art. Lt. vice Higgins, prom. do.
- 59 Ens. Marley, Lt. vice Coventry, dead 30 Jan. 1826
J. Mockler, Ens. vice Marley 22 Feb. 1827
- 60 Field Marshal His Royal Highness A. F. Duke of Cambridge, K.G. & G.C.B. Col. in Chief, vice His Royal Highness the Duke of York, dead 22 Jan.
Hosp. As. Burgess, As. Surg. 8 Mar.
Lt. Hepburn, from h. p. Lt. vice De Lacy, prom. 13 do.
- 61 F. Lt. Walwyn, from h. p. Lt. vice Armstrong, prom. 13 Mar.
— Jones, from h. p. Lt. vice Mackenzie, prom. do.
Gent. Cadet M. Blair, from R. M.B. Col. Ens. by purch. vice Dick, prom. 20 do.
- 62 Lt. Anstruther, Cadet by purch. vice Kappel, prom. do.
Ens. Grayson, Lt. by purch. do.
F. J. Ellis, Ens. do.
63 Hosp. As. Breslin, As. Surg. 8 do.
- 65 Lt. Lane, from h. p. Lt. vice Cochran, prom. 15 do.
- 66 Lt. Bumbury, from h. p. 70 F. Lt. vice M'Carthy, prom. do.
— Crompton, from h. p. Lt. vice Edmonds, prom. do.
67 Capt. Poynts, Maj. by purch. vice Taylor, ret. 26 Apr. 1826
Lt. Warburton, Capt. vice Webster, dead 5 May
— Pyans, Capt. by purch. vice Poynts, 6 do.
- 68 — Bolton, Adj. vice Warburton, prom. 15 Feb. 1837
Ens. Macpherson, Lt. by purch. vice Smith, prom. 20 Mar. 1827
G. Wikham, Ens. by purch. do.
69 Lt. Sutton, from 89 F. Lt. vice Parker, prom. do.
Ens. Codd, from h. p. Ens. vice Bennett, cancelled, 1 Mar.
E. C. Fowles, Ens. by purch. vice Whyte, prom. 15 Feb.
- 71 Capt. Maclean, Maj. by purch. vice Maberly, 96 F. 1 do.
- 74 Lt. Gordon, from h. p. Lt. vice Alva, prom. 15 Mar.
- 76 Lt. Montgomerie, from h. p. Rifle Brig. Lt. vice Gould, prom. 15 do.
- 80 S. Lettoun, Ens. by purch. vice Christie, prom. 6 Mar.
Lt. Christie, from h. p. Lt. vice Edwards, prom. 13 Mar.
86 Capt. Richardson, Maj. by purch. vice Baird, ret. 8 Feb.
Lt. Barrett, from 89 F. Capt. by purch. do.
W. F. Theobald, Ens. by purch. vice Martyn, 88 F. 15 Mar.
- 87 Major Chambers, from 41 F. Lt. Col. vice Shaw, dead 12 April 1826
Ens. Herbert, Lt. vice Doyle 5 Mar.
— Grierson, from 13 F. Lt. by purch. vice Doyle, whose prom. by purch. has been cancelled 15 Feb. 1827
Hosp. As. Wallace, M.D. As. Surg. vice Brown, 45 F. 6 Mar.
- 88 Lt. Fitz Roy, Capt. by purch. vice Bullock, ret. do.
Ens. M'Clintock, Lt. by purch. do.
G. De La Poer Berensford, Ens. by purch. do.
E. H. Hutchinson, Ens. by purch. vice Knox, prom. 20 do.
- Ens. Knox, from 50 F. Ens. vice Thompson, prom. 15 do.
— Martyn, from 26 F. Ens. vice Onslow, prom. 27 do.
- 89 Lt. Kingston, from h. p. Lt. vice Sutton, 69 F. 20 do.
Capt. Dowson, from h. p. 55 F. Paym. vice Anderson, 35 F. 1 do.
- 96 Hosp. As. Murray, As. Surg. vice Wilson, 4 F. 8 Feb.
- 97 Ens. Handcock, Lt. by purch. vice Cheney, prom. 20 Mar.
- 99 S. Mansergh, Ens. by purch. do.
Lt. Mayne, Capt. by purch. vice Brev. Maj. Mordy, ret. 1 Feb.
Ens. Canney, Lt. do.
R. Jenkins, Enr. do.
Rifle Brig. Maj. Gen. Sir T. S. Beekwith, K.C.B. Colonel Commandant of a Battalion, vice Lt. Gen. Hon. Sir W. Stewart, G.C.B. dead 27 Jan.
R. Staff C. 2d Lt. Humphrey, from R. Art. 1st Lt. vice Lloyd, 45 F. 1 Mar.
Ceylon R. 2d Lt. Powell, 1st Lt. by purch. vice Reynes, prom. 8 Feb.

Ceylon R. C. H. Roddy, 2d Lt. by purch. 15 Feb.
Capt. Ingham, from h. p. 3d Ceylon
Reg. Capt. vice Churchill, prom. 8 Mar.

F. R. Naah, 2d Lt. by purch. vice
Powell, prom. 1 do.
Cape C. Inf. Maj. Cox, from h. p. Maj. vice For-
bes, 89 F. 8 do.
Capt. Aitchison, from h. p. of Regt.
Capt. do. do.
— Ashe, from h. p. of Regt. Capt. do.
Ena. Lavoinne, Lt. vice Harrison, dead
do.
— Boyd, from h. p. Ena. vice Mac-
namara, superseded 7 do.
Lt. Guy, from h. p. Ena. 8 do.
T. Donovan, Ena. vice Lavoinne, prom.
15 do.

R. Afr. Col. Lt. Burrows, from 49 F. Lt. vice Mil-
ler, ret. h. p. 9 F. 8 Feb.
— Mollan, Capt. vice Kelly, dead
15 Mar.

Ena. Waring, Lt. do.
Vol. J. Forsyth, Ena. vice Percival,
dead do.
— W. Shaw, Ena. vice Waring do.
Hosp. As. Molyneux, As. Surg. vice
Sibbald, 51 F. 18 Jan.

R. Malta F. Acting as Surg. Montanaro, As. Surg.
1 Mar.

HOSPITAL STAFF.

Staff Surg. Broadfoot, Dep. Insp. of
Hospitals 25 Dec. 1826.
Disp. of Medicines, Titterton, Apothec-
ary to the Forces 1 Mar. 1827.
Staff Surg. Macleod, from h. p. Surg-
to Forces 15 do.

To be Hospital Assistants to the Forces.

A. Imlay 25 Jan.
A. West, M.D. do.
J. Shiele, M.D. do.
E. G. Lloyd do.
J. Archibald 19 do.
R. H. A. Hunter do.
E. N. Holden 1 Feb.
D. J. Magrath, M.D. do.
J. Brooks do.
J. O'Brien do.
A. Muir 8 do.
R. M. Robertson, vice Home, 2 Dr.
Gds. 15 do.
J. Laing, vice Molyneux, 51 F. 15 do.
R. W. Scott, v. Tuthill, 52 F. do.
H. F. Glaborne, vice Foss, 59 F. 20 do.
A. Campbell, vice Linton, 66 F. 27 do.
M. Nugent, vice Stratford, 72 F. 1 Mar.
R. Macara, vice Watson, 85 F. 8 do.

GARRISONS.

Lt. Col. Debbieg, on h. p. 5 Gar. Bn.
Fort Maj. of Dartmouth, vice Lt.
Col. Belford, 15 Feb. 1827.
Lt. Gen. Sir W. Inglis, K.C.B. Lt. Gov.
of Charles Fort, Kinsale, vice Lt.
Col. Browne, dead 8 Mar.

Staff.

Brev. Maj. Gurnwood, of 19 F. Dep. Adj. Gpn.
to Forces serving in Windward and Leeward
Islands, (with the rank of Lt. Col. in the Army)
vice Berkeley, res. 15 March, 1827

Commissariat.

Dep. As. Com. Gen. Price, As. Com. Gen. 9 Feb.

Ordnance Department.

Royal Art. Maj. Gen. Smith, Col. Comm. vice
Ramsay, dead 10 Feb.
Maj. Gen. Shrapnell, do. vice Sir E. Howorth,
dead 6 March
2d Lt. O'Brien, 1st Lt. vice Hutchins, dead 2 Feb.
1st Lt. Wyatt, 2d Capt. vice Dewell, ret. h. p.
1 March
2d Lt. Mudge, 1st Lt. vice Wyatt do.
Vet. Surg. O'Connor, from h. p. Vet. Surg.
13 Dec. 1826
2d Lieut. Gossett, 1st Lt. vice Ward, dead
2 March, 1827
1st Lt. Hill, 2d Capt. vice Cubitt, ret. h. p. 15 do.
2d Lt. Beauchamp, 1st Lt. vice Hill do.
Royal Eng. Maj. Gen. Dickens, Col. Comm. vice
Twiss, dead 15 March

Maj. Gen. De Butts, do. vice Johnston, dead
20 do.

Unattached.

To be Lieut. Colonel of Infantry by Purchase.
Bt. Lt. Col. Anwyl, from 4 F. 20 March

To be Majors of Infantry by Purchase.

Capt. Hon. G. T. Keppel, from 62 F. 20 March
— Hon. A. F. Southwell, from 12 F. do.
— J. H. Elliot, from 40 F. do.

To be Captains of Infantry by Purchase.

Lt. Grant, from 3 F. 6 March
Lt. Suckling, from 32 F. 13 March
— Eyre, from 6 F. 20 do.
— Smith, from 68 F. do.
— Vyner, from 1 Life Gds. do.
— Hon. F. Howard, from 13 F. do.
— Cheney, from 97 F. do.

To be Lieutenants of Infantry by purchase.

Ena. Christie, from 80 F. 6 March
— Grove, from 25 F. 13 do.
— Hawthorn, from 29 F. do.
Ena. Dowglass, from 16 F. 6 do.
— Stanton, from 25 F. 27 do.
— Vereker, from 91 F. do.
— Onslow, from 88 F. do.
2d Lt. Williams, from Rifle Brig. do.
— Cromer, from 60 F. do.

To be Ensigns by purchase.

W. Bromley, vice Turner, came.
Hon. D. H. Murray 20 March

The under-mentioned Officers, having Brevet rank
superior to their Regimental Commissions, have
accepted Promotion upon half-pay, according to
the General Order of 25th April 1826.

To be Lieutenant Colonels of Infantry.

Bt. Lt. Col. Hon. J. Finch, from 38 F. 12 Dec. 1826

To be Majors of Infantry.

Bt. Maj. Logie, from 97 F. 20 March, 1827
Bt. Maj. Antill, from Ceyl. Reg. do.
— Gilland, from 1 W. I. R. do.
— Loring, from 76 F. do.

The undermentioned Lieutenants, actually ser-
ving upon Full Pay in Regiments of the Line,
whose Commissions are dated in or previous to
the year 1811, have accepted the Unattached
Rank of Captains upon Half Pay, according to
the General Order of the 7th Dec. last.

To be Captains of Infantry.

Lt. Higgins, from 56 F. 6 March 1827
— Impett, from 53 F. do.
— Edwards, from 80 F. do.
— Robertson, from 33 F. do.
— Nicholson, from 55 F. do.
— Foxman, from 8 F. 13 do.
— Weyland, from 34 F. do.
— Picking, from 34 F. do.
— M'Farlane, from 54 F. do.
— Alves, from 74 F. do.
— M'Kenzie, from 61 F. do.
— M'Pherson, from 85 F. do.
— M'Carthy, from 66 F. do.
— Donnellan, from 82 F. do.
— Smith, from 2 F. do.
— Kean, from 25 F. do.
— Miller, from 25 F. do.
— M'Leod, from 56 F. do.
— Daly, from 47 F. 20 do.
— Evans, from 60 F. do.
— Palmer, from 77 F. do.
— Nokes, from 24 F. do.
— Parker, from 69 F. do.
— Robson, from 26 F. 27 do.
— Irwin, from 45 F. do.

Exchanges.

Bt. Col. Waters, Colda. Gds. with Lt. Col. Salwey,
h. p.
Bt. Lt. Col. Dorville, 1 Dr. rec. diff. with Major
Marten, h. p.
Major Adair, 24 F. rec. diff. with Major O'Grady,
h. p.
Major Onslow, 28 F. with Major Hales, 88 F.
Major Wemyss, 2 Drs. rec. diff. with Major Wynd-
ham, h. p.
Major Marlay, 3 F. with Major Cameron, h. p.
38 F.

Captain Pilkington, 99 F. rec. diff. Capt. Thersold,
h. p.
Capt. Robinson, 4 Dra. rec. diff. with Capt. Ellis,
h. p.
Capt. Chandler, 10 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Locke,
h. p.
Capt. Falkner, 26 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Den-
ham, h. p.
Capt. Baldwin, 40 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Fookett,
h. p.
Capt. Goddard, 52 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Berkely,
h. p.
Capt. Botes, 64 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Michel,
h. p.
Capt. Hart, 10 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Beauclerk,
h. p.
Capt. Durie, 12 F. rec. diff. with Capt. O'Neill,
h. p.
Capt. Greeland, 17 Dra. rec. diff. with Capt. Law-
renson, h. p.
Capt. Pinckney, 9 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Champ-
lain, h. p.
Lieut. Lawson, 15 F. with Lieut. Bary, 71 F.
Lieut. M'Gregor, 1 F. with Lieut. Bell, 45 F.
Lieut. Huie, 22 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Reardon,
h. p. 27 F.
Lieut. Lewis, 36 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Trollope,
h. p.
Lieut. Knox, 45 F. with Lieut. Brooke, h. p.
Lieut. Walker, 65 F. with Lieut. Whitaker, h. p.
34 F.
Lieut. Butler, 97 F. with M'Donough, h. p. 25 F.
Lieut. Lynam, 34 F. with Hunter, h. p. 52 F.
Lieut. Carr, 62 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Burges,
h. p.
Lieut. Webster, 4 Dr. Gds. with Lieut. Chawser,
61 F.
Lieut. Moore, 3 F. with Lieut. Chatterton, h. p.
68 F.
Lieut. Dodd, 29 F. with Lieut. Bagennell, h. p.
87 F.
Lieut. Macquennia, 98 F. with Lieut. Davis, h. p.
4 W. I. R.
Lieut. Jobling, 2 W. I. R. with Lieut. Williams,
h. p. 60 F.
Ensign Macdonell, 82 F. with Ensign Thompson,
2 W. I. R.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieutenant Colonel.

Wells, h. p. Insp. F. G. of M.

Majors.

Taylor, 67 F.
Baird, 86 F.
Napier, h. p. Royal Art.
Pilkington, h. p. Unatt.
Barrington, h. p. Unatt.

Captains.

Manckenberg, h. p. 103 F.
Moray, 99 F. (St. Maj.)
Bullock, 88 F.
Armstrong, h. p. Nov. Scot. F.
De Hurd, h. p. 60 F.

Lieutenants.

Pitt, h. p. 11 Dr.
M'Leod, 50 F.
Hawkins, h. p. 71 F.
Urquhart, h. p. 84 F.
Barnie, h. p. 4 W. I. R.
Aysatt, h. p. 57 F.
Lear, h. p. 11 F.
Chapman, h. p. 61 F.
Richardson, h. p. 2 Dr. Gds.
Chetham, h. p. 46 F.
Radcliffe, h. p. 6 F.
Carter, h. p. 4 Irish Brig.
Davis, h. p. 6 Irish Brig.

Cornets and Ensigns.

Otlebar, 53 F.
Williams, h. p. E. Wagg. Train

Goodlake, 8 Dr. Gds.
Parsell, 3 F. Gds.
Hooper, 6 Dr.

Paymasters.

Todd, h. p. Res. District.
Smeatham, h. p. Watteville's R.
Quarter-Master.
Smart, 6 F.

Deaths.

General.

Twiss, R. Eng. Hingley, Yorkshire
14th March 1837

Lieut. General.

Sir Edw. Howorth, Royal Art. Banstead, Surrey
5 March
Johnston, R. Eng. Hythe, Kent
13 do.

Lieutenant Colonel.

Browne, Lt. Gov. of Kinale, Charles Fort, Kin-
sale
Chamberlin, late 8 R. Vet. Bn.
2 March

Majors.

Stafford, 51 F. Dinapore
20 July 1836

Captains.

Reed, 13 F. Calcutta
24 May
Webster, 67 F.
Thompson, 85 F. Caylon
4 Oct.
Driberg, Ceylon Regt.
8 do.
Kelly, R. African Col. Corps, on the Gambia
20 Nov.
Langton, h. p. 92 F. Hereford
2 do.

Lieutenants.

Hayman, 31 F. Dinapore
13 Sept.
J. Campbell, 46 F. Cannanore
9 Aug.
Alex. Fraser, 46 F. Cannanore
9 Aug.
Murray, 47 F. Fort-William, Calcutta
22 May
Miller, 47 F. do
19 do.
Douglas, 47 F.
Nixon, 48 F. Trichinopoly
8 Sept.
Manning, 81 F. Athlone
30 March 1837
Woodford, Ceylon Regt. Calcutta
31 Aug. 1836
Adam Ward, Royal Art. Dublin
28 Feb. 1837
Fraser, late 1 R. V. Bn. Fortbellin, Edinburgh,
5 Dec. 1836
do.

Ensigns.

Robert White, 31 F. Dinapore
26 Aug.
Waring, Royal Afr. Col. Corps
do.
Yeckell, do.
Percival, do.
Hayes, 13 F. Cape of Good Hope
6 Dec.
Worth, 57 F. Cork
25 March 1837
Fawcett, late 2 Royal Vet. Bn. Chatham
28 Dec. 1836

Paymasters.

Patterson, Edinburgh Militia, Edinburgh
8 March 1837
Milton, 47 F. Fort-William, Calcutta
7 May 1836
Smith, 54 F.

Quartermasters.

Atkinson, 5 Dr. G. York
22 Jan. 1837
Roxter, 50 F. at Sen
1 Feb.
Coulson, 3 F. New South Wales
1 Sept. 1836
Price, 35 F. Barbadoes
27 Jan. 1837

Commissioned Department.

As. Com. Gen. Gardiner, St John's, New Bruns.
22 Jan.

Medical Department.

Staff. Surg. Cousins, h. p. Weymouth
R. Anderson, h. p. Edinburgh
13 Jan.

Surg. Jones, h. p. 3 Dr.

M'Garry, h. p. 134 F.
6 March

As. Surg. Towers, 43 F. Caylon
23 Aug. 1836

Duncan, 78 F. Caylon
18 Nov.

M'Donagh, h. p. 14 Dr.
1 March 1837

N. B.—The death of Surg. Jackson, half-pay
14 Foot, was erroneously stated in the list of last
month.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

- Jan. 31, 1884. At Naples, Mrs Wm. Scott, of a son.
- June. At Coplapo, Chili, Mrs Charles S. Lambert, of a son.
- July 11. At Trichinopoly, the Lady of Captain J. Fulton, of a daughter.
- Aug. 6. At Sidney, New South Wales, Mrs Stewart Ryrie, of a son.
- Sept. 8. At Quillon, East Indies, the Lady of Lieut. William Hope Smith, of a daughter.
- Oct. 1. At Barrackpore, the Lady of Captain G. A. Veitch, Hon. East India Company's service, of a son.
3. At Sidney, the Lady of Lieut.-Gen. Darling, Governor of New South Wales, of a son.
8. At Calcutta, Mrs Capt. Taylor, of a son.
- Nov. 1. At Madras, the Lady of Henry S. Grimes, Esq. of a son.
- Jan. 31, 1877. At Malta, the Lady of Hector Greig, Esq. superintendent of quarantine, of a daughter.
- Feb. 1. The Lady of James Home, Esq. of Linthouse, of a son.
2. At Stobs Castle, the Lady of Sir William Francis Elliott, of Stobs and Walls, Bart. of a son and heir.
- At Garnkirk, the Lady of Mark Sprot, Esq. of a daughter.
5. Mrs Paterson, 47, Albany Street, of a son.
8. At Airhouse, Mrs Somerville, of a daughter.
7. At Saitonhall, Lady Charlotte Fletcher, of a son and heir.
9. At 7, Gloucester Place, Mrs John Tait, of a daughter.
- At Montagu Street, Mrs William Dawson Cookson, of a son.
- At Lees, Berwickshire, the Lady of John M. Newmyth, Esq. of a son.
10. At Linthill, the Lady of William Currie, Esq. of a son.
- At Kirkaldy, Mrs Stark, of a daughter.
11. At Mansfield Place, Edinburgh, the wife of Sylvester Reid, Esq. of a daughter.
13. At Burrowmuirhead, the Lady of Captain Archibald Fullarton, of a son.
- Mrs Taylor, Claremont Crescent, of a daughter.
- At the Manse of Newbattle, Mrs Thomson, of twin sons.
15. Mrs Mylne, of Mylnefield, of a son.
- At Dunnikeir, Lady Oswald, of a daughter.
17. At No. 4, Heriot Row, the Lady of J. H. Jackson, Esq. of Glenmore, of a son.
20. At 16, Warriston Crescent, Mrs Colonel Hamilton, of a son.
- The Lady of George Swaby, Esq. of a daughter.
- At Stewartfield, Mrs Veitch, of a son.
21. At 18, Pilrig Street, Mrs Wright, of a son.
22. Mrs Monteith, No. 46, Melville Street, of a daughter.
- At his house, in Albyn Place, the Lady of John Archibald Campbell, Esq. of a daughter.
24. At Dumfries, the Lady of Dr Clark, Physician to the forces, of a daughter.
- At Hillfoot, the Lady of Captain Robert Pinkerton, of a daughter.
25. At Leith, Mrs S. Beveridge, of a son.
26. At Ardersier, Mrs Colonel Macpherson, of a son.
27. At Rose Park, Mrs Dunbar, of a daughter.
- At Alloa, Mrs Gray, of a daughter.
- At London, the Marchioness of Exeter, of a son.
28. At Kilgraston House, Mrs Francis Grant, of a son.
- Mrs Warren Hastings Sands, of a daughter.
- At Invermoriston, Mrs Grant, of Glenmoriston and Moy, of a daughter.
29. At Edinburgh, Mrs Patrick Ross, of a daughter.
- March 1. At Edinburgh, the Lady of David Dickson, Esq. younger of Hartree, advocate, of a daughter.
2. At Edinburgh, Mrs Crawford of Cartburn, of a daughter.
3. Mrs W. Hunt, Leopold Place, of a son.
5. At 11, Great King Street, the Lady of Thomas Stirling Edmondstone, Esq. of a daughter.
- At Kirkaldy, Mrs Speare, jun. of a daughter.
6. At Baxter Place, Mrs Barber, of a daughter.
7. Mrs T. R. Robertson, 13, Brown Square, of a son.
9. At No. 1, Dundas Street, Mrs Smith, Kilmarnock Manse, of a son.
- At Camden Hill, the Hon. Lady Colville, of a son.
10. In Upper Wimpole Street, London, the lady of F. H. Mitchell, Esq. of a daughter.
- The Lady of R. Montgomery, Esq. of a daughter.
13. At Park Place, Edinburgh, the Lady of John Campbell, Esq. M.P. of a son.
15. At Gayfield Square, Mrs Charles Tawse, of a daughter.
- At Musselburgh, the wife of Major Dudgeon, late 58th regiment, of a daughter.
17. At Alderton, Mrs Norman Pringle, of a daughter.
- At Dalkeith, the Lady of William Montgomerie, Esq. of Annie Lodge, of a son.
19. At Dunbar Manse, Mrs Jaffray, of a daughter.
- At No. 8, Elder Street, Edinburgh, Mrs S. Laurie, of a daughter.
- At 115, Prince's Street, Mrs Gibson, of a son.
- At Minto Street, Newington, Mrs Gordon of Evie, of a daughter.
21. At Woodale, the lady of G. Scott Elliot, Esq. of Lauriston, of a son.
- At the Academy, Musselburgh, on the 21st inst. Mrs Robertson, of a son.
24. At Kentish Town, near London, Mrs S. R. Block, of a son.
25. At 25, Moray Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Fethringham Scrymgeour of Tealing, of a daughter.
- At Keith Hall, the Countess of Minto, of a still-born son.
28. At No. 11, Pitt Street, Mrs Dalrymple, of a daughter.
- At Minto, the Countess of Minto, of a daughter.
- At 11, Duke Street, Mrs Hardy, of a son.
- At Shieldhill, Mrs Chancellor, of a son.
29. At Portobello, Mrs M. Stenhouse, of a son.
30. At 63, Great King Street, Mrs Patrick Syme, of a daughter.
31. At Chesterhill, Mrs Adam Thomson, of a son.
- April 1. At No. 60, Nicolson Street, Mrs M. Hutcheon, of a daughter.
2. At Clyde Street, Mrs William M. Bathgate, of a son.
1. At Valleyfield, Mrs Cowan, of a daughter.
- At Campeall Park, the Lady of Sir Joseph Radcliffe, Bart. of a daughter.
- The Lady of the Rev. Charles Lane, of a daughter.
5. At Edinburgh, the Lady of Sir James Miller Riddell, Bart. of a daughter.
- In Portland Place, London, Lady Mary Ross, of a son.
7. At Linkfield, the Lady of William Aitchison, Esq. junior, of a son.
8. In Melville Street, the Lady of James E. Leslie, Esq. of a daughter.
12. At Edinburgh, the Lady of the late Colonel James Maitland, 84th regiment, of a son.
- Mrs Richard Mackenzie, of twin daughters. The infants only survived a few hours.
- At Glasgow, the Lady of Lieut.-Col. Hastings of a son.
13. At Dalintober, near Campbelltown, Mrs Galbraith, Mechrebanish, of a son.
- At Lathallan, Mrs Lumsdaine, of a son.
14. At Windiwalls, the Lady of Captain Robert Walker, R. N. of a son.

14. At Dowager Viscountess Duncan's, the Hon. Mrs Dundas of Dundas, of a daughter.
 — At Dalketh, the wife of Captain Tait, R.N., of his Majesty's ship Hero, of a daughter.
 — In London, the Countess Gower, of a daughter.
16. In Harley Street, London, Lady Clifton, of a son and heir.
 — At 88, Drummond Place, Mrs Gordon of Cairnburg, of a daughter.
17. At Redford, Mrs Hunter, of a son.
20. In Charlotte Square, the Lady of Thomas Matland, Esq. younger of Dundrennan, of a son.
21. At 95, George Street, Mrs Scott, of a daughter.
22. At Floraville, near Dublin, Mrs John Haig, of a son.
26. Mrs Jones, 6, Brandon Street, of a daughter.
27. At Bonnington Bank, Mrs Wyld of Gilston, of a son.
 — At London, the Right Hon. the Lady Elizabeth Strathaven, of a son and heir.
 — At Wemyss Castle, the Lady Emma Wemyss, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Aug. 7, 1836. At Madras, Captain F. Whinyates, H. B. to Eliza, youngest daughter of John Campbell, Esq. of Ormisdale.

Sept. 13. At Berhampore, Henry Moorhouse Esq., of the 13th regiment of light infantry, to Susan, daughter of Dr Cochrane of Calcutta.

Dec. 4. At Kingston, Jamaica, the Rev. Mr Wordie, A.M. of the Scottish Kirk, to Mary Ann, daughter of James Henderson, Esq. of Springfield, Shropshire.

Jan. 25, 1827. At Dantzic, Francis Marshall, Esq. merchant, to Anna, eldest daughter of Archibald Maclean, Esq. merchant there.

31. At Todshawhaugh, James Dickson, Esq. Hawick, to Christian, daughter of Robert Scott, Esq. of Todshawhaugh.

Feb. 6. At London, the Rev. Joseph Wolff, Missionary to the Jews, to the Lady Georgiana Mary Walpole, fourth daughter of the late and sister to the present Earl of Oxford.

12. At Dumfries, Mr George Graham of Holstain, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late William Harkness, Esq. of Holstain.

13. At Smythim Park, Lanarkshire, Alexander Bertram, M.D. Wharton Place, Edinburgh, to Mary, daughter of the late Patrick Honeyman, Esq. of Grimsay.

15. At Edinburgh, Murdoch Campbell, Esq. Harrington Park, New South Wales, to Ann, daughter of the late Mr James Ramsay, supervisor of Excise.

18. At Clifton, Robert Robertson, Esq. Advocate, son of William Robertson, Esq. Eyemouth, Berwickshire, to Alceia Catharine, eldest daughter of the Rev. Charles Eustace, of Robertstoun, county of Kildare.

19. At Dundee, Andrew Willison, Esq. writer there, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late George Murray, Esq. merchant in Dundee.

— At London, William Gray, Esq. Barrister-at-Law, to Eleanor, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Keir, of East Bolton, Northumberland.

— W. H. Burrell, M.D. medical staff, to Ellen, eldest daughter of the late Ephraim Dixon, Esq. of Morpeth.

20. At Edinburgh, J. M. Graham, Esq. surgeon, Cupar Fife, to Mary, daughter of Andrew Christie, Esq. of Ferrybank.

— At 13, Gayfield Square, Charles Brown, Esq. Foulden Mains, Berwickshire, to Isabella, daughter of James Simson, Esq.

21. At Cowhill, Dumfriesshire, Geo. Lyon, Esq. of Kirkmichael, to Phoebe de Courcy, second daughter of Charles Johnston, Esq. of Cowhill.

22. At Tayhill, Captain Alexander Macleod, 61st Regiment, to Agnes Duncan, eldest daughter of Dr Andrew Kelly, physician, Perth.

— At Malta, Lieutenant G. St Vincent Whitmore, R. E. to Elizabeth Maxwell, eldest daughter of Sir John Stodart, President of the High Court of Appeal, and Judge of the Vice Admiralty Court, Malta.

23. At Jardinehall, Dumfriesshire, the Rev Charles S. Hassels, of Foxearth, Staffordshire, to

Helen, daughter of the late Sir Alexander Jardine, Bart. of Applethorpe.

26. At Paisley, James Orr, Esq. Croftland, to Isabella, third daughter of Adam Keir, Esq. banker.

27. At Edinburgh, James Stuart, Esq. writer to the signet, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Archibald Scott, Esq. Northumberland Street.

— At Hastings, Major John Littledale Dale, Bengal Army, to Isabella, youngest daughter of the late Archibald Douglas, Esq. of Edderstoun, Roxburghshire.

Lately. At Peebles, William Campbell, Esq. to Margaret Haldane, second daughter of the late John Murray Robertson, Esq. Commissary of Peebles.

March 1. Mr John Thomson, merchant, to Jane, daughter of John Purves, Esq. Duddingston.

5. At Primrose Hall, Musselburgh, Mr John Murdoch, to Miss Joanna Matilda Richardson.

7. At Edinburgh, Mr William Fullerton, stationer, to Marion, only daughter of the late James Burns, Esq. Dunbar.

8. At Leith, Mr G. H. Findlay, merchant, Edinburgh, to Euphemia, second daughter of Captain Mark Sanderson.

— At Mrs Lawder's, Mary's Place, Mr Andrew Carrick, merchant, to Jennie, second daughter of the late George Lawder, Esq. Inverleith Mains.

— At Glasgow, the Rev. Archibald Nisbett, one of the ministers of the Chapel of Ease, North Albion Street, to Christina Fyfe, relict of the late John McKinnon Campbell, Esq. of Ormaiz, Argyleshire.

9. At Edinburgh, Mr William Rutherford, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Mr John Galloway.

11. At Edinburgh, Robert Johnson, Esq. London, to Emma, eldest daughter of the late Mr Joseph Pass, Birmingham.

13. At St Mary's Place, Stockbridge, the Rev. John Purves, of Lady Glenorchy's Chapel, Edinburgh, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Archibald Bonar, minister of Cramond.

15. At Streatham Church, A. Macduff Baxter, Esq. Attorney-General, New South Wales, to Maria del Rosario Gordon, only daughter of the late Robert Gordon, Esq. of Xeres de la Frontera.

— Benjamin Bell, Esq. surgeon, Edinburgh, to Miss Helen Thomson, daughter of the late John Thomson, Esq. merchant in Edinburgh.

20. At 17, Charles Street, Robert D. Boyd, Esq. of Paris, nephew of Walter Boyd, Esq. M. P. to Elizabeth Hart, youngest daughter of the deceased Mr Walter Boyd, of Edinburgh.

21. At 8, Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, Sir Thomas Woolaston White of Wallingwells, county of Nottingham, Bart. to Miss Mary Euphemia Ramsay, eldest daughter of the late William Ramsay, Esq.

29. At Edinburgh, the Rev. James Thomas Campbell, son of the late Lieut. General Campbell, governor of Gibraltar, to Jane Maxwell, daughter of the late David Dale, Esq. of Rosebank.

30. At Middleton House, Alexander Murray, Esq. advocate, to Mary Anne Augusta, fourth daughter of the late Archibald Hepburne Mitchellson, Esq. of Middleton.

April 5. At Edinburgh, Alexander Lamont, younger of Knockdow, Esq. W. S. to Jane, daughter of the late Alexander Chrystie of Balchrystie, Esq.

— At Kirkeudbright, the Rev. John Christies, minister of Biggar, to Ramsay Hamney, eldest daughter of David M'Lellan, Esq. of Marks.

— At Glasgow, Joseph Bowman, Esq. Wood Street, London, to Mary, only daughter of the late Mr George Youngusband, Glasgow.

— At Kingmilla, Alexander Inglis Robertson, Esq. younger of Aulnashiech, to Ann Arbuthnot, third daughter of George Inglis, Esq. of Kingmilla.

— At Eye, Suffolk, Mr Gavin Macdonald, solicitor, Supreme Courts, Scotland, to Elizabeth Ann, daughter of Mr Robert Prettie.

— Robert Bakewell, Esq. of Manchester, to Miss Allen, daughter of the late Thomas Allen, Esq. of Lunkfield.

1. At Monkwearmouth, by the Rev. B. J. Haslewood, William Haslewood, M.D. to Caroline, daughter of the late John Goodchild, Esq. of Falnon.

9. At Drumlithis, the Rev. James Drummond, of Glenbervie, to Helen, daughter of the late Mr James Forrest, merchant there.

10. At Rosebank, near Port-Glasgow, John Marshall, M. D. to Margaret Henrietta, youngest daughter of the late Dr Carmichael.

12. At Edinburgh, Robert Davidson, Esq. late in the naval service of the Hon. East India Company, to Helena, eldest daughter of William Smith, Esq. solicitor, Gayfield Square.

16. At Gourcock House, Robert Stewart, Esq. of Steuarthall, to Mrs Helen Dunlop.

— At Hermitage Place, Leith, Mr George Rogers, Kilconquhar Mains, to Agnes, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Willis, Esq. Kirkcaldy.

17. At 82, Great King Street, John Bruce, Esq. late of the Island of Grenada, to Miss Isabella Paterson.

— At Llangollen, North Wales, Thomas M. Griffith, Esq. of Wrexham, in the county of Denbigh, to Anne Mary Robertson, eldest daughter of the late Captain Thomas Robertson, of the East India Company's Service.

19. At the Manse of Marykirk, Kincardineshire, the Rev. Alexander Whyte, Fettercairn, to Jane Farquhar, only daughter of the Rev. James Shand, Marykirk.

22. At Kirtleton, John Bell of Dunable, Esq. to Mrs Hutchison of Kirtleton and Southfield, only daughter of the deceased David Niven, Esq. of Kirtleton.

— At Leith, J. B. Scott, brewer, Leith, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Richard Scougall, Esq. Leith.

— At Westminster, Captain Charles James Hope Johnstone, Royal Navy, to Eliza, third daughter of Joseph Wood, Esq. of St Michael's Terrace, and Manadon Park, Devon.

23. At Hastings Hall, Robert M'Turk, Esq. younger of Stenhouse, to Janet, daughter and only child of James Hastings, Esq. of Hastings Hall.

24. At Leith, Lieut. William Tullis, Royal Navy, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Rev. Robert Culbertson, Leith.

— At Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Lord Erskine, to Miss Philadelphia Stuart Monteath, eldest daughter of Charles Granville Stuart Monteath, Esq. of Closeburnhall, Dumfriesshire, and Mansfield, Ayrshire.

25. At Edinburgh, Peter M'Lagan, Esq. late of Demerara, to Elizabeth Hagart, daughter of Peter Stewart, Esq.

26. At Thornbury, Gloucestershire, the Rev. Alfred Utterson, A. M. late of Goldhanger, county of Essex, to Mary Susannah, third daughter of Colonel Kelso of Dankelth, county of Ayr.

27. At Portobello, Mr William Russell, son of the deceased John Russell, Esq. of Easter Inch, to Anne, only daughter of the deceased Captain John Kennedy of Springhall, and widow of Major William Stuart of the 91st Regiment of Foot.

30. Mr John Ritchie, merchant, Edinburgh, to Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late Mr Robert Gilmore, merchant there.

DEATHS.

Jan. 5, 1826. At Chittagong, James Lumsden Murray, Esq. of the East India Company's military service, and son of the Rev. Dr Murray, minister of Kilmaddock, Perthshire.

July 22. At the New Anchorage, Bengal, Horatio Nelson Dallas, fifth officer of the Hon. East India Company's ship Lady Melville, son of Thomas Dallas, Esq. Royal Terrace, Edinburgh.

Aug. On board the Hon. East India Company's ship the Ganges, in the passage from Rangoon to Calcutta, Christopher Smyth, Esq. second officer in command of that ship, son of Christopher Smyth of Beech Grove, writer in Dumfries.

9. Near Hyderabad, Lieut. John Campbell, of the 46th Regiment of Foot, son of John Campbell, late of Craignure, Argyllshire.

30. At Cuddapah, Maley, wife of James Haig, Esq. of Bonnington.

Sept. 25. At Sultanpore, Oude, Mr William Fleming, son of Mr James Fleming, Kirkcaldy.

October. China, on board the Hon. East India Company's ship Macqueen, Mr David Greig, son of the late Mr John Greig, shipmaster, Inverkeithing.

— At Kaira, in the Presidency of Bombay, Robert Anderson, Esq. of the East India Company's Civil Service, youngest son of the late Samuel Anderson, Esq. of Moredun.

2. At Poonah, Lieutenant Walter Stewart, of the 24th regiment of Bombay Native Infantry, son of the late Charles Stewart, Esq. commander of the Hon. Company's ship Airley Castle.

7. At Secunderabad, Lieut. John Anderson, Madras Artillery, youngest son of the late Patrick Anderson, Esq. W. S.

8. At Trichinopoly, Lieut. William Simpson Macinlay, 25th Regiment Native Infantry, Madras Establishment, youngest son of John Macinlay, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh.

Now. At Tampico, one of the States of Mexico, Commodore Charles Thurlow Smith, of the Mexican Navy, late Post-Captain in the British service, (commanding the *Hibernia*, *Undaunted*, &c.) and nephew to Sir Sidney Smith.

10. At St Petersburg, Mr John Gray, tallow-chandler, after a residence of forty-two years and a half, a native of Duddingston, near Edinburgh.

12. At Sidney, New South Wales, Mrs Campbell, Lochend.

13. On board the *Java*, at Anjler Roads, Mr James Shireff, jun. Leith.

24. At Cawnpore, Dr Clarke Abel, Physician to the Governor-General.

Dec. 9. At Aguila Vale, St Mary's, Jamaica, Susan Gordon Shaw, wife of George Kinghorn Prince, M.D. of that island.

17. On board the *Recovery*, at sea, on his passage from Bombay, Lieut.-Colonel Gillespie, of the 4th Regiment of Madras Cavalry.

21. At Buenos Ayres, J. H. Mair, M. D. late of Ayr.

Jan. 19, 1827. At Queensferry, Mrs Janet Sinclair, wife of Mr Alexander Pollock, merchant there.

20. At Douglas, Lieut. C. Mill, son of the late Thomas Mill, Esq. of Blair.

21. At Amherstburg, Upper Canada, in the 24th year of his age, Ensign John Rose, of the 70th Regiment of Foot, son of Major Rose, of the 6th Royal Veteran Battalion.

25. At Seaside Cottage, near Aberdeen, Mrs Adeline Hussey, widow of Charles Bogle, Esq.

— At Dundee, Mrs Spence Yeaman of Murrie.

— At Perth, James Stopford, fifth son of Walter Hore, Esq. of Harperstown, in the county of Wexford.

26. At St John's, New Brunswick, David Gardiner, Esq. Assistant-Commissary-General to the Forces.

27. At Springland, near Perth, Jane Eliza, daughter of David George Sandeman, Esq.

— At Cambecksides, Jane, daughter of Mr Joseph Gill, aged 17. She was a dress-maker in Bampton, and having been out one evening after dark, she was seized and carried a short distance by an idle young man, with a frightful-looking mask on his face. She survived the shock not many days.

— At 16, Great King Street, Mrs Hamilton, widow of Professor Wm. Hamilton, of the University of Glasgow.

— Mrs Alison Abernethy, widow of the late Mr James Niven, Penicuik.

— At Blackburn, Lancashire, Mrs Miller, wife of the Rev. Ebenezer Miller.

29. At Rose Terrace, Perth, George Ballingall, Esq.

— In Duke Street, Westminster, the Right Hon. Lady Louisa Macdonald, widow of the Right Hon. Sir Archibald Macdonald, Bart. and eldest sister of the Marquis of Stafford.

30. At London, the Right Hon. James Sutherland, Lord Duffus, in the 31st year of his age.

— At the Manse of Menikie, the Rev. William Maule, minister of that parish.

31. At Smith's Place, Leith Walk, Mr James Leslie, senior.

Feb. At Malta, William Simpson, Esq. only son of Francis Simpson, Esq. of Pleas.

1. At Aldenham, Robert Stewart, Esq. of Aldenham.
- At Dundee, the Rev. William Ratray, Roman Catholic clergyman there.
- At Fifehead, Lanarkshire, Alexander Aitken, M.D. Monihive, Dumfriesshire.
- At Kirkcaldy, Johanna Gibson Gardner, daughter of the late Mr James Gardner, apothecary, 52, George Street, Edinburgh.
7. At Edinburgh, Miss Mary Edgar, daughter of the late John Edgar, Esq. of Kethock.
- At London, in the 73d year of his age, Lieut.-Colonel William Minto, late of the Royal Marines.
3. At Crail, Mrs Elizabeth Campbell, relict of William Ingis.
- At Edinburgh, John Taylor, Esq. son of the late John Taylor, Esq. of Kirktonhill.
- At Marytown, Manse, Mrs Ferguson.
- At East Richmond Street, Edinburgh, Mr John Forrest, grocer.
- At Edinburgh, aged 62, Mrs Pierrette Duesse, wife of Mr Joseph Grandieu of Lyons.
- At Edenside, Mrs Margaret Turnbull, wife of Mr James Tait, Esq. of Edenside.
4. At Edinburgh, Mrs Ewart, widow of David Ewart, Esq. deputy-clerk of Chancery.
- At Hawick, Miss Christian Dickson, daughter of Archibald Dickson, Esq. of Housebyres.
5. James Maxwell, Esq. of Kirkconnell, in the stewartry of Kirkcubright.
6. At No. 5, Hermitage Place, Stockbridge, Edinburgh, Donald Christie, Esq. aged 76.
- At London, Mrs Jean Rennie, youngest daughter of Mr Thomas Rennie, Airdrie, and wife of Mr James Hutton, accountant, London.
- At Camberwell Grove, Mrs Ann Elmsale Nairne, wife of William Scott, Esq. stock-broker.
- At Hillside, near Dunblane, James, third son of Mr Robert Ferguson, Auchtermurder.
- At his house, 118, Lauriston Place, Edinburgh, Mr James Auchie, printer.
7. At Hope House, Mr William Grinly, late merchant in Leith, in his 80th year.
- In consequence of a severe cold caught in attending the Duke of York's funeral, the Right Rev. Dr Fefman, Bishop of Lincoln. His Lordship was Clerk of the Closet to the King.
8. At Sutton Coldfield, Mrs Perkins, wife of S. F. S. Perkins, Esq. and eldest daughter of the late Charles Sharpe, Esq. of Hoddam.
- At his house, Leith Links, Mr Andrew Soocles, son.
- At his house, Cumberland Buildings, Glasgow, aged 53, Mr Robert Hastie, merchant, and President of the Glasgow Philosophical Society.
9. At Mansfield, Camberland, Mr Archibald Buchanan.
- At Edinburgh, Mrs Ann Grant, relict of Mr Kenneth Mackenzie, apothecary.
11. At St Andrews, Mrs Helen Lothian, widow of Mr David Skeas, builder in Edinburgh.
- In London, Mr Alexander Marshall, from Peebles, long in the house of Messrs Herries, Farquhar, and Co. bankers, London.
- At Wells, Somersetshire, Archibald Christie, Esq. late Brevet-Major, 60th regiment of foot.
- At Dollar Institution, Robert William, son of Mr P. Gibson.
13. In Horiot's Bridge, Edinburgh, Gifford Somerville, widow of James Allan, Esq. Edinburgh.
- Suddenly, at Glasgow, Mr William Falconar, printer.
13. At Lerwick, Charles Ogilvy, Esq. sen. Magistrate of that place.
- At 22, Abercromby Place, Margaret, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Thomson, Duddingstone.
14. At 10, Lynedoch Place, Mrs Helen Robertson, relict of John Crockat, Esq. of Hawkfield.
15. At Yair, Alexander Pringle, Esq. of Whitebank.
- At St Andrews, Miss Foulis of Colinton.
16. At Leuchelly House, Mrs Anne Watson, wife of Mr James Henderson.
- At Edinburgh, the Rev. George Cron, Dumfriesshire.
17. Philip Wandell, Esq. aged 81, of Ludgate-Hill, London, goldsmith. He has left, obtained by industry, prudence, and frugality, upwards of L.1,200,000, which he has divided among his nephews and nieces, and their descendants (about forty in number.) The probate duty amounted to L.15,000.
17. At Hailes Street, Gilmore Place, Janet, daughter of the late Mr James Stewart, merchant, Edinburgh.
18. At Antigua Street, Edinburgh, John Fraser, Esq. late merchant, Edinburgh.
19. At Ardincaple Castle, the infant daughter of the Right Hon. Lord John Campbell.
20. In his hotel, Paris, M. Caulaincourt, Duke of Vicenza, Lieut.-Gen. formerly Grand Euyer of the Empire, and Minister for Foreign Affairs.
- At Musselburgh, Miss Juliet Watson, formerly of Nicolson's Street, Edinburgh.
- At Edinburgh, John Steel, second son of the late Mr John Steel, confectioner, Edinburgh.
21. At Bath, Amelia, wife of Major Charles Stewart, late Professor of Oriental Literature in the East India College, and sister of Sir Orford Gordon, Bart. of Embo, N. B.
- At his house, No. 12, Terrace, Thomas Brunton, Esq. late merchant in Leith.
- At Bath, aged 67, Anne, widow of the late Henry Parry, Esq.
23. At Gospey, Fifeshire, Margaret, second daughter of Mr William Todd, farmer there.
- At Clendon Park, Thomas, Earl of Ouseley, in his 73d year.
- At Dunnikier House, the Lady of Linlithgow, Gen. Sir John Oswald, G.C.B. of Dunnikier.
23. At his house in York Place, Edinburgh, Dr John Yule, M.D. in the 63d year of his age.
- At his house, No. 86, Great King Street, Alexander Cunningham, Esq. writer to the signet.
- At Castlebrana, Mrs Helen Clapham, relict of Mr James Thomson, merchant.
- At Caberton, Mr James Tait, farmer.
24. At Musselburgh, Mr John Chalmers, late of the Register Office, Edinburgh.
- At Howe Street, George Douglas, Esq. author of Douglas's Euclid, a Treatise on Perspective Drawing, Logarithmic Tables, and other works.
25. At Paris, Mr James Douglas, civil engineer, a native of Leamhalm.
- At 29, York Place, Alexander Kinloch Home, in the 17th year of his age.
26. At Bath, Mrs Cuthbert, widow of Archibald Cuthbert, Esq. of Eccles, Berwickshire.
27. At Ramsey Lodge, Portobello, Catharina, fourth daughter of the late George Nicolson, Esq. of Jerviston.
- At Deinerara, Colin Douglas, Esq.
- At Edmonston, Ann Lawson, eldest daughter of the late James Brown, Esq. Edmonston.
28. At 84, Prince's Street, Mr David Calder.
- At Canaan Lodge, John Balgrave, Esq. of Calcut Park.
29. At Barneyhill, Mrs Eleanor Hunter, wife of Peter Sandilands, Esq. of Barney.
- At London, suddenly, Dr Kitchener, a gentleman well known as the most refined and scientific of gastronomists. Few men boasted so many acquaintance, or were more generally visited—few were so ready to serve others, and scarcely any in the sphere of life in which the Doctor moved were so generally respected.
- In Portland Place, London, James Montague, the infant son of James Stuart, Esq. M.P. lately, in Dublin, the venerable Dr Plunkett, Titular Bishop of Meath, in his 89th year.
- March 1. At her house, at Richmond, Surrey, Lady Dundas, widow of Sir David Dundas, Bart.
- At Baberton House, Bradford Wilmer, infant son of Archibald Christie, Esq. of Baberton.
- At Dundee, Mrs Susan Miln, relict of Admiral David Laird of Strathmartin.
2. At Ainslie Place, Edinburgh, Henry Reid, son of Dr Macwhirter.
3. At Inch House, James Ann, the infant daughter of Major Gordon of Hallhead.
- At her house in Melville Street, Mrs Tod, widow of the late Captain Alex. Tod.
- At 22, Pitt Street, Miss Elizabeth Auchinleck, second daughter of the late James Auchinleck of Woodcockdale.

4. At Camisnet, Mr William Oswald.
5. At Paris, Charles May, Esq. of Newcaw, East Lothian.
 - At Banstead, Surrey, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Edward Howorth, of the Royal Horse Art. K. C. B. and C. G. H.
6. At Newilton, Thomas Hogg, Esq. of Newilton, in the 86th year of his age.
 - At Leith, Janet, wife of Mr John Johnston, spinster there.
 - At Carrubber's Close, Edinburgh, Donald Macintosh, M. D.
 - Elizabeth, third daughter of Mr John Trail, bleacher, Gifford.
 - At Salisbury Road, Mrs Longmore, wife of Adam Longmore, Esq.
 - At South Frederick Street, Mrs Marjory Macerell, wife of Andrew Stephens, Esq.
 - At 32, Buccleugh Place, Mrs Janet Weir, relict of William Wightman, Esq. late of Birkwood, Leamington.
 - At Kilgraston, Mrs Frances Grant.
10. At No. 1, Charlotte Square, Samuel, the infant son of Hugh Watson, Esq. W. S.
 - At 37, Blair Street, Mr David Fleming, cork-manufacturer.
 - At Dalkeith, Captain James Fraser, late Adjutant, Edinburgh Militia.
 - At Bath, after a lingering illness, in her 81st year, Mrs Humm, mother of the Right Hon. Geo. Canning.
 - At Musselburgh, Eliza, youngest daughter of Mr David Glesken, upholsterer there.
 - At Lasswade, Mrs Janet Taylor, widow of Captain Scott.
 - At Meriot Mount, Edinburgh, Jane, eldest daughter of the late Mr George Rennie, Kingston, East Lothian.
 - At Dalkeith, Mrs Isabella Ramsay, wife of James Watson, Esq. representative of the ancient families of Moray and Kincaid of Culbin, in Morayshire.
12. At Edinburgh, Miss Margaret Campbell Andrew, daughter of the late George Andrew, Esq.
 - At Granvilliers, in France, Ralph Foster, Esq. of Jardinefield, Berwickshire.
 - At Prestongrange, Mr John Goodair, aged 82.
13. At Contes, East Lothian, Mr Alex. Tweedie.
 - At Northumberland Street, Mrs Swinton, relict of Archibald Swinton, Esq. formerly of the Hon. East India Company's service.
 - At Kirkcaldy, Mr Thomas Meldrum, late baker there, aged 64.
14. At March Hill, William Boyd, Esq. of March Hill, aged 78.
 - At Airth Castle, Miss Mary M. Graham, only daughter of Thomas Graham Stirling, Esq. of Airth and Strovan.
 - At Edinburgh, after a long and severe illness, Sarah Jane, daughter of Mr Jones, of the Theatre Royal.
15. At Edinburgh, the Rev. Arch. M'Intyre, minister of the Relief Congregation, Newlands.
16. At Brompton Crescent, London, Mrs Anne Hope, relict of Thomas Baillie, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's service.
 - In Portugal, Mr Massey, Ensign of the 4th regiment, eldest son of Captain Massey. Whilst riding out, and wishing to join some brother officers on the opposite side of a pool of water, he attempted to ride through it, but sank in a quicksand, and instantly disappeared.
 - At Torr, in the parish of Berwick, aged 84 years, Mrs Nicol, or Sarah Cairns, relict of Mr William Nicol, some time one of the teachers in the High School of Edinburgh.
17. At Moy, near Forres, at an advanced age, Mrs Grant of Moy, lady of the late Colonel Hugh Grant of Moy.
 - At Kirriemuir, Mr William Barrie, manufacturer.
18. At Dunnikier, the infant daughter of Lieut. General Sir John Oswald.
19. At Edinburgh, Ann, youngest daughter of Mr J. Ewbank, landscape painter.
20. At Piltlethie, Mrs Agnes Meldrum, wife of Thomas Lawson, Esq. of Piltlethie.
 - At Glasgow, Jane, wife of the Rev. William Routledge, minister of the Episcopal Chapel.
 - At 17, Cones Crescent, Miss Matilda Morgan.
21. Patsie Minnie, infant daughter of Mr John Gibson, conveyancer and notary, 3, Lauriston Lane, Edinburgh.
22. At Edinburgh, Mrs Helen Irving, widow of the Rev. John Riebelton, late minister of the Gospel at Hobkirk.
 - At the Hon. Thomas Windsor's, Gore House, Kensington Gore, the Hon. Jane Cadogan, relict of the Hon. and Rev. W. B. Cadogan.
23. At Leith, Mrs Marion Colcock, wife of Mr Dickson, cork-manufacturer.
24. At Paris, the Right Hon. Lord Castlecoote. The title is now extinct.
25. At Enfield, Sir Nathaniel Danes, Knt., formerly a commander in the Hon. East India Company's service.
 - At 55, Royal Terrace, at an advanced age, Mrs Rachel Rose, widow of William Cunningham, Esq. of Marrow Hill, Jamaica.
26. At Vienna, the celebrated composer Beethoven.
27. At London, Mr Thomas Milton, aged 84 years. His grandfather was brother to John Milton, author of Paradise Lost.
 - At Edinburgh, Mrs Grace Miller, wife of Andrew Miller, Esq. W. S. deputy-clerk of the Bills.
 - At 6, Albany Street, Alex. Kennedy, Esq. M. D. formerly of the Medical service of the Hon. the East India Company's Madras Establishment.
 - At 18, Dublin Street, Edinburgh, Anne, youngest daughter of the late John Small, Esq. of Overmains, Berwickshire.
- At Paris, the Duke of Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, Peer of France, aged 81.
- At Coynachie, aged 75, John Gordon, Esq. late Lieutenant-Colonel in the army, and Major of the 92d Regiment.
28. At 21, Hill Street, Mrs Bell, wife of George Joseph Bell, Esq. advocate, and Professor of the Law of Scotland in the University of Edinburgh.
 - At Glasgow, James Russel, Esq. of Craigthornhill, writer in Glasgow.
 - At Cairndinnis, Miss Catherine Begbie, only daughter of Peter Begbie, Esq.
 - At Edinburgh, Thomas Russel, Esq. solicitor before the Supreme Courts.
29. At his house, No. 5, Pitt Street, Mr William Home, writer.
 - At Falkirk, Mr James Macdonald, bookseller there.
 - At Edinburgh, Harriet, second daughter of Sir David Maxwell of Cardoness.
 - R. J. Lang, Esq. Procurator Fiscal for the county of Linlithgow.
 - 30. At Hermitage Hill, Leith, Alexander Waddell, Esq. late of the Customs.
 - At Jedburgh, Andrew Turnbull, Esq. Procurator Fiscal of the county of Roxburgh.
31. At Aberlady, Mrs Grisel Forrest, relict of Mr Hugh Burn.
 - At Esch, near Inverclevy, Captain James Macdonell, late of the Hon. East India Company's Service.
 - At Ospringe, in Kent, Lieut.-Colonel Hector Monro, late of the 1st Garrison Battalion, aged 64 years. Colonel Monro commanded the 12d Regiment under his late Royal Highness the Duke of York in Holland.
 - At Brunton Place, aged 9 years, William, third son of Mr Alexander Wight, banker, Edinburgh.
 - At Edinburgh, Mr David Smith, tailor and clothier, 29, North Bridge.
- At Edinburgh, the Rev. Dr Charles Henry Hall, Dean of Durham.
 - At her house at Ayr, at a very advanced age, Miss Grace Boyd, youngest daughter of the late Robert Boyd, Esq. of Trochrig and Pinkil.
- April 1. At Edinburgh, Mr James Mitchell, printer.
 - At Glasgow, Mr Robert Black, aged 74, late of the Commercial Inn.
 - At Perth, Mrs Stewart, relict of John Stewart, Esq. of Crossmount, and eldest daughter of Alex. Menzies, Esq. of Polfracks.
2. At Leith, in East Lothian, John Mytne, son of the late George Mytne, Esq.
 - At Montrose, William Webster, Esq. in the 73d year of his age.
 - At Wighton, Margaret, wife of James Tweddie, Esq. collector of the customs.

2. At Oakney, Mr Arch. Wilson, eldest son of the late Arch. Wilson, Esq. House of Hill.
— In his 79th year, James Cowan, Esq. Tra-
namut.
3. At Kelly Bank, Mary Mathison, youngest daughter of Mr Brown.
— At Wells, Somersetshire, Mrs Poreh, widow of Captain John Elliot Poreh, and daughter of the late John Lamont, Esq. of Lamont.
5. At Edinburgh, James Edington, only son of Mr James Stewart, S.S.C. 17, Dublin Street.
6. The Earl of Shrewsbury, in the 77th year of his age. His Lordship died possessed of nearly half a million of money, independent of landed and other property.
7. At Malton, Colonel Macdonald of Lyndale.
— At Edinburgh, Stuart Moodie, Esq. advocate.
8. At Pentland Mains, Mr William Socon, farmer there.
— At Grant's Braes, in the neighbourhood of Haddington, and on the estate of Lord Blantyre, for whom he was long factor, Gilbert Burns, (brother of the poet,) in the 67th year of his age. He had no fixed or formed complaint, but for several months preceding his dissolution, there was a gradual decay of the powers of nature; and the infirmities of age, combined with severe domestic affliction, hastened his death. On the 4th of January he lost a daughter, who had long been the pride of the family hearth; and on the 26th of February following, his youngest son, a youth of great promise, died in Edinburgh of typhus fever, just as he was on the eve of being licensed for the ministry.
9. At Glasgow, Robert Freer, M.D. of Esandie and Park, Professor of the Theory and Practice of Physic in the University of Glasgow.
— At Invernettie, Alex. Gordon, Esq. of Invernettie.
11. At Dublin, Helen, third daughter of the late Dr Cleghorn, State Physician in Ireland.
— At Newcastle, Spencer Boyd, Esq. of Pinkhill, Ayrshire.
- At London, George, Marquis Cholmondeley, Knight of the Garter, for many years Lord Steward of his Majesty's Household.
— At his Lordship's house in Park Lane, London, Lady Hyacintha Vane, the infant daughter of the Marquis of Londonderry.
— At Annesfield, in the 76th year of his age, Alex. Littlejohn, Esq. of Annesfield.

12. At his house, Grassmarket, Edinburgh, Mr George Murray, in the 68th year of his age.
— At his house, Carnegie Street, Mr John Thomson, portrait painter.
— At Glorat, Gloriana Ann, daughter of Captain Stirling.
13. At Borrowstownness, Mrs Janet Brown, wife of Robert Henderson, Esq.
- At 67, Queen Street, Alexander Hunter, Esq. second son of the late Alexander Gibson Hunter, Esq. of Blackness.
14. At Edinburgh, Robert Salmon, Esq. late surgeon, 43d Regiment.
— At Bonnyton, William Scott, Esq.
— At his house, Stranraer, John Macdonald, Esq. of Valleyfield.
15. At their house in Finnieston, Mr James Waddell, aged 66; and Mrs Jean Macvey, his wife, aged 62 years.
— At Delvine, Augusta Magdalene, fifth daughter of Sir Alex. Muir Mackenzie, Bart. of Delvine.
16. At Dunfermline, James Spence, Esq.
— At Shandwick House, Rose-shire, John Cockburn Ross, Esq. of Shandwick.
17. At Leith, John Lawrie, Esq. late Inspector of Excise cutters.
18. At Canongate, William, third son of Mr William Berwick.
19. At the foot of the Hawkhill, Dundee, Janet Findlay, at the extreme age of 104.
20. At the Manse of Haddington, Margaret, only surviving daughter of the Rev. Dr Loder.
— At Hill of Beath, Geo. Aitken, Esq. of Hill of Beath.
21. At London, in the 87th year of his age, James Hamilton, M.D. of Artillery Place, Finsbury Place.
22. At Cheltenham, Francis Twiss, Esq. in his 69th year.
— At Dalkeith, Dr Walter Graham, M.D.
24. At 25, York Place, Dorothea, third surviving daughter of Mr William Williamson, writes *Lately*. At Southampton, in his 59th year, the Right Hon. Lord Kirkcubright. He is succeeded by his brother the Hon. Camden Grey M^r Lellan.
- At Knockhay, near Campbelltown, Leonora Nutting, youngest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel John Porter.
- At Parks of Innes, parish of Urquhart, Morayshire, in her 100th year, Jane Appy, sister of William Petrie, sometime farmer in Duffus.

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VOL. XXI.

PART II.

CRUICKSHANK ON TIME.*

TIME is generally represented either in the character of a Stream, or of an Old Gentleman. Of Time, as a Stream, the less that is said in a Magazine with any pretensions to originality, the better. Of Time as an Old Gentleman, suffice it to remark, that he is alternately active and passive. When active, he is armed with a scythe, and an excellent mower he is, laying a double swathe with inimitable neatness and precision; when passive, a crowd of idle people are engaged in killing Time, and he appears lying in a stupor; but no sooner have the delinquents fled, than he jumps to his feet with all the alacrity of a man in his seventh thousand year, declines the offer of medical assistance, and disappears. Formerly, he used to wear a long beard, and pride himself on a "slape sconce;" but now-a-days he often sports a chin that "shows like a stubble-field at harvest-home," and mounts a wig that gives him quite the air of an Apollo. In good truth, old Father Time, as he used to be called, is now a confirmed bachelor, at whom maidenly ladies of a certain age keep setting their caps in vain. You see him frequently sitting in a bang-up great-coat, on the box beside Coachee,

or even with the ribands in his hand, driving like the very devil; and we know of nobody else to whom he bears so strong a general resemblance as Washington Irving's Stout Gentleman.

George Cruickshank and we have long been cronies, and George has treated us with some admirable Illustrations of his Friend Time's character and pursuits. The frontispiece is excellent. There Time is seen resuming his antique appearance and propensities; winged, bearded, with his notorious fore-lock, and hungry as hell. The solitary glutton has a board spread, for his exclusive delight, with all the delicacies of all the seasons. At head and foot of the table stands a castle—one quite fresh, only a few years old, the other dilapidated and ivy-wreathed, that the epicure may glut his maw with variety as he crunches battlement and foundation-stone. The two corner dishes near the head of the table are a stately sycamore grove, and a three-decker; near the foot a date-tree and a dromedary, a farm-house and a wheat-stack. The three side-dishes on the farther side of the table, are a shepherd piping to his flock; a 68-pounder carronade and grape-shot; a bull and a heifer. Of the three side-

* Illustrations of Time, by George Cruickshank, London: Published by the Artist, Myddleton Terrace, Pentonville, and sold by James Robins and Co., Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row; and all Book and Print Sellers.

diabes close to the devourer, one is untouched, or nearly so,—a splendid coach, full of nobility, with only the leaders as yet eaten up; in a spoon in his right hand, a church; on a fork in his left, an elephant, endorsed with a tower bristling with spears; while in the centre of the table, is an ample miscellany of all ages, and sexes, and professions; with plumes, and helms, and crowns, and all the meanest and most majestic paraphernalia of mortality. There *Tempus Edax* sits, like Christopher North at Ambrose's, ere Tickler, and O'Doherty, and the Shepherd, have appeared; impatient to have all the good things of this world to himself; although, in gobbling up all the real and movable property in the universe, he leave himself to die of famine on the Last Day.

George Cruickshank knows better than some people we could name, the grand secret of descending with skill and dexterity from stilts, and walking like an ordinary biped. The *Frontispiece*, therefore, is the only very sublime thing in all the illustrations—and turning it over, dromedaries, elephants, towers, and temples and all—lo! "*TIME CALLED AND TIME CAME.*" The scene is on Moulsey-Hurst—within a roped ring of twenty feet—worth all the Boxiana of this Magazine, of Pierce Egan, and of John Bee. Conspicuous in the middle of the picture stands the Time-Keeper, with his tatter in his hand,—bawling the monosyllable. To the left, within the ropes, lies on his back, with his face up to heaven, the Man of the flash side—say Jem Ward—in a state of innocence. His daylights are darkened, and something more than alumber has sealed up his eyes, which have been lanced in vain. In vain, too, does his strong-lunged Second roar into his ear. To him, it is like a faint and far-off echo—or perhaps he hears it not at all, but is deaf as a house. His Bottle-holder, on one knee, and with one fist half-angrily clenched, seems to upbraid him for being past the restoration of the water of life. A Jew kneels over him in despair, muttering and moaning about his "monish,"—while a sporting surgeon feels the feeble pulse in a wrist that is overshadowed by the blue swollen hand, all of whose knuckles seem dislocated with paying away at Crawley's *see frontis*; and a great big hulking disconsolate Cockney, such

a one as always appertains to the flash-side, half swell and half gull, can with difficulty believe his heyes when the odds are finally floored, and his betting-book is a bankrupt. And there, close to the ninny's elbow, is that familiar, Bill Richmond, the Lily-white, with his box of ivories unlidded, his ogles leering with a knavish I've-neither-lost-nor-win hedgingish expression, in which, to the cheated Cockney, no consolation is to be found, and his topper so askew and askance on his knowledge-box, that, but for an enormous organ of destructiveness, it would slide to the sod. Five more finished reprobates you will rarely see in a pyramidal group, and should the man die they will be all lagged together;—but the gallows is not to be robbed of its dues—for a vein is about to be opened—and Jem, though vanquished to-day, will yet live to be elevated to that conspicuous situation which he was born and bred to adore. But look at his opponent! Second and bottle-holder lift him like a log from the sod. Those masses of muscle have lost their strength; he is sick and exhausted as a dog, that after a forty-mile run lies down cheek by jowl with reynard on the road-mire—his face is indistinguishable in mouth, nose, or eyes—but he staggers up to the scratch like a drunkard, and then, as deaf to time as his antagonist, falls down with a squelsh—13 stone—bating a few pounds of sweat and blood.

While we live, Jem Ward shall never be Champion. Is it the part of a man, who aspires to the championship, to travel about the country, shamming Yokel, and cheating haw-bucks and provincial boxers out of the purses for which they wish honestly to contend? No—it is but one form of that swindling at which Jem, under various auspices, has long been so expert—and we cannot but wonder at John Bee, as honest a man as lives, and in all other instances the sworn foe of knavery, giving countenance to such base and unmanly tricks as were never practised before by any of the first-rate men. Then, in the London ring itself, has not the knave and fool been guilty of the most barefaced cross with Abbot? And of something very like a cross with Josh Hudson? If Hudson really licked him, what title has he to be a candidate for the championship at all? If Josh did not lick him, then Jem should,

for that his second offence, have been kicked for ever out of the ring. His battle with Crawley was a fair one—and was he not fairly beaten? After all this, it is sickening to hear him talked of, even yet, by the flash side, as Champion. If ever he fight Brown of Bridgenorth, he will bite the dust. Jem is a fine fighter, that is certain—active, skillful, a hard hitter, nor is his bottom bad. But he has not power to stand up against Brown, six of whose blows will settle his hash. It is all very well to talk about “poor old Shelton,” whom Brown beat. “Poor old Shelton” is only a very few years, some three or four, older than Brown; and although he had seen rather too much service, was he not, previous to that battle, considered the very best two-handed fighter on the list? But be all this as it may, no cross-cove, whether knave or fool, should ever in our day be the Champion of England.

Forbid it, ye living worthies, Cribb and Spring—forbid it, ye dead immortals, Jem Belcher and the Game Chicken! Forbid it, ye shades of heroes all, from Broughton to Power! Forbid it, ye—whose mauleys are armed more formidably than of old with the cestus—with the unpurchased pen, pencil, and press—Bee, Egan, Cruikshank, and North—for the eyes of your country are upon you, and “England expects every man to do his duty.”

But enough—too much perhaps—of blows and blood—so cast your eye, fair reader, down to the left-hand corner of Plate I.—and tell us what thou readest—“A SHORT TIME—GOING OF AN ERRAND.” There stands, winged gorgeously as that superb moth, the great owl-moth of Brazil, him whom the enthusiastic Kirby calls the glory of the Noctuidæ, him whose portraiture James Wilson, brother of the Professor, hath in his late *Illustrations of Zoology* with pen and pencil so finely visioned—there, we say, stands Oberon the fairy king—and Puck, is it?—yes, Puck let it be—like lightning-obeying his lord’s command.

Oberon.

“Fetch me this herb—and be thou here again,

Ere the Leviathan can swim a league.”

Puck.

“I’ll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.”

How infinitely more poetical are wings like these, than seven-league

boots! We declare, on our conscience, that we would not accept the present of a pair of seven-league boots to-morrow,—or, if we did, it would be out of mere politeness to the genie who might press them on us, and the wisest thing we could do would be to lock them up in a drawer out of the reach of the servants. Suppose that we wished to walk from Clovenford to Innerleithen—why, with seven-league boots on—one single step would take us up to Posso, seven miles above Peebles! That would never do. By mincing our steps, indeed, one might contrive to stop at Innerleithen—but suppose a gad-fly were to sting one’s hip at the Pirn—one unintentional stride would deposit Christopher at Drummelszier, and another over the Cruik, and far away down Annan water! Therefore, there is nothing like wings. On wings you can flutter—and glide—and float and soar—now like a humming-bird among the flowers—now like a swan, half rowing, half sailing, and half flying adown a river—now like an eagle afloat in the blue ocean of heaven, or shooting sunwards, invisible in excess of light—and bidding farewell to earth and its humble shadows. “O that I had the wings of a dove, that I might flee away and be at rest!” Who hath not, in some heavy hour or other, from the depth of his very soul, devoutly—passionately—hopelessly—breathed that wish to escape beyond the limits of woe and sin—not into the world of dreamless death—for weary though the immortal pilgrim may have been—never desired he the doom of annihilation—untroubled although it be, shorn of all the attributes of being—but he hath prayed for the wings of the dove, because that fair creature, as she wheeled herself away from the sight of human dwellings, hath seemed to disappear to his imagination among old glimmering forests wherein she foldeth her wing and falleth gladly asleep—and therefore, in those agitated times, when the spirits of men acknowledge kindred with the inferior creatures, and would fain interchange with them powers and qualities, they are willing even to lay down their intelligence, their reason, their conscience itself, so that they could but be blessed with the faculty of escaping from all the agonies that intelligence, and reason, and conscience alone can know, and

beyond the reach of this world's horizon to flee away and be at rest!

Puck says he will put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes. At what rate is that per hour, taking the circumference of the earth at 27,000 miles, more or less? There is a question for the mechanics, somewhat about as difficult of solution, as Mr Brougham's celebrated one of the smuggler and the Revenue Cutter,—for the solution of which he recommended the aid of algebra. It is not so quick as you would imagine—not seven hundred miles an hour. We forget the usual rate of a cannon-ball in good condition, when he is in training,—and before he is at all blown. So do we forget, we are sorry to confess, the number of centuries that it would take a good stout, well-made, able-bodied cannon-ball, to accomplish a journey to our planet from one of the fixed stars. The great difficulty, we confess, would be to get him safely conveyed thither. If that could be done, we should have no fear of his finding his way back, if not in our time, in that of our posterity. However red-hot he might have been on starting, he would be cool enough, no doubt, on his arrival at the goal,—yet we should have no objection to back him against Time for a trifle,—Time, we observe, in almost all matches, being beat, often indeed by the most miserable hacks, that can with difficulty raise a gallop. Time, however, possibly runs booty; for when he does make play, it must be confessed that he is a spanker, and that nothing has been seen with such a stride since Eclipse.

We never understood Shakspeare's fairies—nor his witches either—nor his ghosts. Perhaps he did not intend that we should understand them,—perhaps he did not understand them himself,—perhaps no fairies, no witches, no ghosts, either Shakspeare's or any body's else, are altogether intelligible, or at least very consistent characters. Yet we do like people to be what they say they are—one thing or other—dead or alive—mermaid or salamander—goat or griffin—Christian or cockney—miser or arimasian. Then, whatever you are, fish, flesh, or fowl, you are, in our humble critical opinion, bound to stick to it. If fish, sport whatever scales you choose; but unless you shelter yourself behind the plea of

being a seal or a sea-lion, what right have you to a hide of hair? Be satisfied, too, pray, with fins, unless to your misfortune you are a flying fish,—and do not insist, also, on legs and arms, for these belong of right to bipeds and quadrupeds, which you are not—remember your Horace, and beware,—

“Desinit in piscem mulier formosa superne.”

If flesh—and not amphibious—which is an *exceptio probat regulam*—keep you to dry land, my boy—and follow Nature just as she has made you, graminivorous, carnivorous, or omnivorous. It is vastly pleasant, certainly, to be omnivorous—but that, far beyond his boasted reason, is the privilege but of us—Man. If fowl,—act according to the shape of your beak and talons, and all will go well; otherwise, be what bird you may, even the bird of Jove himself, in a twelve-month, or less, you will be taken for a Goose, or the Glasgow Gander.

We have been anxious, for some sentences past, to get at the philosophy of Shakspeare's fairies, witches, and ghosts, but do not seem to have made any great progress. His fairies are small—almost invisibly small,—and often lodge in flower-cups,—a harebell being a palace, a primrose a hall, an anemone a hut, and a daisy a sheltering. Yet they fall in love with us who run—males—from $5\frac{1}{2}$ to $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet high,—females, some six inches lower. That is preposterous and impossible. Titania, too, when she falls in love with Bottom, lays his ass's head on her lap, and seems, at a rough guess, to be somewhat about the middle size, between Mrs Cook and the Swiss giantess. On what principle she originally married Oberon, one is at a loss to guess—not love surely—perhaps ambition. In short, there is sad confusion in Shakspeare's ideas of all these creatures of the element—a complete higgledy-piggledy—there is no making either head or tail of them—and the traditionary elvish superstition of all climates—especially east and north—are blended together, not without rhymes indeed—for many of the fairy lays are pretty enough,—but certainly without reason, and, may we be permitted to say, if without any reason, then without much imagination, these two faculties, as they are called,

being, as we opine, merely modifications of the one thinking, feeling, willing, creating, and acting principle, called Soul.

Now, as Shakspeare is said by his devotional and idolatrous admirers, to have surpassed all other mortal men in poetical powers, why, we ask, did he not frame more fairy-like fairies,—more spiritual spirits—than those in the Tempest, or Midsummer-night's Dream? If all that such poetry requires, is fanciful and fine imagery, dancing measures, and a sort of mimetic sympathy of preternatural with natural beings, why, anybody with a little tact, taste, feeling, seeing and hearing, reading, fancy, and some practice in tagging verses, may compose it very prettily and effectively, and hold up their heads, in that line, as so many smartish Shakspeares. But if such poetry, conceived of in the perfection of its own nature and essence, not only demand genius to invent richly, but to combine consistently, and according to immutable and inviolable laws, so that the creatures of the element shall be creatures of the element indeed, and neither more nor less;—so that Oberon, and Titania, and Puck, and the rest, shall be a peculiar people, inhabiting a peculiar world, mingling, it may be, with us, and with this world of ours, but in every expansion or contraction of their bodies, in every enlargement or diminution of their wings, still true through all transformations, and transfigurations, and transcolorations, to their original and necessary fairy forms, figures, and colours,—then, say we, contradict us who may, that Shakspeare was, in these his attempts, no Poet,—nay, the “lift” is not going to fall, so, gentle reader, read on,—no Poet, we say, or but a poet of the second degree—not the Poet-Laureate of the Court of Faery, nor worthy of the butt of dew, that in the shape of a deaf hazel-nut, filled with the tears of Morning and of Evening, shall be presented—so legends tell—to that inspired Bard of our earth, who by the music of his lyre shall lay all the pipes of the Silent People mute, and charm Oberon asleep on his Titania's bosom, beneath the unwaning honey-moon, that hangs like a cresset in the heaven of Fairy-land.

Away, then, to the blasted heath, and see what kind of witches Shak-

speare conjures up before us and Macbeth. “The air hath bubbles as the water hath—and these are of them.” That is good—but the witches, wild and withered as they are in their attire, are but so so creations to frighten and to prophesy to a doomed king. They have no kindred with the wide black moors of the Highlands of Scotland. Their gibbering is not in the idiom of the ancient Erse—not phantoms they worthy to be stared at, till reason reels, by the Children of the Mist. Gray Malkin, and Paddock, are sorry names for the witches of a mountainous region; and Mr Upton, imagining himself to be eulogizing the passage on which he annotates, observes, that, to understand it, we should suppose one Familiar calling with the voice of a Cat, and another with the croaking of a Toad. Must we indeed? And what have cats and toads to do with “thunder, lightning, and the rain; when the hurley burley's done, when the battle's lost and won”? Here, as in the case of the Fairies, Shakspeare writes as if he had been fuddled. He cannot get rid of his poor, flat, hearthstone, broomstick, English, Stratford-upon-Avon superstitions; and out with the truth at once, horrible as it is, Shakspeare in Scotland was—a Cockney! Just before Macbeth and Banquo foregather with the witches, in thunder on the moor, we have this colloquy—

“1st Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

“2d Witch. Killing swine.

“3d Witch. Sister, where thou?

“1st Witch. A sailor's wife,” &c. &c.

What is there good in this, or in all that follows? Little or nothing. Killing swine! Shakspeare wrote these two words—therefore, and for no other reason, are they witchlike and terrible. From killing swine, the transition is natural (is it not?) to prophesying about kings, crowns, and thrones. Let the Weird Sisters either be the Northern Fates or Destinies—or let them be the Witches of Warwickshire—but no man has a right to confuse the two characters,—least of all to bring down our “Posters of the sea and land” to the level of Anglo-Saxon crones riding on beams.

Now, is it any answer to such objections as these, to say, that these

beings are anomalous, and that, therefore, their creator is at freedom to characterise them as he wills? None whatever. If it be, then Shakspeare could not go wrong, as long as he gave them a gibberish utterance—breathed through their skinny lips a hellish spirit, made fiercer by the compression of their choppy fingers—enveloped the beldames in a ghastly atmosphere, and when their prophecy, half-benison half-malison, ceased to quake, bade them vanish into the air, and what seemed corporal melt as breath into the wind. That being summoned thither to betray and destroy, they should do their duty, and do it witheringly and well, is the least that could have been expected from a far inferior magician to Shakspeare; but from Shakspeare we expect far more than that—not merely some witchlike words, and motions, and gestures, and gesticulations, but the full display of powers meet for such a mission, such as should not only have left Macbeth and Banquo overcome with horrid forebodings, against which it was in vain for the one to struggle in his visions of ghastly hope, and the other in his visions of still ghastlier fear; but all who read the drama—all who saw it acted—should have been sunk—overwhelmed—lost—and helpless, among the shadows of passing events all dripping with murder, and lowering alike with the gloom of guilt and retribution.

Was Macbeth a superstitious person? We cannot tell—Shakspeare does not let us into this secret of his idiosyncrasy. Had he who had lived in Scotland all his days, and been a traveller by night, never seen a witch till then? If the witches were but creations of Shakspeare, Macbeth, of course, never could have seen them before; but if they were “in a manner born” in Scotland, how could he, a man of forty-five at the youngest, have missed seeing them over and over again a hundred times? Judging from what passes between Macbeth and Banquo, neither of them had ever seen a witch in their lives till that terrible and fateful night; a degree of blindness inconceivable in an age when all eyes, from castle to cot, beheld preternatural agents once at least every moon, and belonged to an ancestry, mean or mighty, that had ever been familiar with the voices that

syllable men’s names “in antres vast and deserts idle.”

Finally, if the Weird Sisters are impersonations of ideas prevalent in national superstition—try them by that test; if they are anomalous fictions of Shakspeare’s fancy, try them by that—and in both cases alike will they be found wanting; in the first they are degraded by an intermixture of another, and lower, and more vulgar creed,—in the second, they are of a contradictory and inconsistent character, fluctuating between the old women who frighten English chawbacons or yokels, with beards and whiskers, cat-attended, and obnoxious to ducking in a pond, and those more truly terrible and spiritual agencies that have power given to them by the Prince of the Air to elevate men’s sons to high places, or dash them down to the dust in blood of their own shedding, and by the instrumentality of their own throne-shaking crimes that spare not the heads of Heaven’s anointing. On which horn of the dilemma must Shakspeare be stuck?

Now for his ghosts. We need go no farther for reference than to the ghost in Hamlet. His first appearance is more than respectable—it is solemn and impressive. The solitary reader’s hair at midnight begins to bristle—his flesh to creep—his heart to quake—and he has hopes of a ghost that will curdle his blood—and make him ring the bell for the sight of a human face, should it even be that of the alarmed cook with her papered hair in a mutch. But when the old mole begins mining in the cellar, the gravity essential to the working of spiritual influences begins to relax—the reader waxes merry as the worthy pioneer—the well-done old-boy himself—and helps himself, in pure love of the Glenlivet, to a fresh jug of toddy. Far be it from us to tie a ghost down to a specific number of lines of blank verse, or to insist on his observing all the pauses with scientific precision. We have no doubt that had Mr Wordsworth seen it expedient to introduce a ghost into the Excursion, he would have occupied the whole book with a single speech, and set Poet, Solitary, and Pedlar, all three at defiance and asleep; but one expects more sane conduct from Shakspeare, who sadly forgot himself in making an interlocutor in his drama

long-winded, after the breath had left his body, just as he had previously forgot himself in making the ghost say that he had come from a bourne from which no traveller returns. Any person can count the lines as correctly as we can—and he will find that the buried Majesty of Denmark spouts, right on end, with little or no interruption, seventy-eight lines—and no fewer than thirty-five after he has exclaimed, with visible apprehension of being bedawned,

“But, soft, methinks I smell the morning air.”

The extreme and painful minuteness of his communication is only to be equalled by its intolerable prolixity; and we have often felt, in reading it, for, prosy as it is, it has its felicitous expressions, (leperous distilment, and so forth,) that it is the model on which Cyril Jackson, the celebrated Dean of Christchurch, constructed his conversational discourse. Cyril Jackson, D.D. was an eminent man in his day, and his talents were more than respectable; but there was nothing supernatural or preternatural in his conversation; and had any ghost imitated his oral style in the loneliest churchyard in England, we should have smoked him in an instant, and laughed in his face; yet we should have been to blame, if Shakspeare be to praise; for James Smith himself could not imitate old Hamlet more to the death than did Cyril Jackson, and consequently, any ghost that should have imitated the Dean, would have been in character, giving his accents something more of the tomblike and sepulchral.

All this will, we fear, seem very heterodox to the million,—nay, to those who have been pleased to set up Shakspeare as the god of their idolatry, even impious, and with a slight tinge of blasphemy. It was even so with us, when we described the Red-Tarn Raven Club supping upon a Quaker beneath the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn. Some subscribers threatened to give up the Magazine, because we described, somewhat after the dashing manner of the savage Rosa, a Fact in Nature. Others were shocked that we should have written so of the “Meek Pilgrim of Nature,” whom Sir Walter had so beautifully bewoaned as bleaching to the snow-

storm beneath that sonorous mountain, Catchedieam. But we demand as a right, that our picture, both sides of it, for back as well as front of the canvass is painted, be compared with that of the Great Known, and we shall abide the verdict. If ravens will eat Quakers who have lost themselves in the snow, and that after a fashion at which humanity revolts while it gazes, and shudders while it narrates, we are not the man to be afraid of taking up the pen or the pallet; and if Shakspeare will make the ghost of a king, who in life was a personage of few words, prose away like the Head of a College, neither are we the man to abstain, in fear of a shallow world, from exposing the spectre's prolixity, and recommending him as an honorary member of the right worshipful company of Maunderers, with the present representative of the county of — at their head. But we particularly request that no correspondent send for insertion in this Magazine any defence of Shakspeare—Into the Balaam-box it shall inevitably go—from whose jaws this very Leading Article has itself made an almost miraculous escape. Let our ingenious friend Mr James Ballantyne take up the cudgels for the Swan of Avon—if he pleases—for we are free to confess, that the very worst and the very best criticisms on Shakspeare we ever read, have appeared from his pen, at divers times, and in sundry manners, in the *Weekly Journal*; and we do not know that, with equal truth, we could say the same thing of ourselves.

But lo! in the same Plate, “A LONG-TIME WAITING,” a gentleman, pondering by a pond, fishing! Judging from the external character of that piece of water, it contains nothing of the fish-kind beyond a frog, a snail, or a leech. It is truly a most uncomfortable little wet sheet of water—most dismal indeed—quite such an Elstree-lookingsink as received out of the sack the Thurtelized body of Weare. It acquired, we understand, a fishy character from the circumstance of a small dead perch having been seen floating on it some years ago, which had probably been flung into it in spite by some schoolboy, on his way home from an unsuccessful holiday at smart-pit miles off. There he sits, and has long been sitting—the Piscatorial Solitary of the Excur-

sion! He is obviously catching his death of cold. His sore throat has begun—buckled up as the cuff of his jacket is to the brim of his hat, it is all in vain; for, at this blessed moment, both toothach and earach are his—cold, cold is his seat of honour, as that of a marble monument. What he expects to find in such a place, heaven only knows; but truly that is a searching rain,—if rain it may be called, which rain is not, but commingled hail and sleet murdering a day of spring.

Behind Piscator, who, were he to stretch himself up into his altitude, could scarcely fail of being six feet six, and proportionally thin, stands a fat friend from the inn two miles off, who, prompted by an aimless curiosity, has come to inquire about the day's sport. "No fish yet?!! Why, I say, Popjoy, have'nt you had a bite all day?" To this seemingly inoffensive interrogatory does Popjoy reply with all the monosyllabic laconicism of our First Lord of the Treasury,—“No!” the long lank reeds, sedges, and bulrushes rustling “hear, hear, hear!”—There is a mystery in this same matter of angling which has never yet been elucidated. We remember that, when a child, we used to angle from morning to night in a piece of water, where *we knew* there was no fish. But it was the only piece of water within our reach; and as water is the element in which fishes exist, that was enough for us, and there we sat eying our float, which our reason (even then strong) assured us never was to descend. Do not tell us, that ever and anon our mind fell into a transient delusion, and that we had—hope. If it had been so, would we not have cut and run, the instant reason came to our aid, and told us to fling aside the Pleasures of Hope? Nay, how could Hope rouse us from our bed at dawn, and carry us to angle in a pond where we knew fish was none! It was some far deeper principle in human nature than Hope that led us to that lonely moor—it was an instinctive and inextinguishable feeling, amounting to passion, of the adaptation of the being of fishes to the liquid element of water, and which overcame the conviction accompanying a particular case, by the sense of universal Fitness. We cannot get nearer than this to the truth,

but to the fact itself we pledge our honour.

Poor Popjoy! we daresay thou art far from being a bad fellow—and if we had thee in Scotland, we do not doubt we could make a man of thee in a single spring and autumn. What a contrast between thee, by the side of that piteous little pond, and Christopher North angling his way down the Tweed! River of rivers! each stream, each shallow, each pool of thine has its own peculiar murmur, as familiarly known to our ear, even in imagination,—for in dreaming of thee memory is herself imaginative,—as the voice of each distinct friend that we have known from youth to age. Along the holms of Cardrona, how flowest thou along with an almost inaudible whisper—with but here and there a single tree shaking its tresses in a mirror set nearly motionless in a framework of green and gold, where the fast-nibbling sheep seem forgetful of their lambs, but in a moment bleat them to their sides, as the harmless angler goes by; and where the linnet sits songless now near her nest, full of gaping mouths, in the yellow broom,

“That lends the windward air an exquisite perfume.”

Along Elie-Bank Wood, thou rushest on in a delighted hurry, as if eager to hide thyself from the sun, beneath something cooler than cloud-shadows, the old forest-gloom. Till, lo! again baring thy bosom to the heavens, away thou huddlest over low linn, and into “shelving plumm,” by the braes of Ashiesteel, where erst the mighty Minstrel abode—and on—on—on—through brake and shaw, and grove, on to the Holy Melrose—but there, alas! Poor Popjoy, art thou still sitting beside thy puddle—and four hundred miles are between thee and us, now, after a glorious day's sport, reclining on the window-seat of the Fisherman's Parlour, at sweet Clovenford.

Supper, as we are a Christian! Well, our dear George, we must lay thine Illustrations aside for an hour of trout and toddy, and would that thou wert thyself here, to take thy seat at the foot of our little table. Red as the dawn-blush, and firm as the rose-bud—a trout of ten thousand! How deliciously peels off the brown-blistered buttery skin from his well-basted

sides! His tail slightly curled—say, rather, crinkled-up in the direction of his head; and, mercy on us! he surely cannot be yet alive! He certainly seemed to stir—yet the frying-pan must have done his business, to say nothing of the crash we gave his skull against the butt of our rod, that he might not play spang out of our fist, and re-plunge into his native pool, like a very fish. The ketchup, if you please, my dear—thank you—you are the prettiest girl in Tweeddale—nay, don't blush and hang down your head—you might give us a kiss, for we are old enough to be your great-grandfather. Dickson's mustard, I'm sure—no other mustard on earth could make Kit North sneeze like a young one. Now, my love, you may be bringing ben the cutlets—but see there's a lid to the ashet. Very amiable whisky indeed—Here's to the memory of poor Sandy Govan—last time we dined in this parlour—it had not a bow-window then—Sandy sat on that very chair! With what a face he stopped short in the middle of that queer tune on the fiddle, when the bit lassie came in with the fry!

But away with melancholy,
Nor doleful changes sing,
On life and human folly,
But merrily, merrily sing, fa, la.

Another caulker! Not one single thing in this whole world is now wanting to our perfect felicity—except the cutlets, and there they are.

“O, why have bards in many a lovely lay,

Forgetting all their own delightful years,
Sung that this life is but one little day,
And this most happy world a vale of tears?”

Would that we could live for ever!—O, no—no—no—for then the angler could no more moralize on the stream—the soul would be plucked out of all his peaceful enterprises—there would be no profound joy of grief in remembering the old familiar faces—and we should never meet Isaac Walton in Heaven!

Turn over to Plate II. The central piece is entitled “BEHIND TIME,” and no man who has ever been “too late for the coach,” may look at it without acutest sympathy with the sufferers. The sufferer in the foreground is a Welshman—for, from an inscription

on a sign above his head, he has been intending to go by the Times coach, on Tuesday, at twelve o'clock, to Llanbig-wigdiginden, which must be in the Principality. We absolutely hear him groan when Mr Tapstave, the Boniface, says to his glaring question—“Coach, sir! The coach has been gone about three quarters of an hour, sir—they start, sir, to their time, sir, to a minute, sir!” What a face! Far whiter, and more woe-begone than that which drew Priam's curtains at dead of night. The coach runs but once a-week, and Taffy and his spouse must wait till next Tuesday. That travelling-cap, which is really handsome, will not be needed till no fewer than one hundred and sixty eight hours have expired. No wonder he is breathless and aghast, for he is laden with portmanteau, and travelling-bag, and bundle, and umbrella, and great-coat, and shawls, and pelisses, and has been hurrying from his lodgings at the other end of the village, at the rate of five miles per horam—while to the Times—“O tempora, O mores!”—the turnpike gate is flying wide open eight miles nearer Wales! With band-box and child, his better half is seen flying under a load of fat through the market-place in the rear, nor slackens her pace, although she sees from the confabulation afar, that Times and Tides wait for no man. How calmly, all this while, does the dial-plate on the old church-tower show the whole world that it wants but a quarter to one! Hapless pair! What could you have been about since six o'clock this morning, when you rose? Had you risen at four, and the Times not left Mr Tapstave's till two, answer us candidly, would it not have been the same thing precisely, and would you not, hapless pair, have been panting, sweating, staring, gaping, groaning, and almost cursing the hour in which you were born, at about a quarter or sixteen minutes from three, while then, as now, the inexorable Times would have been rolling, perhaps, in another county? Yes, we see, Mr Owen, that you were born—but to be too late. Nay, do not think of laying the whole blame on Mrs Owen—although you have, indeed, most ungallantly gotten the start of her by at least thirty yards. It was all your fault, Mr Owen—that trailing garter betrays you—and our

firm belief is, that you have forgotten to put on your drawers.

"Oh! for a blast of that dread horn
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come,
When Roland brave, and Olivier
And every Paladin and Peer,
On Roncesvalles died!

Such blast had warn'd you not in
vain," &c.

We have had our share of most sort of suffering in this life, yet we do not scruple or hesitate to say, that the hour of our greatest agony was on just such another occasion as this! We do not mean you to understand, gentle reader, that we were ever too late for the coach, so beladen with luggage as Mr Owen, or so wife-pursued by a spouse dragging progeny so desperately along the stones,—but we do mean you to understand, gentle reader, that were we to live a thousand years, never could we again suffer, either on a similar or dissimilar occasion, the anguish, that some forty years ago, we endured, on being too late—by about ten minutes for the Fly. SHE was in it—SHE was in it—whom we had not seen for an age—and whom we were not to see again for an age more, and yet—heavens and earth—we overslept ourselves, and she was off—off—off—off—with, as we were told on the spot, a dragon officer inside, none but their two selves—he the most blessed, and we the most accursed of mortal men! Why did we not follow in a chaise and eight—at the rate of thirty miles an hour? We did follow in a chaise and four, but the leaders had to drag on the reptiles in the shafts—and then crash went the axle-tree, and the whole concern, into a ditch. We mounted one of the leaders, but he was wholly unaccustomed to gallop out of harness, and deprived of his customary equipotise, came down, at full speed, into the attitude of prayer, and projected us over a green pading, into what, in Scotland, we call a policy. She and the dragon were by this time at the extremity of Cornwall, and our evil genius told us that farther pursuit was hopeless. It is forty—ay, nearer fifty years since that day, yet so vividly does imagination realise the horrors "of jealousy, the injured lover's hell," that like Mr Owen there, whose picture is before us, we could even now curse the hour in which we were born;—but let us both call reason—religion to our aid,—and

remember that while The Thracæ have cruelly caused all his sorrows, so will they gratuitously heal them; while, for ourselves, have we not had a long, a glorious, a lofty, and a useful career; since, in the bitter blindness of youthful passion, we thought our sun had set with the disappearance of the Road-ing Fly.—

"And wept the more, because we wept in vain."

We have inadvertently turned over three pages, and got to Plate VI., of which the central scene breathes the very spirit of philanthropy and domestic happiness. It is cycloped "PUD-DING-TIME." Just as the female domestic has uncovered the plump-y wonder, a friend of the family ushers himself in—somewhat too late for soup, fish, beef, and fowl,—but no occasion for apologies on either side, for the hospitable John Bull welcomes him to his seat, pointing to the magnum bonum in triumph, while Mrs Bull vainly tries to allay the ecstasies of their five children, heedless of the stranger's approach. Writers on education are all very severe on greediness and gluttony in children, and go the length of picturing the love of good things as a carnal sin. But think for a moment on the fresh, keen, sensitive, healthy palates of children that have been all day breaking the brittle furniture in-doors, or furiously gardening it without, or driving it four-in-hand among the flower-beds. Would you have the little rosy rascals of either sex to sit prim, and act the pretty, in presence of such a pudding as that,—and, when duly helped according to their respective sizes, to mince away like mice at the slices of saucy suet, as if they would prefer eating some lime from a hole in the wall? No—no—blessings on these little glorious gormandizing gluttons, whom Cruikshank's benevolent genius has embodied! and may that nurse-like cook, who has just unlidded the Delight, have a lesser pudding in reserve, to soothe their stomachs into perfect repose. Confound, cuff, and kick the ugly little scoundrel, male or female, who carries tid-bits or bon-boas into a corner, and enjoys them in secret, apart from his or her contemporaries. Solitary sensuality is shocking, and cannot come to good; but when the good things of this life have been, in equal division, allotted to such five

imps as these, where no one has advantage of another, but all are laughing individually and in the gross, why tame their transports, by subjecting the merry mess to the laws of imaginary good-breeding, far less to the restraints of that ascetic morality that allows unlimited venison and turtle to the parents, but would stint their progeny of pudding, even in that its most gracious form? Grown-up people, too, are exceedingly and absurdly apt to draw a line of distinction between themselves and people who are not grown-up. They consider themselves, merely because they are grown-up, privileged to devour, on the spot, whatever delicious dish is so unfortunate as to come in their way—till men and women are absolutely sick, or nearly so; but should any of the people who are not grown-up, take a spoon, and without being ordered, help itself to a fritter, forthwith one of the grown-up gluttons at the head and the foot of the table reads the growing gormandiser a lecture on its enormity, that would pass current in a country church. While the very green fat is melting in the father's mouth, he threatens to chastise *Parvus Iulus* for paying his stealthy addresses to a custard; and the mother, through cheeks swollen with an oily shred of the apron of a roasted turkey, splatters reproaches at Julia, an interesting child of ten years, whose mouth may very possibly be rather too full of blanc mange, protesting that at her age she had not proceeded beyond heavy-pudding. Is it not wonderful that grown-up people, especially those who are parents, are never struck with an instant sense of their own atrocious greediness and selfish injustice? Nothing more common than to hear a great greasy civic orator insisting, at the head of his own table, on the Catholics being emancipated, and admitted to a full and free participation in all the blessings of the British Constitution, while he excludes his own little Protestants, who are biting their nails and cooling their heels upstairs, from the numerous rich things in the gift of the gentleman or lady at the head of the house department.

But here is, in central scene of Plate VI. the exemplification of a very different system of government. That two year-old, mounted on a safety-stool, with one whole side of the table to himself, is heard crowing cock-a-

deedle-dee in triumph, with legs and arms extended as wide as they can sprawl; nor is there any danger of a surfeit, for the urchin's digestive power is as his power of swallow, and he gains a pound a-week. Missy, who threatens to be pretty, holds up her hands in more moderated admiration, having been taught by her maid that it is vulgar to have a large appetite: yet still the healthful creature is fond of plums, and has no sympathy for the sylphs she reads of in picture-books all living on the empty air. The two rogues next her are obstreperous in their joy, and seem cheering the rich rotundity with absolute huzzas; but of all the fat, buncy, thick-lipped, small sensualists that we ever saw guzzle, never clapped we our eyes on the equal of him seated on his papa's left hand! While the others hold up their expanded hands in different moods of imaginative admiration, his feelings are all concentrated in his palate! With both dumpy paws he grasps the edge of his plate, and is shoving it in that he may be first helped, while his mamma, justly offended, is rating him soundly for his impatience. If the "boy is father of the man," he is doomed to die of apoplexy at a city feast. No fear of his being drowned, for he never will be a skater—nor yet a swimmer he,—for field-sports, that is no natural genius;—he never will drive a tandem that boy—no, never; but all his habits will be safe and sedentary, and his belly will be the only god the fussy young Idolater will worship. Let Phrenology flourish; for as we live, there is the organ of Gustativeness enormously developed! So too is that of Veneration, while Conscientiousness is very small, and no room has been left for Ideality in the narrow region above his temples. Never did character and developement so tally and coincide—no frontal sinuses there—to cover 16 organs; and a cast of his skull must be handed round at the next charitable Demonstrations of the Evidence for and against the Science.

By the by, what is to be thought of the Friend who is thus seen dropping in at pudding-time? If friends will go to other people's houses to dine without especial invitation, they ought at least to go at the proper hour. Here we see a hungry hound about to deprive five children, who, we are entitled to believe, never injured him, of

their equitable shares of one of the greatest enjoyments that ever beset the young Idea. He has no right, the monster, to apologise himself at such an interesting predicament into the dining-room even of his own brother. Whence has he come? From the country? Well then, he ought to have dined in the New Hummums, if such a house still exists—if not, anywhere else than on the central piece of Plate VI. of George Cruickshank's Illustrations of Time, and on any other substance than that pudding. Does he live regularly in town? Then he should be sent to the tread-mill. Bad enough had he intruded himself before the bell, but in the middle, nay near the end of dinner—words are wanting to express adequately our idea of the enormity of his conduct. What good can a slice of that pudding possibly do to that interloping and uncalculated-upon glutton, eaten as it must be amidst the most religious curses of these five innocent and voracious children? As yet they have not seen him—buried in their joy. What a yell of angry dismay will penetrate his drums, as soon as they are awakened to a sense of their condition, and catch a full front view of his face, that to their frightened imaginations will seem all one illimitable Maw!—He is the man Tommy dreamt of.—But we must not pursue the picture—suffice it to say, that his entrance has clouded an hour in Paradise, and that his image will henceforth continue to infest Pudding-Time, till Pudding-Time shall be no more.

But joking apart—what man living has a right to enter your dining-room, unbidden verbally, or in writing, as you are sitting, or have sat down, to allay the *fames edendi*? Do not misunderstand us. It is not because there is not enough for him, as well as for us, to eat—however large may be our family—and how large it is, we need not now say, for its magnitude does in no way bear upon the present argument,—it is not, we repeat, because there is not enough for him to eat, and half a dozen more monsters as ugly as himself—if to offer such a supposition be not an unpardonable outrage on humanity—it is not, we repeat again, because there is not enough for the ignorant and ungentlemanly beast to eat, for is not that a thirty-pound round of beef, and are

not these Fife how-toddies?—It is not, we repeat it, for the fourth and last time, that there is not enough, and more than enough, for the long, lean, lank Stomach to eat, till he swell into a haggis-bag, for were he to clear the board, is there not the cold remains of many four-footed animals in the larder, (a whole fox, caught yesterday in a trap, included,) and somewhere about the premises several dozens of cheeses, Cheshire, Kibbock, and Cream? But it is the sudden breaking up and disruption, the instantaneous, unexpected, unprovoked, undeserved, unpardonable, and yet unpunishable destruction of a whole afternoon, evening, and night's cozy comforts, of which perhaps the chief and the choicest of all, is the gradual Nap in the soft embrace of that loving arm-chair, that is felt to fold its arms round its lord and master, even like a wife repenting her of a scolding-fit, and soothing you into forgetfulness of the vanished termagant, by the sweet, insidious endearments of chaste carnal contrition!

There is but one word only, and it is in the Scottish tongue, that to our ear doth fitly and fully express the aerial sinking away of an after-dinner Nap, from this noisy world, into a region far away, still, shadowy, and sublime—that only word, is the word the Shepherd is so fond of in the *Noctes*, the word *DRAWN*! It would be wrong to say that in a *DRAWN*, at least in the kind of delicious and delightful *DRAWN* of which we speak, that this wide and wicked world, in which we were born, live, die, and are buried, is entirely, utterly forgotten, and ceases to be! No—there is still a “laigh sigh” of this earth, which is felt still to be one of the seven planets of our solar system—still do we feel that we are mortal and unmarried—a mysterious feeling of our Editorship, even, is with us in our *DRAWN*—and each successive scene that hovers away before our ken, is as a glorious, and still more glorious Opening Article. Now, is it endurable that such a visionary beatitude shall be at the mercy of every common-place acquaintance that chooses, out of pure idleness or gluttony, to drop in, as he calls it, for pot-luck? There are times when the interior of a man's house, especially if he has passed his grand climacteric, ought to be sacred, when no unprivileged and

unhallowed foot must cross the threshold. No man who knows in what the value of threescore and ten years consists, would think of breaking in upon such consecrated privacy—and should such practices be established in society, there is an end to domestic delights. The dearest friend we have—and we have many dear—is not entitled to defraud us of a single snore. We except not even him who on one occasion saved our life. For saving our life, we owe him eternal gratitude; but not, if by claiming privileges of an entrée, he should render that life a curse. At the moment he leapt overboard to “pluck up drowned honour by the locks,” which he most heroically did, when our yacht was going ten knots, he surely was not actuated by the base thought, that for all future years there would be a knife and fork for him at our table. If so, we had much rather have been saved by a Newfoundland dog, out of that pure philanthropy characteristic of his kind, than by a fellow Christian, capable of such interested and selfish humanity.

A knife and fork constantly kept for any one man at any other man's table! Is not the thought shocking? Better, far better to have him domesticated at once—boarded, lodged, bedded, washed, and scoured, at so much per annum.

Think not, gentle reader, that we are inhospitable. No, no—our failing is rather the other way—and not a man in all Scotland keeps a better table, or one more frequently surrounded with troops of friends. But we like to choose our company. No verbal message by a servant, with Mr North's compliments—no oral invitation even—except on rare occasions, when we chance to meet on the street with an old friend from Tripoli or Timbuctoo;—nothing like a card, day and hour fixed to a minute by the Post-office clock. An answer too is imperiously expected—so that we know to a dead certainty whom we are to have—nor breathes the man, clerical or lay, entitled to bring with him—my friend Mr So or So. What! shall he disorder the symmetry of our genial board? Disarrange our chairs? Huddle upon our shoulder? Push the obesity of one of our best friends upon a pointed corner? Expel another to a side-table? Insult that well-known superstition

or fret of ours, that it is unlucky to say grace before meat in presence of an odd number?

There are too many worthy enough people in their way in this world, utterly destitute of common sense. They do not know when to call upon you—what to talk about while they stay, nor when to make themselves scarce. Having made good his admittance, through some mistake of the servant, who did not suspect him to be one of the interdicted, such a bore takes up his position in an arm-chair, (which no man is entitled to do out of his own house,) then drags himself along in it, if winter, towards the fire, that he may place his huge hulky heels on your fender, for which he deserves to have his shins broken by the poker—and blows his nose—another enormity—like a trumpet. He asks if you have seen the newspaper of the day, and like Mr Canning, you answer “Yes;” on which he begins to repeat to you, in short-tongue, all the Whig speeches that had already inspired you with pity and disgust, commenting upon them like a cuckoo, and assuring you that the administration will stand. Then he asks for soup; and if you are so silly as to let him have a bowl, he slobbers your blue cloth all over, and without apology, splashes your Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, or your Wealth of Nations, which, unless a ninny, you will send to him before dinner to get handsomely rebound. It rains, and he begs the loan of your great-coat and umbrella, which he promises to send home by a porter. Afraid that he may stay dinner, you order up the umbrella, but the housekeeper has left it at a friend's house in Claremont Crescent, two miles off—and the great-coat is asserted to be at Scaife's. On such occasions it never rains but it pours, and you have nothing for it, but to retire for a few minutes to a closet, and pray for strength sufficient to carry you through the evening. “The day will be a hard one, but it will have an end,” said Damiens or Ravallae, on the morning of his execution; and you or we have to comfort ourselves with the same philosophical and pious reflection. Sometimes, during the course of the evening, you begin to doubt, to entertain the most serious apprehensions that it never will end—time seems to stand still—thep to become

sedentary—they lie down and fall into a troubled sleep—but still to keep stretching away into the crack of doom—may, you become sceptical in your religious principles, and suspect that the Last Day will never come—the tenors of verbs seem the fictions of grammarians, all except *Is—Is—Is*; and whether *Is* be an interjection, an adverb, a preposition, or a conjunction, you know not, but the only other word in the vocabulary is *New—Now—Now*!

Think not that we exaggerate; so far from it, this is but a feeble sketch of what we have frequently suffered. Will you blame us, then, if we put on the chain, that enables the lame or the lad to study the physiognomy of every applicant to our knocker,—and, according to our hue-and-cry description of all murderers of our peace, to shut the door slowly and steadily in the faces of the culpable homicides?

We have had offers made to us of a knife and fork at the tables of various friends of ours—all married men, with the usual complement of children. We can now charge our memory with four—and of these, three were instances of the basest and boldest hypocrisy. They no more dared to keep a knife and fork for us than for the Royal Bengal Tiger that devoured the son of Sir Hector Munro. Their wives, we have good reason to know, hated us—Why, we never could understand—indeed it is a mystery past finding out how we can be hated by any living thing, for we may say of ourselves what Wordsworth says of his Pedlar,—

“Birds and beasts,
And the mute fish that glances in the stream,
And harmless reptile coiling in the sun,
And gorgeous insect hovering in the air,
The fowl domestic, and the household dog,
In his capacious mind he loved them all.”

However, true it is, that the three Mawseys (see Dr Jamieson) hated us—and this their several and respective husbands well knew at the very time they made proposals to us about the knife and fork. We tried the experiment on each of them, on three days, successively and successlessly—and such a blow-up! Mrs L. left the table with a cramp in her stomach—Mrs M. had to be supported out of

the room, with a ringing in her ears, and a swimming in her head of a very alarming kind indeed—and Mrs N., who we confess did really look very red about the eyes and nose, had to go up to the nursery to attend a measlesed brat, who had just taken physic, and who unquestionably did most providentially squall, in a style that must have dislodged some slates, just as the hotch-potch was brought in, in an earless tureen, by a red-armed Girtzy;—so from these three several and respective domiciles of domestic love and hospitable amity did we successively hobble home, just in time for our sole and our cutlet. But the cruellest case of all was the fourth:—Not only had we given away the bride with these our own blessed and chalky hands, but their first boy was, absolutely and *bona fide* in our own hearing, christened—Christopher. Little Kit and we became great friends, and we have left him something handsome in our will. Well, would you believe it?—the knife-and-fork arrangement there, too, was all a hum. We put it to the proof—not from any suspicion—for to all sorts of suspicion our open and generous nature is known to be averse—but in pure simplicity and *bon-homme*. The cold of a Lapland winter was nothing to the reception we met with from Mrs O. There was a drop at her nose that was frozen—her cheeks were pinched and blue like a radish that has grown out of the sun—she was absent and monosyllabic, and severe indeed were her unavailing struggles at a smile. It was in vain to attempt being pleasant. Seldom, God knows, are we stupid, but that day all our great and various abilities shrivelled themselves up like so many bits of cahoutchx—all our ideas, first one after the other, and then all in a body, flew off like pigeons from a dovecot, leaving our cerebrum and cerebellum utterly tenantless—all our heaps of information lay, like so much moulded corn, musty and unmarketable—and there we—even we, Christophers the Incomparable—sat with our finger in our mouth, the image of a perfect and prodigious ninny.

After this rehearsal, it is needless to say that we insisted no knife and fork should be kept for us at our friends the O's. But O. himself was a fine round little fellow, as full of kindness as an egg is full of meat—nor was his rib by

any means an admirable or admirable woman. We therefore put it to him, plump, what such a reception meant in such a latitude—and he confessed that Mrs O. could not endure smoking, and feared that were we to become a knife-and-fork guest, cigars would be established—with cigars twist—with twist oysters—with oysters toasted cheese—with toasted cheese indigestion—with indigestion death—with death burial—and with burial a widow and a small family of orphan children. This sorites relieved our minds from many unpleasant feelings—for we saw in a moment, that our cold reception was owing not to dislike of our society, but of her husband's dissolution—and we offered to leave at home our cigar-spluchan. But how shall you eradicate fears, sown by love, in a woman's imagination? "Nobody else liked so well to see in her house, in a mixed company, as Mr North—for he is the life and soul of every society which he condescends to dignify and adorn;—but, my dear O—he is a dangerous companion for a convivial man like you, at what you call a two-handed crack; and confess now—my chack—did you ever leave him on such occasions perfectly sober?" It is thus that calamities arise against the habits of our distinguished characters. That Mr O. may have occasionally been seen, on his way up to town from Buchanan Lodge, of a long summer evening, apparently more anxious to ascertain the breadth of that noble line of road than was at all necessary, seeing that the breadth is known to an inch, we shall not venture either to affirm or to deny; but allowing that it was so, whose fault, pray, was that? And of whose character can it be philosophically said to have been a fundamental feature? Not surely of ours. We were, all the while, sitting with a cigar in our mouths, below our own flowery porch—nor doth Araby the Blest produce any perfume more delightful than the blessed balminess of Trinity honeysuckles and Havannah cigars—perusing, haply, a page of Plato or Epictetus, of Quintus Horatius Flaccus, or Publius Virgilius Maro, him the Mantuan Swan. We were not seen stoitering gyrally away up-hill towards the metropolis, into the presence of a wondering wife, too sulky to scold. We were not seen stumbling even upon a Macadamized road, losing our hat, and clutching at it as

if it had been laden on the wretched Venus's ear. We were not seen speaking glibly to an old woman in a red cloak, supposing her to be a wait-maid, and anxious for a quarrel with the imaginary guardian of the night, that might lead to the police-office, and a fine of five shillings to the Infirmary. We were not seen taking the altitude of a lamp through our telescopic fingers, poetically dreaming it to be Hesperus himself, and soliloquizing a lecture on astronomy to an attentive audience of young larches in a nursery garden. It was Mr O.—not Christopher North—that was guilty of all these follies; and yet, such is the penalty that we pay for our greatness, this story we ourselves heard told against us in the Carlisle Mall, as we were going to Clovenford for a week's angling; and the other three in sides,—one a minister, and the other a mawsey,—the Teller, from the evident state of his liver, had been some forty years in India, in an uncivil department,—declared without one dissentient voice, that we were a most dangerous man indeed, and that Blackwood's Magazine, for no other reason we could discover, but because Mr O. has not the strongest head in the world, should be written down!

Ay, there's the rub—Blackwood's Magazine written down! That was long the prophetic cry of the Whig and Radical Seers. But all the quills that shall be plucked from all the tame geese in the Mainland of Lincolnshire, and the Isle of Ely, flinging in all the other fens in England to boot—all the quills that might be plucked from all the wild geese of the north of Europe, were we to suppose them, when congregated by instinct into countless millions, changing along hundreds of leagues of the brumal sky, struck to the earth by plague, pestilence, and famine, and plucked upon the spot,—not would they all suffice, although wielded by the whole literary population of the globe—all the inhabitants of China having been previously taught to compose in English under the Miltonian system—to write down one degree beneath its present sun-bright level in the heaven of glory that Periodical whom the four seasons, the twelve months, the three hundred and sixty-five days, and the twenty-four hours obey, ministering to her like angels, and from her golden urn drawing light that overflows the universe!

We have been told that there are men now alive who never read Periodicals; men of education—scholars—who always go, for every one single individual draught of knowledge, to the Fountain-Head. They fear the water will be muddy else; fetid, and full of small worms, fever, and atrophy. Such are sad stupid folks, with all their learning, they may depend upon it; and lose half their lives on the road, often miry or adust, going and coming to and from the Fountain-Head. How much better to have the element brought to them, where they sit or sleep, filtered of all impurity, and sparkling “with touch ethereal of heaven’s fiery rod,” in free-flowing pipes and conduits that never run dry. What better Fountain-Head could they desire than this Magazine? Thence issues a clear and copious stream, carried into every house at the small expense of half-a-crown a month. Turn the cock, and you see your face—your smiling face—in the liquid mirror; true to nature, yet of the most delicate flattery, and ever pleasant reflections. Nay, there are many cocks. Turn one—out gushes soft water for washing; another—hard, for tea and toddy; a third—cream for tart and pudding; a fourth—hippocrene; a fifth—Glenlivet. The fact of the matter is, that you are the inhabitant of a Fairy palace, and are served by the hands of Invisibles. Sweet voices whisper to you of all that is going on in the every-day world, and all the Elements are Contributors.

Change the image; and, instead of a Fountain-Head, suppose people addicted to a Brown Study. Who out of Grub Street would be a Book-worm? Think not that happiness is to be found in calfskin, or Russia binding. O Lord preserve us! what a multitude of blockheads are confined in a large book-case,—as Mr Wordsworth says of the tea-drinkers about the Lakes—all silent, and all damned! You view the matter in a different light? Well then, what is the use of a seraglio of ten thousand volumes? The octavo ogle at you all in vain—the clumsy quartos get absolutely disgusting—folios fat, fair, and forty, look all comely flabby—and you devoutly wish the little teasing twelvevins at the de-

vil. You would be happy were they all bound in Russia together; and exclaim, with Solomon, in a similar situation, all is vanity. But Maga—divine Maga—she blooms in immortal youth. Custom cannot stale her infinite variety—increase of appetite grows on what it feeds on,—and you hug her in uncloyed transports to your heart, a faithful Subscriber, Contributor, and Monogamist!

We had intended this for a twenty-four-page Article like that celebrated one, by the same or another hand, on Selby’s Ornithology. But a devil is at the door; and as this is positively the eighth article—short and long—that we have undertaken to write for this month’s Maga, without once being ready with copy according to appointment—there is nothing else for it, but to cut it off with a shilling. Buy the Work, facetious reader; for you have six plates, each containing five Illustrations, (thirty capital things), for eight shillings plain, and twelve shillings coloured. If you are the man we take you for, you will have all Cruikshank’s Works, for they are almost all chefs-d’œuvre—and the worst of them is more than worth double its price. But these Illustrations of Time are about the very best things George has ever done; and if, on purchasing them, you are disappointed, why, have your revenge by giving up Blackwood and taking Colburn, and thus prove yourself to be a man of the most correct taste, but no genius. The truth, however, is, that the dullest of dogs are amused with Mr Cruikshank’s sketches. There is a vein of nature about them that is visible to all human eyes; and it was no farther back than yesterday that we thought a worthy friend of ours, almost as complete a dunce as breathes, would absolutely have burst a blood-vessel on beholding “*TIME THROWN AWAY*,” in which half a dozen washerwomen are endeavouring with might and main to whiten an Ethiopian, who, as he sits in the tub, strongly reminds us of the late Lord Molineux.—Do, George, visit Edinburgh, and become one of the Noctes Ambrosianæ, which, being interpreted, signify Ambrosial Knights. Sally! bring our nightcap.

CHAPTER IX.

MISS WILLOUGHBY TO THE REV. JOSEPH TREVOR.

Rome, April.

DEAR SIR,

CONSTANCE and Mr Selwyn are both so worn out with the toilsome pleasures of the last eventful week, that, in compassion to them and you, I have taken on myself the task of describing them, not very methodically you may believe, but in my own rambling desultory way, as if I were sitting by the Rectory fireside at Ad-
dlerly.

Before, however, entangling myself in a labyrinth of Popes and processions, fireworks, and *fêux de joie*, I am commanded (on pain of denunciation to your inquisitorial worship, as a contumacious member of your flock) to comply, much against my inclination, with one Popish ceremony, the *bona fide* practice of which would, I am sure, make a good protestant of me in a week, had it been my misfortune to have been born otherwise. — Instead of that I am to reverse the matter, to fancy myself a Catholic, and you, my good friend, perched up in one of those confessionals, which it freezes the very tip of my tongue to pass before, and, in pure dread of having so serious a matter made a jest of, I am to tell you, *sotto voce*, that Helen Willoughby will not long write spinster under her name. Heigh ho! I assure you that sigh came from the very bottom of my heart, and yet the youth is of “gentle blood and gentle breeding, and has a reasonable wish to satisfy a woman withal,” and his name is Cecil, his county Kent, his age some five-and-twenty, his person passable, his fortune liberal, and his taste—unquestionable!

Having thus made, what Sir Walter's old Blue Gown calls a “clean breast,” I will, with a lighter heart, proceed to tell you what I saw, or rather, in some cases, did not see, of the pageantries of last week, having had enough under the former head to satisfy the most *spectacle*-loving loungee of the Boulevards of Paris.—The week commenced with the Palm Sunday's ceremony of the benediction of the palms, which the Pope on that day delivers to all the principal officers of

his household, and dignitaries in church and state, and indeed to every one occupying any public situation under government. The monopoly of these palms, as you may have heard, is enjoyed by the posterity of a Genoese sailor, who, being present at the erection of the Egyptian Obelisk before St Peter's, when, on raising the enormous shaft, the ropes proved too long to lower it properly into its bed, ventured to interrupt the solemn silence enjoined on pain of death to all but the directing engineer—and, availing himself of his nautical experience, called out to wet the ropes, which had the desired effect. Being not only pardoned, but desired to name his reward, he chose for himself and his heirs, the privilege they have ever since enjoyed of furnishing palms for this ceremony;—a very tedious one, during which my risible faculties were very improperly excited by the strange manoeuvres of the Cardinals, as they ambled to and from the papal throne, with their trains eight ells long, and their subsequent grimaces, while sitting to be *incensed*, like so many heathen idols. I was highly *incensed* myself (if you will pardon the pun) by that part of the service for the day, during which the poor old Pope—whose pale countenance and emaciated figure contrasted forcibly with such lofty pretensions—is borne aloft in his chair of state, and those magnificent words of Scripture—“Lift up your heads, ye everlasting doors,” &c., are actually applied to procure—after some puerile show of resistance—the admission of a mere mortal into his own private chapel, which he had left a moment before.

My indignation was not, however, at all directed against the individual Pope, whose interesting and benevolent appearance,—as his bearers stepped opposite our gallery,—and the ample accommodation he on all public occasions secures to our countrymen, called forth very different sentiments. Indeed, during the course of the ceremonies, I felt often a most Quixotic desire to revenge on the said

msels, their ungrateful requital of the good old man's liberality. The manner in which they elbowed him, turning his devotions on the most sacred occasions, was absolutely indelicate; and their want of complaisance with the simple regulation of hearing, for form's sake, the semblance of a veil when attending ceremonies here he is present, made me half regret the complaisance of the guards, who, good-humouredly, allowed one limsy appendage of the kind to serve as a passport to scores of fair transgressors. Really the proverb, of "doing at Rome as the Romans do," is unaccountably reversed by our unruly John Bulls, male and female. The Romans are civil, courteous, and tolerant almost to excess. They let us into their churches during the most solemn services, and wink at our profligate attention to pictures and statues. We abuse the privilege by noise, indecorum, and levity, quite forgetting the sacredness of the place, in contempt for the ritual. They give us a protestant chapel of our own, in violation of every principle of Catholic intolerance. We take the favour as a matter of right, and scandalize the pulpit and their betters, by as tumultuous a rendezvous of idle coachmen and heretic footmen as we can muster. Truly, John Bull does not shine abroad! Of course, there are exceptions, and numerous ones; but the main *droes* push and gore about them, just as our horned neighbours in the Welsh hills do, when first introduced to the civilization and restraint of a paddock. As for me, I find myself skipping from subject to subject, like another of our mountain drupeds, and must positively refer to my tether.

We recruited ourselves, during the latter part of the Holy Week, for its closing conclusion, by excursions to *di* and *Frascati*, already, I know, mentioned classically and enthusiastically to you by Mr Selwyn, who was exhilarated beyond measure by the image, while my sweet Constance loved it more than she has yet done since. We met with no banditti, though we had a narrow escape; and of our friends having been fired from their carriage, returning from the evening before we went. Subsequently came home in broad daylight, and hurried, as soon as evening

drew nigh, to St Peter's, to enjoy the first performance of the *Miserere* in the Sixtine Chapel. The ladies of our party found easy admission to their privileged tribune; but the heat and pressure among the gentlemen in the body of the chapel were truly dreadful. After the preliminary service of vespers, (which never had appeared to us so tedious,) the thirteen candles representing the Virgin Mary and the twelve apostles, were one by one slowly extinguished; excepting that of the Virgin, which was placed behind the altar; the reason assigned for which is, that her faith remained unshaken, while that of the apostles gave way. The extinction of the last candle, which we eagerly anticipated, was the signal for the commencement of the far-famed *Miserere*; a strain so plaintive, pathetic, and exquisitely executed, as to baffle all description. Highly as our expectations had been wrought, they were not disappointed; and we felt deep regret, when, after about twenty minutes, this truly angelic melody concluded with a chorus in a different and harsher strain. Sublime and exquisite as the music is, its effect is no doubt incalculably heightened by the previous silent expectation, the almost total absence of light, and the want of instrumental accompaniments. In the same darkness and silence the crowd slowly dispersed, half afraid, by indulging in remarks, to break the solemn spell.

It was necessary on the following morning, (Thursday,) to be at the Sixtine Chapel by seven o'clock, to have at least a chance of admission to as many as possible of the interesting services of the day; and the crowd at that hour in the lobbies was rendered more than usually formidable, by finding oneself involuntarily forced on the bayonets of the guard, while a young Irish priest was just carried out bleeding profusely from an inevitable contact with one of them. We ladies, as usual, gained our *Sanctum Sanctorum*, I scarce know how, and after hearing High Mass, finding it would be impossible, if we awaited the Pope's going in state to the Pauline Chapel, to reach in time the favourable station assigned us on the roof of the Colonnade of St Peter's, for seeing him give the benediction, we relinquished the former object entirely; contenting ourselves with a view of the Chapel it-

self, which exhibited on this occasion a truly striking *coup d'œil*. Having no exterior light, it is entirely reserved for such artificial illuminations, and was now literally clothed, from the roof to the floor, with wax-candles, arranged in a very beautiful manner, the light of which was most pictorially and singularly tempered by the clouds of their own smoke. At the upper end was a magnificent sepulchre, in which the Saviour is represented as lying; by a very singular anticipation of the order of events, for which the whimsical reason assigned is, that so melancholy a contemplation on *Saturday*, would interfere with the preparatory rejoicings of *Easter Eve*! Accordingly, during the whole of *Thursday*, the various churches of *Rome* exhaust their riches and ingenuity in exhibiting similar spectacles.

From the sepulchral gloom and hazy atmosphere of the *Paoline Chapel* the transition was sudden and delightful to the lofty scaffolding erected in mid-air, on the top of one of the circular porticoes leading to *St Peter's*; commanding of course a glorious view of the whole immense piazza, in which the assembled thousands shrunk into insignificance. The space behind the populace was lined with troops, and, beyond them, files of carriages extended as far as the eye could reach, while every window and projection of the building, and the whole opposite colonnade, teemed with spectators. The effect was as fine as possible; but we were rather too much raised to distinguish the costumes of the peasantry, (some of whom had come fifty miles for the benediction,) and in spite of an awning, we suffered much from the sun, during a long interval of anxious suspense. The Pontiff at length appeared, borne under his state canopy of white peacocks' feathers, at the middle window, which was the signal for the whole crowd beneath, by a spontaneous movement, to fall on one knee, while the grounding of the arms of the troops, re-echoed by the lofty buildings, resembled thunder. The blessing, the words of which we were much too distant to hear, lasted nearly five minutes, the conclusion of which was announced by all the bells of the city, and the cannon of *St Angelo*. On the whole, the world can scarcely afford a more imposing ceremony, whether we consider the venerable character of the

Pontiff, the noble aspect of the edifice, or the immense multitude animated by one sentiment, who flock to witness it from all parts of Europe.

The dispersion of the crowd was a curious spectacle, with which Constance and I indemnified ourselves for the absolute impossibility of seeing the two ancient ceremonies in which the Pope washes the feet of thirteen pilgrims, and waits on them at table. Mr Selwyn, who contrived to make his way to both, found them by no means, as he had expected, merely *nominal*. The feet were all actually washed by the good old man, (having, of course, undergone thorough previous ablution,) and each pilgrim was by his own hands plentifully helped to meat and wine, the former of which he was permitted to carry away.

We swallowed a hasty meal, when all once more collected, and returned for the second *Miserere*, of a different composer from the preceding one, but very similar in style. Though the emotion of novelty had subsided, we were equally charmed, and only wished our bodily powers might keep pace with the demands of this busy period.

The morning of *Friday*,—after service in our own chapel,—was spent in pilgrimages to various churches, peculiarly ornamented in commemoration of the awful event of the Crucifixion,—in a style so completely theatrical as to preclude, with Protestants, every idea of devotion. In some, a complete representation of *Mount Calvary*, with wax-work figures as large as life of the soldiers, women, and disciples, lighted up in a truly scenic manner, occupied one end; and at the other, preachers addressed immense multitudes with much energy, and often rude eloquence; while the emotions we could not help sharing, on witnessing the tears which flowed abundantly down many a bronzed cheek, were suddenly put to flight by an interlude of violins and other instrumental music, breathing anything but devotion.

We turned from this medley with disgust and pity; and after composing our spirits by the third, and perhaps finest *Miserere*, hastened to enjoy the boasted *coup d'œil* of the *Cross of Lamps*, which, on this evening, supplies in *St Peter's* the place of all other illumination. The idea is undoubtedly a fine one, and worthy of

Michael Angelo; but we were sadly disappointed in the size of the Cross, which, although twenty-four feet long, scarcely bears to the gigantic building a greater proportion than the diamond one which sparkles on a lady's breast does to her whole figure. Instead of reaching (as one somewhat inconsiderately expects) nearly from the roof to the floor, it appears utterly insignificant, (though formed of three hundred and fourteen *double lamps*,) except when apparently enclosed and greatly set off by the beautiful brazen canopy of the great altar, above which it is suspended. There is something, too, very striking to the mind's eye, in thus beholding the very brass once employed in lining the Dome which proudly rose over the forgotten Deities of the Pantheon, lending its fostering shade to the Cross, which gave them their death-blow.

The effect of the light which this Cross sheds over the Church, or rather of the vast masses of shadow occasioned by so partial an illumination, is indescribably fine; and the flitting to and fro of the thousands who on this evening flock to St Peter's adds constant interest to the picture. Among others, the Pope, in a private and unostentatious manner, came to pay his devotions to the Cross, or rather to the relics exhibited to the eyes of the admiring multitudes, from little balconies above the heads of St Longinus and St Veronica,—which legendary Saints (to the scandal even of the liberal Eustace) occupy two of the most conspicuous stations in St Peter's. Part of the spear of the former, (the Centurion attendant on the Crucifixion,) and the handkerchief of the latter, with its miraculous impression of our Saviour's countenance, were shown to the delighted Catholics, while we sober Protestants determined to try the effect of contrast, by adjourning from this crowded resort of the devout and idle, to the moonlight stillness of the Coliseum. Fine as this noble ruin is by day, we found its majesty heightened by the hour, and by the beams of a full moon streaming through its broken arches and roofless corridors. Among these we clambered with delight, until a succession of fashionable visitors broke the spell, and drove us away.

Fairly weary of ceremonies and pageants, and wishing to revive our

minds and bodies for the final exertions of Sunday, we gladly waived the uninteresting baptism of one or two miserable bribed Jews on Saturday morning, and spent another delicious day in the shady solitudes of Frascati.

Easter Sunday was ushered in by the same demonstrations of joy as Christmas day; and surely these salutes of artillery and pealing bells which, while they commemorate the triumphs of one nation or family, frequently carry woe and desolation to the hearths of another, can never be so truly appropriate and spirit-stirring as when the whole human race participates in the victory, though not in the conflict! The very day seemed to rejoice over our heads; not a cloud disturbed the serene radiance of an Italian heaven; and at a very early hour a perfect tide of people and carriages set in towards St Peter's, with a view of obtaining, if possible, good places for the High Mass, only three or four times in the year performed in that matchless fabric.

As usual, the English ladies were abundantly provided for; nor indeed were tickets issued to the most distinguished Catholic ladies, till all our British applications had been answered. Foreign gentlemen were also favoured in obtaining admission within the enclosure formed by the troops, and having an excellent view of the Pope; who, on account of infirmity, did not himself perform Mass, but remained seated during its celebration, on a splendid throne a little in front of St Peter's Chair. After quitting this throne, and feebly tottering, supported by two prelates, to humble himself at the altar, it was a striking contrast to see him carried in his gorgeous chair of state down one side of the church and up the other, followed by perhaps the most brilliant procession the world can produce, consisting of all the splendidly attired dignitaries of the Church and State, the peculiarly well-dressed and martial-looking body-guard, composed exclusively of young Roman nobles; the way on each side lined by troops and by peasants in every variety of gay costumes,—whose universal obeisance as the Pontiff passed, and bestowed his benedictions to the right and left, were unspeakably imposing. Pomp and pageantry cannot go further, and the benevolent character and venerable

ble appearance of the aged Pope, and the probability of its being the last time of his *enduring*, rather than performing, those splendid functions, lent an affecting interest to this strange contrast of almost divine honours and human weakness. While sitting, pale and motionless, during the fatiguing duration of the ceremonies, on his comfortable and solitary throne, one could almost fancy him already occupying the space allotted him among the cold marble effigies of his predecessors, whose noble monuments surrounded him, and with whom he must, ere long, repose.

We chose, for variety, a different point of view for beholding the still more brilliant and crowded spectacle of this day's benediction, when the Piazza could hardly contain the *myriads* assembled in it. We hastened to secure a place in the lower area of the colonnade, on whose summit we had formerly been elevated, and preferred our present position as affording a finer prospect both of the Pope himself and the kneeling multitude, than when both were reduced to pigmy dimensions by our too great height above them. It was impossible not to be *electrified* by the mingled roar of cannon and shouts of the multitude, as the *mass*, with whose heads we were on a level, and on which we might previously have *walked*—so closely were they pressed together—joyously but slowly dispersed. The state equipages of the Pope and Cardinals, and the innumerable carriages chiefly open, filled with gaily dressed parties, conspired to add brilliancy to a scene probably unparalleled.

The close of such a day would have called forth regret, had we not impatiently anticipated yet more lively enjoyment, in the unique spectacle of the illumination of St Peter's. Before the day-light had sufficiently faded to give this matchless exhibition its full effect, away we drove to the spot; but what the fine *coup d'œil* lost in splendour, was fully compensated by watching the increased radiance of the lamps as darkness came on, and the progress of a brilliant planet, which, with peculiar felicity, placed itself for a few minutes precisely above the fiery cross which crowned the lofty dome. Words cannot do justice to the effect of the finest work of human hands, towering in the clear evening

sky; every pillar, cornice, and ornament of its matchless architecture, traced in lamps of a soft yellow radiance, while those which marked the windows and compartments of the dome, gave to that part (according to an almost universal remark) the appearance of being hung with a drape of black velvet, sprinkled with golden *fleurs de lis*.

Actually dumb with ecstasy and emotion, we awaited during a *short* hour the celebrated brilliant change which was to supersede our present calm enjoyment, and almost dreaded its arrival. On the firing of a gun, the soft radiance we had so long contemplated was instantaneously exchanged for a blaze, the splendour of which far exceeded our most sanguine expectations. The building (as well as the endless colonnades adjoining) had been previously studded with large metal shells filled with oil, and these being, by an unseen and almost magical process, all lighted at the same instant, an effect was produced similar to that of ten thousand torches, which, while they eclipsed, did not extinguish the paler luminaries which filled up the intervals between. It was absolutely like a scene of enchantment; and sure I am, that this spectacle alone would richly compensate a pilgrimage to Rome!

We tore ourselves from it with extreme reluctance, not to lose the benefit of the window we had paid very high to secure, opposite the scene of the concluding fire-works at the Castle of St Angelo, and which we were obliged to gain by a very circuitous route, every usual thoroughfare being blocked up by pedestrians. The roofs of the houses exhibited a curious appearance as we drove along, teeming with a population as numerous as the holiday groups below; and during the tedious period of expectation which preceded this pageant, (rendered doubly so by the thought of the probably superior one we had left behind,) we beguiled the time by a stolen peep at the private intercourse of Sovereigns, our window happening to command, across a narrow lane, the room in which were assembled all the sprigs of royalty then in Rome. After satisfactorily ascertaining that kings and queens drink their coffee, and comfort themselves much like other people, our attention was agreeably

diverted by the commencement of the fireworks,—a species of exhibition in which the Italians avowedly excel all other nations, and on which, on the present solemn occasion, no expense is spared.

The form of the “stern round tower of other days,” and its imposing mass, rendered it peculiarly favourable for the display of many a brilliant device; the most interesting of which were, the representation of its former state as the highly ornamented mausoleum of Adrian, (before its cruel appropriation to purposes of defence,) and the finale, which presented even to us recent eye-witnesses, no contemptible imitation of an eruption of Vesuvius.

Before retiring to rest, we gratified ourselves with a last look of the distant splendour of St Peter’s, from our own neighbouring Monte Pincio, and I felt half inclined to weep over the fading lustre of the noblest spectacle the powers of man are capable of affording—one which no time or distance can ever erase from the memory.

Before closing this long, and, I fear, ten thousand times told tale of pomp and pageantry, I must indemnify myself in some measure, my dear Mentor, for my own extorted confession, by denouncing at your bar another culprit, who, though he would, perhaps, start to be taxed with the crime of love, is yet far deeper in the toils than your light-hearted Helen. Would to Heaven I could promise him as propitious gales, and as fortunate a conclusion! You already guess whom I mean, and admit the impossibility of a young man highly gifted, generous, and feeling, as Hampden undoubtedly is, living for months exclusively with Selwyn, and Selwyn’s daughter, without aspiring to become, if possible, more the son of the one, and the protector of the other. You can also, no doubt, picture to yourself our precise situation. Hampden enjoys the present, and scarce dares think of the future. Selwyn fears, by seeming to see the present, to endanger his own visions of futurity. Constance has as yet too few thoughts of self, and those too exclusively resting on the past, to dream either of inspiring or repressing a new attachment; but the veil must, ere long, be rent from all eyes and all hearts; and dear as

Hampden deservedly is, to all, I fear he will have at best a long and painful suspense. I was, at first, amused to see how my engagement disconcerted the only little worldly web my dear Constance had woven to keep us all united; and then feared the disappointment was aggravated by apprehensions for her own peace, and personal repugnance to a nearer connexion, however distant: but on careful observation, I am convinced, that as yet she neither dreads, nor indeed anticipates, such a consummation. She is too much “a widow indeed,” to bestow a thought even on continuing so; however, she is so thoroughly and devotedly a daughter, that if Hampden can make her father’s happiness the price of his suit, I would fain hope he may win and wear her, in due time.

A slight incident has lately proved the attention of Hampden, and the filial duty of Constance. The evident delight which Mr Selwyn (for the first time since his misfortune) experienced in the music of the *Miserere*, and other church services of last week, induced a natural regret that it should have been so short-lived, and suggested to Hampden the idea, which I gladly seconded, of hiring, during the remainder of our stay, an organ, which, with the celebrated music, not easily procurable from the choristers of the Pope’s chapel, was secretly placed in an antechamber during one of our excursions into the country. The evening after our return was delicious. We were sitting at an open window, while the moon-beams fell strongly on the sparkling fountain in the centre of our piazza, the dash of whose waters alone broke the stillness of this quiet part of Rome. “What a night for music!” exclaimed Hampden, to feel his ground.—“What a night for the *Miserere*!” repeated Mr Selwyn,—“with that moon for a listener, and that murmuring fountain for an accompaniment!” I took Constance under the arm, and stole with her into the anteroom, where, at first with trembling fingers and an unsteady voice, she began to chant the seraphic strains before her, which, however, inspired by genius and the sacred character of the music, soon swelled into something almost too much for my not very susceptible ear. Dreading its effect on Mr Sel-

wyn, I went back to the parlour, but found him in a transport of unmingled delight, rejoicing over his child's lost and found talent, almost as he had done over that child herself! Hampden, who had never before heard one note from that matchless voice, was affected to a degree which first opened my eyes to the strength of the passion he had been silently cherishing, and to which this syren song lent, of course, an additional spell.

Since then Constance has sung with evident pleasure all the fine church music here so abundantly to be found; but while Selwyn daily thanks Hampden for his opportune attention, I fear

the poor fellow himself, like Hamlet's father, has had poison poured into the "chambers of his ear." I feel much for him, and begin to long, for his sake, to change the scene, which becomes too formidable, from its tranquillity and uninterrupted intercourse.

We go to Florence in a few days, and there, under the sanction of our ambassador's chapel, will a knot be tied, which, were my dear Mr Trevor a thousand miles nearer, no hand save his should fasten. As it is, your blessing will, I am sure, be on the head of your

HELEN WILLOUGHBY.

CHAPTER X.

WILLIAM HAMPDEN TO HIS SISTER.

Florence, May.

I wrote you, my dear Fanny, a hasty account of the bustle and splendour of the Holy Week—a bright but fatiguing pageant; after which we breathed more freely, and more thoroughly enjoyed the comparative stillness and almost rural solitude of deserted Rome, the tide of whose temporary population rushed northward immediately on the conclusion of the solemnity.

To give a complete start to this shoal of strenuous idlers, whose turbulent rapidity accords ill with our ideas of comfort in travelling, we devoted one delightful though melancholy fortnight to a parting visit to all our favourite haunts; to St Peter's, now again consigned to a majesty of silence, soothed, not broken, by the melodious murmurs of its perennial fountains; to St Paul's yet more deserted shrine beyond the walls, where, once a-year alone, a tide of worshippers invade the lone sanctuary, over which depopulation and malaria have waved their deadly wing. We have meditated among the tombs, which in Rome speak a language yet more awful than their usual small still voice—from the simple record and early grave of the young English traveller, to the proud yet scarcely less obscure memorial of Roman wealth and insignificance, beneath whose shade our pilgrims find repose. We have wandered amid the shapeless masses of gigantic ruins, which mark the splendid Circus and Baths of Caracalla, to find, entire and

picturesque as ever, both to eye and mind, "the stern round tower of other days," inscribed with the name of Cecilia Metella. The princely shrines of pleasure, of learning, of luxury, have mouldered into oblivion; that of conjugal affection is likely to bid defiance to Time for centuries to come.

We have seen the tomb of the Scipios, where the greatest of the name refused to let his ashes sleep among his ungrateful countrymen, now become a place of reverential pilgrimage to the descendants of the barbarians who avenged him; while in the Mausoleum of Augustus, degenerate Romans witness puppet-shows, and the yet more strangely fated one of Adrian, (shorn of its splendours to decorate the almost equally deserted tomb of an Apostle,) frowning in all the gloomy grandeur of a gothic fortress, once the state prison of a pontiff, is now the asylum rather than the dungeon of a horde of robbers.

It were endless to recount these mutations, which make every stone in ancient and modern Rome speak volumes. I must really check my moralizing vein, and tear myself on paper, as we at length did in reality, from a place, the deep regret of quitting which I can only compare to the pangs of separation from a dear and familiar friend,—one, too, whom we had, alas! slender hopes of ever again beholding.

Everything, on leaving Rome, harmonizes with those melancholy ideas. The desolation of St Peter's patrimony,—the sluggish flow and almost livid hue of the Tiber,—the dreary wastes which succeed each other for nearly twenty miles, (the prospect agreeably enlivened by crosses on the road-side, and skulls and other bones set up on poles, in commemoration of old or recent murders,)—the solitary post-houses, and unhealthy, cadaverous-looking postillions,—all seem in keeping with the shade of invincible sadness which every heart, not of adamant, experiences on leaving the Queen of Nations, the mother of heroes, the cradle and grave of religion, of art, and of patriotism.

Not choosing to pass in darkness the ruins of Otricoli and the bridge of Augustus, we slept at Nessi, a miserable ancient town, whose squalid brigand-like inhabitants, and vast cavernous hostelry, needed not the aid of imagination to lend them horrors. It was such a relief to quit them under a bright morning sun, with the dew yet sparkling on the grass, that the now improving scenery acquired fresh charms in our eyes, and our spirits rose insensibly with every step; reconciled to our increasing distance from Rome, by our escape from degenerate Romans.

It was yet early when we reached Terni, and we immediately set out to visit the far-famed cascade, about five miles distant. The road was rather alarming, along the edge of dizzy precipices; commanding a lovely view of the valley of the Nera, the character of which is more *Swiss* than Italian. We passed close to what I must ever consider one of the most painful spectacles in the world,—a totally deserted village, ruined by the French in one of their campaigns. The remains of stately edifices, while they pain, dilate the mind, and awaken pleasing emotions; but the blackened walls of unroofed and untenanted cottages speak only of desolation, and excite unmingled sadness.

On gaining the summit of a hill, the distant object of our pilgrimage burst for a moment on our view, but quickly disappeared, as if on purpose to awaken our expectations, yet leave us, on a nearer approach, all the pleasure of surprise. Words are quite inadequate to paint the wonders, the

beauties, and the horrors of this matchless *cataract*, (for waterfall is much too tame an epithet,) as viewed for the first time, within reach of its eternal spray, illumined by the most brilliant rainbows, from a little eminence overhanging the tremendous "Hill of Waters," to which even Byron's noble description, though not to be fully appreciated till read on the very spot, fails in doing justice. We successively beheld the majestic spectacle from innumerable, and all beautiful, points of view; some, exhibiting singly its three falls, with their different characteristics, the last, uniting them all in one unrivalled *coup d'œil*. The result of many delightful hours passed on the spot, was, that no cascade in Europe which we had ever seen could boast of so rare a combination of noble circumstances as this of the Velino; that of Staubbach, in Switzerland, to which it yields in height, being comparatively a rill; and that of Schaffhausen uniformly disappointing the traveller, by the comparatively trifling elevation from which the Rhine precipitates its majestic body of water; while here, amid every accompaniment of scenery which a painter could desire, a whole lake rushes with incredible fury into the valley beneath from a height of 800 feet.

The next object of interest the road presented was, the Temple of Clitumnus, and its clear stream: the latter, it appeared to us, must have owed much of its charm, in the eyes of Eustace and Lord Byron, to their visiting its margin during the heats of summer; while the former probably derived its strong hold on their fancy, from its being the first Roman temple which had crossed their path. To ourselves, fresh from the ~~great~~ fancies of Rome, this little fairy shrine derived its chief interest from the enthusiastic lays of our countryman.

The same potent spell greatly enhanced the classical associations and natural charms of the celebrated lake of Thrasymene, on whose lovely banks we hovered till a recurrence to the accurate and luminous descriptions of ancient and modern writers, had brought the whole scene of Hannibal's triumphs before our eyes. The lake itself is a noble sheet of water, 35 miles in circumference, and embellished by three pretty islands; indeed the whole journey to Arezzo presented scenery truly

Italian; not only villages, but large and ancient cities, perched upon lofty eminences, and embosomed in olive woods.

The first *coup d'œil* of Florence, now in all the charms and luxuriance of spring, made up in these delightful circumstances for its inferiority to that I had enjoyed from the more commanding elevation of the Northern Apennines; nor were other differences wanting to afford a strong apparent contrast between my two approaches to the Italian Athens. The being in whose fate, Selwyn and myself felt such engrossing interest, was then like an *ignis fatuus*, escaping from our ardent and protracted pursuit; she was now calmly seated beside us, in speechless admiration of a scene she too might be said almost to behold for the first time. But I, Fanny, (whisper it not to yourself,) have perhaps only exchanged one anxiety for another more torturing, and am pursuing a meteor more delusive and evanescent than that which lured us from Florence only to mock us from the distant horizon of Leghorn!

This place is on the whole delightful; and with its fortress-like palaces, and stormy middle-age reminiscences, seems to follow the natural course of history, and lead us insensibly from one Augustan age to another. Already the Cæsars have given place a little in my mind to the Medici; and since I have gazed on the statue of the great Lorenzo by Michael Angelo, I have asked myself if ever Greece or Rome taught marble thus to "meditate almost to madness." The unfinished, nay, rather only sketched-out magnificence of the Chapel, which it was designed to decorate, seems to afford, in its connexion with the long-faded glories of his house, abundant matter for the reflection, which (such is the inimicable ease of the attitude, and deep thought of the countenance,) it would scarcely startle one to see him turn round and communicate. I thought of the sculptor's own apostrophe to the animated quadruped on the Capitol, when he bade it "walk since it was alive;" and longed to parody it, by exclaiming to Lorenzo, "Speak, for thou thinkest!"

The superior arrangement and inestimable value of the Vatican collection, render its vast extent infinitely less bewildering than the gallery here, where objects of inferior interest at

first involuntarily usurp the attention, which, however, is soon better devoted to a few unrivalled specimens of art. You will expect me to say something of the Venus; and I will own that, for her sake, if not for my own, I now heartily regretted not having seen her on my way to Rome. Odious as comparisons are, they will be made; and man is a *comparing* yet more decidedly than a *cooling* animal. A beautiful woman (which the Venus unquestionably is) is the finest object in nature; yet the effort of genius, which embodied in marble an idea which flesh and blood was capable of affording, surely falls far short of that which has lent to brute matter in the Apollo a superhuman dignity, which, while it awes the most unthinking, yet requires elevation of mind duly to appreciate and admire. If, instead of these vile comparisons, one could consider them as rival efforts to personify the *beau idéal* of mind and matter, we might then admit them both to be perfect in their way; and only applaud the superior choice of subject, dictated, in the former case, by the unerring instinct of genius. To come to one decisive test. If the Venus were the Apollo, neither I, nor one in a thousand of the gazers on his divinity, would turn as we now every day do, to admire and contemplate the other excellent statues and celebrated pictures which invade the sanctity of the tribune; and which, while they perhaps only set off and enhance the human loveliness of its fair cynosure, would have been rebuked into utter insignificance by the frown of the Pythian archer.

Perhaps from that decided preference, which I cannot help feeling for whatever has attached to it even fictitious associations, I have beheld with deeper interest the group of the family of Niobe, cruelly disjointed and interpolated as it now is; nay, even admired more intensely individual figures in it than the far-famed Venus. In beauty, some of them are little inferior, while deep and unmerited distress lends to that beauty an interest of which the very divinity of Venus robs her, because it is not, in my opinion, of a character to raise her above the level of her mortal compeers.

I happened to go straight from the hall of Niobe to the cabinet of gems, where the riches of nature and the ingenuity of art have been exhausted to combine in the princely bangles is

contains, the most inestimable value with the most exquisite forms. Yet the result, though dazzling, is so trifling, so unsatisfactory, so exclusively addressed to the senses, that it is a relief to escape from the royal toy-shop, and return with redoubled enjoyment to those immortal productions of the chisel and pencil, which speak to the mind through the eye, and rise on every succeeding inspection.

Before quitting entirely the subject of female beauty, I must remark that the two most exquisite specimens of it on canvass which perhaps the world can boast, are both found in Florence, in the *Magdalene* and *Poesy* of Carlo Dolce; ennobled, too, in the former, by the most heavenly expression of piety and resignation; in the latter, by all the inspiration of genius. These two heads have haunted me ever since I saw them, not the less perhaps that I trace in one living countenance alternate illuminations from both of these celestial sources. I am getting a copy of the *Poesy* in miniature, which you shall one day see, and, if you substitute for the laurel wreath that encircles the head, a veil, which only enhances the charms beneath, you will have some idea of the sister art of music, as I have seen it personified.

Do not suppose from what I have thus written *con amore*, that we spend all our time even amid all that art can give; Nature is far too tempting to permit such desertion; and though Florence (contrary to my previous ideas) affords far less scope for rural rambling than Rome, its environs being cruelly intersected with high walls and uninteresting olive trees, yet the justly-famed *Cascine*, or Grand Duke's villa, with its noble ilexes, whose shade is now so valuable, and the more pleasing, because more retired, Strozzi gardens, afford us many a delightful evening stroll. The Lung'-Arno, or walk along the river, so highly prized in winter by the chilly Florentines, is now interdicted by the heat of the sun, and the almost Egyptian plague of gnats, which absolutely threaten to banish us from Florence.

We should, indeed, leave it almost immediately, but for Miss Willoughby's marriage, necessarily deferred in consequence of the bridegroom's absence in England, a delay which, Helen flatters herself, will (by allowing six months to have elapsed since the death of Ludovisi) procure her the ardently

desired countenance of her earliest and dearest friend at the altar. I believe, her entreaties and Selwyn's gently-expressed wishes have nearly prevailed; but I dread the trial to Constance's only half-subdued feelings. I have been requested, by honest Cecil, to support him on the occasion, and shall not dispatch this letter until he is a happier man than your poor brother ever expects to be!

The ceremony I so much dreaded, on more accounts than one, is over, my dear Fanny, and I snatch a few moments while the happy pair complete their travelling arrangements for Switzerland, to tell you how amiably Constance, on this trying day, suffered her own feelings as a widow to be absorbed in those of the daughter and the friend. She had, as a matter of course, exchanged her sable dress for one which, though still of mourning materials, (white crape,) yet from its unsullied hue, and almost ethereal lightness, lent quite a heavenly character to her sylph-like figure and angelic countenance; while the extreme paleness of the latter, and the transient flush of emotion which occasionally passed over it, reminded one she was not yet above the reach of human feelings and sorrows.

I had not seen her all day, till, led in by her father, she stood beside the not more trembling bride. She commanded her feelings wonderfully, until Selwyn was obliged to quit her, to perform a father's office by giving Helen away; when a recollection of her own unsanctioned nuptials irresistibly and naturally overcame her. She was evidently near fainting; and when her father for a moment consigned her to my care, there was something in thus receiving her in such a place that quite got the better of me. A bystander, who had witnessed our emotion, arising, alas! from the most opposite feelings, would surely have supposed us a pair about to succeed to the far less agitated couple at the altar. Dare I, Fanny, draw any favourable presage from so slight and undesigned an omen? Would Selwyn give me for life the hand which he put into mine for one brief moment? That question I do not shrink from; but would that trembling hand ratify the act, even at the immeasurably distant period when alone the awful question could be agitated?

“This I scarce dare ask myself; but my heart has told me so plainly to-day that I ought to stay no longer, that I had half determined on starting with the Cecils, when the earnest entreaties of Selwyn, that I would accompany him as far as Geneva, and deposit him under the friendly roof of La Rosiere, conspired, with my own secret reluctance to go, to overrule my better, or at least wiser purposes. A few days or weeks can make little difference in the state of my own feelings, as unveiled to me to-day; and

methinks, released from the formidable, though not unfriendly, observation of Miss Willoughby, I shall be better able to encounter the unconscious eye of Constance, and the pitying one of Selwyn.

Adieu. The carriage is at the door, and I hear the joyous voice of Cecil calling for his recreant bridesman. Shall I ever summon any one to perform that perilous office?

Yours affectionately,

W. HAMPDEN.

EDWARD SELWYN TO THE REV. JOSEPH TREVOR.

La Grande Chartreuse, July.

DEAR TREVOR,

HAVING been rendered somewhat lazy and remiss by the increasing heat, and the comparatively uninteresting nature of our pilgrimage since we turned our reluctant steps from Rome, I flatter myself I shall in some measure atone for past silence by the *piquant* date of this epistle. It is not often you will receive a letter from a cell in *La Grande Chartreuse*, ay, and actually written, for want of better materials, on the identical sheet of wretched paper which was destined to contain the periodical confession of its silent occupant! Its limited dimensions warn me to be brief, so I shall excuse you all hopeless attempts at description of the sublime natural scenery amid which this celebrated convent is appropriately embosomed, to give vent to those moral reflections which, in my unwonted dormitory, oppressed my soul almost to bursting.

Hampden and I left Constance with a sister of Madame de Préville's at Chamberi, to recover from the fatigues of the passage across Mount Cenis, and came hither early yesterday afternoon. The ride was enchanting; but its magnificent features only enhanced the horrors of the dungeon which succeeded, as did the polished and refined conversation of the Padre, who received us, our sense of the worse than loneliness of his habitual situation. You are aware that the monks, (at present twenty-two in number besides novices,) in addition to austerities and privations of a personal nature, which sink into insignificance compared with the moral insu-

lation of so many human beings, never speak except on great emergencies, and though frequently taking their food and exercise in unnatural fellowship, are strangers to everything which constitutes the comfort of human intercourse. Most of them, for there are exceptions, have taken refuge here from the intolerable burden of great crimes, or singular calamity; judge, then, how dreadfully the incessant action of such uncommunicated sorrows must corrode the soul! Anything like predilection or partiality between individuals of the fraternity is denounced as a crime; and an instance was told us on the way hither, of a father and son having passed years together in the convent—the son, without recognising his parent—the father, without divulging the connexion to his son, who only learned it on the death of his parent!

This horrible story was enough to banish rest from my pillow, without the perpetual toll of the bell, summoning the fathers to religious services. Every four alternate hours are passed in the chapel, when, during mass, they remain prostrate on the ground.

I rose with the dawn, and joined Hampden at early prayers. His looks testified that he had rested as little as myself; and as a farther proof that our feelings had partaken of a similar character, I inclose a few lines* which he wrote under their pressure, on a blank leaf or two of his pocket-book. They will serve to illustrate and embellish my own indignant *reveries*, and prove to you, that my dear adopted son

* These will be given in our next Number.

has, if not the genius, at least the sensibility of a poet.

God knows, I sometimes wish, for his own sake, he had less of that perilous quality; but it is not at *La Grande Chartreuse* that one would forego even the painful privileges of humanity, and I trust, that the only prize which a father's hand can bestow is in store for the son of his misfortunes. If otherwise, I shall need no monk to

tell me that he and I must part. We are all, at present, something like *Chartreux*, on one interdicted subject; but the hallowed precincts of *La Rosiere* will unlock all hearts; and there, if we cannot yet rejoice together, we may at least mingle our tears.

Adieu, yours ever,

R. SELWYN.

CHAPTER XI.

MRS CECIL TO THE REV. JOSEPH TREVOR.

La Rosiere, July.

DEAR MR TREVOR,

AWARE that a few hasty lines from my lord and master informed you of his entrance on that arduous office, I deferred writing myself, till I could prove to you that my submission had outlasted the honey-moon, and till we should rejoin our friends at *La Rosiere*, at the close of our little tête-à-tête excursion through some of the most interesting parts of Switzerland, which we were determined to explore before returning by Paris to England.

We found Selwyn and Constance happily settled, for some months at least, with their amiable relations, the *Prévilles*, whose admiration of their niece is only equalled by their partiality towards poor Hampden, who, however, having resumed his former quarters at *Subérons*, indulges but sparingly in the dangerous pleasure of their society, and talks of proceeding to England with us, if not sooner. He has been prevailed upon to stay and join in an expedition we purpose making next week to *Chamouni*, accompanied by the whole family from *La Rosiere*, the younger part of whom have never yet paid their nearer devoirs to *Mont Blanc*.

I must now give you a sketch of our journey hither.

Cecil and myself being both determined in our preference of by-ways to high-ways, and of mules or mountain-ponies to chaises and four, resolved on entering Switzerland by the little-frequented but beautiful passage, from the head of *Lago Maggiore*, through the *Grisons*. The scenery was fully as fine as that of the more accessible, and, consequently, more celebrated parts of the country; but it wanted the charm that hovers over those mountains and valleys,

which formed the actual cradle of Swiss liberty; and as I have not leisure or inclination for detailed description, I shall rather devote a few words to the impression made on me by those scenes which had been long familiar to my mind's eye. It is only as one penetrates into the heart of this romantic country, where every spot is hallowed by successful struggles for liberty, that one feels really in Switzerland; the frontier cantons towards Italy retaining, perhaps from old associations in the mind, somewhat of an oppressed and servile character.

We hailed with delight the approach to the lake of *Lucerne*, the classic ground of Switzerland, surrounded by those noble mountains in whose bosom its independence arose, and seems destined ever to flourish.

Although we had experienced no actual difficulty in the less frequented parts of our route, it was yet a relief to find ourselves in a more cultivated district, and to have the accommodations of civilised life, superadded to the utmost simplicity of manners, and wildest sublimity of nature.

This union subsists in the most delightful degree at *Lucerne*, at whose celebrated inn we indemnified ourselves for previous fatigues and hardships, while we had but to walk a few yards to embrace a scene of Alpine magnificence, only the more striking for its combination with smiling industry and garden-like fertility.

On one side rises the rocky and frowning summit of *Mont Pilate*, famous for the absurd legend which has assigned its little dark lake as the prison-house of the perturbed spirit of the iniquitous Roman governor.

Tradition relates, that having thrown

himself into the Tiber on his return to Rome, that river attempted to disburthen itself of his unhallowed carcase, by repeated inundations; on which the body was fished up, and conveyed to various receptacles, where, continually occasioning fresh disasters, it was at length transferred to an apparently secure and harmless residence on the summit of a Swiss mountain. Here, however, the turbulent Pontius recommenced his gambols, raising violent storms on the lake of Lucerne, particularly when any mischievous individual attempted to invade his retreat, by throwing stones or anything else into the small lake on the mountain. To obviate such mal-practices, it is not many years since travellers were permitted freely to ascend unaccompanied by a person appointed to watch over their conduct. Pilate being at length powerfully exorcised by a scholar, was bound over to keep the peace, only reserving to himself the right of parading the mountain once a-year in full magisterial costume, with his hat under his arm; on which occasion, any person unlucky enough to encounter him, infallibly died within the year.

On the opposite side of the lake, and of the town of Lucerne, lies the far-famed Righi, a pasture-mountain beautifully wooded, which, though of no very extraordinary height, yet enjoys, from its isolated position, one of the most magnificent and extensive views in the world. The day after our arrival at Lucerne was, fortunately for us, a great festival in this and the neighbouring Catholic Cantons. We attended High Mass at the Cathedral, and were delighted with the gay *coup d'œil* afforded by the innumerable peasant girls who occupied one side of the area; their flat white straw hats, covered all over with flowers and ribands, and looking absolutely like a parterre, while their embroidered bodices, and gay-coloured petticoats, gave them a truly national appearance. Their simple and sincere piety added prodigiously to the effect of a grand military mass, whose martial character accorded well with the hardy and brave disposition of the hearers; while the pathetic national melodies occasionally introduced, were infinitely more affecting than the scientific and perfect music I had often listened to unmoved at Rome. The Catholic ritual, too, seemed to lose much of its

offensive character, while surveying the primitive assembly who crowded the church, bestowing exemplary attention on a sonorous discourse in German, (the patriotic tendency of which might be read in many a kindling countenance,) after which they reverently withdrew; the peasant girls, in token of friendship, going out hand in hand, and presenting each other with holy water.

The lofty sentiments of the Swiss modern character, which this spectacle was calculated to excite, derived confirmation from our visit in the evening to the gigantic monument at present working out of the face of a rock near the town, in commemoration of the heroic devotion of the Swiss guards at the Tuilleries, on the 10th August 1792.

Such a tribute of respect from their country, (for all the cantons contribute to it,) is worthy the heroes to whose manes it is erected. The idea is simple, and the execution excellent. A mortally wounded colossal Lion, the emblem of fidelity and fortitude, grasps, in dying, the *Fleur de Lis*.

We started early next morning, under the most favourable circumstances, to ascend Mont Righi: The first part of the pilgrimage being performed by water, along one of the arms of this finely-diversified lake, as far as the village of Kussnacht, where stood the castle of the tyrant Gesaler, to which he was conducting William Tell in chains, at the moment of the patriot's fortunate escape.

Tell, you know, has always been my favourite hero. I believe you first told me his story, and it was long before I could eat an apple with anything like *sangfroid*. I, therefore, looked forward with delight to an excursion which should enable me to trace him through every scene of his eventful life; though the *first* of the many shrines consecrated to his memory by his grateful country, which was to lie in our path, commemorated the *last* of his exploits, thereby anticipating the well-known order of events. About half a mile from Kussnacht we passed through the hollow way, where Tell shot the perfidious governor, in a self-defence consecrated by the impending ruin of his country. If you recollect Schiller's admirable scenes laid in this memorable spot, which so powerfully enhance our sympathy with Tell, and our abhorrence of the

tyrant, you may imagine with what reverential feelings we visited the little chapel which marks the fall of Gessler.

We now began to ascend the mountain; Cecil on a lank Rosinante of a dirty cream colour, (own cousin to Dr Syntax's celebrated steed,) myself on a sluggish beast of the elephant species, but wonderfully docile and sure-footed. A trusty guide, hale and facetious, at the age of sixty-six, two sturdy bearers to carry baggage, and two lads to lead back the horses, completed our cavalcade; which, as we defiled up the green slopes, and ultimately emerged or disappeared among the woods, had a very imposing effect. The ascent soon became extremely fatiguing, but rewarded us first with the small lake of Zery immediately under our feet, broken with wooded promontories, and studded with villages. Every step added a new feature to our prospects, and, gradually, ten of the fourteen lakes said to be discernible from the summit, opened on our view, with such a panorama of undulating hill and dale on one hand, and of Alps on the other, as has probably few parallels in the world. Three hours and a quarter of continued ascent, rendered less painful by the exhilarating mountain breeze, brought us to the inn which (of three which the mountain affords) we had chosen for our quarters, as situated in a tolerably sheltered spot, midway between the two elevated points most favourable for the setting and rising sun.

The first aspect of this aerial domicile, a wooden cottage, with a roof of the same material, fastened on with large loose stones, gave little promise of the excellent fare which recruited our way-worn frames. Fresh trout, savoury stews, roasts, omelettes, nay, even confectionery, succeeded with a profusion that might have put to shame many *soi-disant* hotels; nor was the bottle of excellent old Sherry (though dignified, as usual, with the more pompous name of *Madère*) charged higher for being drunk at 7000 feet above the level of the sea!

We repaired after dinner to the summit called *Righi Culm*, to enjoy a most magnificent sun-set, which the frosty air still prevalent on such lofty situations, tinged with the brightest red. If one or two of the catalogue of lakes still escaped our unpractised

eyes, that of Lucerne, broken by fantastic mountains into many distant divisions, more than atoned for the deficiency.

A few days before our arrival, the sublimity of the scene we are now contemplating had been enhanced by the grandeur of an Alpine storm; and it was with deep interest we listened to the fate of the poor courier belonging to an English family, who, just after expressing his rapturous admiration of the prospect, and declaring he should never be able to find in his heart to leave it, was struck dead by the lightning on the very spot we occupied.

Saddened by this incident, we descended with the sun to our place of rest for the night. We found the inn swarming with gaily-dressed peasants, in the costume of various cantons, either returning from yesterday's fête at Lucerne, or so far on their way to the popular chapel of *Notre Dame des Neiges* on the Righi. These merry groups, however amusing for a short time, proved a sad annoyance to our repose, as, sleeping accommodations being for them out of the question, they had no resource but to pass the night in drinking and conversation; of which the flimsy nature of our wooden cabins did not permit us to lose a single sound, although the *scuse* was safely locked up in a variety of uncouth dialects, of which almost every valley has its own. The cold east wind, which found its way through the numerous crevices of our dormitory, was a still more serious evil; nor could the feather beds piled above us, with true German profusion, or the feverish irritation of our fatiguing journey, prevent our teeth from chattering in our heads; while sleep was effectually murdered by the outrageous mirth of the peasants above and below us, and the equally lively, though silent inhabitants of the fatal feather-beds. Scarcely had the turmoil a little subsided, and exhausted nature got the better of every obstacle, when the unwelcome voice of our guide announced the peep of dawn, and a struggle ensued between laziness and curiosity, in which the latter fortunately prevailed. Half asleep, and shivering, we threw on our clothes,—every object around as yet enveloped in misty grey, a hoar frost glittering on the pastures, and a bitter easterly wind assailing our faces as we reluctantly exposed them to the blast. All, however, was

repaid and forgotten, when, on attaining one of the elevated stations above mentioned, the magnificent panorama around us, presented itself with that distinctness of outline which exclusively belongs to the interval preceding a cloudless sun-rise. The whole chain of Alps, on which, the evening before, dense clouds had rested, were now in full view ; their snowy, or rocky pinnacles finely contrasted with the deep blue vault above. Words must fall short of describing the gradual development of every feature in the landscape, the deeper and deeper tint of the glowing sky, the light curling fogs which hovered over the surface of the glittering lakes ; above all, the roseate hues on the highest Alps, the harbingers of sun-rise, successively caught by a thousand lofty pinnacles, and finally, the majestic orb itself, appearing behind the mountains to our favoured eyes, many minutes before he deigned to gladden the dull optics of the plains below. The gradual lighting up of these plains, as spires, villages, and towns caught the blaze, and emerged from among the woods, was inexpressibly beautiful. In a word, no one who has not witnessed it, can imagine the magical effect of sun-rise amid the Alps, enhanced as this was by every charm of scenery, and every advantage of season and weather.

When we considered how many pilgrims had ascended to meet disappointment, and recollected that friends of our own had lately waited in vain during a fortnight, for a favourable day to witness such a spectacle, we acknowledged ourselves peculiarly fortunate.

After a well-earned breakfast, we descended by a tolerably easy road, through beautiful mountain scenery, till we arrived at a little Capuchin convent, with its well-frequented chapel, appropriately dedicated to Our Lady of the Snows, where our noisy friends of the preceding evening were now attending mass, and whence they afterwards passed us on the road, chanting litanies and telling their beads. After quitting this Alpine sanctuary, the road became too rapid for horses, being, with little interruption, a regular staircase, cut in the mountain for the convenience of the neighbouring peasantry, and of course excessively steep and fatiguing.

While recruiting our strength on a

bench half way down the mountain, we had before us a full view of the devastation occasioned by the dreadful *éboulement* of the Rossberg in 1806.

That mountain, composed, like the Righi, of a sort of pudding stone, had long been observed to be full of crevices ; and at length, after a very rainy season, the whole face of it suddenly gave way, carrying down before it immense forests, houses, and cattle, and completely burying the flourishing village of Goldau, and part of that of Lowntz, half filling up the lake of that name, whose elevated waters completed the destruction of what the rocks might have spared. A space of a square league, formerly cultivated like a garden, is still entirely covered with tremendous blocks of stone, under which, at a depth which precluded all possibility of succour, lies the devoted village of Goldau, with its 200 houses, and nearly its whole inhabitants, a few having escaped by means which almost appear miraculous. Those saved were chiefly the most infirm and helpless, as if by the peculiar interposition of Providence ; among others, an infant of two years old, whose whole family perished, was found lying at an immense distance uninjured, on her mattress. Another child, of five years old, and a maid-servant, after being carried 1500 paces from the site of their habitation, found themselves, the infant lying on her back, covered with rubbish, and the maid in the most wretched position, her head downward, and her eyes painfully compressed and full of blood. The simple creature naturally imagined the day of judgment had arrived, and began to repeat her prayers, when, to her unspeakable joy, she was answered by the little girl, whom, being in utter darkness, she had not before perceived. The two mutually comforted each other, and continued to pray, until the child became silent, and her companion, with deep grief, concluded her to be dead. The poor maid passed a cruel night ; but, next morning, had the inexpressible relief of hearing her little friend again complain. After many hours of protracted suffering, the cries of the child fortunately attracted the attention of some persons who were endeavouring to remove the ruins, and she was first disengaged. Although her arm was broken, the amiable little creature en-

treated her deliverers not to lose a moment in extricating the servant, who, from the injuries she had received, was long unable to move; she passed the first ten nights of her liberation without sleeping, and has ever since continued subject to fits of trembling.

Among other sufferers by this awful visitation, were a party of pleasure, consisting of a gentleman and his wife, and various other friends, who had set out in the highest spirits, to ascend the Righi; and the greater part of whom, unfortunately, reached the village a few moments previous to its annihilation; while the survivors, yet more to be pitied, were saved, by lingering behind to purchase provisions. The distress of the poor gentleman, whose wife perished, and of a preceptor, who had with difficulty obtained permission for the only children of his patron to accompany him, may be easily imagined.

It was, seated on one of the huge masses of rock, which (with the exception of the rebuilt church, and a little inn adjoining,) alone mark the site of Goldau, that we read these interesting details, and contemplated the wide havoc of a calamity, which had in a moment converted a garden into a wilderness, and a populous valley into a desert. The piety and resignation displayed by the few remaining survivors, amid the loss of their families, their property, nay, their very means of existence, were truly honourable to the national character, as well as the prompt and ample relief afforded by the neighbouring cantons.

We were conveyed in a *char à banc*, in front of the prettily situated town of Schwytz, lying on a sunny bank, surmounted by two picturesque rocky pinnacles, to Brunnen, the place of embarkation for Altorf. Here begins the most beautiful and noble of the branches of the lake of the four cantons, running between those of Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwald, the very classic ground of Swiss freedom. A delightful breeze wafted us along its bold and precipitous shores, the lofty mountains rising perpendicularly 7 or 8000 feet above the lake, so as to preclude landing in case of danger, except on the little jutting rock on which is picturesquely seated the chapel, commemorating the almost miraculous escape of Tell from the boat, which was conveying him to eternal

confinement in Gessler's castle at Küssnacht. We experienced just difficulty enough in paying our devoirs at this shrine of mountain liberty, fully to appreciate the strength and dexterity of its hero, in leaping on shore during a storm so tremendous as to have obliged his enemies to liberate this experienced steersman, for the preservation of their own lives.

The scenery around the *Tellen Platte* is indescribably beautiful, and its position, almost opposite to the little verdant spot on which the three founders of Helvetic liberty, in sight of their respective cantons, swore to die in attainment of their object, lent it additional interest.

A delightful walk from the little port of Thielen, brought us to Altorf, the capital of Uri, beautifully situated under lofty mountains, richly clothed with wood. My highly wrought fancy readily caught hold of a characteristic incident, which marked our entrance on the scene of the bold archer's hard-earned triumph. A band of fine-looking young peasants were availing themselves of a sunshine holiday to practise shooting at a mark; and imagination easily substituted the crossbow of Tell, for the rifle of his little less hardy descendants. There was the market place, with Tell's Tower occupying the precise site of his exploit; the same magnificent mountains raising their heads to the sky, and much of the same primitive virtue and simplicity beneath their shade.

Next morning early, we paid a hasty visit on foot to the romantic village of Buylon, the birth place and residence of Tell, where another rustic chapel marks the site of his lowly dwelling. The scenery around is well calculated to cherish lofty ideas, and the chamois hunters of the mountains are still as ready as ever to brave perils, and likely to remain free as the game they pursue. To give an idea of the wildness of the country, though the valley is a perfect garden, a bear was killed not far from the spot lately.

We again embarked on a lovely morning at Huelen, and coasting the bank opposite to Tell's Chapel, landed on the little plain of Grütli, already mentioned as the *rendezvous* of the Swiss patriots. We were accosted in the most frank and primitive manner by a comely pair of peasants, who inhabit the spot; they shook hands with

us, and invited us to drink of the three distinct springs, which, rising almost close to each other, serve as natural mementos of the three confederates of Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwald. We did so, with a degree of enthusiasm highly pleasing to the guardians of the sanctuary, who offered us fruit from a plum tree, the stems of which are carefully planted by the Swiss pilgrims who visit this cradle of their liberties.

When opposite Brunner, we diverged into another arm of this beautiful lake, whose shape, that of an irregular cross, gives it a variety superior to what can be afforded by the crescent form of our favourite Lemman. Having completely circumnavigated it, and followed all its windings, we returned to Lausanne, after an excursion combining every moral and natural charm.

Such had been its *piquant* character, that the exquisite neatness of Berne, and the milder beauties of Neufchâtel, appeared tame in comparison. I am told that Chamouni will equal in sublimity my highest expectations, and I am determined to inflict upon you my

account of the expedition. We are all happily of various tastes in this world; and while Italy and the arts hold the first place in the minds of some of my travelling companions, Switzerland and Nature take stronger possession of mine. Perhaps my mountain education, (though Snowdown and Plinlimmon are but mole-hills when speaking of the Alps,) may account for the predilection. There is to me a degree of positive happiness in ascending a mountain, which is wholly indescribable, although Rousseau has done for it all that language could do.

A propos, we went to see his celebrated island on the lake of Brienne, and from the traditional accounts of his misery in that paradise, I much question whether the poor visionary was ever happy anywhere. If a man is not happy in Switzerland, it is plain Nature can do nothing for him. I am abundantly so, and yet I expect ere long to be happier, and to tell you so in person at Adderley. In the meantime, yours most truly,

H. CECIL.

CHAP. XII.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Chamouni, August.

HERE we are, my dear Mr Trevor, under the ample shadow of the patriarchy of the Alps, whose awful superiority, like that of many other truly great personages, is rather diminished than increased by nearer acquaintance. Seen from Lyons, glittering on the dim horizon, it requires calculation of the immense distance to persuade one of his gigantic dimensions; and here, where no object of comparison presents itself, save the monarch's scarcely inferior satellites, one is half disappointed that he does not more conspicuously eclipse them. It is in the intermediate stages of our approach, that his relative grandeur is best appreciated; and of all the points of view in which I have yet seen him, that from the heights above Neufchâtel does his supremacy the highest honour. From thence, the whole fantastic range of mighty mountains that skirt the horizon, sink into his lowly train, and his real advantage over

them, is, by some optical illusion, actually increased. I can believe anything on the subject of such delusions, since I have heard credible witnesses assert, that they had seen, at the distance of 54 miles, his gigantic shadow in the lake of Geneva!

I must, however, introduce you to my hero a little more methodically; and never was potentate approached through avenues more calculated to enhance his importance.

It is quite impossible to do justice on paper to the scenery exhibited by the whole day's journey to Sallenche, a small town, 30 miles from Geneva, beyond which heavy carriages cannot proceed.

Harvest was everywhere going on, and lent its joyous animation to the valleys, while richly wooded hills rose towering above each other, sprinkled with hamlets, and topped with pinnacles of naked rock of every form and hue, frequently even yet striped with snow. The road winding amid moun-

tain passes, afforded at every step a change of prospect, and, by an insensible transition to loftier and loftier ranges, our eyes at length rested on Mont Blanc itself, which displays its snowy mass from Sallenche in great perfection, and seems, though still twenty miles distant, within an hour's walk. From the wooden balcony of the inn, we feasted our eyes on its glories illuminated by the setting sun, and promised ourselves a bright sunrise to-morrow.

We rose in the morning, at first considerably disheartened by an unexpected fall of rain in the night, which continued at intervals during the day; the mountain tops being, even between showers, enveloped in floating mists, which, however, if they partially shrouded their beauties, rather added to their grandeur.

Of all the watering-places that I ever chanced to visit, the Baths of St Gervais are the most wild and romantic; situated at the head of an almost inaccessible glen, with a mighty waterfall rushing from a great height, directly behind the house. The hot spring ought to be salutary, if a nauseous taste is any criterion.

On the opposite side of the foaming Arve, (which we crossed on a bridge of loose planks, which none but Swiss horses would have set foot on,) we visited the beautiful cascade of Chède, whose smiling nymph formed a pleasing contrast to the wildness of her opposite neighbour.

At the village of Serooz, we entered on the most secluded and romantic valley I ever saw, which communicates with that of Chamouni by a narrow pass. The steep rocky road, in some places scarcely practicable; the torrents, whose rugged bed is perpetually crossed with a safety that almost appears miraculous;—all seem abundantly formidable at first, but the steadiness of the horses, and unequalled wildness of the scenery, reconciled us to everything.

The first view of a glacier does not, in general, realize previous expectation, which is more apt to connect the term with icy pinnacles invading the sky, than with a rugged sea of ice, filling up the head of a valley, and frequently, as is the case in those of Chamouni, descending into its fertile bosom, and disputing with precarious cultivation inch after inch of the soil.

To the mere spectator, nothing can be more piquant and striking than this absolute contact of summer and winter, of desolation and fertility.

A village, still tenanted, is within a few feet of the yearly advancing *Glacier du Bois*, and a whole hamlet is likely soon to be dislodged by the same interloper. The glaciers have nearly doubled in extent since 1806, from a succession of severe winters; but the advance this year has been less than usual.

Both inns at Chamouni enjoy the reputation of comfort and cleanliness; and I cannot give a stronger *trait* of the general kindness which subsists among the inhabitants of the valley, than my discovering in a guide, (who had met us at Sallenche, and whom we had there engaged to attend us during our stay,) a brother to the innkeeper whose hotel we did not happen to select. On inquiring next day, why he had not recommended this house in preference to the other, for which we had expressed no particular predilection, his manly and generous answer was, "Oh! there are travellers enough for us all—Besides, we are all brothers at Chamouni!"

You must have seen so many narrations of the ascent of the Mont Anvert, which, from its superior facility, usually obtains the preference from the host of travellers who pass but one day at Chamouni, that I will content myself with saying, that we accomplished it safely and pleasantly, and found every reason to coincide in the accuracy of the well-known comparison of the *Mer de Glace* to a stormy sea, suddenly arrested by congelation in its wildest mood. This resemblance is heightened by the strange bulwark which surrounds it, formed of huge blocks of stone heaved up by the gradual closing of the dangerous fissures which lend so much peril to the navigation of this frozen ocean. The dashing sound of innumerable rills, perpetually rushing unseen from the neighbouring summits, completes the illusion, by resembling the murmur of waves in this enchanted sea, which is eight leagues long, and communicates with a vast number of glaciers.

The descent, as from the Right, proved incalculably the most fatiguing part of the expedition; and after admiring the beautiful icy vault from

under which the rapid Arveron issues, we retired early to rest, having resolved to begin at sunrise the more arduous and less frequented ascent of *la Flegère*, a mountain on the opposite side of the valley, commanding a superb view of Mont Blanc, and of the whole chain of its attendant *Aiguilles*.

A showery evening somewhat damped our hopes; but the atmosphere next morning was absolutely transparent, and Mont Blanc gave us warning of sunrise by putting on a roseate tint some minutes sooner than his humbler neighbours. We started in high spirits. Our mules carried us the whole way up the mountain, although much more perpendicular and difficult than the Mont Auvvert. The sagacity with which these poor animals traced for themselves zig-zag paths up the stony face of the mountain, which actually resembled the steepest roof of a house, was astonishing; and nothing but the unrivalled glories of the prospect could have reconciled us to their frequent halts, generally on the disquieting brink of a precipice.

Every step discovered new beauties. The valley lay stretched before us glittering with morning dew; and one by one, the peaks of ice or granite rose from among the intervening lower ranges, and showed us their true forms and relative situation.

Five glaciers were in full view, and the *Mer de Glace*, directly opposite, was seen in all its extent; its gigantic waves softened by distance into gentle undulations. Nothing can be conceived more sublime and impressive than this spectacle in the stillness of morning, broken only by the reverberation of frequent avalanches. An air of desolation pervades the upper regions of *La Flegère*, from the havoc committed by lightning and tempests among the dark fir woods that clothe them.

I know few things that impress one with more gloomy sensations than a number of immense trees, either standing upright, though naked and blasted, like so many spectres, or lying prostrate and uprooted in every direction.

We halted on a smooth green platform above the woods, surmounted by a cross, where a courteous shepherd was in waiting with delicious milk, as far excelling the same beverage

in the plains, as the pure mountain air does the dense atmosphere of cities.

After partaking of this welcome refreshment, we reluctantly quitted the spot. The descent being too rapid for us to remount the mules, we drove them before us; and it was amusing to see them bound literally like *Chamois* from rock to rock.

A propos of these agile inhabitants of the mountains, we visited, on our return to the village, one of their capative brethren, now very rare even on the higher Alps, a living *Bouquetin*, the largest and wildest of the goat species, about two years old, and exhibiting, notwithstanding its unnatural confinement, much of its native strength and agility. Its eye is exactly that of the "wild gazelle," and on the intrusion of strangers it darts with inconceivable rapidity along the rafters of the house in which it is kept. Its mother was shot a few moments after its birth, and the little unconscious prisoner was brought up by a she goat, who is still its companion, but on whom her savage nursing looks down with sovereign contempt. It is by no means reconciled to its situation, and I could not help longing to open its prison, and send it bounding to its native snows. . . .

Geneva, August.

We were detained at Chamouni by heavy rains a day longer than we intended, during which I wrote you the above particulars of our hitherto prosperous and delightful excursion. How little did I then foresee that two distressing catastrophes would combine to cast a gloom over its termination! Thanks, however, to a kind Providence, and to one of the most energetic of its human instruments, the disaster, in which some of us were personally involved, has been attended with none but beneficial results.

The rains, which preceded as well as followed the bright interval of two days, which favoured our ascent of the mountains, gave rise to a very fatal accident on Mont Blanc, (of which public report will soon inform you,) but in which, vicinity to the spot, long acquaintance with the enterprising leader of the band, and the recent services to our party of several of the devoted guides, caused us deeply to participate.

Emboldened by the ease with which Mont Blanc has this year been ascended, and not (as has been falsely and cruelly asserted) deterred by one word of dissuasion, or symptom of reluctance on the part of the most experienced guides, many of whom cheerfully volunteered to accompany him, an intelligent Russian physician, whom we had daily met at Rome, arrived at Chamouni during our stay, and eagerly prepared for the ascent; not, as has been frequently the case, merely to gratify an idle curiosity or puerile vanity, but amply furnished with the means of verifying and extending the scientific observations of Saussure, in which he was to be ably seconded below, by the corresponding observations of the venerable *Pictet*, who had come for the purpose from Geneva.

Round the convivial board at the *table d'hôte* at Chamouni, we had all entered keenly into the sanguine feelings of our friend and his companions, and had gaily listened to his playful proposal that we should confer on his ascent on the morrow the hitherto unheard-of *eclat* of female participation. Danger never occurred to our minds, although, as experience has fatally proved, inseparable from so precarious and ever-varying an expedition!

The party, consisting of three gentlemen and eight or ten guides, left us in high spirits, and though the rain, which fell during their first day's progress, threatened discomfort, its influence on their safety was unthought of.

Before proceeding to the agitating recapitulation of the imminent, though yet more unsuspected peril in which it involved ourselves, I must give you the denouement of a more fatal tragedy. The party on Mont Blanc, after passing the night at the usual halting-place, were pursuing their aspiring track next day with the fairest appearance of success, under a cloudless sky, their hearts beating high with hope, and within two hours' walk of the summit; and (what cruelly enhanced our sense of their subsequent misfortune,) we saw them, with the innkeeper of Sallenche's telescope, proceeding in regular file over the dazzling surface of the snow, not perhaps half an hour before that faithless footing treacherously gave way, and

precipitated three of the jocund travellers into eternity!

Here, however, in the midst of judgment, mercy had been remembered, at least as far as regarded our poor friend himself, who only, by apparent accident, moved his position from the rear to the front of the long file, a few seconds before its three hindmost pilgrims were hurled (by the sudden separation of the loose new fallen coat of snow, from its more solid base,) over a precipice at least 2000 feet in depth! The thing was instantaneous. There was a sliding of the snow from beneath their feet, and, with the foremost in the train, a struggling and floundering for escape; but with the devoted victims instant, irremediable destruction! And two of these poor creatures had attended our party the day before; the one, with all the privileged garrulity of courteous and venerable years; the other, with the guileless simplicity and honest desire to please of a novice in his perilous trade! And we had gladdened his young heart by inserting in his almost blank volume of testimonials, a character which might perchance have assisted in procuring for him the fatal honour of accompanying our friend! The third sufferer (though as it happened, unknown to us,) bore the same name with my worthy and disinterested Pierre; and it was some days before I ceased to believe that the grey-haired guide of my wanderings, with whom I had taken sweet counsel on the tops of the everlasting hills, was a mangled corpse, in the depths of one of their fathomless abysses!

But before these sad tidings could reach us, our minds were filled with personal anxieties of a nearer description, though proceeding from the same cause; that unseasonable rain, which, while it lent new perils to the summit of the mountain, let loose a raging torrent to devastate the valley.

On our way to Chamouni, we had admired as a sublime, if not beautiful spectacle, the ungoverned fury of the at all times turbid Arve, swollen by the late wet weather, and in many places overflowing its banks. We, or rather our drivers, had even remarked that in one spot where their height rendered overflow impossible, the impetuous flood had undermined the land, and caused slight fissures, which

might in time endanger the safety of the detached portions. One of these fissures extended even beyond the usual line of road skirting the river; and over the insulated portion we were made to pass with what almost seemed unnecessary caution, at a slow pace, and each light carriage separately, with an interval between. The chief object in jeopardy from the inundation, if continued, was a cottage built very close to the brink of the river, and already evidently tottering to its fall, from the insecurity of the foundation on which it still rested. This cottage, and the probable fate of its inhabitants, became of course an object of eager interest on our return; and we perceived with surprise that it was still standing, notwithstanding the frightfully increased gap which divided it from the solid land; and found, with no small horror, that its inmates, the female part at least, still clung in devoted infatuation to its tottering walls, already bound together with ropes, and every instant menacing an additional peril to the obvious one arising from the inundation. I shall never forget the spectacle presented by three helpless females of various ages, sitting in mute and desperate recklessness in the porch of their once happy and still dear dwelling, seemingly equally unable and unwilling to tear themselves away, and placing apparently their reliance for safety on a large wooden cross, which their simple piety had erected, in the vain hope of arresting the progress of the waters.

You may believe that all of us, (while the carriages were pursuing a widely circuitous temporary road farther from the river,) employed our eloquence to persuade the poor creatures of the imminent peril of their situation, and induce them by the united force of argument and gold, to remove in time from the devoted spot, which every moment became more dangerous. But we had failed, and with heavy hearts were resuming our journey, when our dear Mr Selwyn, whose active benevolence I need not extol to you, lingered unperceived behind us, and turned back under its irresistible impulse, to endeavour, by still farther liberalities, to reconcile the poor Savoyardes to the necessity of emigration.

A shriek and a plunging noise suddenly caused us all to look round from the slight eminence we were ascending;

the cottage had disappeared! but the terrified women were seen clinging to the willows which overhung it, while, as Selwyn was nowhere visible, it was too probable he had fallen a sacrifice to his philanthropy. Long ere these ideas could be distinctly admitted, Hampden, who fortunately was in the rear of our cavalcade, had dashed down the bank, and availed himself of his position to arrest any floating object which the rapidity of the stream might permit him to grasp.

He had not been on his post five minutes, when the raging flood came loaded with the scattered fragments of the fated cottage, to one of the rafters of which, Selwyn unconsciously clung. It cost his athletic young friend a severe struggle with the foaming billows, ere he could make them resign their almost inanimate burden; both were, indeed, carried a good way down, and when at length the projecting stump of a tree enabled Hampden to make a last effort to gain the shore, he was completely exhausted, and we knew not at first which sufferer most imperiously called for our assistance.

Selwyn, who had escaped all injury, first revived, and the joy of Constance, on seeing him open his eyes, had the effect of closing hers, and making her insensible to the far more tedious and difficult circumstances of Hampden's recovery. We at length succeeded in restoring animation, but, as has since appeared, in consequence of some injury on his head from the plank on which Selwyn clung, as well as from his heated state when he plunged into the water, he both looked and spoke with alarming wildness, and relapsed into insensibility more than once, during our slow and sad progress towards Sallenche.

Here, he was immediately put to bed, and an express dispatched to Bonnevill for medical aid, before the arrival of which, strong fever had manifested itself, and he raved incessantly of Constance having perished, and his own negligence in not averting the calamity. It was, of course, necessary to persuade him by ocular demonstration of her safety, and, as he was not too far gone to recognise her, a scene ensued very trying to her feelings, and not a little indicative of his, had she been sufficiently collected to observe them.

The physician, on his arrival, of

course prescribed the utmost quietness, and the wretched accommodation of Sallenche being quite insufficient for our large party, it was agreed that we females should proceed to Bonneville, while Cecil remained with the invalids, of whom we should, through the doctor, receive at least a daily report.

This, for two or three days, was far from favourable, and our apprehensions were very painfully excited, when the delirium was casually ascertained, from external symptoms, to proceed from a serious blow on the head, and the application of leeches, and other local remedies, happily removed it.

Selwyn, whose own delicate state quite unfitted him for attendance on a sick-bed, was now peremptorily ordered away by Cecil, and complied, in compassion to the anxieties of Constance; and after a day's rest at Bonneville, we proceeded together to La Rosiere, leaving my husband to superintend Hampden's removal when it should prove perfectly advisable. They followed us in about a week after; and all symptoms of illness, except considerable weakness and unusual dejection, having disappeared, Hampden was at length permitted to visit his friends at La Rosiere.

He had, during Cecil's brotherly attendance at his bedside, freely confessed to him the state of his heart, the almost hopeless attachment which he could not help cherishing, and his resolution of proceeding immediately to England, and tearing himself from society, in which he could no longer indulge without fostering, or indeed betraying, a passion, which, he was aware, could only be displeasing to its object.

Cecil communicated this to Selwyn and myself, and we agreed in the propriety of his departure, and the impossibility of any mention of his suit at present, while, at the same time, we felt a strong wish to procure for him, if possible, such a ray of distant hope, as might in some degree repay his filial devotion, and alleviate the pangs of separation.

An object which we might have found too delicate for accomplishment, was unconsciously brought about by the prattle of a child. We were all sitting, (after a repeat over which the

altered appearance of our young guest, and his approaching departure had cast a gloom we strove in vain to dissipate,) in the summer-house, where, at this season, the family usually drink tea. Little Louise, to whom, probably, because a favourite with Constance, Hampden has always been uncommonly partial, and who is very fond of him, broke the silence which had for some time reigned, by remarking, with the *naïveté* of childhood, what a pity it was good Mr Hampden should go away, and how much she hoped he would return next year.

Receiving from him, in answer to her playful entreaties, only a melancholy shake of the head, she went up in turn to her papa and mamma, asking of each, with infantine earnestness, if they would not be happy to see good Mr Hampden again at La Rosiere. Both, with all the eloquence of sincerity, assured her they would. Cecil and myself she passed by, alleging that we, too, were naughty, and going to far-away England. She then, with great seriousness, looked up in Mr Selwyn's face, and repeated her question, childishly adding, "I am sure you ought to wish to see him, and be very sorry he is going away."

"Louise," said Mr Selwyn, with unusual gravity, and a voice tremulous with emotion, "I am very sorry to part with Mr Hampden; but it is necessary for him to go to England, and I love him too well, even to wish him to return here, unless I could be satisfied it were for his own happiness. Were I to consult my own, my child, he would not be long absent!"

We all felt that in these words there was more than met the ear. It was a decisive moment. Louise crept softly towards her cousin Constance, (the only person uninterrogated,) and hiding her face in her long veil, as if conscious of the import of her question, whispered, "Et ma belle maman Anglaise, que veux tu?" Constance, burying her slightly glowing cheek in the luxuriant ringlets of her little favourite, almost inaudibly answered, "Le bonheur de mon père." We all breathed freely, and Hampden, reaching the door by a desperate effort, returned on the morrow to Geneva a new man, with Hope for his companion! Farewell.

H. CECIL.

THE ROD AND THE STREAM : A DISCOURSE OF ANGLING.

———“ A poor gentleman’s pastime, sir :
It takes us from the gaze and haunts of men,
And the best of it is—’tis independent.”

THERE are a sort of people—chiefly Cockneys, to whom the filth and noisome crowding of cities has, by habit, become delightful—or boobies, to whom an hour of their own company is—and with no great wonder—perfectly intolerable—who affect to laugh—as far as the horrid bray they utter can be called a laugh—at those who delight in the sport of Fishing. The “ he, he ! ” of a wretch of this description—whose chosen Paradise on earth is the lobby of Covent-Garden Theatre—with its exquisite accompaniments of gas-light, and Jew finery, and rihald gabble—is, to clean people, particularly disgusting. Such a fellow is unwholesome. He is like a fungus that springs in a cellar, or a house-rat peculiar to a drain or a dust-hole—a thing that nature never created room for ; and who is a diseased excrescence arising upon civilization—like a wart upon an alderman’s nose, offspring of excessive turtle and good living. And this rogue is not the necessary result of mere town inhabitaney neither ; but savours of other vices in great variety—such as slip-shoes and ungartered stockings—small beer in a morning, (where strong cannot be had)—a dog-fight (to look at), or a game at skittles in a shed—a horror of damp feet, and a love of half-crown hops, and a dirty blanket. I can hardly conceive a more inexcusable beast—myself—than a lover of the mere *dwelling* in towns. A lover of their luxury—of their show—of their concentrated enjoyment—I can understand !—but who can command these ? A handful of people—a decimal of mankind a thousand times decimally divided. Pah ! and they tire very fast, even when you have them. But a poor man in London—or Liverpool ! a haunter of minor theatres, cider-cellars, two shilling ordinaries, and Chancery-Lane debating societies ! How the back garret of No. 43, Hyde Street, Bloomsbury, finds an occupant—why any man will be a banker’s bill clerk, who has arms, and might be a ploughman—or a private dragoon—this is the thing that I cannot understand ! Oh,

the breeze, the bonnie breeze ! I can’t feel with a man who loves Fleet Street—Flower de Luce Court—Doctors Commons—and such vicinities. I like a highwayman better—for even he has a smack of fresh air upon him. I like Cobbett—in spite of all his roaring bull brutalities—for that the rogue has a taste for the fields, and the hedges, and the trees—and revels in the beauty of a prospect—though he does not cull the “ Florist’s Dictionary ” for fine words in describing it. I am sure that you cannot humiliate human nature effectively anywhere but in towns—in a highly cultivated society. The slaves whom I saw driven to field-labour in the West Indies, had *siæws*—limbs ;—there was brute strength—and mere strength is respectable—which could have scattered their task-masters, like chaff before the tempest, if it had been put forth. The peasant of Ireland starved upon a half-cold potato in a mud-walled cabin ; but he was every inch a man. I never saw a mass of beings quite helpless—hopeless—apparently without a thought, or a desire, belonging to humanity or free agency left—till I saw the inmates of a London “ workhouse.” I had rather have beheld as many wretches on the wheel, or at the gibbet—they had better have died, and ceased to be human, than lived, and ceased to be such. The creatures were emasculated—they had no life left—no sense of vice or virtue—no sense of suffering, beyond stripes—and those they would have returned thanks for. The men !—they were not men—they looked, and spoke, and moved, as though they had lost *caste*. Even the women were listless, and *silent*—they seemed to have lost their sex—the temper and privilege of it—the only remnant of human feeling left seemed to be a desire to ask alms—and even this was rebuked under the eye of a “ beadle.” And were these beings of the same species with ourselves !—by Heaven, the dog that followed me passed by without acknowledging them for such. The breeze—the breeze—the bonnie

breeze! I never feel the breath of nature—for in towns there is no such thing left—winter or summer—blowing on my cheek, but I say—The original punishment put upon man for disobedience, was, that he should cease to be an agriculturist, and become a manufacturer!

And therefore it is—for one cause—that I like Fishing—for that it is an amusement to be enjoyed in the open air—at some distance, at least, from tall, narrow, flat-roofed, smoke-dried, brick-built, edifices;—more greatly, because it is an amusement which may be solitary—you may enjoy it alone—or in the company of one friend—or two—as you please;—and still more especially, because it is quiet—rather indolent—cheap—and within the command of a man, who may have a taste for seeing the sun and the sky—though he cannot afford to keep a pack of hounds—and have a splendid mansion—or in good sooth even to keep a single horse—as times go—or maintain any house, or mansion at all.

For I am a qualified man; but I have no land—nor likelihood of any; and it is robbery to go shooting upon the grounds of those who have—killing their game—when they can kill none of mine anywhere in return—without their permission;—and I don't understand asking the freedom of a man's preserve, any more than of his purse, unless I can offer, somewhere or other, the *quid pro quo* that balances the account between us. The fair, honourable, Game-law, is nothing more than the compact, between a number of men who possess a particular species of property, to possess certain rights or courtesies in that property, not individually, but in common. It is convenient that I should change the scene for my diversion; or business calls me from home; and I wish to enjoy my sport on the ground where I am. While I shoot upon the lands of Z. in Shropshire, if Z. shoots over mine in Norfolk, the benefit is reciprocal; but I have no lands—and therefore I will not shoot at all. And then for hunting—that is a sport that must be enjoyed in a mob—which alone, to me, constitutes an objection. You are associated with fifty people—forty-nine of whom you hate: and, besides, I detest “large parties” in any shape—no dinner ought to exceed six

—and one does better still with four. And moreover, here, you must possess a valuable horse, and a booby servant—which many an honest gentleman cannot compass; and, after all, you must follow in the train of some man of greater wealth and influence than yourself—a sort of people for whom I have no ill feeling, but a very due regard and respect—only it is a business-like respect—we may be friends, but we cannot be intimates. The “acquaintance” of such persons does not suit me. I have no title of *equality* in the castle; therefore—though I don't burn it down—or libel its proprietor—I desire to keep out of it. The lord is of too heavy metal for my friendship. I must choose my ground, or be run down by him; as a haggard lugger brandy boat does not care too much for the company of an Indiaman, or a five hundred ton steam packet. And, in the field, where the great man has his stud, and his hounds, and his array of servants,—and his house to back all—and still more, his pack of *quasi* dependants—that is, the people who are content to *bow* and *dine*—I find no blame for them—to support him—such a rogue is over powerful. He shines upon me too much; and I droop in the gorgeous blaze. But on the banks of a glorious river, where a long train destroys all chance of success; among marshes, where one foot of a man is worth a horse's all four; and where an active gamekeeper—or still more active rogue—a poacher, can walk away, and laugh, from all the force of thirty thousand acres, or three hundred thousand consols—there I am on free ground—and “my name is MacGregor!” Let the man of money come to the scratch—for fight or courtesy, he shall be welcome.

“Ah, my lord! that ditch was too wide! No harm, I hope?—your hand, —I'll help your lordship out.”

“I beg pardon—I'm very much indebted—Captain C——,—if I don't mistake?”

“Lieutenant only, my lord—Lieutenant—at your lordship's service.”

“I beg pardon—Lieutenant——, since you desire it.—Have you taken anything this morning, may I ask, Lieutenant C.?”

“Just a brace, my lord—about four pounds each—small—but it serves to pass the time.—Lie down, Pontif!—Just

call your grayhounds in, my friend. Ha!—there comes another 'run.'"

Here comes an invitation to the Castle; which it makes *somebody* perhaps of you—to decline—very politely; but which you would be *nobody* if you accepted. And people's manors, and waters—through the neighbourhood—are all open to you; first, because you are known not to desire the permission; and, next, because, when you have it, it is seen that you make no use of it.

Therefore, let a poor gentleman, I say, FISH.—And then—about the manner of fishing—the places—and the fish to fish for;—all which may be managed—very much to my simple pleasure and entertainment—without any of the fuss that people are apt to make about it;—I don't object so much to the fuss in itself perhaps; but—so many people (like me) can't afford it;—and (unlike me) are ashamed to speak plainly out, and say so.

I don't fish for trout, myself; because, in England—except in preserved waters—(about which I'll say a word anon)—there is no trout-fishing—that ever I could meet with. A few of half a pound or a pound a-piece may be got in various places; and occasionally, in many rivers, a very few very large ones; but there are very few indeed—hardly worth going after. In Scotland, you get good trouts; but I can't make it convenient to live there. And, in Ireland, you have good salmon; but if there were whales, one could not live *there*—so that I give up trout-fishing.

Then roach-fishing is ladies' work. Piddling with little rogues of four ounces weight, and making great play with a horse hair—I don't understand. I have read, in books, of salmon killed with a single hair; but I never believed a word of it—and I would advise my readers not to believe any of it neither.

Then barbel run large, and are a bold-biting, dashing fish; but—there are too many of them; and again—though one does not fish for the gain of the prey, yet it is a drawback on the fancy—they are fit for nothing when you have them. The best thing a gentleman can do, who has taken a barbel of twelve pounds' weight, is to take the hook out of his mouth, and put him into the water again. But besides, the most killing mode of fish-

ing for them—sitting in a boat, with a dead line—lying on the bottom—is dull, and I don't like it.

Then carp and tench are pond fish; and I don't like fishing in a pond—though a finer flavoured fish than the tench never swam in fresh water. And perch—though they are pictures to look at!—the "gold fish"—the "yellow snapper" of the Carribee Seas—and even the gaudy "parrot fish"—sink into shade beside them—yet, where they are numerous, they seldom (in rivers) reach any considerable size. But JACK FISHING is my favourite sport; and where they run large, a gentleman, I think, need desire no better.

So now—out with you—before seven o'clock, in a fine gray morning in October. If there is a little fog hangs upon the trees and hedges—as though nature had not pulled her night-clothes off yet—no matter. I like a fog—if it is not in a foggy country; with good cultivation, and on a gravelly soil, fog never did anybody any harm. Those that talk about colds and sore throats—let them go back to Bolt Court, Fleet Street.

Away out with you, I say! when civilized sluggards are asleep; and birds and beasts—nature's free commoners—unscared as yet by the traffic of man, are all gaily and happily just awaking. There is your garden, as you pass it, full of linnets and hedge sparrows—plundering away like mad! there won't be one left two hours hence, when the sun is broadly up, and hinds and maid-servants are stirring. The horses, left out in the farm-yards all night, are stretching their heads over the gates, expecting the morning's provender from each new-comer; and the sheep stand looking very quietly at you through the gaps in the hedges as you pass—with very thinking faces—as if considering when the mist will clear away—and it is on the move now—not in a brown or yellow "London" tint—but of a fine pure fleecy whiteness:—but the sunbeams are on the ridges of the hills, and on the tops of the tallest trees already; and in five minutes they will be upon your own head; and you will then be walking up to your middle only in the fog—with the lower part of your person veiled, and the upper part open and obvious—looking like the ghost of Banquo up

to his knees in clouds, upon a platform at Drury Lane theatre.

Then away with you—the first in the field—the earliest ploughman a trifle behind you!—as you pass your few hundred yards along the high road, no chimney smoking yet—unless it is the baker's; and the white blinds and shutters still hanging out their signal of peace before every window frame. Come! you are lightly equipped. One rod only; a single rod—and a single barrel—are always enough for sport—and you don't want slaughter. Your creel at your back: one spare top, and your landing-hook bagged with the rod. A fairly filled kettle with bait, if you want live fish; and there is no "lock-man," or weir-keeper, likely to supply you: but your dead baits carry better, if you kill them first;—roll well in bran, and they keep twelve hours without losing their brightness. Then, your few sandwiches, and small flask of true Cogniac—a fisher should have no appetite until he has taken enough to satisfy it—and away with you! across the common; through the stubble-fields; and keep the path well; for the grass is wet, and there is no utility in getting wet feet while you can avoid it; and now—as you reach the rise—there the view of the stream breaks immediately below you!—as smooth as a looking-glass yet—for the breeze is not up—and not a ripple upon its surface, but where perhaps some early-rising fish jumps at a crum or a fly;—but then they jump gently—as if afraid to disturb the rest—not with the lively dashing spring that you will take your last jack with, when the rogue plunges about, impatient for a delayed supper—about five o'clock in the afternoon!

So, now you reach the water!—there is not a soul within view—not a house within a mile. And nobody but that large rat that just swims boldly across the stream—as if coming home after a night's debauch—to dispute the sovereignty of the creation—as far as you can look over it—with you.

He has been killing frogs, for the day's maintenance, this ogre of the lake: open his hole, and you will find the carcases of some dozen in it: some half eaten, and others newly slain. The morning is just deliciously up now—the dew-drops are sparkling, like gems, upon the hedges and grass. The lovely green of the pollards and

willow sparkles out whitely under the first ray of the sun; and you just begin to feel that there will be warmth enough, towards the middle of the day, if you desire it. The distant hills are all clear now, with their dark wooded verdure. The weir below, in the bend of the stream, foams as beautifully as a natural cataract; and the fall of water keeps a steady—monotonous—not unpleasant—sound, as it rushes on the ear.

There is not an object in nature to me so beautiful and soothing as a still river, winding through a cultivated country, with hills—not mountains—they are not necessary—in the distance. My associations of the sea are not pleasant. They are the recollections of war—of toil—of hurry—nuisance—or convenience—perhaps danger. A ship of war, with its mathematical arrangement—punctilious cleanliness—and tutored population; or a dirty transport, with its accommodations and vile society. The whole has been offence—against the reason and senses; business—to say the least of it—which is the horrible part of existence, not the pleasurable. Now by a river, all my remembrances are of careless, shining, happy days and hours. Fresh wholesome scents—a pleasant turf to walk—the walk itself a work of choice—of temptation from the beauty of everything round. Besides—as to the boasted view—the sea—humbug apart—I think the sea is the less picturesque. Taken as *the sea*—without reference to shore—and dependent of rock, or creek, or bay—certainly it is so. There is too much brightness—too much of one object:—the picture wants setting—the eye wants relief. A river running through a glorious landscape, is like a splendid mirror among the furniture of a room. Cover three sides of the room—the floor and ceiling—with looking-glass, (here you have the sea,) and the beauty of the decoration is at an end. I doubt if any description of objects can bear to be seen in too great masses. If you look at a whole boarding-school of girls at once, you often decide that there is no great handsomeness;—you feel dissatisfied and disappointed; where, taken one by one, you would find, perhaps, abundance to delight.

But you have reached the river. Keep away from the water while you live:—for let a jack once get a glimpse

of you, and your chance (of him) is gone for this time. Put your rod together at a respectful distance! See that your rings stand even. Put up the bag and odd appointments carefully; every angler should be neat and careful. My father who—rest his soul!—was one of the best I ever knew; used to say that it did not cost him twenty shillings a-year for tackle: I dare say he often thinks now of the many good days' trolling we have had together. A little lower down, there is a gap in the bank,—give your baits fresh water. Your reel,—is it carefully fitted, or does it tie? Your landing hook—lay it ready—there is no time to be fetching it when it is wanted. And now then—to bait—first deciding in what way you mean to fish.

Now you may fish for jack in three ways:—that is to say, in three sound and sufficient ways;—all good: and the only question is, which suits best the quality of your weather and your water.

You may "troll;" and you know how this is done? Take your dead fish, and your long needle. Pass your gyp in at the fish's mouth, and out again close under the tail. Take care that the double hook sits well on each side of his mouth—flat enough in—that you may not get fast every second moment in the weeds. Take care, too, that your lead is heavy enough: that the stem of your hook is neither too long nor too short for the bait you put on. Sew up your fish's mouth neatly with a couple of stitches. Put another stitch at the tail round your gyp, to keep him stretched, and straight, and in good position. You must judge for twisting his tail round with thread, and cutting off his fins, or not, according to the clearness, or weediness, of the bottom you have to deal with. Trolling will do well where you have a deep water—a great deal of water—and a varying irregular bottom. It is indispensable when the weather is cold; and a jack will lie skulking close to the bottom in a hole, and have your bait at his very nose, before he will condescend to touch it. Dip in—not with a splash, as if your gudgeon fell out of the moon—but gently—cautiously—as if you saw where two of the little globules that water, they say, is composed of, lay together, and wished to insinuate him slyly between them. Then, perhaps, just as you reach the

bottom, you may feel—the least in the world "chop!"—or as you draw your bait back, a touch as if a bailiff—one of the genteeler sort—had laid his hand upon it. Then let him go away at his leisure—be as still as a mouse—you have detected one!

Or you may "spin" if you please, instead of "trolling;" and, where you have a wide water—not more than six or eight feet deep—and a great extent,—so that the fish do not haunt particular little spots, but rove abroad—especially towards mid-day—spin by all means—it is the most killing style of fishing in the world. Here, again, you use the dead bait, but not exactly as you do in trolling; and, if the weather be warm, and the season early, if anything attracts jack—or a large trout—you seduce them this way. Put on two swivels at least. Your bait—you must be taught to fix that upon the hook by an adept,—Newton could not give the figure of it on paper. Let your fish spin rapidly, and as evenly as if it turned upon a spit put through it—not swerving and wabbling from side to side as it passes through the water. Throw twenty yards of line, or you do nothing. So!—from the bank here—right over, under the osiers, (or, as the Cockneys call them, the "Hosiers,") on the other side! Now draw diagonally—half against, half across, the stream—towards you! See how it spins!—If there is a jack—a trout—a chub—within forty yards either side—if he has but as many eyes as a tailor's needle—he cannot miss it.—See there! Three feet long he is! Did you see that spring? Strike now!—He has it!—Gone! by G—d!

But both these manners of fishing are attended with a certain degree of exertion. It is hard work to do either of them well; and if you do them ever so easily, you cannot do either, and dream all the while—or think of something else. "No longer pipe," it is, "no longer dance," as the devil said to Sandy M'Laughlan; and you must work away—or the fishing stops—there you lie like a log upon the bottom, useless, or worse—getting "fast," and "foul," and the fiend knows what—to the tune of thirty yards of line, and a spinning gear that cuts you five shillings out of pocket, every experiment. You cannot lie down—if you "spin," or "troll,"—under an oak that hangs over the stream—where

the bank lies high, and the water runs hollow and rushy underneath—and think of the falseness of the world—and the uncertainty of a fisherman's fate—or consider the question of the "corn trade"—or compose an article on angling, and fish all the while;—fish perfectly, satisfactorily, beautifully—taking no trouble, nor any thought—no thought in the world—no trouble at all! And if you want to do this, as you must want to do—for who but a dull rogue can bear to be out in the fields, and amid the chirping of the birds, and the humming of the bees (a sound by the way for which I protest—and the man is alive, and will read this—and let him contradict it if he can—I knew a friend of mine once mistake the grunting of a sty of pigs!)—But as you cannot be supposed to be in the middle of all the brightest, and fairest objects of the creation, and yet be contented to go spooning on—dipping in and out—groping the bottom of the river without an eye—for a whole day together, without attending for a moment to any of them—why, you must use the "Live bait"—make a good gudgeon fish for you—while you look on and take the credit of his exertions—that's the way! Now this is to me your real style of fishing—when fishing is worth having;—that is, when the water is just half bright, just gray—just the colour of a quaker girl's frock—and on a quiet, half frosty, morning. Water should not be too bright—I would not give a pin to see my bait at a depth below three feet. I do not like to see the fish before it bites. The uncertainty as to what is going on—the anxiety—the gaming spirit of the sport is destroyed, when you see what chance you have too far before-hand! I am convinced that the anxiety, the constant vigilance necessary to "feel the bite" in time, or see it on the float, is the great attraction. Your true angler, whose taste is pure, would not fish with a net—he catches too much, and his game is too easy certain. So he does not care for fishing where fish abound too much; give him twenty jack a-day, and he would abjure the sport in a week;—and fishing in a pond, or a preserve, is out of the question—he finds that the fish are caught already. So it is the most entire piece of noodledom that can be perpetrated—the wondering, as apes do, how a man of active mind, or

strong animal or mental spirits, can be fond of such an "inactive" diversion as Fishing. Why, Hazard is a more "inactive" diversion! Reading, writing, thinking, plotting the ruin of kingdoms (or the ridicule of com-combs) are all more *quiet* diversions!—because a man happens to possess an active mind, it does not follow that he takes up the trade of a penny-postman, or amuses himself with running up and down the stairs of his house, from the garret to the cellar—from morning till night? Besides—activity! Happy is the man who can forget there is such a thing as activity! Happy is he who, with a scene of peace and wholesomeness all round him, can fix his eyes upon a bit of quill, or cork, as it dances on the water, and for that moment,—and not by death,—escape from, forget the recollection of, "activity," and of the world! Forget that he is thirty-five years of age, and that, in a few years more, he will be forty-five. That briefs seem hopeless, if he is a barrister; that the peace of Europe seems fixed, if he is a soldier. Forget that he is a bachelor, that he is well disposed to marry, that he cannot afford to marry, and that he will soon be too old to marry. Forget that the better years of his life are lived, and that, if they were not, he does not see a great deal now worth living for. Forget that the friends of his boyhood have ceased to be friends, and that he has acquired the consciousness that friendship is a mistake—that convenience brings "intimacy;" but that it is dreaming to think of anything beyond! If he can forget that he thinks very ill of the world at large, and not very well of himself; that there is scarcely an act of his life upon which he can look back with much satisfaction, and but too many which he must contemplate with unmingled horror and disgust:—if he can forget that he has absurdities and vices, or forget that these are not wisdoms and virtues—forget to suspect his own sense, his temper,—his very motive—forget that he is a man, and what a thing man is!—if he can forget all this—even although with it he does forget "activity,"—is he not most happy! And there are sights and sounds which lull the soul—for it is the soul that reposes when we so sleep!—to rest. A distant ring of bells, the low dashing of the waves upon a beach; the

rustling of wind through a forest—its waving as it passes over a field of ripened corn; or beyond all these—what say we to a speech in a Chancery suit, or an Exchequer cause? Any sound or sight of unvarying sameness, to which the mind attaches itself sufficiently to get rid of other objects, but yet which has not sufficient interest of its own to continue to occupy or to excite us—these are the spells that bring us sleep. So, if the gazing upon a float as it trembles in a light ripple upon the water, the watching intently, rather than earnestly, with all appliances of quietness and sweet air, and an absence of annoyance, can make a man “forget!”—let those go on to think, who in their thought found hope or happiness; but let me so “forget” for ever.

But—be as active as you will. It is to keep the mind active, that I would have the attention unemployed. That I may have leisure to think, let me be bound to think about nothing: but enjoy the delight of peace, and sit where no busy thing—save my own thoughts—can come near to offend me; and fancy that I *have* ravished fortune from fate—for I never could yet fancy that I *shall* do it; and dream how I will dispose of my wealth—and how bear my honours—and whom notice and assist—and whom cut and maltreat—all points very difficult to settle. The only comfort is, when you are getting rich in that way, you may as well possess yourself of a hundred thousand pounds as ten—it makes no difference. To think—or cease to think—leisure—the original blessing granted to man—the boon his sins deprived him of—is equally necessary. And therefore, I say again—“Fish with the live bait!” And with that, let us proceed to action.

Come! Select him. I don’t care what fish you take, so he be neither perch nor barbel—he may be roach, dace, or gudgeon—only whatever he is, let him weigh full an ounce. Of all baits, where your water is grey or heavy, a roach is the most showy—he shines like chased silver. A dace has a more convenient shape for swallowing—or, more properly to speak, for being swallowed. And a prejudice does go, towards autumn, in favour of a gudgeon—a bait I don’t at all object to—but let him be large—no dabbling for fry that have no mouths—let him be as

thick at least in the shoulder as your middle finger.

Hook him in the mouth—and a single hook, let it be a good one, will do. There is another mode of baiting; but it is cruel, and does not answer the purpose a jot better. Now plumb your depth, as nicely as if you were going to fish for roach! Gently—now measure exactly. Keep a foot from the bottom. And now—keep back from the water. There has not been a boat up—not the least thing to disturb it! Where the rogue has been all night, you’ll find him—he is not gone out to breakfast yet, in the morning. Now then; just over that weed—no! a little farther—at the corner where the wide ditch runs in. Steady! come on now. Is your rod eighteen feet? No throwing. Put your bait in as gently as a thief at a public dinner puts his hand into a high-sheriff’s pocket! So! he plays beautifully. Now comes the excitement. There is the communication—the beacon—at top—but you cannot tell what is going on at the bottom. Don’t go yet—keep steady. It is early—they never stir rapidly so soon.—There! you have one—it’s gone—your float! Do you see? Two feet under water at one plunge! Draw the line yourself off the reel for him. And now, away he goes—along the bottom—you see the red cork swimming away under water? Right across. Steadily. He carries the line still. Now he stops! Give him time. Let him gorge his bait, or you strike it out of his mouth. Stay a moment—now he moves again—now then is your time! He runs in. Draw your line in taught! Just feel his mouth. Now strike! Down he plunges—keep the top of your rod up—By Heaven, he is a good one! Take time; give him line. Not so! Zounds! let him pull for it—pull for every inch. Never mind the reel. Wind round your left hand. Take it in. Steady! never lose his mouth a moment if you can help it. A slack line loses more fish than ever broke a tight one. So! now he comes a little easier. Gently with him. There he is at the top. Gad! he has got a head like a shark. Steady with him! Wind up short. Draw him into the shallow of the ditch. That’s it. He’s fagged out. Take hold of the line. So—never mind the landing hook. Put your fingers into his eyes. So—throw him out—that’s a fair beginning!

By Heaven, he is a fine one! Eleven pounds, if he is an ounce; and not thirty inches long. What a back the villain has, and what a breadth—he is as thick as he is long,—like Sir James Macintosh! Well, take off your hook, gyp and all, for he will never give up that, poor fellow, till he gives up the ghost. Into your bag net with him. Tie the mouth fast—fix the plug well into the ground, for the dog has got fight in him yet. Wash your hands now, for you have disturbed the water pretty well here—you must go farther up for the next. Put on a fresh hook and bait, and—try for another.

In a true jack-water,—where there is not too much width, nor too cold weather, nor very irregular bottom, indeed there is nothing like the live-bait fishing—nothing like it in the world! and the certain proof is the abhorrence in which a certain class of “severe trollers” hold it, and all who practise it. I recollect an old fool of this description, whom I met in a subscription-water once—a famous lake running in to the Ouse—and who died shortly after I joined, purely from the vexation that the success of my system gave him. He was a man this who had made up his mind, that fishing was not an amusement, but an art. For twenty-five years, he had bestowed no attention upon any earthly pursuit—in the way of diversion—(his trade was that of an attorney)—but “trolling;” and a live-bait-fisher was a character, of which he seemed hardly to comprehend, although he was forced to admit the fact—the natural existence; and which he held in an abhorrence, which only wanted power to have carried him to the extremities of the stake and the faggot. We quarrelled—as it were instinctively—as soon as we met; even before he made the discovery, which entitled me to his full abomination. The coarse, rugged appearance of my tackle, seemed to excite—it was doubtful whether the most of scorn, or indignation, when set against the superiority of his own! He himself had never less than six rods in the house where we staid. His running lines were of the most expensive description which could be purchased—and he swore that they cost twice as much as they actually did. His swivels, and other metallic appendages, were composed, not of iron or brass, but of gold, that “they might

not rust in the water;” and a fur-cap, which might have captivated all the fishes in the river, added to a jacket, which had pockets enough to put them all in, completed the potencies of his equipment.

Poor W——!—the “live-bait” fishing was his death. He had been struggling against it for about two years when I first saw him; and I shall never forget the hideous attempt at a smile with which he received the intimation that I was a professor of the system. He had tried every human means, short of violence, to drive the new-light fishers from the water. First, he declared it was “unfair fishing”—but then the offenders left him to take his remedy. Then he assured them that “nothing was to be caught by it;” but the “full net” was an answer to this argument; and, besides—“if such were the case, he could have no occasion to complain.” His glories were those of trolling! On one day,—the fact was chronicled at the fishing-house—he had occupied thirteen hours in fishing only eighty yards of water, and not had a run; and the exertion had brought on a fit of the rheumatism. I heard him relate the whole fact; it confined him to his bed afterwards for three weeks.

The labour of thirty years, too, applied to that and no other human pursuit, had rendered W——, in fact, not merely a really expert fisher—but rather a lunatic upon all matters connected with his supposed science;—that is to say, he had illuminations upon it beyond the rest of the world, which indifferent persons set down, not so much for revelation as for madness. Every fish in the river he fancied fully that he knew, and believed the greater portion of them to be his own natural property. Passing down the march, I saw him stop a man who had just hooked a fish and lost it. He examined the bait with great gravity, and “knew the fish that had absconded perfectly!” “It was a fish of about eight pounds,” he could see clearly, by “the gushes in the bait;” always lay just at “that stile,” but “never would gorge.” He had “had hold of him himself above a hundred times!”—About half an hour afterwards, seeing him coming down the field, towards me, I cut some most fromense wounds on a dead dace, and flung it on the grass—as one which I had just taken off my hook—which a

jack had bitten at and destroyed. W—— came up.—“Was that bait one that I had had a run with?” He knew the fish perfectly! Where had I got him?—By that weed? Just the place! It was the very fish that had broken him two days before. He weighed twenty-five pounds, if he weighed an ounce! I suggested a doubt whether the offender had been so large; he assured me “it was so,”—and offered to bet money on the point, and to decide it by his own oath! Nothing marked a fish like the bite of a jack! It was impossible for a man who knew anything of fishing to be deceived! In the course of the day, I told W—— what was the fact—but I was sorry for it afterwards. I had taken that day already four fish to his one—and his heart had before been broken by the success of the live-baiters. The last hair breaks the back of the camel: the next time I went into Bedfordshire, I was startled to see his fur-cap on the head of the potboy.—W—— was dead!

But, enough of grief—we must return to our subject.

Noon is passed. You have swallowed your one mouthful of real Westphalia, and your two glasses of *kirche was-ser*. You have filled your creel fairly—not too heavily. Three good fish. You get a small one or two perhaps? If you can get the hook out of their mouths without mischief, put them in again. Never carry away a jack under three pounds, if you can help it—he will grow larger if you leave him; and you will only be ashamed to be seen with him if you take him home.

Noon has passed, and you have taken your slight refreshment! The afternoon is gone; and your sport is reasonable—you do not complain. You have lounged away the sun-set, lying upon the bank, with your line still playing. You expect nothing so late: but the scene—on land and water—above and below—on earth and in the heavens—is changing—and you mark its progress.

The cattle are ceasing to feed, and lying down to digest, at leisure, the gathering of the day. The deep-red rays of the setting sun throw a purple light upon the dashing waters of the weir. The crows are gathering in flights towards the woods in the distance. The cottager, at the lock-house, stands at the door of his hut—his labour is done. The turned-out

asses and ponies are picking up what they can find along the ditches and banks—their time to feed comes only when their luckier brethren lie down, after the pasture of the day;—but they seem content—poor wretches—though the collar and the carts must be their fate again to-morrow. Along the gravelled towing path of the barge river, —though the evening be fresh—it shows warm and tranquil yet in the last sun-beam; and a few peasants are moving homewards from the labour of the harvest. The girls are ragged—and perhaps hungry—yet they come singing along as gaily as if they lived in Grosvenor Square—perhaps at heart more gaily. Youth! oh youth! For thee there is no pain—no suffering. They don't sing such songs as Isaac Walton used to hear from his milk-maids; but there is no sin—if there be some rudeness—in their style. There is some freshness—and handsomeness—moreover, here and there, under that sunburnt aspect and ragged apparel—though beauty be a thing of cultivation, it springs wild sometimes—but the flowers are scarce.

“Well, lasses! work over for to-night, Eh?—What have I caught? Oh, very little. I lie here for idleness more than fish—to waste my time, and listen to your singing.—And where are you going?”—“Home!” “And where is that?—Across at these huts down the lane that runs below to the well?—And then to meet your sweethearts?—That you are not bound to tell?—Well! take this away with you.—Oh, you are welcome.—And you see I am goodnatured—I ask nothing in return!”

How much does all we possess or wish for depend on situation! Those five shillings now will make those five girls happier than a present of an hundred pounds would make me. Their song rises the cheerfuller, I think, as they go off. They will be delighted that they took the field instead of the road-path home; they will call this a day of good fortune; and I am the price of not quite a delectable bottle of the trash they call Port wine, the poorer.

But evening closes. There is no use in fishing; and we must put up, for we have two miles to walk, and the dews are falling heavy. So—leave the spear screwed into the first joint of your rod, and let it protrude about six

inches through the top of your bag,—all the people we meet in an evening walk are not peasant girls. Unhappily, there are such things as knaves in the world; and your boatmen upon these rivers, when they number four or five to one, have but a scant reputation. Now then, your creel—Come!—well slung at your back—Your reels, and tackle, put into the net, and carry them in your left hand. The rod now—it is not so heavy as a cavalry sword—under the right arm. Come! the whole weight—your fish and all—what is it?—Fifty pounds? Not so much—and you would not be pestered with a servant to carry that? If you can't jump fifteen feet with it at a running jump—never fish, or enter a field again; but take a lodging in Milk-street or Bell-alley.

Then all is ready? Leave nothing behind. Away—and walk under it with every step three feet, and spring enough to make six of it! Steady! Take care, friend Roger. That excellent bull seems to look with an unfavourable eye upon us. We will not dispute the right of way with him.

Let us take the path along the river home. What a glorious scene is this! The wind has sunk altogether. There is not a curl on the water—not a leaf stir—to mar the general tranquillity. Night draws in now. It is cool—not to a body in health—to such an one that coldness is as refreshing as the scene is to the mind—but an excellent, a delicious pungency of temperature.

In the whole sky now, there is not one cloud! The dark line of the forest in the distance shows against a clearness as of the wave of a tropic ocean; while the eye lingers below with pleasure amid the dense mass of calm and sober green. It is there lies the domain of a rich and lordly owner! That dark wood forms the boundaries of his pleasure grounds; and, as my path winds, we catch the mansion through the nearer trees. A few lights—as though fearful to intrude so early—tremble among its numerous windows: it seems—I envy its possessors there—it seems a dwelling—where the owner may shut out the world! The curious, the impertinent, can reach not within a mile of his privacy. His eye—turn which way it will—meets objects only to approve; for all he sees has been created at his wish, and by his bidding. He should be honest who

commands a land like this; for he has the fair side—the honest side of nature always before him. Oppression cannot reach him. Insolence remembers interest his brother, and bows and smooths the brow when he appears. With the mean, dirty passions that our first ambition—the desire of wealth—excites, he has no familiarity. He sees happiness; for he has the power (without loss or pain) of making those around him happy. His jest commands a smile—perhaps not merely the smile of baseness. If he be weak, it is a blemish that his lot has given him all outward aids; and, though he be strong as Hercules, it is still something, if Fortune has smoothed the ground where strong men trip before him!

Well! I hate him not—though he is happy!—happy, because he can minister happiness—pleasure—though he himself care not for it—to those whom he loves. Happy, because the mistress he would gratify—the child he would love and protect—all that humanity from mortal aid can receive, he has power to bestow!—happy, because although he himself could forego gratification without much repining—could bear to be worse lodged—more plainly fed—clad in more homely raiment—he would not like that his wife or daughter should be so? *He is happy.* Not happier than the girls I gave five shillings to just now—but happier than I am. It is no matter. On the moment that my foot now presses, that foot is as free as his should be. In the charge which should bear us both to glory or destruction, his rank could give no right of precedence. Less than he is to me—the simple fisher, whom, with his rods and creel at his back, he watches threading the path along the river that winds through his broad domain—even that fisher cannot be to him. Farewell, my Lord A.! If there be some repining in my heart, there is no envy. And there is no repining—there is no sorrow—a scene like this soothes me into good temper with myself and with the world!

It is quite dusk now—and twilight fades apace! I have seen this day through from its dawn to its departure. The water now is a dark pool: and objects in the distance are tinged with the black hue of night. The last reflection of the setting sun has left its golden lustre on the distant clouds of the west; and at the same

moment, the two lights have met—you see them together—the harvest moon rises in the east, in broad, full, majesty!

By the footpath, and across the park, we see the bend of the river. But we must heed our steps now; for this uncertain light deceives the eye more than darkness. This portion of the grounds is occupied as pasture; and the sheep-bell ever and anon tinkles sharply, as its bearer starts up at our approach; while the oxen look like great stones—or masses of shapeless matter—as they lie heavily about in the dark and in the distance. I have watched the day depart—seen it die—die even as man shall die—to live again—but it seemed that all should lie down and be hushed along with it! All shall be hushed—all silent. Sleep is but temporary death. As the sun has ceased his course, we shall cease ours; with him again we will resume it. So farewell to the water for this night. Gentlemen in the basket, lie quiet, if you please. Cross we now to the eastward, as the moon is gathering new power in front to light us on. The chirp of the grasshopper is the only sound heard now; unless perhaps the heavy flapping of the gray owl's wing, as he sweeps heavily across your path, pursuing his prey. How calmly has this day, with all its life and brightness, glided away! It is gone—without violence—without pain—it seemed most beautiful even in the moment of its parting. And what remains? A repose which seems as if the night prepared us for the silence of the tomb. A scene so lonely, yet so mild and placid, that it seems as if even that silence and that loneliness could not be terrible.

The clock strikes eight as you reach your village Inn. This morning you were the only guest; perhaps a new hunter may have arrived; and you may take your chance, if you please, of a companion at dinner, and for two hours before you go to bed. Try him—if you like his first salutation. I am a great physiognomist myself—and, though the odds are against you—yet—I have found a clever, intelligent man at an inn, on the road—and even in a stage-coach, before now.

What, there is nobody? Well! then you must carve half-an-hour's pastime for yourself. There is a book or two lying about. The "Complete Farrier," and "The Whole Duty of

Man;" and an Almanack for the Year 1797? Or you may put your tackle "in order," against to-morrow? But you have had enough of "tackle" perhaps, already, for one day? Why, then—stir the wood fire into a blaze—if not for warmth, for cheerfulness; make as bold an attempt as you can, on the long wick of the candle, with that crippled pair of snuffers; and, in despite of their old-world dressing of ricketty black wooden frames, and cracked glasses, examine, with the eye of a critic, those old grotesque engravings from the Dutch and Flemish masters, that hang all awry—and each awry a different way—round the walls of your room.

Here you have Human Nature—as it is—not as asses tell you it "ought to be."—History—the real history of Holland and Belgium in the 15th and 16th centuries!—the people of those countries as they lived and breathed—not as some puppy may think fit to fancy them—the people—men and women—their houses—their houses, gardens, halls—their villas—their churches—and their markets—their feasts, their weddings, taverns, fights, dogs, horses, fashions, arms, and household goods—painted—not in the grand style—not "improved;"—but humbly painted—painted in close, miraculous resemblance, by Terburg, Miera, Ostade, Teniers, Berghem, Wouvermans, or Jan Steen.

Room for the worthies—and for the divinities—of ancient Greece and Rome! Room for "the Death of Cato"—for "the Judgment of Brutus"—for "the Rape of Lucretia"—for "Achilles' Wrath"—for "Hector's last Farewell to Andromache"—and "Priam Pleading for the Body of his Son." Room for all these—and all the other paintings of "History," done with twelve pounds of colour, upon canvases eight feet by five!—"History" of things which never were in being—which the "historian" never knew, more than the tailor knows the god Mercury, who fits wings to Mr Ducrow's feet, when he rides three horses at once, in "that character," round the ring, at Astley's!—Room for them all—in the next "Institution." There will be those, no doubt, go there who desire to have their "imagination enlarged," and their "tastes directed!" who sicken—and make everybody else sick—about the grace of a "Belvidere Apollo;" and

are quite shocking upon the proportions of a "Medicean Venus;" and pine away for the sweet no-meaningness of those enchanting "Grecian countenances," which we see upon canvass, or in stone sometimes, but which nobody dreams of seeing anywhere else. But, for me—who am a man of plain appetites and comprehensions—fond of the flesh and blood world in which I live, though it does lack "elevation,"—(an estate, which heaven speedily grant to those loftier spirits who would fain hold their course above it;)—why, I, who hold one Venus of flesh and blood worth a whole statuaries shop full of marble, and love to fix my thoughts upon the things of this earth, with all their vanity, and all their littleness—let me have in my cabinet one single household picture of Ostade, or Mieris, or one hawking or hunting party, by the king of field and forest parties, Wouvermans—such a picture as can live, and interest, even in the dirty discoloured copperplate that stands before me!

Here is a picture, now,—that one would swear the painter of must have lived his whole life out in the open air!—and thought a horse and a falcon—adding, perhaps, a flask and a woman—the only objects in nature that an artist ought to paint, or a gentleman to live for! The subject is a Horse Fair. Talk of "inferior pursuits!"—why, a savage would look at this picture with delight. An Abipone—a South American Indian—would gaze upon it for hours. My groom (if I had one) can appreciate it. He does not see all the merit—but he sees merit enough. What a roan horse is that—what bone and sinew—that plunges and lashes out with the peasant who is riding him, while another boor, with a long whip behind, teases him into making the exhibition of his powers! How *planted* the rogue seems to stand upon his fore legs, as he lashes out at the offender! How obviously all his weight is borne up, and sustained by the muscles of the shoulder! How the eye next to the spectator leers backward, in the direction that the whipping comes from—as showing that he knows what is going on, and is prepared to requite the offender, if he get an opportunity! What a horse is that—within his compass! Not much polish—no peculiar speed; but native, unwanted strength. What would not a soldier pay for him, who

wanted a horse—not for the manège—but for a hard day's march in a wooded or heavy country? Very different, if you mark, from the next figure, the prancing piccadilly, that the cavalier who backs him has checked at full speed, and thrown almost upright upon his haunches! Both are beautiful; both powerful; but the first is the horse fresh and unbroken; the last, the same subject taught and civilized. Next, we have two companions, tied together, but distinguished, by the plaiting of their manes and tails, to be for present sale. They are, a bay strong enough almost for draught; and a grey, of lighter mould, but less fit for the chase than for the war-saddle. Then comes me the cavalier upon the gallant white steed—(an object which Wouvermans seldom, if ever, omitted)—who has journeyed for business or pleasure to "the Fair;" and carries his lady—as befitting the custom of the time—upon a "pillien" behind him! And then the groups on foot! The gentleman richly clothed and armed—with the lady in the blue silk robe, and small velvet cap and feather by his side—making their way quietly, as spectators of the scene, through the crowd; and, evidently known upon the spot—the throng gives way to them. And then the gipsies, with their child in a low cart, drawn by a goat! The bulky, half-yeoman, half-military-looking personage, mounted on the dun horse, and clad in a scarlet jacket, with brown slouching beaver hat, and *couteau de chasse*, and hunting-horn slung at his side—who drinks lustily from a big-bellied bottle, handed to him by a rogue in a night-cap, at the entrance of one of the tents! The group of urchins playing at soldiers—and the lacquy letting his horse drink at a brook, while one of the little ragged varlets officiously performs some office of shortening or lengthening his stirrup! And all this scene of bustle and activity, laid upon a rich glorious plain, with moderate hills, and picturesque dwellings, in the distance,—the land cultivated; but not to the highest pitch,—with something of the freshness of natural condition still about it. And the sky—that of a spring-day—the day of an English spring,—sunny, but mixed with clouds—as one would wish the sky of life to be,—now dull,—now stormy,—but ever with some ray of

happiness beaming through, or peeping out between them! Who is there that would not hold it a day in his life, to behold the reality of such a scene—to fall in with such a party! There are regions where the chance may happen. Let him travel through Spain, and he shall find it still. But Flanders has been too rich, and has become too well informed, to have any rudeness left,—and what is romance without rudeness? Romance! alas, we have; but as we threaten to civilize Turkey, the last tenure of romance upon this earth is gone.

Paul Potter stands next to Wouvermans as a painter of animals and out-door Nature; but he has not a tithe of the latter's fancy; and the fancy that he has, is not of the same chivalrous character. Yet he is admirable—most admirable! The picture now before me—"Sportsmen at an Inn-door"—How differently he has treated that subject from the way in which Wouvermans would have treated it; and yet how exquisite all that he has presented is! The rugged, angular, crooked-limbed ponies, upon which the sportsmen are mounted—how excellent they are—and yet how totally unlike the horses of Wouvermans! The old man, too, who sits at the inn-door, upon the bench, wiping his bread, has a decency and sobriety—the aspect of an honest labouring peasant, about him—very different from the rakehellly regues and gipsies which Wouvermans delights in. And the two dogs who are smelling each other! the erect prick-earedness of the larger one, who stands up to the stranger, as if disposed for battle in case of need: and the wagging of the tail of the smaller, who seems to feel that congratulation will answer his purpose better than worrying! The colour is wanting to give these pictures their fair proportion of effect; but even these black shadows revive the impressions produced by the originals, which he who has once seen them will not soon forget.

Teniers, Ostade, and Jan Steen, are painters of out-door life occasionally, though the "Interiors" were their favourite subjects; but one picture of either of these masters would give a spectator employment for a day. You can no more hurry over a picture of Teniers than you can hurry over the descriptions in Don Quixote. It is

now not merely a fine picture, but a tale—a tale told with miraculous accuracy—of other times: you look on for hours, and still find new circumstances for admiration in the exquisiteness of the painting, and the interest of the subject portrayed. Here is one before us of which copies, I believe, have been circulated all over the world! It can never be seen except in the original, because the colouring is magic; but there is skill in the expression of the countenance of the female figure, and in the arrangement of the inanimate objects;—it is the famous subject of "The Woman Paring Turnips." This is almost a picture of "still life;" for there is but one figure in the fore-ground—the old lady to whom the public-house (*the locus in quo*) seems to belong. A few boots are seen hovering round a fire in the back ground: but they hardly become distinct objects in the picture. But the movables—and especially the provisions (on which the artist appears to have bestowed particular care)—they seem to exist in reality upon the canvass! The two oat cheeses, which are standing one upon another—no creature that has seen, can ever again get rid of the thought of. It seems impossible to believe that the one which has been cut *unevenly* is a painting upon a flat surface! Then there is a brass caldron—an object of which all the painters of this school, and particularly Gerard Dow, are extremely fond—into which you not only see clearly—down to the bottom—but can discern every scratch which it has received in the repeated process of scouring! Then the flask half full of oil—the barrow loaded with cabbage, (which it is impossible not to see are fresh gathered from the garden)—the dish of grapes, and the joint stool, with the dog standing by the side of it—are all admirable! But all sink into shade before the living feature of the piece—the old woman; who sits, crouched upon a low stool, paring the turnips, which, as she completes them, she puts into a red earthen dish. One sees at a glance that the good lady is mistress of the house: there is a decency of age—a cleanliness, about her—an aspect, as though there were a "trade" wherewith to keep fire, and "the gear together"—which cannot be mistaken. To judge from the leisurely course in

which she proceeds, it should be yet early in the forenoon—some two hours before dinner, though she does not seem to be a lady who would like to be hurried if the case were more pressing. There is respectability, mixed with an air rather of retirement, about her manner, too, which, without amounting quite to sourness, shows that he must speak gently who would receive a civil answer. However, like a prudent housewife, she appears to have withdrawn herself from the fireplace, round which the group of bores are indulging—perhaps, in irregular conversation—over their schnaps and tobacco, and to have betaken herself to a distant and convenient spot, where she may, undisturbed, pursue her culinary operations. The whole of this woman's figure and expression is admirable! The deep interest with which she pursues her employment—Euclid solving the most difficult of his problems could not exhibit more gravity, nor perhaps take more pains, than she does, to cut the rind of every turnip smooth and even! And the turnips themselves—with their whiteness, and their angular edges all over, where the knife has gone round, taking off every separate strip of peel—seem to lie in the dish with as much availability and reality, as those which are now in the pot, and in a few minutes shall be taken out, boiled, for your dinner!

But we must leave Teniers—and Outside—though he is here before us, in the guise of a Dutch wedding, in "The Interior of an Inn:" with supper upon the table—or, more properly speaking, with the rude, yet ample, dessert; where the wine, and the fruits, and the cheeses, and the long-necked glasses and bottles, and the foaming black jacks, all shine out in the glory of disorder! and the fat hostess bustles to and fro, and the elder swains are telling strange stories, and the younger ones pinching the cheeks of their lasses, and the frows, above thirty, are all at cards, with just enough of good liquor gone by to already apparently put all parties at their ease. And again, we have the same artist too, where, as I think, he is still greater—in the quietness of "The Inside of a Peasant's Cottage," at evening—when the day's work is done—and the labourer rests from his toil—and ever still with meat and drink upon the table—for Outside

could no more do without those matters in his pictures than he could in his person.

What golden illustrations might not Washington Irving, and, still better, Sir Walter Scott, with his antiquarian lore, write of these Dutch and Flemish pictures! Here is a cottage—such as, in our fancy's dream, we should say every peasant ought to have! There is the owner,—seated near the window, at his little round ches-table. The clean napkin spread half over it, is encumbered with a large loaf—not too brown; and a sound cheese, and a jug of ale, in which—to judge from the appearance of what remains in the half-emptied glass—the malt has not been forgotten. Lower in the fore-ground stands a low stool, with a boy sitting at a still lower by it, and eating out of a basin; while a dog looks up attentively—though not as if he were starved—for the chance of an eleemosynary mouthful. The figure of the ungartered, shapeless-hatted peasant, who sits at the table, is exquisite! There is a repose about it, as though the day's work were over, and the labourer—though not fatigued—meant not to stir from that bench, unless perhaps, to the fire-side, till he went to bed. The woman, too, in the low chair opposite, who pets the imp of a child in her lap, and shows it a little doll—with the leaping of the creature at the toy, and the jerk of the mother's knee—and the grotesque contortion, meant for a smile, on the father's face, auguring good humour, though strange and unearthly—all these are gems! And then the calm, yet rich light of a summer afternoon pouring through the latticed window near which the group are sitting!—and the reality of the whole scene!—The peasants are not ladies and gentlemen, with curled hair and Grecian faces!—smart clothes peculiarly cut, and the demeanour of dancing-masters, and lady's maids, or show footmen; but they look like beings of this earth, and of common usage.—Strangers as we are to the fact, we do believe the picture to be like the thing it purports to represent! There is no dandification about it, *nonackeyniam, et combien vous seulement cela!*

But we must leave the dinners of canvases, however well painted; for our own dinner must be looked to, and it should be pretty nearly ready. We

have no chance of very choice cookery here; but—the landlady is used to fishermen—she will dress one of your jack. There is a fitch of corn-fed bacon in the chimney, eggs by the dozen in the stable, a dozen mutton chops in the pantry, with fine fresh butter, a Cheshire cheese, good bread, and excellent ale in the cellar. The landlady's daughter has lemons, and knows how to concoct a little good punch. For cream, the house is famous: then tea comes, warranted from London; and there is a store of apples, pears, and walnuts in the loft. Fourteen hours in active exercise and in fresh air, with scarce so many mouthfuls of food or drink to bear

him out, a man should come home with an appetite to make homely food digestible. And for a bed, Mrs. — will tell you, that cleaner, better-aired, or softer, the king scarcely lies on in his own palace. You dine. One hour's chat, and punch—tales of the sport of to-day, plans for what shall be done to-morrow. Then qualify your cup of strong hyason with a fifth of cogniac. To bed. And a sound sleep—once more to awake at sun-rise—awaits the wearied angler. May we none of us ever enjoy a repose less cheerful—never pass a day to the acts or feelings of which we can look back with less reproach!

TITUS.

THE YOUNG BREWER'S MONITOR.*

THERE are some worthy people enough, and, to our knowledge, no small ones in their own estimate of this world's dignities, who are afraid of an apple-dumpling! They either venture not upon it at all, or else uneasily *smuggle* it under the politer *alias* of an "apple-pudding." There be others who will drink any wash—be its name what it will;—sauterne, swizzle, imperial, ginger-pop, soda-water, or lemonade; and yet (save and except "at the Finish") dare as soon be hanged as be thought capable of wishing for a horn of ale. Now we, Christopher North, eschew such people. They are only "Tritons among the minnows." What care we for the ghost of Beau Brummel? Be it known, that we "have made our malt and brewed our drink" these eight-and-twenty years; and go where we would, from the peer to the cotter, has "good ale" ever been held in esteem by all who were great enough, or little enough, or wise enough, to think for themselves.

We will not have ale *run down*, excepting in the way it ought. Shall any man dare to tell us, that strong beer is only good at Henrietta Street, Covent-Garden, at three in the morning? To be sure it may hold true in the kingdom of Cockayne, the natives of which have not yet learnt the civilised arts either of brewing or baking—but what are Cockneys in

the balance? Your "ale-washed wits" have been no contemptible ones. The Swan of Avon himself was an ale-drinker, or else he is belied—(how else, indeed, should he have thought of making two holes in the ale-wife's red petticoat; and peeping through, as a type of Bardolph's face?) Then there is Bishop Corbet, with his

"Back and sides go bare;"

And Burns with his

"Gaid ale comes, an' guid ale goes."

Nay, some of the very best articles in this our Magazine—we shall never go about to deny it—have been written under the inspiration of "the barley bree." There was the Glance over Selby's Ornithology, the other day, finished over the fifth bottle of Giles's Particular, at half past four in the morning; and, longer back, the Byronian Poem of Drouthiness concocted, written, and corrected, by our own hand, over a flagon of the best-conditioned Mild March we ever brewed. At this very moment, we hold in our hands a tall glass, with something in it which, for a moment turbid, has, in the next, become brighter than the clearest amber;—the sparkling bells, as we hold it up between us and the light, still crowd to the top, congregating in the white cream that floats there, like tiny starlets forming ano-

* The Young Brewer's Monitor, comprising a luminous and scientific summary of that very Ancient and Important Art. London. Baldwin and Co.

their milky-way.—Our mouth waters. Reader—good health.

When we first sat down to review this book, we predetermined in our own mind to damn it, because it does not happen exactly to contain something that we wanted it to contain. Then we changed our mind, and determined to praise it, because we like mild ale, and furthermore, thought a mild article would suit us better this month. After all, we believe we shall do neither the one nor the other. We have got a sort of whim to try that original method of writing which has done such great things for the Edinburgh Review, and which has been christened by our friend Jeremy Bentham, Esq. the “see-saw school of reviewing;” Parson Smyth—(so Jeremy says)—very naturally playing the part of “see,” and Lawyer Brougham as naturally that of “saw.”

We think *we* shall try our hand. This shall be a “see-saw” review.

A brewer, at all events, can never pass for “a man without gyle.” It would, therefore, be a little unreasonable to expect him, more than other people, to write a perfect book—and perfect “The Brewer’s Monitor” is not. It is, in some places, too pedantic and scientific; and, in others, not minute enough. The book, nevertheless, has sensible ideas in it, and these not a few, as we shall demonstrate in our progress through the four stages of brewing;—“mashing”—“boiling”—“cooling,”—and “fermenting.” And first, as to “mashing”—Stop. We daresay, now, that many personages who never in the whole course of their polished existences dreamed, or thought of dreaming, of brewing anything, (except mischief,) will shrug their shoulders at the idea of being introduced, like his Majesty, George the Third, at Whitbread’s, into an odious brew-house, redolent of wash, wort, grains, hops, yeast, and carbonic acid gas;—peeping into pumps—tumbling into vats.—Silence! good exquisite! and let us inform you—(but first take that cigar out of your mouth, or you will infallibly burn the carpet)—let us inform you, that a gentleman’s brew-house, like his green-house, his hot-house, his dairy, or even his cellar, is *no such unpleasant place*. No place, indeed, can be so, that has anything of the rural about it. There is our own brew-house at Buchanan

Lodge—it might pass for a summer-house. We shall describe it to you.—It stands, good reader, (mark us well,) at the back of the house, just at the edge of the little ravine or dell, and half hid by the laburnums. It is also separated from the other offices by a lowish beech hedge. Around, below, and opposite, are growing the wild cherry, the tall chestnut, the sycamore, the fir, the thorn, and the bramble, which clothe the sides of the deep glen. From its chimneys, as soon as the soft March gales begin to blow, curls the white smoke before the hour of dawn. The fire within burns brightly. Everything is clean, and “sweet as the newly tedded hay.” Precisely as six o’clock strikes, we march forth—ay, even we, Christopher North—with our old fishing-jacket and our apron on; our old velvet study-cap close about our ears, and our thermometer in our hand. The primroses are basking in the morning rays; the dew-drops are sparkling their last upon the leaves; the unseen violets are breathing forth sweets. The blackbird trills his mellow notes in the thicket; the wren twitters in the hedge; and the red-breast hops round the door.—We enter. All is right. We try our heat.—“Donald, a little more cold.—That will do. In with the malt. Every grain, you bound.” “Ech! Donald’s no the man to pench the maut.” “Now stir, for life;” and the active stirrer turns over and over the fragrant grain in the smoking liquid. All is covered up close, and the important mash (twelve bushels to the hhd.), is completed.

But of what sort of malt? “Another question for the swordmen;”—for of “malts” there are as many flavours, almost, as of “vintages.” They who think that if malt be but sweet, mealy, and well crushed, that is all-know, begging their pardons, little of the matter. We have heard brewers, who thought themselves no fools, assert, that the hops alone give the ale its flavour; and that the difference between pale and highly-dried malt is only in colour. They might as well have argued that the lemon gives all the flavour to punch! We, Christopher North, aver, that upon the degree of dryness which has been given to the malt, the distinguishing flavour of malt liquor mainly depends. The

bitter principle of the hop is only the ground or substratum upon which the skilful brewer builds his peculiar flavour of beer. As more or less of hops is put in, no doubt the saccharine principle of the malt is subdued, or is suffered to predominate. But in malt there is, besides the mere sugar which it contains in common with so many other vegetables, a flavour peculiar to itself; and this is brought out and modified by the application of more or less of the great chemical agent, heat, to the malted barley. In short, fire makes malt more or less savoury, much as it makes a brandered fowl, or a mutton steak, or a toasted oaten cake, more or less savoury. For our part, we have long preferred the old-fashioned high-coloured ale, brewed from malt of a high dryness. We learnt this taste at Oxford, in our younger days, when we used to dine with the Fellows of Christ Church. Their stingo was manufactured after the old receipt of William of Wykeham; and let them say of the old Popish Bishop what they will, his ale was "orthodox." We have seen none such since, save in our own cellarage. Some approaches—they were *only* approaches—we have seen, to be sure. Once, in some "particular" at Newark, which, to our palate, was high transcendental, but then, that day we had travelled ninety miles; and once, and once again, at our old friend Shuflebotham's of Northumberland,—of whom, by the way, we recollect winning a rump and dozen, by betting that we should send him better ale than he could produce from his own cellar, on the day his nephew was married. The umpires were old Charlton of Heatheryside and Johnny Fife the once famous brewer of the once famous "Newcastle beer," and the judgment stands recorded in the butler's book to this day. They gave it against the old Squire, hollow, as well they might, for it was stingo that John Bunce himself (that enjoyer of all good things) might have envied, when he consoled himself for the death of the illustrious Miss Noel, by drinking and singing, with Jack Latten and Larry Grogan the Irish pipe-player,

"We will go to Johnny Maclean's,
And try if his ale be good or no."

"*The Conniving House*" could not have matched it.

Well, we have now "mashed"—at least, so we expect, for when we get afloat on ale, we are a little apt to digress from the bearings of our discourse;—and on the next important point, "boiling," which it is now time to go to, as we imagine we have talked good three hours, let our "monitor" speak for himself:—

"I have heard brewers insist that boiling was indispensable for preservation, and others that it is not possible to insure transparency without it. My opinion of the consequences of boiling is different; and, I trust, that I shall make it appear, that those desirable properties are the result of proper management in the tun. In the absence of demonstration, we must have recourse to analogy as our next guide. When we reflect that the highly fermentable juice of the sugarcane, in the Colonies, is invariably boiled within a few hours after its expression, to prevent its being spoiled by running into the acetous fermentation; or, in other words, that it be deprived of its natural fermentation by boiling, which rises to the surface, and is removed by skimming,—the importance of this observation must appear of considerable magnitude. It has been found, by accurate experiments, that there exists considerable analogy betwixt the juice of the cane and the extracted wort, except that the latter is far less fermentable than the former; and as long boilings have been found to injure the fermentation, there is every reason to conclude that boiling acts similarly in each case, and that much of the exciting cause of fermentation is destroyed, or caused to precipitate, by this process, whereby the worts ferment much less readily than they would do in the raw or unboiled state. This is perfectly consistent with my own experience, in the course of which, I have met with instances where it was impossible to boil the two worts more than three quarters of an hour each, without spoiling the yeast and rendering the working of the beer very difficult. Why it has been so in particular instances only, I shall endeavour to explain, when on the subject of fermentation. I consider this a much more rational way of accounting for the difficulty which is frequently experienced in fermenting after long boilings, than the popular ones—depriving the wort of the air it contains, since it always contains a sufficient proportion of air in combination with the other principles of the fermentable matter, to promote and support this process."—P. 17.

And so do we. We are convinced that most brewers, especially gentlemen's brewers, who have more time to spare, boil too long. Let us not be misunderstood. "A good boil" is our delight; but in proportion as it is good, ought it to be short. It is meant to extract the essential quality of the hop, and to combine it completely with the extract of malt, and no more. Now, this is to be done best, not by long, but by rapid boiling—by that high-raised pitch of ebullience, which, without the nicest government of fire and stirrer, is over the floor before you can say "Jack Robinson."—A boil which in intensity seems to go a step beyond Shakspeare's "yeasty waves," and Homer's "*κύματα μαιεῖα θαλάσσης*," and which, like a furious fellow who cannot speak for passion, appears calm through the extreme of rage—smooth out of the very excess of turbulence—this is your real boil for beer. But to manage it, requires a hand skilled in the management of a furnace grate, and nerve proof against all the incidents of fire or flood. This state of ebullition a little additional cold liquid is powerless to allay, even for an instant. It is lost in a short, sharp, impatient, bubbling hiss, like good advice upon a headstrong runaway: and in case of the worst, a copious dashing in of cold wort, and a sudden energetic raking out of the fire, can alone be depended upon. Forty minutes, however, of this sort of work, ticklish though it be, is worth an hour and a half of quakerlike "simmering," and must not be shrunk from. If, on taking a small portion of the hot liquid out of the copper, it breaks and separates clearly and readily, the boiling, depend upon it, is not far from sufficient.

Our beer is now boiled, and cooling; and we have got to the last, most important part of the process of brewing, fermentation. Of our author's observations as to "pitching the gyle," or, as it is vulgarly called, "setting on," we have only to say, that we think they might have been more minute. They are good, as far as they go; but then—(we have been long enough in the key of "See," and are now getting down to "Saw,")—but then the pitching the gyle-vat is by far the most delicate, and indeed the only difficult part, of the ancient craft of brewing. Upon this we expected

our Monitor to be more than ordinarily minute. We were curious to see corresponding tables of pitching heats, specific gravities, and atmospheric temperatures. In this, however, we are disappointed. The directions for pitching are, in effect, condensed in the following not very satisfactory paragraph:—

"Hurry and irregularity in the process, and indecision in the conclusion, are the prevailing enemies to a good fermentation; and although it is augurary to lay down any precise time for continuation of its action, because, under the same circumstances, as nearly as we can judge, one gyle will be ready to cleanse before another; yet we shall be correct in saying, in general terms, that it ought not to be concluded in less than three days; and I have often found, in temperate weather, twelve hours longer answer better. To obtain a full, rich flavour, united with transparency, and preservation in the coldest season of the year, the gyle should not be pitched higher than 64 degrees; in temperate weather, 69 degrees; and in other divisions of the year, as cold as the atmosphere will admit, during the night, or rather towards sunrise. If the young gyle comes on but slowly at first, so much the better; if we arrive at the correct cleansing gravity at last, and not outstep it, the more gradually we proceed, the finer, stronger, and more spirituous will our beer be."—P. 31.

Now, this may be all true enough; but, like the prophecies in Moore's Almanack, and the maxims in Modern Political Economy, it is a little too general in its statement, a little too much at large. What is cold weather; what is temperate weather; and what hot? Is no difference to be made between weak and strong beer? We should have had the degrees, Mr Monitor, the degrees.

We have ever held it as a general brewing rule, that the cooler we pitch the better, provided we do ferment; and for this plain reason,—that the fermentation is less liable to be stopped by any sudden variation downwards in the temperature of the atmosphere. In fermentation, as in love, all *overhot* settings on, are sure to be suddenly brought to an end. They are too high above the average range of this world's temperature—too Della-Cruscan, as it were, to be kept up; and so the dreg falls back into the beer, and there is an eternal

'floating in the barrel;'—hard liquor & last,—bad head,—no briskness,—and lots of gripes. As to our author's 'tables of gravities,' we dare say his trading brewer may find them excellent. In private brewing, however, (thank Heaven!) the ale is generally strong enough to bear working "stone-dead in the gyle," without any danger of spoiling in the barrel. At least that is our security, "all and singular;" for, in this matter, we, like Mr Canning, are not much of a 'security-grinder.'

From ale we naturally get to porter—porter, drink "fit for the gods," being, in fact likely to be, now and then, *too potent* for mere mortals. With porter we are less imbued than with ale (not but that for some years we have imported our annual butt of Barclay); and this we hold to be one of the great misfortunes of our life. We were early nurtured in love and affection for "good ale" by our great-uncle, with whom we were a young and frequent visitant. Excellent old aunt, Patty! She was a Yorkshire-woman, and cousin (three times removed) to Mr Wilberforce (the father). She, too, hated rum as the devil's own brewage, but then she loved sound ale in the same ratio. Thus it happened, as we derived our faith in malt liquor from her, that we penetrated not the mysteries of porter until our elder days. Our heresy was first effectually shaken by Charles Lamb, who, in his admirable way, proved to us that, in a hot forenoon, a draught of Meux or Barclay is beyond all cordial restoratives, and after a broiling peregrination (the stages were all full) from Coleridge's lodgings at Highgate to Town, gave us a specimen of the inspiring powers of porter in a perspiration, which we shall remember to the day of our death. Had we needed further corroborative proof, (which we did not, however,) we should have found it *quantum suff.* in the pages of our Monitor. Porter is generally understood to be brewed from the browner kinds of malt, with a superabundant addition of bitter; and this is porter—"for babes and sucklings." But for the *essentials* of the true verse-inspiring porter, we must have recourse to our Monitor; and, though well beat into the *admirandum*, we quote him with that feeling

of elevated surprise which Bayes defines as constituting the sublime:

"The most desirable proportions, generally speaking, are, for a hogshead—Capsicum, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., can be purchased, ground, and used in the copper.

Coculus Indicus, 1 oz., must be bruised, ditto.

Liquorice, 4 a 8 oz., either dissolved or dropped by single pieces into the copper, in full boil.

Salt of steel, rather less than $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., dissolved, and added on sending the porter out.

Colouring, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint——"

Ye Gods! here is a receipt, at once, for an Epic or a Tragedy!—Capsicum—Coculus Indicus—Liquorice—Salt of Steel—Colouring.—Contention—Rage—Mystery—Love—War—Blood—and Blank Verse! "A hero (quoth Dr Johnson) must drink brandy." "An epic poet (quoth Christopher North) must drink porter." Divine beverage! alas! that in the days of our youth, and of our fire, we were negligent of thee!

As if "scared with the sound himself had made," our Monitor proceeds with a naïveté so exquisite, as almost, in spite of the high associations with which we are filled, to provoke a smile;

"Although I profess myself, generally speaking, an advocate for malt and hops only, I am not sufficiently prejudiced to condemn every other article because it falls under the interdiction of the Excise Laws, except so far as they are prejudicial to the human constitution. After having, therefore, given you a list of articles in general use, it behoves me to remind you of the great risk you run in adopting them, and to give you my opinion of their salubrity. No objection can be made to these ingredients, except the "Coculus Indicus," which, if taken in too large doses, will occasion severe pains in the head, vertigo, and distressing sickness. Hence, every honest and humane man will use the utmost caution in the use of it; not forgetting, that, should he so prepare his porter, that the infusion of Coculus Indicus contained in a pint should occasion any degree of inebriety, the individual who sits by his side, and drinks a gallon, may pay the forfeit of his existence."

Misplaced humanity all, and unworthy even of Dick Martin! Why, granting that porter may kill its annual score of Cockneys, (if there be a score of Cockneys, each of whom can

"drink his gallon," which we doubt,) granting this, say we, what are a score of Cockneys in the balance? Mere "dust," "flocci—nauci—nihili—pili." If men will drink what is too strong for their constitutions, they have themselves to blame. A glass of wine may poison an infant, but it is clear that the poet who drinks porter must be immortal enough to resist aqua-fortis, if necessary; and that is all with which the world has anything to do.

Of porter, we may truly say, that it could not, by possibility, produce that whimpering, whinging, crying style of poetry which Keats has well called,

"The shrill liquidity of dewy piping;"

and that is no small praise.

ODoherty, we recollect, offered to bet Dr Parr three to two, that twice out of three times he would tell by the style over what genus of potation any given compositions were written; and we should have backed him. He used to assert, that anybody with half an eye might see that Manfred, Christabel, Kubla Khan, and Darkness, were written over brandy and water, with a grain of opium now and then, by way of episode—Childe Harold over thirty years' old Madeira—The Corsair over blue ruin—Lallah Rookh over creaming Champagne—Remorse, and Thalaba, over bottled porter—The Loves of the Angels over warm ale and brandy—The Pleasures of Hope over second-growth claret—Don Juan over rum punch, with a calf-foot jelly in it—The Age of Bronze, and English

Bards and Scotch Reviewers, over black strap—The White Doe of Rylstone over gooseberry wine—The Borough over a pot of purl—The Lay of the Last Minstrel over whisky toddy—The Rejected Addresses over good mum—Advice to Julia over cherry bounce—The Vision of Judgment over a cup of hot caudle—and Blackwood's Magazine (*passim*) over gin-twist, elegantly laced with capillaire!—proving, to the satisfaction of all Political Economists, that the great increase of poetry in this age has gone hand in hand with that of the wine, beer, and spirit duties; and that, whatever may be said in praise of that "small-beerless time," yclept the golden age, prior to the discovery of fermentation, it could not, possibly, know anything of good poetry, and, consequently, of anything else worth knowing!

But we must get done (our bottle is just out) with the Brewer's Monitor. To say the brewer requirereth not some grains of allowance, would be "to say that which is not." To say his article is destitute of head, or devoid of spirit, would be equally to the leeward of truth. Had it contained less of the mysteries of science, it would, peradventure, have been clearer to the common professional. Had it been more elementary and minute, the private brewer would haply have relished it better. It is not, however, stuff to be despised, any more than this before us—"See-saw"—"Your health, courteous Readers, and good afternoon."

"FUGGIE, FUGGIE."

Peebles, 4th May 1827.

RESPECTED SIR,

OBSERVING that, as a true lover of your country, you open the pages of Blackwood's Magazine, not only to born and bred authors, but to citizens bent on the welfare of society; the improvement of the human race, and what not, being, I should suppose, your chief aim, I make bold, at the instigation of my wife, to take up my pen, for the purpose of setting down, in black and white, a remarkably curious thing, which happened to myself. I am the more anxious to send

you this, not only on account of its being very droll, and what not; but because, like *Æsop's Fables*, it bears a good moral at the end of it—and that it does.

Many a time have I thought of the business alluded to, which happened to take place in our fore shop, one bonny summer forenoon, when I was selling a coalier wife, from Sir James Naysmith of Posso's Upper Hill, a yard of serge at our counter side. At the time she came in, I observed at her fit a bonny wee doggie, with a bushy black tail, of the dancing breed, and what

not—that could sit on its hind legs like a squirrel, cast bread from its nose, and play a thousand other most diverting tricks—and that it could. Well, as I was saying, I saw the woman had a pride in the bit creature—it was just a curiosity like, and had belonged to a neighbour's son, that volunteered out of the Berwickshire Militia, (the Birses, as they were called,) into a regiment that was laughted away abroad to Egypt, or the East Indies, I believe;—so, it seems, the lad's father and mother thought more about it, for the sake of him that was aff and away; being to their parental hearts, in his absence, a sort of a living keepsake—and so it was.

After bargaining about the serge,—and what not, and taking two or three other things, such as a double-tinned tea-kettle,—for I deal in Sheffield goods,—a dozen of plated buttons for the goodman's new waistcoat, and a Waterloo silk napkin for her own Sunday neck wear; I tied up the soft articles with grey paper and skinie, and was handing over to her the odd bawties of change; when, just as she was lifting the kettle from the counter, she said, with a terrible face, looking down to the ground, as if she was short-sighted—"Pity me! what's that?"

I could not think what had happened, so came round about the far end of the counter, with my spectacles on, to see what it was—and what not; when, lo and behold, I perceived a tribbling of bluid all along the clean ended floor, up and down, as if somebody had been walking about with a tattit finger; but, after looking around us for a wee, we soon found out the bief—and that we did.

The bit doggie was sitting cowering and shivering, and pressing its back against the counter, so we plainly saw that everything was not right: on the which the wife went a little back, and, snapping her finger and thumb before its nose, cried out, "Hiakie, poor fellow!" but no—it would not lo. She then tried it by its own name, and bade it rise, saying, "Puggie, Puggie!" when—would ever mortal nan of woman born believe it?—its bit black, bushy, curly tail was off by he rump—and was it not—dockit as it had been done for a wagger.

"Ay, megatie!" cried the woman,

laying down the tea-battle, and holding up both her hands in astonishment: "Ay, my goodness, what's come o the brate's tail? Lovy ding! just see it's clean gane! Losh keep me, that's awfu'! Div ye keep rotten-fa's about your premises, Maister Thomson? Sin a bonny business as ever happened in the days of ane's lifetime!"

As an ironmonger, as a man, as a Christian, as a Burgess of Peebles, my corraption was raised—was up like lightning, or a cat's back. Such doings, in an enlightened age, and a civilised country,—in a town where we have three kirks, a grammar-school, a tontine, a subscription library, and a mechanics' institution! My heart burned like dry tow within me; and I could mostly have jumped up to the ceiling with anger—and that I could, seeing, as plain as a pikestaff, though the woman did not—that it was the handywork of none other than our neighbour, Reuben Heath, the butcher. Dog on it, it was too bad,—and that it was. It was a rascally transaction; so, come of it what would, I could not find in my heart to scree him. "I'll wager, however," said I in a kind of offhand way, not wishing exactly, ye observe, to be seen in the business, "that it will have been running away with beef-steaks, mutton-chops, sheep-feet, or something else out of the booth; and some of his prentice laddies will have come across the hind-quarters with the cleaver, in a mistake,—or what not."

"Mistake here, or mistake there," said the woman, her face growing as red as the sleeve of a soldier's jacket, and her twa een burning like live coals, "od the butcher, but I'll butcher him, the nasty, ugly ill-fawred vegabond; the thieflike, cruel, malicious, ill-hearted blackguard! He wad offer for to presume for to dary to lay hands on an honest man's son! doug! it sets him weel, the blood-thirsty Gehazi, the down-looking ne'er-dowell! I'll gie him sic a redding up as he never had since the day his mother boor him!" Then, louting down to the poor bit beast, that was bleeding like a sheep—"Ay, Puggie, man," she said in a doleful tone, "they've made ye an unco fright; but I'll gie them up their fit for't; I'll show them, in a couple of hurries, that they've catched a Tartar!"—and with that out went the woman, paper parcel, tea-kettle

and off, readying like a stickler from Yetholm; the wee wretchie cowering behind her, with the mouse webs sticking on the place I had put them to stop the bleeding; and looking, by all the world, like a sight I once saw, when I was a boy, on a visit to my aunt Christians on the Castle-hill of Edinburgh, to wit, a thief going down Leith Walk, on his road to be shipped for transportation to Botany Bay.

Knowing the nature of the parties, —and what not—I jealousy directly, that there would be a stramash; so, not liking for sundry reasons to have my neb seen in the business, I shut to the door, and drew the long bolt; while I hastened ben to the room; and softly pulling up a jink of the window, clapped the side of my head to it, that, unobserved, I might have an opportunity of overhearing the conversation between Reuben Heath and the coalhiever-wife; which was likely to become public property, —and that it was.

“Hollo! you man, do ye ken onything about that?” cried the woman; —but, wait a moment, till I give a skiff of description of our neighbour Reuben.

By this time, Mr Heath was an oldish man—he is gathered to his fathers now—and was considerably past his best, as his wife, douce honest woman, used to observe. His dress was a little in the Pagan style, and rendered him kenspeckle to the eye of observation, —and that it did. Instead of a hat, he generally wore a long red nightcap with a worsted cherry on the top of it, through foul weather and fair; and, having a kind of trot in his walk, it dangled behind him, like the cap of Mr Merryman, the showfolk’s fool. On the day alluded to, he was in full killing dress, having on an auld blue short coatie, once long, but now curtailed in the tails; so that the pocket flaps and the haunch buttons were not above three inches from the place, where his wife had snibbed it across by; and, from long use in his bloodthirsty occupation, his sleeves flashed in the day-light as if they had been double jannaned. Tied round his beer-barrel-like waist was a striped apron; and at his left side hung a bloody gaping leather pouch, as if he had been an Israelite, returning from the slaughter of the Philistines—filled with steels and knives, and what not,

that had done ample execution in their day,—and that they had, I’ll warrant them. Up his thighs were rolled his coarse rig-and-far stockings, as if it were to gird him for the battle, and his feet were slipped into a pair of banchles—that is, the under part of old boots cut from the legs. As to his face, lo and behold the moon shining in the nor-west! yea, the sun blazing in all his glory, had not a more crimson aspect than Reuben. Like the pig-eyed Chinese folk on tea-cups, his peepers were diminutive and twinkling; but his nose made up for them, —and that it did,—being ample in all its dimensions, broad and long, and, as to colour, like a roisart than onything else in nature. In short, he was as bonny a figure, as ever man of woman born clapped eye on,—and that he was; and was cleaving away at a side of black-faced mutton, when the woman, as I said before, cried out, “Hollo! you man, do ye ken onything about that?” pointing to the dumb animal, that crawled and crouched behind her.

“Aweel, what o’t?” said Heath, still hacking and cleaving away at the meat.

“What o’t! i’ faith, billy, that’s a gude aye,” answered the wife. “But ye’ll no get aff that way, catch me, my man. My name’s no Jenny Mathieson, an I hae na ye afore your betters. I’ll learn ye what somebodies are.”

“Aff wi’ ye, gin you’re wise,” quoth Heath, still cleaving away,—“or I’ll maybe bring ye in for the sheep-head it was trying to mak aff wi’ in its teeth. Do ye understand that?”

This was too much for the subterranean daughter of Eve; it was like putting a red-hot poker among the coals of her own pit. “Oh ye incarnate cannibal,” she bawled out, doubling her niece, and shaking it in Reuben’s face; “If ye have a conscience at a’, think black-burning shame o’ yersell! Just look, ye bluidy salvage; just tak a look there, my bonny man, o’ your handy-wark now; Isn’t that very pretty?”

“Aff wi’ ye,” continued Curse-cowl, still cleaving away wi’ the chopping-axe, and muttering a volley of curses through the knife, which he held between his teeth.—“Aff wi’ ye, and keep a calm sough.”

“The dog’s no mine, or I wadna

me cared so much. Siccan a like
 reast!! I' faith I think shame
 to tak it hame again!!—Ay, man,
 ye're a pretty fellow! Ye've run fast
 when the noses were dealing;—ye're
 a bonny man to hack off a puir dumb
 animal's tail!! If it had been a Chris-
 tian, like yourself, it wad have matter-
 ed less—but a puir bit dumb, harm-
 less animal!"

"Aff wi' ye there, and nane o' your
 chatter," thundered Reuben, stopping
 in his cleaving, and turning the side of
 his red face round to the woman. "Flee
 —vanish—and be cursed to ye,—baith
 you and your doug thegither. It's
 weel for't, luckie, it wana its head in-
 stead of its tail. Ye had better steik
 your gab—cut your stick—and pack
 off, gin ye be wise."

"Think shame—think shame—
 think black-burning shame o' yersell;
 ye born and bred ruffian!" roared out
 the wife, at the top-story of her voice
 —shaking her doubled nieve before
 him—stamping her heels on the cause-
 way—then, drawing herself up, and
 holding her hands on her haunches:
 —"Just look; I tell ye, you unhanged
 blackguard, at your precious handy-
 work! Just look—what think ye o'
 that, now? Tak anither look now,
 ower that fieflike fiery nose o' yours,
 ye regardless pagan!"

Flesh and blood could stand this
 no longer—that it could not; and I
 saw Reuben's anger boiling up within
 him, as in a red-hot fiery furnace.

"Wait a wee, my woman," mut-
 tered Heath to himself, as, swear-
 ing between his teeth, he hurried into
 the killing-booth. Furious as the
 woman however was, she had yet
 enough of common sense remaining
 within her to dread skaith; so, ap-
 prehending the bursting storm, she
 had just taken to her heels—and that
 she had; when out he came, rampa-
 ging after her like a Greenland bear,
 with a large liver in each hand;—the
 one of which, after describing a circle
 round his head, flashed after her like

lightning, and heaved low between
 the shoulders like a clap of thunder;
 while the other, as he was repeating
 the volley, slipped sideways from his
 fingers, while he was flinging it with
 all his force, played drive directly
 through the window where I was
 standing, and gave me such a jerk on
 the side of the head that it could be
 compared to nothing else but the im-
 mortal Shakspeare's lines,

"The great globe itself,
 Yea, all that it inhabit, shall dissolve;"—

and I lay speechless on the floor, for
 goodness knows the length of time,—
 and that I did: so, even when I came
 to my recollection, it was partly to a
 sense of torment, for my wife, honest
 woman, coming into the room, and
 not knowing the cause of my over-
 throw, attributed it all to a fit of the
 apoplexy, and what not; and had
 blistered all my nose, with her Sun-
 day scent bottle of aromatic vinegar.
 For some weeks after, there was a
 humming in my ears, as if all the
 bee-skeps on the banks of the Tweed
 were pent up within my head; and,
 though Heath paid for the four panes
 he had broken, like a gentleman,
 he drove into me, I can assure him,
 in a most forcible and striking man-
 ner—and that he did—the truth of
 the old proverb—which is the moral
 of this communication,—that "lis-
 teners seldom hear anything to their
 own advantage."

Hoping that, for the benefit of the
 rising generation, you will see the pro-
 priety of printing this article, and
 what not,—believe me to remain,
 greatly respected Sir, your regular
 reader, and most obedient humble
 servant,

JOSEPH THOMSON.

To CHRISTOPHER NORTH, Esq.
 Buchanan Lodge,
 Near Edinburgh,
 North Britain.

THE MILITARY SKETCH BOOK.*

THE golden days of the army are gone; the sword rusts in its scabbard, and literature and half pay are now the order of the day. The success attendant on this change of profession has not generally been very great; yet there are striking and splendid exceptions. Some of our most valuable and popular contributors are retired officers, and we ourselves lost a leg at Waterloo. Many of our old companions in arms have exchanged their cocked hat for a shovel one, and become worthy members of the church militant. One whom we remember some years ago a lieutenant of grenadiers, and with whom we once sat on a Drum-head Court Martial, has succeeded to a Prebend's stall, and is a Doctor of Divinity. We heard him preach last Sunday; there was something military in the air and step with which he ascended the pulpit, and he read his sermon in the tone of one addressing a battalion on a field day. His exhortations smacked of the orderly-book, and had something in them of command, and we almost expected him to order the congregation to advance by echelon, or countermarch to the rear.

Our business, however, is not now with the preaching of these gentlemen, but their books, and we would be by no means understood as wishing to damp the ardour of these literary recruits, when we say these generally are not very good. We do not find fault with them because they are deficient in the graces of writing, and express themselves in a style somewhat less polished than those to whom such matters have been the object of more constant and engrossing interest. Far from it. It is the very attempt to attain these graces that we condemn—that ceaseless effort to be eloquent and impressive which runs through their compositions, and which we need scarcely say lamentably fails. We had a right to expect some spirit in their military narratives—that their moving accidents by flood and field—their hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach—the thousand dangers, difficulties, and privations, which

— Environ

The man that meddles with cold iron, should be strikingly yet simply told. These military authors, however, will do anything but this. They have a decided aversion to descend from their stilts—to rub the cork from their eyebrows, and the brick dust from their faces—to lay aside their air of strut, and tone of declamation—in short, to be easy and natural. Their writing is like Falstaff's tavern bill. The matter they express is the halfpennyworth of bread, their tinsel ornament, the enormous quantity of sack. This is bad taste and bad policy. There is no earthly reason why these gentlemen should be so many Addison's, however closely connected they have been with steel. Let them be easy and natural, and let them be assured they are often not eloquent, merely because they are not simple.

One of them, who has attained a certain popularity among city clerks and boarding-school misses, has a silly knack of inverting his sentences, and is continually nauseating his readers by the obtrusion of double-distilled sentiment, and mawkish affectation of sensibility. He is always endeavouring to surprise us by something more than ordinarily elegant and superfine. He does not write of war in the hardy spirit of a soldier, and thinks it necessary to be lachrymose in the narrative of his campaigns. He pules over a gun-shot wound, and sheds tears over a sabre-cut, or a thrust of the bayonet in the breadbasket of an Irish corporal. All this is mighty absurd. Grant the corporal dies—what then? Why, Mrs O'Flaherty is inconsolable till next issue of grog, and before the expiration of a week has married a bombardier of artillery, who fathers young Denis O'Flaherty, then nine years old, and through his interest with Drum-major M'Gillicuddy, gets him admitted as triangle player in the band of the Connaught Rangers.

But let us suppose Ensign Peterkin of the thirty-fifth, who lately volunteered from the militia with a wife and large family, to lose his head by a cannon-shot. This is a stronger

* The Military Sketch-Book. Reminiscences of Seventeen Years in the Service Abroad and at Home. By an Officer of the Line. In Two Volumes. London: Henry Colburn, New Burlington Street. 1827.

more than the other. Mrs Peterkin is elegant and amiable, eloped with the Ensign from a boarding-school some ten years ago, and has since bred like a rabbit. Now, no man would find more food for the pathetic in such circumstances than Captain Sherer. He would dilate largely on the circumstances of the Ensign's death. He was, it seems, in the act of blowing his nose, and must have felt considerable surprise when his head fell from his shoulders, and trundled before him like a foot-ball. Then his elegant, tender, and accomplished widow, and his seven lovely and unprotected orphans! What an opening for sentiment and moving description! Here is a glorious opportunity of filling ten pages at least of *recollections*. But does Captain Sherer ever hint that Ensign Peterkin had a red nose—beat his wife—and drank like a fish? And then the inconsolable and deserted widow! Why, I should be glad to know, does that bread-bag of a Commissary call so often at her lodgings? Has he been feeding her family with extra rations, and sending presents of bullocks' tongues, and canteens of *ordinaire* from mere disinterested benevolence? By no means; but say the Commissary hauls off, has she no chance with Lieutenant Dermody of the Waggon Train, who was always so obliging as to carry her baggage and her children on the march? Let us take things, however, at the worst—let us suppose the Lieutenant is no better than he should be, and his views are not honourable. Why, then, Mrs Peterkin returns to her native town, sets up as a milliner and dressmaker, gets her eldest son bound apprentice to a watchmaker, her second to a fashionable tailor, and everything goes on smoothly, till one fine morning, she finds her daughter Harriet has eloped with Colonel Berkeley, whom she instantly prosecutes for seduction, and pockets a thousand pounds awarded by the jury as damages.

We cannot do better than illustrate our ideas on this subject by an article from the Military Sketch-Book. We knew Mrs Jenkins well. She is now on half-pay of the 103d, and keeps a shop in the Minorities.

"Who treads upon the field of death? Who sighs upon the winds of the night, like the mourning ghost of the warrior, ringing its melancholy tones with the tricks of the passing owl, that lonely flaps its pinions in the moonlight? Who walks

amongst the slain? See, where the light glides with heedless step; its white robe streaming like a mist of morning when the sun first glances on the mountain; now gazing on the pale moon, now turning to the paler faces of the dead. Who walks upon the bed of sleeping carnage? Who wakes the frightened night from her horrid trance, and thus tempts her terrors? Is it the restless spirit of a departed hero, or the ghost of the love-lorn maid? Is it light, or is it air? Ah no! it is not light, it is not air; it is not the ghost of the love-lorn maid; it is not the spirit of the departed hero. No, no, no, no! 'tis Mrs Jenkins of the 48th!!!

"And it was Mrs Jenkins of the 48th. She, poor soul! was the victim of early impressions. She was cradled in romance, and nursed in air-built castles; she read of Ossian, and she became his adopted daughter; she read of Sir Walter, and she became his adopted niece; she was Lady Morgan's 'sylph-like form,' and her voice was one of Tom Moore's 'Irish Melodies;' she could delight the eyes of the rude with tambour-work and velvet-painting; she could ravish their ears with a tune on the piano; she could finish a landscape in Indian ink, and play the 'Battle of Prague' without a stop. The admiration of her doating parents, the envy of her female acquaintances, angelic, charming Charlotte Clarke (now Mrs Jenkins of the 48th) was all you could desire.

"Charlotte was bred at Portarlington boarding-school; there did she form her mind—there did she learn that she had 'a soul above buttons,' and that love and glory were the 'be all and the end all' of existence. Trade! fie,—contaminate not the ethereal soul—dim not the halo that surrounds such excellence, by the approach of such coarse and vulgar matter! Charlotte despised it, even as her father loved it and gave to it all his days.

"Dublin is a martial city; the view of the royal barracks is a royal sight. There did she love to go and gaze, and listen to the band, until the tears stole down her lovely cheeks. She would then walk home, and weep, and sleep, and dream of epaulettes both gold and silver, of scarlet coats, of feathers and long swords. Her days (until after tea-time) were passed in reading Newman's novels, and practising the 'run' of Braham. 'He was famed for deeds of arms; SHE a maid of envied charms.' 'Young Henry was as brave a youth.' 'Hark, where martial music sounding far.' These were her songs; she practised them in the morning with her hair in papers, and she sung them after supper, (whenever she was at a 'party,') with her interesting curls upon her forehead, shading her blushes and the soft light of her languid eyes. She loved the Rotunda-gardens in the summer evenings, and she gloried in the ball, when winter hung up-

on the night; she both in gardens of Rosamunda, and in light of ball-room, the red-coats, ever in her hopes, cut a figure in her eye, and a deeper in her heart. She went to the Dargle and the Waterfall, to *Pool Avoca*,* and Killyny (whenever she was invited,) and among the Summer Sunday beauties of the scene, full well she did enact her part. Her life was one bright dream, beaming with sun-bright smiles and brighter tears. Her heart was tender, and her will was strong. Need it be said, that such a maid fell deeply in love? Alas! she did. The gentle Charlotte loved;—ah! deeply loved—but who she could not tell! It was a form, and yet it was not matter, (no matter, indeed, whether it was or not;) it was a hero, all epaulettes and scarlet, white feathers, and still whiter pantaloons, set out with sword, and belt, and sash, and gorget; a hero at all points, whose name, nevertheless, was not to be found in the army list: in short, the being was a lovely paradox—a thing, and yet a nothing; she saw it in her dreams, as well as in her wakeful hours; it never left her side, waking or asleep; there was the form of her darling lover, like Moore's 'Knight of Killarney,' O'Donahue and his white horse, on a May-day morning,

"That youth who beneath the blue lake lies,

While white as the cattle some bark unfurls,
When newly lanch'd, thy long mane curls,
Fair stood, fair stood, as white and free,"

dancing and prancing on the winds; there he was in a splendid uniform, (some say with bay facings, some say green,) and she woo'd it, and she woo'd it, till her cheek grew pale, and her eye lost half its brightness. Every officer she met on the Mall was likened to her lover in her 'mind's eye'; but they were not her lovers. Captains Thompson, Jones, and Pentilton; Lieutenants Jacobs, Raulins, and Flagherty; Ensigns Gibbs, Mullins, and Mortimer; all resembled the object of her love; but she refused to acknowledge their identity with it. At length young Jenkins, an Ensign of Militia, realized the aerial form she so long had loved. Yes, he did actually embody it; and at the holy altar, even in spite of crusty fathers,

"Who make a jest of sweet affection,"

The amiable and adorable Charlotte Clarke became the gentle Mrs Jenkins.

"War's clarion blew!" Napoleon and Wellington struggled like two giants for ascendancy. Ensign Jenkins volunteered into the line, and proceeded to the fields of Lusitania. Could Charlotte stay behind? No! the briny waters soon bore her, with her husband and seven other officers (all members of the mess) to Portugal. Ensign Jenkins was ordered to the front. Could Mrs Jenkins stay behind? No!

she shared the fatigues of the march and the horrors of the battle, like a true heroine: she loved the 48th, and she would go along with it, through thick and thin. The parching sun, the drenching storm, the unmoistened biscuit, and the chill damp bivouac, alike she would endure.—'Love and Glory' carried her through all. It was a sight worth all the jewels of romance to see—a thought worth all heaven to contemplate—the sight of Mrs Charlotte Jenkins, like a 'ministering angel,' standing amidst the terrors of the field!

"The battle raged; the slain were many; the regiment covered themselves with glory—but poor Jenkins fell! The moon shone upon the field of battle, and shone upon the dead—the fight was over. Could Mrs Jenkins rest without her husband? Oh, no! Forth she hied to search out the body of her Jenkins, dead as he was, at the dead hour of night. She gazed at the moon—she gazed upon the slain—and she thought upon the days of her teens, of Newman's novels and Portarlington.

"A tender-hearted sympathetic soul, by name Captain Rogers of the Grenadiers, watched the fair Charlotte's steps, (for she had told him she would go and seek her Jenkins,) and gently led her from the sickening scene.

"Poor Jenkins was not found; but dead, no doubt he was, for there were several witnesses of his fall. He had fallen upon his face—the Sergeant lifted him from the earth, but he did not speak—life was no longer there; so the Sergeant left him lying on the field, for he had yet to kneel some others down.

"The truth struck strong upon fair Charlotte's heart; her bursting bosom was saved from rending by a well-timed flood of tears, which the Captain politely wiped away. 'Cease, lady, cease this useless, unavailing grief,' sighed the sympathetic Rogers; 'if thou hast lost a husband, still are a thousand left for thy choice;—and though one Jenkins may be gone, another Jenkins may supply his place.'

"Oh! to be thus addressed amidst romantic war! and by a Captain too, of Grenadiers!—I cannot, will not further—

"Draw, draw the veil upon her weakness! But stay, I must—I must reveal it—she was comforted; and not many nights passed o'er her widowed bed, till . . . married was Charlotte to her Rogers—as well as in the field they could be married, where persons are but rare, as all who know allow.

"In joyous honeymoon the pair repaired to Lisbon (for Rogers was detached upon a special duty), mayhap because the blushing bride wished for retirement from a scene which must have ever reminded her of Ensign Jenkins. But, be that as it may,

a month had actually told its thirty days (or thirty-one, I know not which), when one dark night, such as the wail delights in, a solemn knock was heard at the outer door of the house where rested Rogers and his lady. "Who comes?" The door is opened—An Agnes stands at the threshold.—It is Ensign Jenkins!!! "O appalling sight! A ghost, a ghost! my husband's ghost!" the frightened Mrs Rogers cries; "Oh, take him from my sight!"

"No, thank you, Ma'am," replies the visitor; "I am no ghost, but Ensign Jenkins of the 48th!!!"

"No more; I'll say no more; and wherefore should I? Family affairs I leave as I find them; but this I must relate. The Ensign was not dead, but speechless, when the Sergeant lifted him from off the turf; he had received a knock-down blow, but soon recovered, and was taken prisoner on the field. From French captivity he then escaped; but ah! not time enough to save his lady's love.

"O cursed chance! that Sergeant's false and deadly report should thus put virtuous woman's love to proof!"

The Military Sketch-Book is a work of some talent; that is, it contains a few things positively good—many that are comparatively so—several positively bad, and some superlatively execrable. On the whole, however, we like it. Generally speaking, it is written naturally and unaffectedly, and the author possesses much of that broad, though somewhat vulgar humour, which commonly passes current as wit at the mess of a marching regiment. The idea of the work, as both the title and the execution rather too plainly intimate, is taken from the Naval Sketch-Book, to which, in freshness, vigour, and originality, it is considerably inferior. We wish, for the sake of his own reputation, the author had omitted the series of articles entitled, "Nights in the Guard-house;" they are dull, coarse, and vulgar, and consist of the dialogues on various subjects of a Scotch sergeant and an Irish corporal. When he ventures on such ground he should be aware that it requires perhaps more tact than he possesses, to raise his subject by the display of strong natural feeling, and that the mere vulgarities of low life must not be thrust forward too obtrusively into the foreground of the picture.

We have been looking through the volumes for an article which may afford our readers a favourable specimen of the work. We have at length fixed on the following, both because

it is one of the shortest, and because we really think it about the best. The story is told simply, and bears the semblance of truth. If not true, it at least may be true, and that is all we care about. By the by, why will the author insist on thrusting some of the most improbable stories down our throats by obtrusively vouching for their authenticity? This is unpleasant to the reader, for it reduces him to the dilemma of either attaching falsehood to the character of a man of whom he wishes to think favourably, or of swallowing narratives which, if true, are little less than miraculous. There is something touching in the following anecdote, and what is more, we believe it:—

"Amongst soldiers—men whose habits of life are almost in direct opposition to social and domestic enjoyment—who are strangers everywhere, and whose profession is to destroy their fellow-men, it is astonishing what tenderness and amiability of disposition are frequently to be met with.

That which fell under my own observation I will relate; and I think it affords undoubted proof of the kindest and most amiable heart.

"At the battle of Talavera, a soldier, who had his wife, and a child about two years and a half old, at the regiment with him, was killed. His death weighed heavily at the heart of the woman, and, together with a severe cold caught in marching, produced a fever which terminated in her death. Her infant, thus left fatherless and motherless, became an interesting object of pity. The officers of the regiment took measures for its protection, and placed the boy in the care of a woman belonging to their own regiment. This woman, however, was a drunkard, and the commands of the deceased father perceived that she neglected the child. He reported this to the officers, and they determined to remove it; but on examination it was found that there was no other woman in the regiment who had claims to be trusted more than the person with whom the child already was. Indeed, there are but few women permitted to take the field with the soldiers; and these, in general, are not only intemperate, but blunted in their feeling by their own privations.

"The comrade, finding much difficulty in providing a nurse for the child, declared that he would sooner undertake the care of him himself, until an opportunity of better disposing of him should occur, as he felt convinced that the poor infant would be lost, if suffered to remain with the woman under whose care he then was.

"There was no objection made to this; so the soldier immediately took charge of the child. And well he acquitted himself in his responsibility; he regularly washed, dressed, and fed the little fellow, every morning; he would clamber over the hills and procure goats' milk for him, when even the officers could not obtain that luxury; and although not much of a cook, would boil his ration-meat into a nutritive jelly, as scientifically as the best of them; fix the child. In less than two months, the little campaigner was very different in appearance from that which he exhibited when first taken in charge of the soldier; and he became a rosy-faced, chubby, hardy little hero, as ever bivouacked on the hills of Portugal.

"Month after month passed away, during which the regiment often moved about. Upon the march the soldier always found means of procuring a seat for the child upon one of the baggage mules; and he now became so interesting to all who knew him, that little difficulty in obtaining transport for him was to be met with. One time a muleteer would take the boy before him on his *macho*, or place him between two sacks or casks, upon the animal's back, and gibber Spanish to him as he jogged along; at other times he would find a seat on some officers' baggage, or 'get a lift' in the arms of the men; nobody would refuse *little Johnny* accommodation whenever he needed it. So far I heard from a soldier of the division in which the child was protected. What follows I witnessed myself.

"After the battle of Busaco, which was fought in the year following that of Talavera, the army retreated over at least one hundred and fifty miles of a country the most difficult to pass; steep after steep was climbed by division after division, until the whole arrived within the lines of the Torres Vedras. The whole of this march, from the mountains of Busaco, to the lines, was a scene of destruction and misery, not to the army, but to the unhappy population. Every pound of corn was destroyed, the wine-casks were staved, and the forage was burnt; the people in a flock trudging on before the army, to shelter themselves from the French, into whose hands, had they remained in their houses, they must have fallen. Infants barely able to walk; bed-ridden old people; the sick and the dying—all endeavouring to make their way into Lisbon; for which purpose all the asses and mules that they could find were taken with them, and the poor animals became as lame as their riders by a very few days' marches. It was a severe measure of Lord Wellington's thus to devastate the country which he left behind him, but, like the burning of Moscow, it was masterly; for Massena being thus deprived of the means of supplying his army, was soon obliged to retrace his steps to Spain, pursued in his

turn by the British, and leaving the roads covered with his starving people and slaughtered horses.

"Amidst this desolation I first saw the little hero of whom I write. I had been with the rear-guard of the division, and was approaching Alhandra, when I observed four or five men standing on a ridge, in the valley through which we were passing. One of them ran towards me, and said that there was a man lying under a tree a little way off the road, beside a stream, and that he was dying. A staff-surgeon was close by; I told him the circumstance, and we immediately proceeded to the spot. There we beheld a soldier lying upon his back, his head resting against a bank, his cap beside him, and filled with water as if he had been drinking out of it. Beside the man sat a fine boy, of about three years' old, his little arms stretched across him. The child looked wistfully at us. We asked him what he was doing there? but, from fright and perhaps confusion at seeing us all intent upon questioning him, he only burst into tears. The surgeon examined the man, and found he was lifeless, but still warm. I asked the child, if the man was his father? he said he was; but to any further questions he could only give an unintelligible answer. The surgeon thought the man had died of fatigue, probably from marching while under great debility or sickness. I asked the boy, if he had walked with his father that day? and he replied, that he did not, but had been carried by him.

"At this moment the last of the division was passing up the hill, and the French columns appeared about half a mile behind. There was nothing to be done but to remove the child, and leave the dead man as he was. I directed the soldiers to do so, and to bring him along with them. They accordingly went over to the boy, to take him away from the body; but he cried out, while tears rolled from his eyes, "*No, no! me stay wi' daddy!—me stay wi' daddy!*" and clung his little arms about the dead soldier with a determined grasp. The men looked at each other; we were all affected in the same way; I could see the tears in the hardy fellows' eyes. They carried him; they promised that his father should go also; but no, the little affectionate creature could not be persuaded to quit his hold. Force was necessary; the men drew him away from the body; but the child's cries were heart-rending: "*Daddy, daddy, daddy! dear, dear daddy!*" Thus he called and cried, while the men, endeavouring to soothe him, bore him up the hill just as the enemy were entering the valley. This was little Johnny, and the dead man was his father's kind, good-hearted comrade, who perhaps hastened his own death in carrying the beloved little orphan."

We really wish the author of the *Military Sketch-Book* would not write poetry. More detestable doggerel we never read than that with which he has interlarded his pages, and we always regret to see a clever man look like a blockhead. The following, we imagine, will be considered a sufficient taste of his qualities in this line :—

Lower, (Two voices.)

Far, far away,
Yon high bright moon
Soon sweetest soon
Shall gaze down between us, o'er the wide
wide sea.
She waits our fond farewell,
That when I'm miles and miles from
thee,
She many a night may tell
Of this sweet hour to me.

Harper, (Bass, one voice.)

Did'st see the maid and her hand so white,
As she kissed it to thee in the soft moon-
light?

Good night, good night!

She comes, she comes! and I hear her
tread—

Oh happiest youth!—oh happiest maid!

Good night! good night! good night!!!

This is really melancholy, and we trust the worthy officer will not thus expose himself for the future. Out of the fifteen millions which compose the population of the united kingdom, there are at least twelve millions of men, women, and children, who can write better poetry than the author of the *Sketch-Book*. Let him meditate on this truth, and profit by it.

In one of the articles, entitled, "*Mess Table Chat*," we are introduced to the company of a regiment of Hussars or Lancers, we really forget which. To his sketch we have only one objection to make: both Lancers and Hussars are gentlemen, and should be made to talk as such. The author has not done this. He exhibits them as a set of silly, ignorant, and vulgar blockheads. A mistake of this sort gives an asinine look to an author, because it betrays a want of either tact or knowledge.

There is another point in which he fails, though more pardonably. His

Scotchmen are very far from graphic delineations, and speak a sort of jargon utterly unknown in any district north of the Tweed. His Irishmen—though on this we speak diffidently—are better, yet far from being striking specimens of their tribe. On the whole, we think his narrative powers greater than his dramatic, though in neither walk does he fall below mediocrity.

One of these sketches is devoted to the memory of Morris Quill, a well-known military humourist, whose jests and stories used to furnish amusement to the Peninsular army. We remember Morris well. His humour, we think, lay less in the thing said, than in his mode of saying it. He delighted to bring together the most incongruous ideas, but the true jest lay in the subdued seriousness and imperturbable gravity of his countenance as he did so. The same thing said by another would have been flat and vapid. The article on Morris Quill, therefore, is one of the dullest in the book. Quill was not a wit, and the specimens given of his humour are neither very interesting nor very amusing. The author spoils the story of the silver spoons, which at any rate was too trite and well known to merit further record.

When we began the review of this book we intended to speak well of it; yet in looking back on what we have written, it seems as if we had been led to cast somewhat too much into the balance of censure. On the whole, the impression made on us by the author and his work is favourable. Of the latter we have already said enough: The former is evidently a man of considerable talent and acuteness of observation. He writes unaffectedly and like a gentleman, and shows a good deal of power in some of his descriptions. We hope, when he again appears before the public, he will occupy higher ground, and we close our article by begging him, for his own sake, and for that of his readers, on no account to write another line of poetry.

POLLOK'S COURSE OF TIME.*

The distinctive character of Poetry, it has been said and credited, almost universally, is to please. That this should have been the opinion of shallow minds, inflated with critical contempt of the very Art whose principles they presumptuously pretended to expound, we do not wonder; nor do we wonder that their dogmata should have swayed the judgments of ordinary people, who are always willing to adopt authoritative opinions, tending to equalize the lofty with the low; but we do wonder, indeed, that an assertion, so self-evidently false, should ever have imposed upon the intellect and feeling of men knowing what human nature is, and that all the Fine Arts are but different modes and means by which its mysteries are reflected or illuminated. That *they*, who have studied the laws of thought and passion, should have suffered themselves to be deluded by an unmeaning word, is mortifying enough; but it is more than mortifying,—it perplexes and confounds to think that Poets themselves, and Poets too of the very highest, or say of a very high order, have declared the same degrading belief of what is the scope and tendency, the aim and end of their own Divine Art—*forsooth to please!* If it be so indeed, then Poetry stands on the same footing with pastry—an Epic Poem is on a level with a Pudding, and a Tragedy is a mere Trifle.

To please! "Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw!" Nothing so easy as to please. A pun pleases; or it displeases,—which, in principle, is one and the same thing;—an epigram pleases—any one individual thing in this world pleases which titillates the nerves, the stomach, the liver, even the spleen. An easy shoe pleases—a well made pair of breeches more than please. It is pleasant, and exceedingly so, to loll upon a sofa in almost total vacuity of thought—to eat ice-cream on a hot airless day—to sit in the Sanctum Sanctorum the hour after publication, no longer under promise of an article. It is pleasing to be out of debt—pleasing to know that a Director of the Royal

Bank owes you a thousand pounds—that according to the doctrine of chance, you are likely to live twenty years. But there is no poetry in any of these things—or if there be, poetry of the very lowest kind—the character of them all is essentially prosaic, and whatever inspiration there may be in them, it seldom leads to marriage with immortal verse.

This may seem to be treating a serious subject somewhat too lightly; but such wretched creed deserves no better treatment. The absurdity of such a dogma, can only be made by harping—as its authors do—upon a word, and showing how paltry a word it is, by pointing out its almost universal applicability to everything little in nature and in art.

Pleasure; then, is no more the End of Poetry, than it is the end of Knowledge, or of Virtue, or of Religion, or of this World. The end of Poetry is pleasure, delight, instruction, expansion, elevation, honour, glory, happiness here and hereafter, or it is nothing. Is the End of Paradise Lost—to please? Is the End of Dante's Divine Comedy—to please? Is the end of the Psalms of David—to please? Or of the Songs of Isaiah?

This poor idea infects modern criticism—perhaps ancient. So did ideas equally poor infect morality and religion of old as now. Yet while such notions were uttered, they were not believed; all great works gave them the lie; they were belied too by all the enthusiastic feelings which great works inspired—like dead letters they lay in the code—and though polluting both the Common and the Statute Law, they left unharmed the sense of natural equity and justice—and men felt and judged for themselves, not by their own human books, but by the Bible given them from above—not by the written, but by the unwritten law—not from the responses of monthly or quarterly oracles, but from revelations commencing with childhood, and not discontinued even on to extremest age.

* The Course of Time, a Poem in Ten Books. By Robert Pollok. 2 vols. Blackwood, Edinburgh, and Cadell, London. 1827.

Yet it is probable that Poetry, even *true Poetry*, has often been injured or *vitiated*, by having been written in the spirit of this creed. It relieved poets from the burden of their duty—from the responsibility of their *commitments*—from the conscience that is in genius. It gave them Cartesianism, instead of *Magna Charta*. It made them partisans of a cause—the cause of mere human habits and fancies, temporary and local—instead of librators of a country—the country of the soul, enalaved under the old dominion of ignorance or superstition, set with all its people day and night *yearning for their immortal light*. Debase my principle, however high, in opinion, and you debase the practice of the most noble. So has it been with his divine art. They “who have writ the lofty rhyme,” have had their works ransacked for rules to curb and confine, and crib in their successors within the pale of criticism—till at last poets who conceived and executed, of their own inspiration, in a style worthy of their immortal prototypes, have had their works subjected to the tests of that false philosophy which they despised, and been judged by rules, of which in their high wisdom they were ignorant,—while, such is the incorruptible integrity of what Shakespeare calls the “soul of the world,” in spite of all this falsehood and folly, genius in the long run reached the goal for which it panted, and was hailed with enthusiastic and universal acclaim.

No doubt, the tendency of this deplorable doctrine, has been to degrade, not only in the estimation of the world, but in the works of men of genius themselves, the Divine Art of Poetry. Writers and readers have written and read according to a low standard. If pleasure was produced, the primal end of the art was attained—if pleasure was not produced, then the poet had missed his aim, and his work was thrown aside as a failure. Such condemnation would have been just, had his work not stirred and elevated the spirits. But it was unjust in all cases, where the satisfaction with which the spirit perused, was of a kind by far too high to be rightly called “pleasure,” where it arose from

“The presence that disturbs us with the joy
Of elevated thoughts.”
Such satisfaction as this in Poetry,

could only be enjoyed by meditative minds,—by minds not uninstructed in the Greater Mysteries, and who looked into Poetry as into a Revelation. Just as well might you say that pleasure is the end Christians have in view in listening to a noble discourse—nay, fear not to declare it—in reading their Bible.

We suspect that this doctrine has especially borne hard on all Sacred Poetry—disinclined poets to devoting their genius to it—and consigned, if not to oblivion, to neglect, much, almost all, of what is great in that magnificent walk. For if the masters of the Holy Harp are to strike it but to please—if their high inspirations are to be deadened and dragged down by the prevalent power of such a mean and unworthy aim—they will either be contented to awaken a few touching tones of “those strains that once did sweet in Sion glide,” unwilling to prolong and deepen them into the diapason of praise—or they will deposit their Lyre within the gloom of the sanctuary, and leave unawakened.

“The soul of music sleeping in its strings.”

We are aware, at the same time, that many objections have been urged against Sacred Poetry—but they all resolve themselves into this—that it is difficult or impossible. Difficult it certainly is—and to all but minds of a high order, impossible—but therein lies its power and its glory. Next to Isaiah the Prophet, stands Milton the Poet. But as there are the lesser inspired prophets, so are there the lesser poets,—they too, in another sense, inspired, and the effusions of their spirits likewise, humanly speaking, divine. How many sublime hymns have been breathed by genius elevated by piety “above the smoke and din of this dim spot that men call Earth!” With what holy and devout affection are they treasured in pious souls, and recurred to in the storehouse of memory, when men have been poverty-stricken within their very being by this world’s afflictions—have had their affections and passions distracted or torn up by the very roots—and then felt that the wilderness could be made to blossom like the rose under the dews of Hermon!

How beautiful is genius when combined
With holiness! oh! how divinely sweet

The tones of earthly harp, whose chords
are touch'd

By the soft hand of piety; and hang
Upon religion's shrine, there vibrating
With solemn music in the ear of God.
And must the bard from sacred themes
refrain?

Sweet were the hymns in patriarchal days,
That, kneeling in the silence of his tent,
Or on some moonlight hill, the shepherd
pour'd

Unto his Heavenly Father! Strains sur-
vive

Erst chanted to the Lyre of Israel,
More touching far than poet ever breath-
ed

Amid the Grecian Isles, or later times
Have heard in Albion, Land of every
Lay.

Why therefore are ye silent, ye who
know

The trance of adoration, and behold
Upon your bended knees the Throne of
Heaven,

And Him who sits thereon? Believe it
not,

That poetry in former days the nurse,
Yea, parent oft of blissful piety,
Should silent keep from service of her
God,

Nor with her summons, loud, but silver-
tongued,

Startle the guilty dreamer from his sleep,
Bidding him gaze with rapture or with
dread

On regions where the sky for ever lies
Bright as the sun himself, and trembling
still

With ravishing music, or where darkness
broods

O'er ghastly shapes, and sounds not to be
borne.

It is, then, with delight, and not
without a feeling of self-dignity, that,
from time to time, we leave the giddy
fervour and loose rhymes of more
modern poetry, to repose on the firm yet
impassioned majesty of such writers as
Milton; but we rather think that this
reverence, a little prescriptive, is more
apt to make us unjust to the claims of
a present competitor, than forward to
hail any who aspire to compass the
same walk. Is it from this alone that
we are slow to predict for the author
before us, a fellow-memory with
the time-honoured shades of Dante
and Milton? Independent of com-
parative award, this poem, "The
Course of Time," is certainly of deep
and hallowed impress, full of noble
thoughts and graphic conceptions—
the production of a mind alive to the
great relations of being, and the sub-

lime simplicity of our religion; not
without distinct poetry, but more char-
acterised by a strong and searching
intellect. In its simple beauties, it
strikes us as the work of a man who
has kept himself shy from literature
for a first and great attempt; and still
more so in its cumbersome faults, which
a little self-denial, and a slight notion
of comparative excellence, best attained
from early trials of strength, would
have prevented. The enormous fault
of this Poem is, an elaborate re-
dundancy in the making up of moral
pictures, very much in the style of
those in Blair's Grave, to which poem
it certainly bears a generic resem-
blance. Even in those parts of his
work where, according to our author's
proposed object, the interest should be
deepest, the haughtiness of the epic
dignity is fearlessly compromised, that
his cabinet of portraitures may have
enlargement both of number and space:
and the worst part of his sin is, that
he dilates upon the same subject more
than once; not sparing, that all may
be complete, lines of interjectional em-
phasis, which at best, in any work, are
but beggarly elements—a life-in-death
sort of power—the startling throes of a
mere galvanic existence, and quite un-
worthy of a mind that has wit enough
to set forth direct propositions.

The plan of this poem is simple and
well conceived.—The whole race of
man has been long gathered unto the
years of eternity, and the things of
time are seen far remote, according to
the author's own graphic simile—

"—— as country which has left
The traveller's speedy step, retiring back
From morn till even——"

when a being, confirmed in good, ar-
rives in heaven from some remote
world. He is welcomed by two of the
heavenly dwellers, of whom he en-
quires the meaning of hell and its
woes, which a stray-flight in his pas-
sage heavenward (somewhat unac-
countably ascribed to mere curiosity,
rather than the direct leading of God)
has permitted him to see. Arrived
themselves but lately at the celestial
kingdom, they are unable to satisfy
his enquiries; but they take him to an
ancient bard, once of our earth, who,
according to the questions of the newly
arrived, in reference particularly to the
Lamb of God and the resurrection
morn, which he heard blasphemed in
hell, goes over the chief characteristics

man's world, up to the great day of judgment, which marks, according to our author's high argument,

'Time gone, the righteous saved, the wicked damn'd,

and God's eternal government approved."

On first view, we are struck with the plan, as worthy of the finest arrangement of parts; but it is soon evident that the best interest must lie in these parts themselves, less in reference to the making up of a unique whole, than to their individual worth. And why? The consummation which his poem records is indeed overwhelming, and one in which we are awfully interested; but it stands before us as a great religious truth, long known; and our prescriptive reverence, or our prescriptive callousness, makes us less attentive to anything like a religious detail, after the original of the Bible. Yet what reader is not alive, with the keenest anxiety, to the process of Eve's seduction, as given by Milton, though already the issue is equally known to him from the Scriptures? The same principle on which depends a deep interest in the latter case, explains chiefly why, in the former, it cannot be easily awakened. There were possibilities in the power of Eve, of escape and defence,—the strife of knowledge against knowledge, of innocence against guilt; we attend anxiously, in the hope of seeing her means of resistance exerted; and there is a deep undercurrent in the soul of the reader; an anxious calculation—the most awful process in the human heart—to feel from what slight check an unspeakable calamity might have been prevented. In the general fate of mankind, as given in Mr Pollok's poem, there is no doubtful conflict; there can be no strife of equal interests. Possibilities here may be in the power of man;—it may be his own folly that he escapes not the final condemnation; but this implies little strife of action, and no power in man to keep up the struggle against the sentence; and therefore the poem which connects the life of man with the retribution of the judgment-day, considered as a mere human composition, is not, to human sympathies, essentially epic, or progressive in interest.

In *Paradise Lost*, our souls are knit to two living individuals, full of beauty and innocence, and we wait with yearning fear for the sad falling off

that is to dash their light and their love, and their glorious Eden; in the poem before us, we know not real and moving individuals of earth; we are made acquainted, indeed, with the qualities of individual minds; but these are no better than the abstract beings of an allegory, and the final fate with which they are respectively visited, strikes us but as the victory of God over sin in general, over the wicked follies of men and devils. Our reverence, again, for his grand decision, farther masters simple feelings; and is a thing far above the usual sympathies of sorrow or joy. But allow that these qualities, in reference to judgment, must impress every man with the fate of living beings, (and surely our own share in the brotherhood of man is entitled to make the slightest hint of the Last Sentence, to our distinct conception, a scene rife with responsibilities,) then there is a new difficulty in the way of our author, to make good the latter clause of his final argument,—the approval, by human sympathies, of God's eternal awards. Let his victory be put as over individual sinners, then, living as we are in this world, and full of weak and human charities, and not knowing our own eternal destiny, we cannot have, and God never meant us here to have, such a joy in contemplating the final overthrow of the wicked, as, in the counterpart of the feeling, shall vindicate thoroughly to our hearts the severe justice of retribution. Here we cannot even conceive how the eternal separation of two brothers, and the condemnation of the one, shall not dash the full and celestial joys of the other.

In any view of the subject—because in any there can be no adequate struggle, on the part of man, against the executive of God's mighty kingdom—a main action is wanting, and progressive interest for the work before us, considered merely in the light of an ordinary composition.

The general spirit of the above remarks may have a very good particular illustration. This want of a main interest, may be accounted for on the same principle which, in a great measure, explains why Mr Pollok fails to raise our conceptions of horror by his description of the final Hell, which his words, not a little magniloquent, led us to believe he meant

as the very climax of his poem. In the hell of Milton, the great interest lies in the awakening of the fallen Cherubim from their fiery lethargy. Our sympathies are instantly and directly in the midst of them, remembering with them their past glory, and planning their outbreathing from their burning prison. The horrors of their situation, though largely described by Milton, are thus in principle incidental, and are insensibly admitted as aggregates of interest by our already excited sympathies. We are taken captive at once, and there is no room for the *nil admirari*, which is certainly against the poet, whom we see labouring to gird up his loins to do something great. It is the highest praise of the epic grandeur, and it belongs to Milton in the above instance, when it can gather and take along with its unstayed march, a host of collateral circumstances. In Dante's Hell, though the conception cannot be so highly praised, the execution is wondrous; and one unique spirit, through all its attributes of terror and punishment, is never done with knocking at the human heart of his reader. It is not peopled with abstract beings; it is overrun with human affections. We see men in the act of being punished according to the very spirit of their faults; and the pathetic yearning of all over a human visitor in their descending circles of wrath,—their desire still to know of man's doings on the green earth, and to be remembered in the haunts of their former kindred,—all breathing the very spirit of Dante's own exile,—take a strong hold upon the hearts of his readers. His stories are all of this upper world, and our sympathies go down again, as it were, alive to the misery of the damned, who relate them in the ears of the poet, with sad and interjectional references to the circumstances that now environ their being. Our sympathy is as strong, and has the same play, as when, with all our living consciousness about us, we conceive of our situation pent up in the corded stiffness of death, and encumbered with the foul dishonours of the grave, when "Even in our ashes live their wonted fires."

The heavy press of woe upon the unhappy narrators gives a fine verisimilitude to the briefness of their details in Dante's poem. The muscular

anatomy of harsh feelings, and the quick and instinctive shadings of tenderness, are fixed before us like statuary. The fine touches of softer poetry that occur here and there, like difficult knots of flowers on wild and storm-visited rocks, draw us more strongly to the strange work of this mighty master, by giving relief to its black and terrible edges.

In the punishment of sinners, as described by Mr Pollok in his last book, their hell and woe are final, and far away. We are aware of their being driven into eternal perdition; but we are not acquainted with them, as individuals, beforehand: we see them not in their lost condition, in reference to any conflict, struggling, yet overwhelmed; we hear no more of them as living beings; and therefore our spirits never enter into their place of torment. —Pangs and wrath are prepared beforehand, and then we are told that the wicked are made to enter upon their sorrowful inheritance; but this moves us not, like the agony of Dante's Inferno, where we behold human feelings shooting like trembling rays through the thick presence of a night of woe. Upon the whole, we believe, that the powers of the poet, not even excepting the great names we have had occasion to mention above, are inadequate, by a description of the most dread array of physical terrors, to fix the mind to a full conception, either of the bliss or destruction of a single spirit. No man at any given time can call up and fix before his soul the overwhelming idea. It passes sometimes involuntarily through his heart, but its permanent expression is beyond the control and colour of words. We would therefore say, that Mr Pollok has so far been unfortunate in the choice of his subject; and is not altogether to be blamed, if he hath not approved to human sympathies, the final justice of God; or, in the other clause of his argument, to set forth to our conceptions the full importance of "Time gone;—the righteous saved, the wicked damn'd."

The merit of this poem, then, lies chiefly in excellent parts; and on this account it is entitled to a more minute analysis.

After a simple and manly invocation, the arrival in heaven of a sainted being from some world is well described. The horrid emblems which

has had seen on the outer wall of hell, and its dismal interior, are powerfully conceived. The following passage is good :—

“ So saying, they link'd hand in hand,
spread out
Their golden wings, by living breezes
fann'd,
And over heaven's broad champaign sail'd
serene.
O'er hill and valley, clothed with verdure
green
That never fades; and tree, and herb,
and flower,
That never fades; and many a river, rich
With nectar, winding pleasantly, they
pass'd;
And mansion of celestial mould, and
work
Divine. And oft delicious music, sung
By saint and angel bands, that walk'd the
vales,
Or mountain tops, and harp'd upon their
harps,
Their ear inclined, and held by sweet
constraint
Their wing; not long, for strong desire
awaked
Of knowledge that to holy use might turn,
Still press'd them on to leave what rather
seem'd
Pleasure, due only, when all duty's done.”

There is not a great richness in this description, but it breathes a transparent purity redolent of Heaven's delicious air. The First Book, upon the whole, is finished with true Epic dignity.

The greater part of Book II. is occupied with the early history and lapse of man, and the gracious providence of God still working in his behalf for instruction and happiness, which are well and succinctly detailed. The following figure of Mercy, in reference to the revelation of the Bible, is very fine :—

“ This book—this holy book, on ev'ry
line
Mark'd with the seal of high divinity;
On ev'ry leaf bedew'd with drops of love
Divine, and with the eternal heraldry
And signature of God Almighty stamp'd
From first to last—this ray of sacred
light,
This lamp, from off the everlasting throne,
Mercy took down, and in the night of
Time
Stood, casting on the dark her gracious
bow.”

In the remaining part of this Book, and in Books III. and IV. the follies
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and vain pursuits of worldly men are severely characterized. There was ample room here for rich and picturesque grouping, in the rise of nation after nation in “ The Course of Time,” with the strange pictures of their idolatries, and other general characteristics, in the same style as in *Paradise Lost* the angel gave Adam to see from the Mount of Vision the future history of his race. Mr Pollok has in a great measure confined himself to individuals. Some of his moral delineations are admirably given; but necessary limits have obliged him generally to touch only upon broader features. The disadvantage in this is, that they stand not forth with a very distinct application against the consciences of his readers: they are more easily put by. It is, indeed, no easy task, to give thorough effect to this sort of discipline. The fine moral indignation of Cowper, his minute and pointed severity, trimmed with graphic illustrations of the finest poetry, are perhaps the most successful specimens of severe Christian satire. Mr Pollok could not certainly allow himself an equal minuteness, but he might have been more sparing in heaping together general pictures of vice, and the balance of space would have admitted him to give more graphic sketches, in instances where they are too broad and indiscriminate to be very useful. The censure in the following instance is so general, that in truth it is mere sophistry :—

—————“ A Novel was a book
Three-volumed, and once read; and oft
cramm'd full
Of poisonous error, black'ning ev'ry page;
And oftener still of trifling, second-hand
Remark, and old, diseased, putrid thought;
And miserable incident, at war
With nature, with itself, and truth at war:
Yet charming still the greedy reader on,
Till done—he tried to recollect his
thoughts,
And nothing found, but dreaming empti-
ness.
These, like ephemera sprung in a day,
From lean and shallow soiled brains of
sand,
And in a day expired; yet while they
lived,
Tremendous oftentimes was the popular
roar;
And cries of—Live for ever—struck the
skies.”

Is this aught better than mere dog-
matism? Nay, it is worse than use-
5 Q

less; for if we can fortify ourselves in despising it, as may easily be done, why, then, here is a ground for want of confidence in our author, and less attention to others of his moral lessons that may be excellent and incontrovertible. In this way, excessive scrupulosity comes to the same point as indifference,—as two ships that sail on the round seas, one east, one west, go far apart at first, but ere long meet again in an extreme latitude.

Among many noble passages in these three books, the following is magnificent:—

“Take one example, to our purpose quite:

A man of rank, and of capacious soul,
Who riches had, and fame beyond desire,

An heir of flattery, to titles born,
And reputation, and luxurious life;
Yet, not content with ancestral name,
Or to be known because his fathers were,
He on this height hereditary stood,
And gazing higher, purposed in his heart
To take another step. Above him seem'd
Alone the mount of Song—the lofty seat
Of canonized bards; and thitherward,
By nature taught, and inward melody,
In prime of youth, he bent his eagle eye.
No cost was spared. What books he wish'd, he read;

What sage to hear, he heard; what scenes to see,

He saw. And first, in rambling school-boy days,

Britannia's mountain-walks, and heath-girt lakes,

And story-telling-gdens, and founts, and brooks,

And maids, as dew-drops pure and fair,
his soul

With grandeur fill'd, and melody, and love.

Then travel came, and took him where he wish'd.

He cities saw, and courts, and princely pomp;

And mused alone on ancient mountain brows;

And mused on battle-fields, where valour fought

In other days; and mused on ruins grey
With years; and drank from old and fabulous wells;

And pluck'd the vine that first-born prophets pluck'd;

And mused on famous tombs; and on the wave

Of ocean mused; and on the desert waste.
The heavens and earth of every country saw:

Where'er the old inspiring genius dwelt,

Aught that could rouse, expand, refine the soul,

Thither he went, and meditated there.

He touch'd his harp, and nations heard, entranced.

As some vast river of unfailing source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flow'd,

And open'd new fountains in the human heart.

Where fancy halted, weary in her fight,
In other men, his fresh as morning rose,

And soar'd untrodden heights, and seem'd at home,

Where angels bashful look'd. Others, tho' great,

Beneath their argument seem'd struggling whiles;

He, from above descending, stoop'd to touch

The loftiest thought; and proudly stoop'd, as tho'

It scarce deserved his verse. With Nature's self

He seem'd an old acquaintance, free to jest

At will with all her glorious majesty.

He laid his hand upon the "Ocean's mane,"

And play'd familiar with his hoary locks;

Stood on the Alps, stood on the Apennines,

And with the thunder talk'd, as friend to friend;

And wore his garland of the lightning's wing,

In sportive twist—the lightning's fiery wing,

Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful God,

Marching upon the storm in vengeance seem'd—

Then turn'd, and with the grasshopper, who sung

His evening song, beneath his feet, conversed.

Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds his sisters were;

Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and winds, and storms,

His brothers—youngeer brothers, whom he scarce

As equals deem'd. All passions of all men—

The wild and tame—the gentle and severe;

All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and profane;

All creeds; all seasons, Time, Eternity,
All that was hated, and all that was dear;

All that was hoped, all that was fear'd by man,

m. torn'd about, on tempest-wither'd
 leaves,
 hen, smiling, look'd upon the wreck
 he made.
 With terror now he froze the cowering
 blood;
 and now dissolved the heart in tender-
 ness:
 et would not tremble, would not weep
 himself.
 ut back into his soul retired, alone,
 ark, sullen, proud; gazing contemptu-
 ously
 n hearts and passions prostrate at his
 feet.
 o Ocean from the plains, his waves had
 late
 o desolation swept, retired in pride,
 exulting in the glory of his might,
 and seem'd to mock the ruin he had
 wrought.

As some fierce comet of tremendous
 size,
 To which the stars did reverence, as it
 pass'd;
 o he through learning and through fan-
 cy took
 His sight sublime; and on the loftiest
 top
 Of Fame's dread mountain sat: not soil'd
 and worn,
 As if he from the earth had labour'd up;
 But as some bird of heavenly plumage
 fair,
 He look'd, which down from higher re-
 gions came,
 And perch'd it there, to see what lay
 beneath."

Who knows not the mighty Byron?
 And who will not admit that the above
 verse is worthy of its theme?

"He from above descending stoop'd to
 touch
 The loftiest thought, and proudly stoop'd
 as though
 It scarce deserved his verse."

These, and the lines to the same ef-
 fect which close the above extract, are
 very characteristic of Byron, who, in
 high and rapid energy, and in easy
 transitions, is perhaps the most elo-
 quent of all poets. After dashing forth
 his proud strength, with the evening
 storm of thunder among the Alps, and
 over the darkened Jura, such a man
 proceeds—

"But now the morn is up, the dewy
 morn,
 With breath all incense, and with cheek
 all bloom,
 Laughing the clouds away with playful
 scorn,
 As if the living earth contain'd no tomb."

The revulsion from the dark elo-
 quence of his night-scene to the soft
 and pausing dance of these lines, is so
 great, that the heart of a man is bowed
 to tears. That muse is up again,
 and abroad with the early sun, untired
 and untarnished; she has shaken
 from her drenched wing the storms
 and the ruffled wildness of night, and
 dances like a beautiful unstained bird
 of the elements. Moral justice de-
 mands the latter and dark part of By-
 ron's portraiture, as deeply sketched
 by our author; but we must pass it
 at this time: no more blame—no more
 blame: rather let us say—everlasting
 honour be to his mighty shade, for he
 has peopled the hearts of millions
 with beauty.

Yet we turn with praise to the au-
 thor of the "Course of Time," who
 seems a pure and noble-minded man.
 Indeed, not less than such and a poet
 could have written his 5th Book, in
 which the fair and innocent delights
 of our world are pourtrayed. The
 Mother and her Children; the Inno-
 cence of Childhood; Dreams; Early
 Friendships; the Dying Mother and
 her Babe,—are among the finest.
 There is great breadth of repose in the
 following moonlight scene:—

"It was an eve of Autumn's holdest
 mood;
 The corn fields, bathed in Cynthia's sil-
 ver light,
 Stood ready for the reaper's gathering
 hand;
 And all the winds slept soundly; nature
 seem'd,
 In silent contemplation, to adore
 Its Maker: now and then the aged leaf
 Fell from its fellows, rustling to the
 ground;
 And, as it fell, bade man think on his end.
 On vale and lake, on wood and mountain
 high,
 With pensive wing outspread, sat hea-
 venly thought,
 Conversing with itself."

Why did the author add the succeed-
 ing as part of the same scene?

"Vesper look'd forth
 From out her western hermitage, and
 smiled;
 And up the east unclouded rode the
 moon
 With all her stars, gazing on earth in-
 tense,
 As if she saw some wonder walking
 there."

Now this sacrifice utterly the fine
 contiguities of time and place; and

confuses the first unique picture by adding another, which, if Mr Pollok had even intended continuity, as he evidently does not, should at least have preceded what he gives as the first. Tried by the "serene and silent art," no painter could bring them both upon the same canvass. The very word *Vesper* means to every heart a blue or rosy, or orange-tawny sky in the west, with a bright shivering star. According to the high authority of Milton, in a fine scene in his *Paradise Lost*, of which the above reminds us. *Hesperus* and his starry host make a distinct picture, which lasts only

———"till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveils her peerless
light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle
threw."

If *Vesper* in full glow be not compatible with the moon, according to Mr Pollok, riding unclouded up the east, *a fortiori*, it belongs not as a part to what we call his first scene, in which the world is flooded with moonlight. There is a farther confusion; for the moon "gazing on earth intense, as if she saw some wonder walking there"—which, though almost familiar, yet admirably expresses the still earnestness of moonlight—cannot be said of the moon riding up the east. In truth of nature, it is only when "riding near her highest noon," that our own feelings—which we give to inanimate things and take again, as the clouds give back to the earth her own waters—scribe to the moon an earnest gaze upon our earth. These last lines of Mr Pollok belong therefore to what in truth is his first scene. A poem can never be made from the jottings of a common-place-book, however excellent. There is as much of poetry in the composition of parts as in the parts themselves. The same ready and pervading spirit must be present both at the beginning, and the completion of a scene, to give it that continuity of life, which, like an invisible but felt chain of electricity, flashes our sympathy at once through the whole. The great power of the epic poet lies in being ever present with the grand conception, in the midst of his many episodes: to be self-denied; not to pursue his beauties too far, like an unskilful and incomprehensive general, who, heedless of the main breast-

work of the battle, pursues his wing of victory beyond limits, and leaves a cloudy defeat upon his own rear. In much of the poetry of the present day, where there is no want of spirit, there is so much lavish embellishment, and the general purpose is so ill compacted, that the sympathies of the reader are quite fatigued; and in this spirit he has to satisfy himself formally, that the real beauties are indeed poetry.

In the close of Mr Pollok's 5th Book, the description of the various nations which turned to worship towards Jerusalem, in the Millennial day, is picturesque and magnificent—

"And earth kept jubilee a thousand years."

Book 6th opens with a call to the fair things of the earth to mourn its approaching dissolution, the symptoms of which are already coming fast. After a passage in his worst style of amplification, relative to the principles of human conduct, our author goes on to describe the refinement in wickedness which follows the Millennial period. More symptoms of the great coming change are then given in a powerful style of poetry; the sun dimming at noon-day, and

"Rousing the wolf, before his time, to chase

The shepherd and his sheep——"

is a fine conception. The saints above, uncertain towards what issue, are yet aware of mighty preparations in Heaven. This makes one of the noblest passages in this poem. Meantime the cup of earth's wickedness is fast filling up; yet men are callous, notwithstanding awful appearances; and this is the hope and prophecy of their hearts on the last night of the world—

———"To-morrow shall,
As this day be, and more abundant still."

Our author has here a fine transition from the awful fate that hangs over earth to the evening song in Heaven, led on by Isaiah, to which all the celestial inhabitants turn from their various delightful occupations, which are finely conceived. The greater part of the song is a list of God's incommunicable attributes, with which no man on earth can fully sympathize.

"And those who stood upon the sea
of glass;
And those who stood upon the battle-
ments,

And lofty towers of New Jerusalem;
 And those who circling stood, bowing
 afar,
 Exalted on the everlasting hills,
 Thousands of thousands—thousands in-
 finite—
 With voice of boundless love, answer'd:
 Amen."

This is abrupt and sublime, and well
 expresses a burst of praise.

Book 7th opens with this delicate
 shading of remote, yet true feeling—

"As one who meditates at evening
 tide,

Wandering alone by voiceless solitudes,
 And flies in fancy, far beyond the bounds
 Of visible and vulgar things, and things
 Discover'd hitherto, pursuing tracts
 As yet untravell'd, and unknown, through
 a vast

Of new and sweet imaginings; if chance
 Some airy harp, waked by the gentle
 sprites

Of twilight, or light touch of sylvan maid,
 In soft succession fall upon his ear,
 And fill the desert with its heavenly
 tones;

He listens intense, and pleased exceed-
 ingly,

And wishes it may never stop; yet when
 It stops, grieves not; but to his former
 thoughts

With fondest haste returns: so did the
 Seer,

So did his audience, after worship past,
 And praise in heaven, return to sing, to
 hear

Of man; not worthy less the sacred lyre,
 Or the attentive ear: and thus the bard,
 Not unbesought, again resumed his song."

This, and many other passages of
 our author, are quite in the style of
 Dante, who draws most of his illustra-
 tions from the living expression of
 mental affections. We cannot resist
 the passage immediately following—

"In custom'd glory bright, that morn
 the Sun

Rose, visiting the earth with light, and
 heat,

And joy; and seem'd as full of youth, and
 strong

To mount the steep of heaven, as when
 the Stars

Of morning sung to his first dawn, and
 Night

Fled from his face: the spacious sky re-
 ceived

Him blushing as a bride, when on her
 look'd

The bridegroom: and, spread out beneath
 his eye,

Earth smiled. Up to his warm embrace
 the dews,

That all night long had wept his absence,
 flew:

The herbs and flowers, their fragrant
 stores unlock'd,

And gave the wanton breeze, that, newly
 woke,

Revell'd in sweets, and from its wings
 shook health,

A thousand grateful smells: the joyous
 woods

Dried in his beams their locks, wet with
 the drops

Of night: and all the sons of music sung
 Their matin song, from arbour'd bower,

the thrush
 Concerting with the lark that hymn'd on
 high:

On the green hill the flocks, and in the
 vale

The herds, rejoiced: and, light of heart,
 the hind

Eyed amorously the milk-maid as she
 pass'd,

Not heedless, though she look'd another
 way."

The last change should now be told
 according to our prepared attention;
 but we must yet be served unneces-
 sarily with a renewed individual detail
 of man's heedlessness. At last there is
 darkness; and the angel who swore
 that "time should be no more;" and
 the angel of the trumpet; and the
 dead are rising; and the creatures of
 the earth die, and the beauties of the
 fair earth.

"Alas, ye sons of strength! ye ancient
 oaks!

Ye holy pines! ye elms! and cedars tall
 Like towers of God, far seen on Carmel

mount,
 Or Lebanon, that waved your boughs on
 high,

And laugh'd at all the winds—your hour
 was come.

Ye laurels, ever green! and bays, that
 wont

To wreath the patriot and the poet's
 brow;

Ye myrtle bowers! and groves of sacred
 shade!

Where music ever sung, and Zephyr
 fann'd

His airy wing, wet with the dews of life,
 And Spring for ever smiled, the fragrant

haunt
 Of Love, and Health, and ever dancing
 Mirth—

Alas! how suddenly your verdure died,
 And ceased your minstrelsy, to sing no

more.
 Ye flowers of beauty! pencil'd by the
 hand

Of God, who annually renew'd your birth,
 To gem the virgin robes of nature chaste,

Ye smiling featured daughters of the Sun!
Fairer than queenly bride, by Jordan's
stream

Leading your gentle lives, retired, un-
seen ;

Or on the sainted cliffs of Zion hill,
Wandering, and holding with the heaven-
ly dews,

In holy revelry, your nightly loves,
Watch'd by the stars, and offering every
morn

Your incense grateful both to God and
man.

Ye lovely gentle things ! alas, no spring
Shall ever wake you now ! ye wither'd all,
All in a moment droop'd, and on your
roots

The grasp of everlasting winter seized.
Children of song ! ye birds that dwelt in
air,

And stole your notes from angels' lyres,
and first

In levee of the morn, with eulogy
Ascending, hail'd the advent of the dawn ;
Or, roosted on the pensive evening bough,
In melancholy numbers sung the day
To rest, your little wings failing dissolved
In middle air, and on your harmony
Perpetual silence fell. Nor did his wing,
That sail'd in track of gods sublime, and
fann'd

The sun, avail the eagle then ; quick
smitten,

His plumage wither'd in meridian height,
And in the valley sunk the lordly bird,
A clod of clay. Before the ploughman
fell

His steers, and in mid-way the farrow
left :

The shepherd saw his flocks around him
turn

To dust : beneath his rider fell the steed
To ruins : and the lion in his den
Grew cold and stiff, or in the furious
chase,

With timid fawn, that scarcely miss'd his
paws."

The last part is extremely pictu-
resque,—living figures arrested in dif-
ficult attitudes. The rising of the
dead admits of a thousand situations
of the same kind ; and this seems to
have led our author to enlarge so much
on this part of his subject. Milton
more wisely saw the propriety of brief-
ness in his Sketch of the Creation.—
The picture of the Missionary rising
in lands far from his native home,
amidst the people of a strange kindred,
whom he had saved from the darkness
of sin, is certainly fine ; but why di-
late here upon the merits of such men,
praiseworthy though they are ?—If
the eye of man, under the impending
judgment, dare look around, it must

be only for a moment ; therefore
should the descriptions of our author
here have been very brief. In room of
the brief mandate of Heaven, we have
the ocean apostrophized by the poet in
three pages, before it is represented as
giving up its dead. And after all,—the
simple conception of Death pining to
see his captives disenthralled, provokes
a long detail of his triumphs over the
children of men.—Surely this is
" vaulting ambition which overleaps
itself, and falls on the other side."

Aware of his final aim, our author
now deems it necessary to bring the
characters of men in immediate con-
nexion with the judgment to be held
over them. Accordingly, in *Book*
Eighth, and the greater part of the
Ninth, he again goes over the charac-
teristics of the world, nearly in the
same style as in his earlier books.—In
this he has in many things erred.
While, as before seen, he succeeds not
in vindicating to our usual sym-
pathies the final prerogative of God
over men, his attempt to make out
this, in God's severe justice against
the wicked, has led him severely to
go over those points of their characters
which seem to man best worthy of
their fate ; and in this tone, he has
been prevented from referring the
whole conception, to our awful com-
miseration of poor sinners, which
could best give an interest to the
things of judgment—

" That day of wrath, that dreadful day !
When Heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
How shall he meet that dreadful day,
When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll ?
When louder yet, and yet more dread
Swells the high trumpet that wakes the
dead !

Oh ! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be God the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass
away !"

Under the awful subject, Mr Pol-
lok may observe that the very rhymes
here are redundant and careless of
the usual varieties in composition ;
and the tone of feeling which their
great author has assumed on this
occasion, is the only right spirit for
man to have over the last condemna-
tion of the greatest sinner. When the
author before us was dealing with the
follicies and sins of men living in the
world, his severity was good, and we

would then allow him to say, in his own energetic line, that the words condemnatory of the false priest should "Come glowing from the lips of eldest Hell;"

put over our brethren of men, under the final sentence of wrath, from the olly of the gay unsmirched creatures, children of the world's lightest fashion, the prey of the comic muse on earth, to the deepest dye of moral guilt, there is no sufferance for severe declamation. A better way to make us sympathise with the eternal fate of poor humanity, and tremble for the awards of Omnipotent Justice, was to represent the sinner also in his milder characteristics—degraded, but instinct with touches of his fine origin,—polluted, but not thoroughly debased,—wicked, yet weeping and drops of a late repentance.—"Others," says Milton, of some of the devils in Hell, after their first fall—

— "Others more mild,
Betreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical, to many a harp,
Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
By doom of battle; and complain that
Fate

Free virtue should enthrall to force or chance.

Their song was partial; but the harmony

What could it less when spirits immortal sung?)

Suspended hell, and took with rapturement

The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet,

For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,)

Others, apart, sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate; and reason'd high,

Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate—

Fix'd fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute;

And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.

Of good and evil, much they argued then,
Of happiness and final misery;

Passion, and apathy, and glory, and shame;

True wisdom all, and false philosophy,—

Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm
The pain for a while, or anguish, and excite

Sluggish hope, or arm the obdured breast
With stubborn patience, as with triple steel."

This is sublime and pathetic, almost to a degree of irreligious sympathy.

Can Mr Pollok evade the main objection under this clause of blame, by saying, that the narrator of the poem and his audience are immortal and severe, approving in Heaven, beyond human conception, of the casting off of sinners? He may—and, to a certain extent, the plea may be admitted as valid,—but it does not set the objection to rest within the reader's own awe-struck heart.

Another of our author's failures is, that, in repeating his views of individual character, he has been obliged to stay the narrative at a point, where, if the interest of his readers could at all be excited, it should certainly be deepest. Aware of this, he reminds us from time to time, of the preparation for judgment, as in the following instance, which is not well conceived, and which reminds us unhappily of a theatrical curtain—

—"Nor aught appear'd, save here
and there,
On wing of golden plumage borne at will,

A curious angel that from out the skies,
Now glanced a look on man, and then retired."

Conscious that he has allowed the narrative to stand still too long, Mr Pollok tries to whip up flagging attention, by giving a long list of pitiful chances on earth, and then saying that these are nothing to the fears and the coming woes of sinners, about to be condemned.—But the following is grandly terrific:—

"Thus stood the reprobate beneath the shade

Of terror, and beneath the crown of love,
The good; and there was silence in the vault

Of heaven: and as they stood and listened, they heard,

Afar to left, among the utter dark,
Hell rolling o'er his waves of burning fire,

And thundering through his caverns, empty then,

As if he preparation made, to act
The final vengeance of the Fiery Lamb.

And there was heard, coming from out the Pit,

The hollow wailing of Eternal Death,
And horrid cry of the Undying Worm."

The excellence of the above lies chiefly in its being incidental, and without effort. The unknown sound of horror is deepened in awful relief by the strange silence. It is the sublime of uncertain expectancy. We conceive

every man looking upon the darkened face of his fellow, to read his own apprehensions of that unseen wrath.

Of the same kind of excellence is a passage in his Fifth Book, when, speaking of a sinner's dreams, he gives us the following images of Hell, powerful, and the more striking, because unexpected and unlaboured :—

" And oft in dreams, the reprobate and vile

Unpardonable sinner—as he seem'd
Toppling upon the perilous edge of Hell,
In dreadful apparition, saw before

His vision pass the shadows of the damn'd ;

And saw the glare of hollow cursed eyes,
Spring from the skirts of the infernal night ;

And saw the souls of wicked men new dead,

By devils hearsed into the fiery gulf."

Of Mr Pollok's merits or demerits we shall no farther speak. Let the public judge of both, from our criticism, and its illustrative extracts. Suffice it to say, that, in our opinion, he is a poet—and possesses much of the *MENS DIVINIOR*.

SONNETS AND OTHER POEMS. BY DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON.*

THIS volume, in our eyes, is quite a curiosity. We should suppose it, at the very most, a forty-eightmo. It measures, by thumb, four inches long, two and a half broad, and the third of an inch thick. If the march of mind has reached Fairy-Land, and parish-schools have been established, the good folk of the Tohmans (see Mrs Grant's excellent book on the Superstitions of the Highlands) will by this time have learned to read, and the more erudite among them will have libraries. To them this would be a folio. Diamond British Poets. What does that mean? "A curious miniature University edition, the smallest ever printed, combining the advantage of portability with clear and beautiful printing, and embellished with fine portraits of the authors, and vignette-titles." Jones and Co., by whom they are published, call them "Typographical Gems;" and, judging from this specimen, they are so—that being, we presume, the reason why they are called Diamonds—for on no other account could Jones and Co. call Mr David Lester Richardson a diamond. He is the only living poet whom they have yet set—but the stone does not seem to us too dazlingly brilliant to be looked at by weak eyes—although, to persons slenderly skilled in poetical mineralogy, it might pass for a tolerable Scotch pebble.

The truth is, that Mr David Lester Richardson is far from being an inelegant versifier. He has presented the public with a fac-simile of his head; and never did we phrenologists behold the Organ of Approbation so enormously developed. This accounts for the

publishers of the diamond edition of the British Poets "having obtained the author's permission to reprint his Sonnets, and other Poems," published in 1824. There can be no doubt, from that development, that the author's permission was easily obtained—yielded without any sweet reluctant amorous delay. Mr Richardson, as he looks on himself in his glass, with his shining morning face, exclaims, What a Diamond British Poet am I! But there is an old saw—"diamond cut diamond"—and it must be painful, when subjected to that test, to find yourself unexpectedly turning out to be mere—Paste.

It is long since we gave up being severe on any living soul—and so far from wishing to be severe on Mr David Lester Richardson, we beg him to accept the assurance of our esteem. His Sonnets, and other Poems do him much credit, and may be read with ease and satisfaction. But is there no possible plan for diminishing his love of approbation? The organ itself, alas! is there in its most formidable dimensions—and as it is "established," we have, we confess, little or no hope. Yet something surely might be done by a strict moral regimen. Nay, perhaps the delusion under which he now labours, of being a diamond, might be dispelled by a course of aperients. We advise him to come down to Edinburgh—to pass his forenoons with Mr Combe, and his evenings with Christopher North—and by the united exertions of these wise physicians, the activity of the organ may perhaps be paralysed. We have known wonder-

* Jones and Co. London: 1827.

al cures performed at the Noctes Ambrosiane.

We are treated with an appendix of critical extracts from the Monthly Periodicals—a vile and degrading practice of which a gentleman, like Mr Richardson, ought to be ashamed. Praise is poured in upon, and out upon us from the 1. Monthly Review—2. Monthly Magazine—3. European Magazine—4. New Monthly Magazine—5. Gentleman's Magazine—6. Oriental Herald—7. Thelwall's Pantheistic Miscellany—8. Imperial Magazine—9. Ackermann's Repository—10. Literary Magnet—11. Ladies' Monthly Museum—12. World of Fashion—and, 13. Inspector and Literary Review. Does Mr Richardson contribute to all these periodicals? Then we have extracts from the following weekly and daily journals—14. Sheffield Iris—15. News of Literature and Fashion—16. Literary Chronicle—17. Kaleidoscope—18. Phoenix and Literary Olio—19. Star—20. Sun—21. Sunday Times—22. British Traveller—23. Edinburgh Observer—24. Northern Whig—25. Waterford Mail—26. Glasgow Free Press—27. Edinburgh and Leith Advertiser—28. Telescope—29. Manchester Mercury—30. Bridgenorth Herald—31. Durham Chronicle—32. Liverpool Mercury—33. Weekly Express—34. Norfolk Chronicle—35. York Chronicle—36. Huntington Weekly Journal—37. Bath and Cheltenham Gazette—38. Reading Mercury—39. Stockport Advertiser—40. Westmoreland Gazette—41. York Courant—42. Leeds Independent—43. Bath Journal—44. Leicester Chronicle—45. Bradford and Wakefield Chronicle—46. Rochester Gazette—47. Cumberland Packet—48. Kent Herald—49. Royal Cornwall Gazette—50. Ayr and Wigtonshire Couriers—51. Maidstone Gazette—52. Greenock Advertiser—53. Salisbury and Winchester Journal—54. Edinburgh Independent—55. North Devon Journal—56. Western Luminary—57. Aberdeen Chronicle—58. Wakefield and Halifax Journal—59. Nottingham Herald—60. Dorset County Chronicle—61. Berkshire Chronicle—62. Barnstaple Herald—63. Devonshire Freeholder—64. Bolton Express—65. Southampton Herald—66. Hull Packet—67. Rockingham Paper—68. Lancaster Gazette—69. Cheltenham Journal—70. Bath Herald—71. Birmingham Chronicle—72. Sussex Ad-

vertiser—73. Worcester Journal—74. Cambridge Chronicle—75. Northampton Mercury—76. Alfred—77. Chester Courant—78. Preston Pilot—79. Macclesfield Herald—80. Common Sense—81. Cooper's John Bull—82. Palladium—83. British Lion—84. British Guardian.

Mr David Lester Richardson, who, we are sorry to see from his face and his verses, is but in indifferent health, must have had hard work, we do not say in writing, but in reading, all those eulogies of himself and mine. The first especial wonder is how the whole press of Britain and Ireland, which we have been lately assured is far too numerous to combine, and far too independent to be bribed, could thus with one voice break out into simultaneous panegyric of a literary gentleman returned from India, with a liver complaint, relieved by letting verses. The second especial wonder is, how the invalid could come at the knowledge of the existence of all those eighty-four eulogies. He must have had spies stationed all over the realm—emissaries, with eyes fixed on all the metropolitan and provincial presses, from whom he received regular reports.

But Mr Richardson, apprehensive that the purchasers of him—a diamond British poet—may not be satisfied with such shreds and patches of praise as he has bedizened himself with, kindly refers them for “favourable notices of this volume,” to 85. La Belle Assemblée—86. Lady's Magazine—87. British Magazine—88. London Iris—89. Courier—90. Morning Post—91. Morning Herald—92. Public Ledger—93. British Press—94. New Times—95. Morning Chronicle—96. Baldwin's London Weekly Journal—97. Oxford Herald—98. Bristol Gazette—99. Bristol Mirror—100. Glasgow Herald—101. Dumfries Courier—102. Edinburgh Star—103. Montrose Review—104. Brighton Gazette—105. Durham County Advertiser—106. British Volunteer—107. Derby Reporter—108. Boston Gazette—109. Cork Chronicle—110. Wolverhampton Chronicle—111. Nottingham Review—112. Sheffield Independent—113. Sovereign—114. Kentish Gazette—115. Hereford Independent—116. Kentish Chronicle—117. Herts Mercury—118. Evening Times—119. Salopian Journal, 120. &c. 121. &c. 122. &c.

DR PHILLPOTTS' LETTERS TO MR CANNING.*

THERE are some questions, of mighty national importance, occasionally discussed in Parliament, on which men of education may, without surrendering their right of judgment, form their opinions almost entirely from the debates. It is of necessity, indeed, that thousands of intelligent men do so; for they are prevented, by the exigencies of their own pursuits, from acquiring any better knowledge of the data on which those questions are argued than that derived from the detailed accounts of the debates in Parliament, and such documentary papers as are easily accessible to persons not politicians by profession. Of this kind are many questions in finance—many, too, both in the home policy of the government, and its international measures of trade with other states.

There are other questions, again, of as mighty national importance, occasionally discussed in Parliament, on which men of education will not submit to surrender one iota of their right of judgment to the authority, however high, of any statesman; for on such questions they have been accustomed earnestly and solemnly to reflect; and the facts on which their opinion is to be formed are either notable events in the history of their own and other countries, or they are, perhaps, laws of human nature, of which they are as well, if not better, qualified to know the operation than many of the more eminent rulers and legislators of the land. Of that kind are most, if not all, questions touching religion. The wisdom of the age, "on that great argument," is not to be sought for, surely, beyond all other places, or solely, in the Houses of Parliament. Whatever authority may be due to the talents and the knowledge at all times existing there, it will not be withheld from them; but, on the contrary, perhaps rather more than is due will be yielded to them, from the natural and salutary disposition of good citizens to respect, and even in some measure to defer to the judgment of those who direct the measures of state. Here, however, men will judge chiefly and resolutely for themselves, in a Protestant country like ours, where

religion is founded on intellect, where every educated person can give reasons for his belief, and where all who prize the heritage of undefiled faith feel themselves not only privileged but bound to think, speak, write, and act upon the right of their own instructed private judgment. That judgment has been instructed, not much by ministers of the state, but far more by ministers of the church, and by those great inquirers into truth that have formed the intellectual character of the people.

Of this kind, pre-eminently, is what is called the Catholic Question. Neither Lord nor Commoner, however distinguished in Parliament, is entitled to hold higher language on either side of that question, than the humblest individual who has read his Bible by the light of our great Protestant divines. And if we are to bow to authorities here, it ought to be to those authorities whose title to power over our minds and their most sacred judgments, is derived from a life-long devotion to the study of our reformed faith, and of all the blessings of which it has been the fruitful parent to civilized man. The doctors of our church lay no claim to infallibility—but they do lay claim, and that claim is granted to them in its fullest extension by the most enlightened—to a wider, deeper, and higher knowledge of those subjects in all their bearings, to which all the best energies of their minds, all the best sentiments of their hearts, and all the best treasures of their knowledge have, from youth upwards, been applied, that the truth might be mastered and promulgated, than those other leading intellects of the age are entitled to claim, who, necessarily busied with all zeal and passion in secular pursuits, may know as much as some—and more than many—but must know less than not a few of the ripe and good scholars of England, of the interdependence of civil and religious liberty.

It is not, therefore, to my Lord Lansdown, or yet to Mr Canning, that the People of Britain will choose, in their doubt or anxiety, to look or to trust for illumination on the darkness of the Catholic Question. Their

opinions on many points of that question will be considered with respectful attention, but not as carrying with them any oracular authority—and if the one or the other, or both of these distinguished persons, should, on some of the most essential subjects which that question involves, exhibit utter ignorance or the grossest heterodoxy, the people of Britain will turn to other teachers; nor need they be at any loss to find them, wiser and more learned far, in that Hierarchy which, of late years, has been so perseveringly decryd by the self-dubbed lovers and friends of knowledge, but which, nevertheless, first kindled, and has since guarded in these kingdoms the sacred Torch of Truth.

That political liberty can never be in a country enslaved under spiritual domination, is one among, perhaps, higher reasons, why the great majority of the educated minds in Britain will to the last resist Catholic Emancipation. The spirit of Popery they will not judge according to the softened, subdued, and innocent character drawn of it by an orator ambitious, in these days of rhetoric flourish, and philosophical liberality,

“Th’ applause of listening senates to command.”

There is a march of mind very different, indeed, from that of which it is now so much the fashion to speak—a march conducted by other leaders, and through other regions. Excellent things as they are, it is to be hoped that there are things still better than Mechanical Institutions. Churches are so—and we hold that the ministers of religion are more useful to their fellow creatures whom Providence has placed in the lower orders, ay, more *useful*—for that is the favourite word of those who speak so much of the “immense strides” the world is now making,—than even lecturers on Chemistry and Mathematics. Cultivate such inferior knowledge among the people as you may—its fruits will either be rotten or poisonous—unless the tree on which it grows be watered by Christianity. In this island—generally—Christianity preserves the character that speaks its divine origin;—and should those celestial lineaments be blurred or defaced, what knowledge could be of any avail to preserve to us that moral and intellectual dignity inseparable

from that sense of our immortal destinies, which a pure religion alone can uphold, and which is assuredly destroyed or perverted alike by scepticism or superstition?

The Catholic Question is not nearly so much a political as a religious question; and accordingly the champions of emancipation would fain slur over, or get rid of the religious part of it altogether, and treat it as any other ordinary question of state policy. Some of those champions—Mr Canning for example—do not fear to declare to a Protestant people, that the shades of distinction between their faith and Popery are slight and evanescent. Others, again, like the Reverend Peter Plymley, or the Irreverend Henry Brougham, load Popery with ridicule, to show that its harmlessness lies in its folly—and that there can be no danger in anything so absurd. That is a strange way for people to pull, rowing in the same boat—sitting face to face—this waterman on one “thoft,” presenting the breadth of his oar before the wind and with the stream, that on the other feathering it with skill and dexterity against wind, stream, and tide. A wherry so skulled cannot make much progress, and must inevitably be swamped in attempting to shoot London Bridge.

Such being our way of thinking, we took up Dr Phillpotts’ First Letter to Mr Canning, knowing well the great talents and erudition of that distinguished Divine, with confident expectations of finding subjects therein elucidated that had been darkened in the Right Honourable Gentleman’s speech; nor were we disappointed. It is indeed a masterly production, and neither Mr Canning in the House, nor his ally Mr Brougham in the Edinburgh Review, has been able to ward off the heavy and cutting blows which the finely-tempered steel has inflicted. Mr Canning made but a very general allusion to the Pamphlet, and sought to assail Dr Phillpotts through the side of Sir John Copley. But the guard of the Rector of Stanhope is closer and more powerful than was that of the Master of the Rolls—and the assault of the then Foreign Secretary, wily, spirited and skilful as it was, glanced aside innocuous, and, like Mr Brougham’s own thunder, the electric fluid of his wit dropt, as if caught by a conducting rod, on the floor.

Mr Canning's speech on Sir Francis Burdett's motion in 1825 was characterized, by Mr Brougham, we believe, as "unanswerable." Dr Phillips takes its leading arguments, one by one, and in few words proves to the satisfaction of the whole world—and we will venture to say, to the more complete satisfaction of no man in it than of Mr Brougham himself—that the only difficulty of answering it arises from this,

"That true no-meaning puzzles more than wit."

Dr Phillips, too, addresses Mr Canning in that kind of language which it would have been well for Mr Brougham—for his manliness and his honour,—had he himself always made use of when publicly expressing his opinion of that illustrious person. "Let me only say, that if in the free examination of opinions publicly proclaimed by you, I shall at all depart from the respect which is due to your high station, to your splendid talents, and above all, to your distinguished character, you will find it much easier to forgive me, than I shall be willing to forgive myself." That is all that any one man can owe any other in debate; and he who thus frankly proclaims in what light he regards his opponent, is not only entitled, during the course of controversy, to speak out with warmth and boldness of condemnation, when he thinks it due,—we say not only entitled, but called on to do so by consistency, and zeal in what he believes to be the cause of truth. Contrast the independent and dignified station on which Dr Phillips thus stands in reference to Mr Canning, with the humiliating and degraded condition of Mr Brougham! The Divine's words were perhaps occasionally somewhat too warm for the Secretary comfortably to swallow—but the demagogue was forced to eat his own after their heat had been quenched by Mr Canning's spittle. Yet it is Dr Phillips whom Mr Brougham some years ago in the Edinburgh Review, called "a foul-mouthed parson," while of this his Letter, in the very last number of that Periodical, he says, "but enough of such scurrility!" Yet Mr Brougham has had the sagacity to discover, since his insane tirades about the Durham Bells, that Dr Phillips occupies too elevated a place in the estimation of the people of England to be a fit or safe object for his venomous abuse. Accordingly "his Letter to Mr

Canning is written with great spirit—much knowledge of the subject—often with very considerable felicity of thought and expression." It is strong, by uncompromising fidelity to a holy cause, and by bold but still Christian castigation of its enemies, that the champions of truth are ultimately sure to triumph over the basest arts and most implacable animosity of the abettors of falsehood; and the bright reputation of this learned, eloquent, zealous, and pious churchman, undimmed by all the noisome vapours breathed over it by the malignants, ought to shine as a beacon to all his brethren. From that example they may learn, what some of them do not seem yet to know, that learning and genius themselves, if timid and disheartened, will be sure to be trampled under bestial and clown feet; but that the boldest of the bad will fear, nay respect, the front of a scholar, who is not ashamed, but proud of his calling, and who shows to the open world, when need is, that in the hallowed shade of College and Cathedral, he has learned lessons of a nobler wisdom, and of a far higher eloquence than can be attributed even by the courtesy of these intellectual times to the coarsest and cleverest lawyer that ever brawled at a bar.

"The distinguished object of it (of Dr Phillips' scurrility)," continues the reviewer, "who attempts no vain concealment of his name or his nature, can well afford to receive it with disdain." True, Mr Canning, or any other man of honour, may afford to receive with disdain—any scurrility, clerical or lay. Had Dr Phillips been scurrilous, Mr Canning would not have adopted Lord Byron's facetious rule of conduct on such occasions, as laid down in Don Juan,

"I tell him, if a clergyman, HE LIES."

No—Mr Canning, as an Oxonian—as a Christ-Church man—a gentleman—would have replied to a Doctor of Divinity in milder language. He would not even have called him "a foul-mouthed parson." But if the scurrility had been vomited out against him, with clenched fists, and features hideously twitched and twisted in convulsions, all the while a face glaring upon him, whose natural infirmity was rendered more hideous by demoniacal possession—then Mr Canning would have started up to appal the

traducer, and with two little words, to strike him dumb—"It is false."

Perhaps Mr Peter Plymley, too, will give his opinion of Dr Phillips' scurrility against Mr Canning, in which case we might be induced to give a few specimens of Peter's own. "We shall now see," quoth Peter, in his notorious Letters, (speaking of Mr Canning,) "if a nation is to be saved by school-boy jokes and doggerel rhymes, by affronting petulance, and by the tones and gesticulations of Mr Pitt." Vastly complimentary, indeed, of Mr Canning's oratory in the House, and of his poetry in the Antijacobin! Peter then attacks Mr Perceval, and says, "Whatever can be done by very mistaken notions of the piety of a Christian (Perceval), and by very wretched imitation of the eloquence of Pitt (Canning), will be done by these two gentlemen." A little farther on, he hypothetically declares his disbelief of Mr Canning "really possessing any portion of the great understanding of his Nisus, who guarded him from the weapons of the Whigs." And then Peter adds scornfully, still cutting up Mr Canning, "I am certain that the sounds of Mr Pitt's voice, and the measure of his tones, and the movement of his arms, will do nothing for us, when these tones and movements, and voice, bring us always declamation without sense or knowledge, and ridicule without good humour or conciliation." Was it indeed of the Right Hon. George Canning, now First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Being, according to the Whig-Press, something more than human, at the head not only of his Majesty's Administration, but of his Majesty's Opposition, who was thus blasphemed by one of the poor Whiggish creatures now crawling to lick the dust beneath his feet? But farther, "Nature," says Peter Plymley, that is, the Rev. Sydney Smith, now one of the panegyrists of Mr Canning, in that high-minded Work the 'Blue and Yellow,' "nature descends down to infinite smallness. Mr Canning has his parasites; and if you take a large buzzing blue-bottle fly, and look at it in a microscope, you may see twenty or thirty little ugly insects crawling about it, which doubtless think their fly to be the bluest, grandest, merriest, most important animal in the universe, and are convinced that the world would

be at an end if it ceased to buzz." This self-same large buzzing blue-bottle fly is now "like a mailed angel on a battle-day;" and the twenty or thirty little ugly insects crawling about it, who think their fly to be the bluest, grandest, merriest, most important animal in the universe, and are convinced the world would be at an end if it ceased to buzz—are the Whigs of the Edinburgh Review. We do indeed agree with Mr Plymley, that "nature descends down to infinite smallness." Mr Plymley, then, (affording a coincidence singular enough,) says, that "Ireland is gone, and the death-blow of England is struck—and this event may happen instantly—before Mr Canning has turned Lord Howick's (now Lord Grey) last speech into doggerel rhyme." That Mr Canning will never do—or we are much mistaken. But Mr Plymley is so pleasant a person—such a sworn foe in his merriment to all scurrility, that we must go on with him. "In the last year, land to the amount of eight hundred thousand pounds was purchased by the Catholics in Ireland. Do you think it possible to be Perceval, and be-Canning, and be-Castlereagh such a body of men as this out of their common rights, and their common sense? Mr George Canning may laugh and joke at the idea of Protestant bailiffs ravishing Catholic ladies, under the 9th clause of the sun-set bill; but if some better remedy is not applied to the distractions of Ireland than the jocularity of Mr Canning, they will soon put an end to his pension, and to the pension of those 'near and dear relatives,' for whose eating, drinking, washing, and clothing, every man in the United Kingdom now pays his twopence or threepence a-year. You may call these observations coarse, if you please; but I have no idea that the Sophias and Carolines of any man breathing are to eat national veal, to drink public tea, to wear treasury ribands, and then that we are to be told that it is coarse to animadvert upon this pitiful and eleemosynary splendour. If this is right, why not mention it? If it is wrong, why should not he who enjoys the ease of supporting his sisters in this manner bear the shame of it? Everybody seems hitherto to have spared this man who never spares anybody." There is more than political hatred here—

more than even what Mr Brougham falsely attributes to Dr Phillpotts—odium theologicum—there is the malignant virus of rival wit, stinging because outshone. Like the dog he returns to his vomit. "The embroidered inanities, and the sixth-form effusions of Mr Canning are really not powerful enough to make me believe this, and I am sick of Mr Canning. There is not a hap'orth of bread to all his sugar and sack." Finally—but here we must have recourse to small print, for the extract is longish :—

"In the correspondence which is passing between us, you are frequently alluding to the Foreign Secretary, and in answer to the dangers of Ireland, which I am pressing upon your notice, you have nothing to urge but the confidence which you repose in the discretion and sound sense of this gentleman.* I can only say, that I have listened to him long, and often, with the greatest attention; I have used every exertion in my power to take a fair measure of him; and it appears to me impossible to hear him upon any arduous topic without perceiving, that he is eminently deficient in those solid and serious qualities upon which, and upon which alone, the confidence of a great country can properly repose. He sweats, and labours, and works for sense; and Mr Ellis seems always to think it is coming, but it does not come; the machine can't draw up what is not to be found in the spring; Providence has made him a light, jesting, paragraph-writing man, and that he will remain to his dying day. When he is jocular, he is strong; when he is serious, he is like Samson in a wig; any ordinary person is a match for him; a song, an ironical letter, a burlesque ode, an attack in the newspaper upon Nicol's eye, a smart speech of twenty minutes, full of gross misrepresentations and clever turns, excellent language, a spirited manner, lucky quotations, success in provoking dull men, some half information, picked up in Pall-mall in the morning: these are your friend's natural weapons; all these he can do; here I allow him to be truly great: Nay, I will be just, and go still farther, if he would confine himself to these things, and consider the facete and the playful to be the basis of his character, he would, for that species of man, be universally regarded as a person of a very good understanding; call him a legislator, a reasoner, and the conductor of the affairs of a great na-

tion; and it seems to me as absurd as if a butterfly were to teach bees to make honey. That he is an extraordinary writer of small poetry, and a diner-out of the highest lustre, I do most readily admit. After George Selwyn, and perhaps Tickell, there has been no such man for this half century. The Foreign Secretary is a gentleman, a respectable, as well as an highly agreeable, man, in private life; but you may as well feed me with decayed potatoes, as console me for the miseries of Ireland by the meanness of his sense and discretion. It is only the public situations which this gentleman holds, that entitle me, or induce me to say so much about him. He is a fly in amber—nobody cares about the fly: the only question is, How the devil did it get there?—Nor do I attack him for the love of glory, but for the love of utility, as a burgomaster hunts a rat in a Dutch dike, for fear it should flood a province."

We had not the slightest intention, when we took up Dr Phillpotts' Letter, to revert to any of the obsolete scurrilities of the Whigs against Mr Canning—but the application of that word to the dignified severities of this distinguished Tory somewhat raised our spleen, and Peter Plymley chancing to peep pertly from the brass-wired cage, in which he and a few other praters of old are confined, we let him out for a moment to shake his feathers and chirp for himself—and who could have suspected that this very bird now keeps trilling in Mr Canning's ear his laudatory lays—hops on his master's wrist, and between fits opens his gaping gullet to be fed with clerical crumbs? Allowances ought, in all fairness, to be made for many changes of opinion and expression in the writings of public men, respecting the characters of public men; for those characters may have changed from better to worse, or from worse to better, or they may have been more fully developed or exhibited in the course of their career. But for all such changes, the world demands that good reasons shall be shown; that they shall be not sudden and shocking, but gradual and guarded, otherwise their sincerity is suspected; and the men who unblushingly avow them, are branded with the flagrant shame of hypocrisy and false-

* "The attack upon his virtue and morals in the debate upon Copenhagen, is brought forward with great ostentation by this gentleman's friends. But is harlequin less harlequin, because he acts well? I was present; he leaped about, touched facts with a wand, turned yes into no, and no into yes; it was a pantomime well played, but a pantomime. Harlequin deserves higher wages than he did two years ago: is he therefore fit for serious parts?"

hood, and stand convicted before the world as renegades and apostates from the truth. It is not in an honest man's power ever to admire and respect another, whom, during the best years of life, he has not only regarded with unmixed contempt, but heaped on his head all public contumely, and called on the whole world to point at him the finger of scorn. We need not say that there never was an hour nor an act of Mr Canning's life that deserved such insolent and brutal abuse as this savage Merry Andrew heaped upon that gentleman. Whatever may have been, are now, and may yet be, Mr Canning's faults, errors, or sins, he, from boyhood upwards, was distinguished among England's best sons by his talents and his genius. That we have ever said of him; we, who have been called his detractors, because we have spoken our minds freely of his political conduct, and will continue so to speak, unawed by his displeasure, or the displeasure of his friends, true or false; but we should indeed hang down our heads for ever, at the mere mention of his name, had we, or any one, however remotely connected with us, so spattered him with rotten venom, as if he had been a wretch on the pillory, as this jeering fellow did in his glee, who now veils the forehead of a fool before the Premier on his pedestal, and cries—"A God! a God!"

But we must dismiss such gentry altogether—remembering for a single moment, and no more, a kindred scoffer of the name of Shepherd—whom we hope we may, without improper scurrility, and merely by way of stating a notorious matter-of-fact which he himself let out on the hustings at Liverpool, call a little fat absurd Unitarian Preacher with a squint, a spouter of the true jack-pudding school, who, on the same hustings, unconscious of the grotesque reaction of the charge on himself, taxed Mr Canning with being a buffoon, he, the spouter, being without one exception the most ludicrous, and the returned Member the most elegant man in England.

Dr Phillpotts, we have said, answers Mr Canning's unanswerable speech argument by argument—and the first he demolishes is the following:

"What was it, that prevented the Catholics from taking their seats in that

House? The oath against Transubstantiation. But while they excluded a man from Parliament for his belief in transubstantiation, it ought not to be forgotten, that he who believed in consubstantiation enjoyed every privilege of the Constitution. He did not say there was no difference between the two opinions; but the man who could make it a ground of exclusion from political power, must have a minute perception of the niceties of ratiocination, for which he might be envied as a logician, but which was wholly useless for the purposes of Common life.' *Hear, Hear.*"

This argument is indeed worthy of the debater who had taken "a Dilettante degree in Divinity,"—and Dr Phillpotts comments upon it very much in the same happy strain that Mr Canning himself would have done, had it fallen from some luckless opponent of that ready wit.

"In order to protect the Bank of England from forgery, it is highly penal for any one to have in his possession a frame for making paper with waved lines.' Imagine, then, some sagacious country-gentleman, fresh from Burn, to come down to the House, and denounce, with becoming self-complacency, the monstrous injustice, that while straight-lined paper may be made with impunity, any honest man, who happens to have a curved-line frame in his house, is liable to be sent to Botany Bay. 'I do not deny,' says he, 'that there is a difference between straight and waved lines; but the man who thinks that difference so great, that the possessor of the waved-line frame is unfit to abide in the same hemisphere with him of the straight, has an acuteness of sensibility to lineal rectitude, which, however it may demand our admiration, is utterly unfit for ordinary life.'"

But on a former occasion Dr Phillpotts observes, that Mr Canning himself was heard to state this matter, not certainly with historical, but with logical accuracy. In arguing in favour of Mr Plunkett's Bill (March 16, 1821,) he found it convenient to suppose that the Test, respecting transubstantiation, was passed at the Revolution, and said—

"Concurring in the religion of the exiled family,' said you, 'the Roman Catholic subjects of the British Crown were held also to be devoted to their political claims. The Roman Catholic was presumed to be essentially a traitor; but as treason was naturally concealed as much as possible, while religion was more readily avowed, or ascertained, the test of the suspected politics was sought in the professed Creed.' 'Was his Creed his guilt? no.—But his Creed designated the man, and his guilt consisted in his foreign attachment.'"

This explanation of the Test, Dr Phillpotts admits to be a happy one, and only begs leave to correct Mr Canning as to its origin, and of course its primary purpose.

"It was framed (can it really be necessary to remind you?) fifteen years before the Revolution, and at a time when there was no danger of any *foreign attachment*, except indeed to the Pope. But, in preference to using any words of my own, I will avail myself of the admission of a very distinguished Roman Catholic in the year next after its enactment. Father Peter Walsh, in the Dedication of his History of the Irish Remonstrance 'To the Catholics of England, Ireland, Scotland,' &c. (p. 15,) says, 'if any shall object those penal statutes, which may perhaps be thought by some to have all their quarrel, and all their force, against some harmless doctrines and practices, as, for example, against our doctrines of the Consecration and Transubstantiation, and our practice withall of the adoration of the Host, which this present Parliament at Westminster in their late Act may be thought by some to make the principal mark, whereat all the arrows of disfavour must now be shot: the answer is both consequential and clear. 1. That the Roman Catholics in general of these kingdoms, both Ecclesiastics and Laics, have always hitherto declined to disown those Anti-Catholic positions, which maintain the Pope's pretences of all supreme both spiritual and temporal dominion. 2. Their Missionaries, i. e. their Priests, labour to infuse into all their penitents, all their own principles of equivocation and mental reservation in swearing any Oath, even of allegiance or supremacy to the King, and forswearing any thing or doctrine whatsoever, except only those articles, which by the indispensable condition of their Communion they may not dissemble upon oath. 3. That the tenet of Transubstantiation is one of these; therefore to discover by this (however otherwise in itself a very harmless criterium) the mischief which they conceive to go along with it through the folly of Roman Catholics in these dominions, they make it the test of discriminating the loyally principled Protestant from the disloyal and dissembling Papist.'"

Dr Phillpotts cites this passage, because it not only affords a very complete answer to all the sagacious observations one hears about the folly of the law in demanding such a test, but also because it silences another, and apparently much graver objection.

"Almost every one who speaks or writes on the side of the Roman Catholics, from the gravest Senator down to the last speaker

at a hustings or a tavern dinner, has been accustomed to triumph over the gross absurdity of requiring Oaths as a security from Roman Catholics, while they are charged with holding opinions subversive of the sanction of all oaths. Father Walsh has shown to us, that our ancestors were not so foolish, as these very wise persons are pleased to imagine: he has told us, that there are tenets which, by the indispensable condition of Roman Catholic communion, may not be dissembled upon oath, and that Transubstantiation is one of them, (as well, I suppose, as every other Article of Pius IV.'s Creed.) He has, moreover, told us, that to another class of oaths the same sacredness of obligation does not belong,—that to them, according to the doctrine of those Missionary Priests from Rome, equivocation and mental reservation may be very safely applied,—and that this is especially the case with Oaths of Allegiance or Supremacy taken to the King. I heartily congratulate you, Sir, on a discovery so honourable to the persons, whose cause you support. But in saying this, permit me at the same time to say, that I have no doubt whatever, there are very few of them in England half so bad, as these their principles; if they continue to be their principles; nay, I have no doubt, that if Popes, or Priests, were to attempt now-a-days to draw such principles into practice among them here, we should soon see the happiest results from the experiment. But then, I am sorry to add, this admission must be confined to England;—unfortunately, there is another country concerned, and he must be a bold man, who would venture with equal readiness to answer for the mass of the Roman Catholic population, above all of the Roman Catholic Clergy, in that country."

He then subjoins one or two specimens of the sort of management to which oaths of allegiance to temporal sovereigns (according to Father Walsh) are obnoxious; and then turns to what Mr Canning had said in his Speech respecting the long Oath required to be taken by the Roman Catholic, viz. that it was originally devised as a *taunt* against his religion, though it is now proposed as a limitation to his capability of obtaining power. Here Dr Phillpotts is indeed triumphant.

"I assure you, that it is with reluctance I contradict you on a point of history: but the importance of the cause, of which I am the humble advocate, will not permit, nor would you desire, that I should sacrifice truth to courtesy. That oath, as I am surprised that you have forgotten, was, in its most important particulars, first prescribed by the 3 James I. c. 4. s. 15; and James, as I need not inform you, was

one of the last of our princes who would have given vent to an idle *taunt* against the religion of Rome? No, sir, this oath had a much graver origin; it was rendered necessary by the most atrocious act of wickedness recorded in the English annals. 'After the infernal horrors of the Gunpowder Treason, James I. caused the Oath of Allegiance to be enacted in Parliament, as a Test, by which his loyal Catholics, who were attached to their duties, as subjects, might be discriminated from those other Catholics, who were under the predominancy of another power.' Whose language have I here employed to correct your very inconsiderate assertion? It is not my own,—it is not the language of any Protestant controversialist,—no, nor even of some solitary, liberal, Roman Catholic. It is part of the recorded and solemn statement of the 'Committee of English Catholics' in 1791, addressed to the three Apostolic Vicars, in vindication of themselves, and of all that was most respectable in rank, in opulence, in character, of the laity of that Communion, when they were arraigned by their spiritual superiors, for voluntarily disclaiming before the world those pernicious principles, which had too long received the countenance and support of the highest authorities in their church.

"Sir, I do not wish to dwell on the shameful parts of the history of my Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen; but when the most distinguished of their advocates strives to convert the guilt and oprobrium of Rome into an occasion of censure and reproach against the defenders of the Church of England, it is not easy, nor would it be becoming, to sit down in silence under your attack.

"It has been seen, that the Gunpowder Treason was the proximate cause of this oath being imposed; but though the proximate, it was very far from being the only cause. That Treason itself was, in truth, a natural fruit of the doctrines then almost universally taught in the Church of Rome. In particular, as you need not to be informed, Seminaries were founded and endowed at Rheims, at Douay, at Rome itself, for the education of English Priests; whose first duty it was to poison the minds of their people against the heretical government under which they lived. The right of destroying heretics was (I wish I could say that it no longer is) a part of the Canon Law; that right had been recently exercised against the sacred persons of sovereign princes. The same Canon Law (as we have already seen) held, and still holds, it a venial offence, to put to death an excommunicated person, whatever be his station, provided that it be done from zeal for religion."

So far from this Oath being "an idle *taunt*," or so regarded at Rome, it was

there viewed as a formidable attack on some of the most favoured dogmas of the Vatican—was solemnly condemned by at least four Popes, besides nuncios and universities—Paul the Tenth fulminated his censure of it—Urban the Eighth called it "that noxious and unlawful English Oath of Allegiance, the object of which is, not only to secure fidelity to the King, but to *wrest the sceptre of the Universal Church from the Vicar of Almighty God*"—as late as the year 1768, the Pope's Legate at Brussels, when an oath was in contemplation to be taken by the Irish Roman Catholics, wrote to Ireland on the subject, saying, that "the abhorrence and detestation of the doctrine, that faith is not to be kept with heretics, and that Princes deprived by the Pope may be deposed or murdered by their subjects, as expressed in that proposed oath, are absolutely intolerable; because those doctrines are defended and contended for by most Catholic nations, and the Holy See has frequently followed them in practice"—and Dr Troy, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, contents himself with remarking, "that the Pope's Legate at Brussels delivered his own private unauthorized opinion"—but then it is to be remembered that the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland was under his jurisdiction. In short, it was not till the year 1778 that this Oath was tolerated at Rome, nor even then formally and expressly, nor without much of qualification and reserve, and some considerable alteration of its terms. In particular, it was not endured, that the doctrine of the Pope's deposing power should be called *impious, heretical, and damnable*; few, as Dr Milner says, "these are high theological qualifications, which no private Catholic, without inclining to schism, can undertake to pronounce on a *controverted point*," (which it seems the deposing power still is,) "on the strength of his private judgement."

Mr Canning's second unanswerable argument is this,—

"The next ground of objection is, that the (Roman) Catholics hold the doctrine of EXCLUSIVE SALVATION. Why, almost all the churches are exclusive on some articles; and let not these members, who urge this objection, forget that the Church of England holds the Athanasian Creed—a human exposition of the great mysteries of Christianity—and holds it with the ex-

pressed declaration, that they who differ from it cannot be saved. With this fact before them, could the (Roman) Catholics be excluded from the enjoyment of their civil rights, on the ground of believing the doctrine of exclusion?"

Dr Phillpotts is well aware of all that has been uttered and written upon the Athanasian creed; but he does not shun Mr Canning's argument, which is certainly not worthy of him, reiterated, as it has so often been, by so many ignorant people, with whom he can have no alliance:—

"This, Sir, affords but a very faint illustration of the wisdom of putting our use of the Athanasian Creed on a par with the tyrannical and intolerant principles of the Church of Rome. That Church, among a thousand similar extravagancies, sentences a man to the loss of all hope of Christian Salvation, who says, that it is contrary to the institution of Christ, to mix water with wine at the holy communion; the Church of England, in the Athanasian Creed, pronounces the same of one who impugns the fundamental truths of Christianity; and you are pleased to say, that this deprives us of all right to find fault with the exclusive spirit of Rome.

"As to the Athanasian Creed being 'a human exposition of the great mysteries of Christianity,' you must forgive my telling you, that if you had taken the trouble of acquainting yourself with the nature of that formulary, you would not have thought it a fit subject of sneer or banter. The Athanasian Creed is not an *exposition* of any mysteries; it does not aim at anything so absurd. But it *states* the fundamental doctrines of the Gospel; and in respect to the doctrine of the Trinity, accompanies the statement with certain distinctions, which were rendered necessary by the attempts of Heretics to corrupt the doctrine itself, by their own daring innovations. It also accompanies its statement with denouncing the awful sentence on unbelievers, which our Lord himself denounced, when he gave to his apostles the solemn charge to go and preach the Gospel to every creature, 'he that believeth not shall be damned.'

"You will perceive, therefore, that the main question respecting the Athanasian Creed is, first, whether its doctrines be true; secondly, whether they be fundamental. The Church of England holds them to be both true and fundamental, and therefore scruples not to receive and use the Creed, notwithstanding the strong terms in which the danger of unbelief is there set forth.

"Now, Sir, our complaint against the Church of Rome is, not that it excludes from Salvation those who impugn doctrines which it thinks fundamental, but that it holds as fundamental one particular doc-

trine which requires the belief, under pain of damnation, of everything else whatever which it shall choose to prescribe, I mean the infallible authority of the Church. This one tenet enlaves the minds of those who hold it; or, at any rate, it makes them unfit to legislate for any other Church. For it teaches them to regard that Church, as leading its members to perdition. In respect to our own Church, the Protestant Church of England and Ireland, it is admitted to be either an integral part, or an inseparable adjunct, of the *present* Constitution of this Kingdom. The writ of Summons to Parliament expresses now, as it did of old, *one of the principal ends of holding it, to be, to consult for the safety and defence of the Church of England.* We say, therefore, that those who believe that this Church leads its members to damnation, as they cannot, with a sound conscience, consult for its safety and defence, cannot, on the principles of the British Constitution, be intrusted with the legislative powers of the state.

"This, Sir, is the argument for excluding Roman Catholics from Parliament, which we found on their doctrine of exclusive salvation; and you will, I am sure, perceive that it remains completely untouched by your pleasant commentary on the Athanasian Creed."

Dr Phillpotts then enters into various statements of the sentiments of the Church of Rome, even in England, respecting the spiritual state of the members of any other Church, especially of the Church of England—beginning with a quotation from Gandolphy, one of the most learned and eloquent divines of his Church in modern days, and whose sermons were authoritatively pronounced worthy to be "cased in cedar and gold:—" "*We deny holiness and theological virtue to all sectaries, because they want these first principles of piety and virtue, and constitute private reason and judgment the motive and the rule of every moral action;*" and ending with Dr Doyle, who swore, before the Committee of the House of Lords, that he had a higher respect for the Established Church than for any other body of Christians separated from the Church of Rome; and in his letter to the Earl of Farnham, thus expresses that respect in definite terms:—"When men gaze for a considerable time at the most hideous monster, they can view it with diminished horror; but a man of reflection living in Ireland, and coolly observing the workings of the Church establishment, would seek for some likeness to it among the priests

of Juggernaut, who sacrifice the poor naked victims to their impure and detestable idols."

Mr Canning's third unanswerable argument is founded on his peculiar views of the nature of the doctrine of Absolution. Hear Dr Phillpotts in reply:—

"I proceed to another of your arguments.

"The doctrine of Absolution has also occasioned much objection. In the abstract that doctrine was *absurd*."—I trust, Sir, that you meant to confine your censure to the extravagant doctrine of the Church of Rome; not to extend it (as your words seem to imply) to absolution generally; for if the latter were intended, I am bound to tell you, that, in the plenitude of your parliamentary privilege, you have presumed to visit with your ban, one of the most solemn acts and declarations of our blessed Lord himself. After his resurrection from the dead, when 'all power had been given to Him in heaven and in earth,' He conferred on his apostles, and in them on their successors to the end of time, the power of absolution, soberly and soundly understood.

"In the abstract, that doctrine was *absurd*; but the evidence before the Committee of the House of Lords went to prove, that the absolution depended on the *disposition of the party*, and not on the abstract power of the party giving it."

"Sir, it is not easy to restrain my pen within the bounds, which I would wish to prescribe to it, when I reflect either on the foul deception practised in this particular by the Roman Catholic Bishops upon Parliament, or the deplorable facility with which you, and men like you, permitted yourselves to be duped by them. The real doctrine of the Church of Rome is this, that no disposition of the penitent, not even the deepest and most perfect contrition, will obtain for them absolution of their sins, without the serious purpose of having recourse for it to their priest. In that case, and in that case only, (of their perfect contrition, and their serious purpose of confessing to the priest and seeking his absolution,) the actual interposition of the priest is not necessary.

"But consider how small a part of the way this carries us. The penitent may not judge for himself, whether his *contrition be perfect*: before he can have the comfort of knowing this, he must go to his priest, and receive the glad assurance from his mouth.

"The main mischief, however, is, that perfect contrition is not necessary. Imperfect contrition (consisting, for instance, of the fear of hell, the absence of the will of sinning, and the hope of pardon,) are sufficient, *with absolution*, to wipe out all past guilt, and to ensure to the sinner his future admission to the everlasting happiness of

heaven. Need I say what temptation to sin such a doctrine holds out? above all, what ruinous security of mind, what callousness of conscience, under the most aggravated guilt, must be its practical result? That it has not its full effect in countries where better principles prevail, and the purer faith of the nation at large controls and chastens the influence of the worst corruptions of the Church of Rome, may make those who live in such countries slow to credit the enormous extent of mischief produced by it, when suffered to have its full and unmitigated sway. But turn to the evidence before you, seek the truth, not in the 'goodly glozes' of Dr Doyle, but in the testimony of a man, who has no interests of an established Church to bias his judgment, or, if you will, to impair his credit,—of one, who has no interest whatever in the question, except the highest indeed, but that which is least likely to mislead him, the general interest of religious truth and liberty—turn to the evidence of Mr Burnett, a dissenting minister, resident at Cork, and let him tell you what he has himself seen and known. '*No Roman Catholic of the lower orders*,' says he, '*has any dread of final perdition. I have spoken with them frequently on the subject, and never found one of them that supposed he could go to hell.*' '*The confidences of the people in their absolution*, which follows confession, is such as completely to *destroy in their minds any fear of future punishment*. I have found this to be the case generally; and in cases where they are convicted in courts of justice, they very seldom show anything like a feeling sense of their situation; which, I conceive, arises solely from the conviction, that the absolution enjoyed at the hands of the priest will do everything for them. I have seen, myself, *thirty-five individuals in the dock together, sentenced to death, and I could not perceive the least degree of emotion in consequence of the pronouncing of sentence, all which I attributed to the confidence placed in the absolution of the clergy.*'"

Mr Canning's fourth unanswerable argument, is a refutation of an objection urged against the Roman Catholic Faith, that it attaches an overweening value to the merits of good works—an objection, he says, which he could not expect to have heard. Why not? Does not Mr Canning know—that to attach an overweening value to the merits of good works, is destructive of all morality and of all religion, when considered in the light, that the best philosophers and the best divines have considered that doctrine? Does he not know, that the merits here spoken of as undue; are when good works are received as independent of, and uncaused

by a right spirit within—a pious, a religious motive? “Would it not,” Mr Canning continues, “be more dangerous to a state to *make good works nothing*, and faith everything? I prefer the man who insists upon the necessity of good works as part of his religious creed, to the man *who considers himself controlled in all his actions by an inexorable fate*.” This is sadly superficial, sophistical, and confused—might we, with all due respect to Mr Canning’s high endowments—say, even ignorant. Dr Phillpotts writes in a very different strain:—

“To the peculiar tenets of that denomination of Christians, to which you appear to allude, I am very far from subscribing: but this much I will say, that no man, who knows what they really are, will ever treat them with contempt. You, sir, do not appear to have yet risen above the vulgar prejudices on this subject: else, you would have known, that opinions which have commended themselves to the full and firm conviction of some of the ablest, as well as holiest, men who have ever adorned our Church, are not to be thus blown down by ‘the whiff and wind’ of the smartest piece of rhetoric ever discharged in your honourable House.

“But it may be said that you were not speaking of modern or sober-minded Calvinists, but of the wild opinions of the fanatics in Charles’s time. ‘Refer to history, and see what it teaches on the subject. Who were they who brought the monarch to the block? Who stripped Episcopacy of the mitre, and of all its spiritual authority and temporal possessions? The Papists? No: but they who were most violently opposed to them.’

“Your argument now stands thus; because great mischief was inflicted on our Church and nation by one set of madmen two hundred years ago, therefore it is unjust or foolish, or both, to guard against the avowed hostility of another class of enemies in our own days—because the Dutch fleet burned Chatham in the seventeenth century, therefore none of our dock-yards ought to be protected against a French fleet in the nineteenth.”

Mr Canning’s fifth unanswerable argument refers to the Supremacy of the Pope. He sees no valid objection in the argument drawn for the belief of the Roman Catholics in that Supremacy—it being spiritual. The question, he maintains, is not, whether it is acted upon by the Roman Catholics, but whether it is acted on in such a way as to make it dangerous to the state. It is not in our power to quote the whole of Dr Phillpotts’ masterly

historical argument on this topic—but we can give a summary of its substance, and some extracts:—

“Much confusion often arises on this point, from not sufficiently bearing in mind the very different foundations of Papal authority, which are recognised in different countries. The French look to the Councils of Constance, Pisa, and Basil, not only as truly œcumenical, but as having so fixed the superiority of councils over the Pope, and in other respects so limited his power, that not even the decrees of subsequent councils, much less the constitutions of Popes themselves, can work any material change in the principles there established. But besides this general security, they procured for themselves what was called ‘the pragmatic sanction,’ which recognised on the part of Rome a very large measure of independence in the Church of France; and though this pragmatic sanction was afterwards displaced by a less favourable instrument,—the Concordat between Francis I. and Leo X.,—still the result has been the establishment of so strong a barrier against the worst usurpations of Rome, that the liberties of the Gallican Church have formed a proud exception to the general state of spiritual bondage, in which other countries of that communion have been all, more or less, enthralled. For by the rest, the acts of the councils, which I have mentioned above, (excepting the decrees of Constance against heretics,) were all rejected; and in their place the decrees of the Council of Florence (which was held by Eugenius IV. at the same time with the Council of Basil, and in express opposition to it) were universally received. Now, the Fathers of Florence ascribed so large and sweeping an authority to the Pope, that the French not only uniformly refused to recognise this Council as valid, but when at Trent there was an attempt to obtain the re-enactment of the Florentine Decree, the Cardinal of Lorraine and the other French prelates positively declared, that they would quit the Council, and protest against its decrees, unless the measure were abandoned.

“From this statement it will appear, how very fallacious it is, to quote, as is often done, the language of French jurists or divines, in particular the famous declaration of the clergy of that church in 1682, as authority for the doctrine of Roman Catholics in other countries on the supremacy of the Pope. To the latter, the following decree of Florence is the known and recognised standard of orthodoxy on this point. ‘We define, that the Holy Apostolic See, and the Roman Pontiff, have a primacy over the whole world, and that the Roman Pontiff himself is the successor of St Peter, the chief of the Apostles, and true Vicar (or representative, *Ὁικουμενικός*) of Christ,

and that he is Head of the whole Church, and the Father and Teacher of all Christians; and that to him in St Peter was delegated by our Lord Jesus Christ full power to feed, rule, and govern the universal Church; as also is contained in the acts of general councils, and in the holy canons."

Mr Butler himself admits, that the ultramontane doctrine, as it is called, the assertion of the Pope's right to supreme power, whether direct or indirect, in all temporal concerns of states, the power of depriving sovereigns, and of interfering with the rights and duties of subjects, may, in that decree, (of Florence,) find sufficient support. That doctrine is not contradicted by any ecclesiastical authority; it is favoured at Rome, and everywhere else it is tolerated by those who do not assent to it—if, in England, few individuals persist in holding it, in Ireland there are millions, who, if their priests will teach it to them, are most ready to receive it—and what security have we that the priests will forbear to teach it? If there be none, then this wide and indefinite tenet of the Pope's supremacy, is both a valid and a strong objection against making farther concessions to those who hold it. At this very time, the Bull of Boniface VIII., called *Unam Sanctam*, is admitted as a genuine and valid decree even by the *Class-book* at Maynooth.

"This Bull, among other extravagancies, attributes to the Church, and the Pope its head, 'two swords, the spiritual and the temporal—the former to be used by the Church, the latter for it: the former by the sacerdotal, the latter by the regal and military hand, but at the nod and sufferance of the priest:—as Jeremiah says, *Lo, I have set thee, this day, over nations and kingdoms*. Therefore if the earthly power go wrong, it shall be judged by the spiritual; but the supreme power itself, by God alone. Moreover we declare, define, and pronounce, that it is altogether a point necessary to salvation, for every creature to be subject to the Roman Pontiff."

Dr Phillpotts then shows other instances of the exercise of this right, in the Bull *Unigenitus*, the Legend of St Gregory VII. and the Bull of Canonization of Pius V. Of Pius the V. Dr Phillpotts says,—

"This Saint, too, is worshipped in Ireland and in England; but what were the high virtues, 'the heroic degree of charity,' (such Mr Butler tells us is requisite in this case,) which raised him to the celestial glory, and entitled him to the thankful commemoration, nay, to the worship and

adoration, of the subjects of the British Crown? My readers will scarcely believe me, when I say, that it was, among other things, his 'unhesitating zeal in striking with his dread anathemas the impious heretic Elizabeth, the pretended Queen of England, the slave of shameful vices, as a Heretic, and the favourer of Heretics, absolving her subjects from their allegiance, and depriving herself, by Pontifical authority, of her pretended right to the throne of England.' These things are expressed in these very terms in the Bull of Canonization; and the Bull, moreover, commended the example of Pius as an object of imitation to every Bishop."

A claim to supremacy such as this, acknowledged and acted upon by all the ecclesiastics in communion with Rome—entering into and directing their devotions—hallowed by association with all that is most sacred in religion—is not, Dr Phillpotts well says, a matter to be treated with contempt.

"But there yet remains an observation on this point too important to be omitted. No Englishman will deny, that cases may be put, when, in the exercise of the most awful responsibility that can be incurred, subjects are bound by their duty to God, to themselves and their posterity, to rise against their lawful sovereign, and assert those rights which tyranny would annihilate.

"Now, the doctrine of the Pope's supremacy tells us, that the power of determining when this awful moment is arrived belongs to the Church. Such not only was the language of Allen, and others, but it is the language of living Roman Catholics, especially of one of the most truly liberal of his communion; one, who viewed the tyranny and usurpations of the Pope with abhorrence, and whose manly resistance to the arrogant pretensions of the modern Church of Rome, drew down upon him the indignation and censures of his superiors,—I mean Dr O'Connor: even he, (and if he, all others, we may be sure,) affirms a principle directly tending to the violation of the sworn duty of the subject, and to the dependence of the Crown on the decisions of a foreign Pontiff. Thus he writes, 'There is but one difference in this respect between the genuine doctrine of Catholics and Protestants, and that is explained by an historical fact, applying to the obligation of an oath. If oaths were to be immutably and eternally binding, there never could have been a revolution in England without perjury; for all magistrates and officers of the army and navy had taken the Oath of Allegiance to James II. But there is a time when oaths cease to be binding, and when that time comes, the Protestant declares himself dispensed from their obli-

gation. That time did come, when James's tyrannical government rendered that government intolerable to the English people, and then the officers of the army and navy declared themselves dispensed from the obligation of their Oath. Now, in similar circumstances, a Catholic officer would pause. True, he would say, it appears to me, that I am now acquitted from all obligation of allegiance; but perhaps I judge too favourably in my own cause, and *I will submit it to the judgment of the Church*, whether I am, under these circumstances, absolved from my allegiance, or not. The Church then only pronounces us absolved from our oaths, when their obligation has already ceased.' (But then the Church has authority to pronounce that their obligation has ceased: and this, in truth, is the marrow of the whole.) 'No Pope, no Council, can *absolve* or *dispense*, so long as the nature and circumstances of the Oath are the same.'

"Now, sir, can any government be safe, if its subjects are thus at liberty to apply to any authority, foreign or domestic, to ascertain whether, and when, their duty of allegiance has ceased? Certainly the danger is not lessened, but greatly increased, by that authority being ecclesiastical; for a sacredness is thus thrown about it, which makes its responses infinitely more venerable and convincing, than any merely human sanctions could ever give. But the consideration of greatest moment in the account is this—that there is a specific quarter, to which resort may be had for the solution of the doubt. This must facilitate the application for the solution, and still more must facilitate and encourage the growth of the doubt itself. Where the conscience of the individual must decide, if he be indeed conscientious, he will, of course, be so deeply impressed with the sacredness of the obligation, under which his oath has laid him, that he will be eager to keep down every nascent surmise unfavourable to his sworn allegiance:—nothing but the strongest and most palpable case of tyranny will overcome his honest scruples. But if there be an Ecclesiastical Superior, who can authoritatively pronounce on the validity of his surmise, he feels himself quite at liberty to give it a full and free vent: to communicate it to that superior, and, in communicating, to set it forth in the strongest colours, and so to confirm and augment its native force. Besides, if there were no external quarter to which to have recourse for solution of such doubts, every individual must be inclined to keep them to himself, until the case be of so grave and overpowering a necessity, as to unite the whole mass of the people in one common feeling.

"On all these, as well as other accounts, the doctrine of the Supremacy of the Pope is one which must make every wise legis-

lature, particularly every Protestant legislature, cautious how they increase the power of those who hold it. And can this seem of little moment, when Irish Roman Catholic Bishops—who, to the mass of their people, must appear to speak with authority scarcely less sacred than that of the Pope himself—are describing an intolerable tyranny as even now exercised by the Government of their own land?"

Mr Canning's sixth and last argument is the one on which Dr Phillpotts brings to bear the whole of his strength, and certainly he does crush it to pieces,—but we must merely refer our readers to that part of the Letter, occupying many pages. Mr Canning says, that another objection to the concession of any political power to the Roman Catholics, is, that they are, in Ireland, under the guidance of men whom they regard with veneration bordering on idolatry. "But if they are idolaters to their priests, we are to blame,—if they bow down before idols, it was our persecution which set them up!" Alas! that such a man should be satisfied with such reasoning! Through about thirty pages Dr Phillpotts sifts this argument, and gives its chaff to the winds.

From this, we fear, but very imperfect statement of this part of Dr Phillpotts' Letter, in which, however, we have not scrupled to use, as far as we could, his very words, it will be seen what ground there is for the charge the Edinburgh Reviewer urges against him of scurrility. We have neither sought for nor avoided any of his strongest expressions; and the extracts will speak for themselves, couched, as they all are, in language eloquent and vigorous, and full of all the best graces of "English undefiled."

We shall now accompany Dr Phillpotts in his observations on the securities with which the concessions to the Roman Catholics, made in the bill of 1825, were to be accompanied; but before doing so, it will be necessary to revert with him to the history of those securities. In the 1799, Mr Pitt hoped that means might be devised to combine the extension of equal political rights to the Roman Catholics, with due precautions for the security of our Protestant Church and Government. In the last speech he ever delivered in Parliament on this subject, he thus expresses himself:—

"I have never been one of those who have held that the term 'Emancipation'

in the smallest degree, applicable to the special of the few remaining penal statutes, to which the (Roman) Catholics are still liable. But, possibly, in my view of the grounds of expediency, I may think it to be much more contradistinguished from the question of right, than the honourable gentleman (Mr Fox) does. He seems to consider, that there is only a shade of difference between the expediency and the right: whereas in my view of the difference, it is broad, evident, and fundamental. I consider right as independent of circumstances, and paramount to them, whilst expediency is connected with circumstances, and, in a great measure, dependent upon them. With regard to the admission of (Roman) Catholics to franchises, to the elective franchise, or to any of those posts and offices, which have been alluded to, I view all these points as distinctions to be given not for the sake of the person and the individual who is to possess them, but for the sake of the public, for whose benefit they were created, and for whose advantage they are to be exercised. In all times, therefore, and upon every occasion, whether relating to the Roman Catholic or the Protestant dissenter, or the people of Ireland or to the people of England, I have always, from a due regard to the constitution, been of opinion, that we are bound to consider, not merely what is desired by a part, but what is best and most advantageous to the whole."

Here we see the principle which guided and restricted Mr Pitt in all he did or said on this important subject. In 1808, Lord Grenville declared, that his opinions, and those of Mr Pitt, were not only in complete unison, but were formed together by mutual communication and unreserved confidence. Mr Pitt's scheme of securities was announced by that nobleman who above all others had enjoyed his confidence, and participated in his labours, and it was recommended by the favour of the country at large, by being accompanied by the authoritative offer, as it was at the time understood, on the part of the Roman Catholic priests, of granting to the Crown that *effectual negative* in the appointment of their future brethren, which formed one of its most important particulars.

"If you tolerate the Roman Catholic Church, which is episcopal, you must of course allow it to have its bishops. But, it is unquestionably proper that the Crown should exercise an *effectual negative* over the appointment of the persons called to execute those functions. To this the (Roman) Catholics of Ireland declare themselves perfectly ready to accede. Their declaration on this subject is an unquestion-

able proof of their solicitude to meet the kindness of their fellow-subjects, and to accede to any practicable means of removing even the most groundless jealousies. As such, I rejoice that it has been made, and I see with infinite satisfaction the just impression which it has universally produced. To me it is not new. I always felt the propriety of providing for this point. It formed a part of the plans to be brought forward at the period of the Union; and what we then knew of the sentiments of the (Roman) Catholics respecting it, left no doubt upon our minds, that the matter might be easily and satisfactorily adjusted. Provision was also intended to be made, for the decent and necessary subsistence of the (Roman) Catholic clergy of that country. The propriety of this step rests on grounds of policy and reason, which will not be questioned. On this point, I believe, all are agreed. I mention it only as one of the many measures, which call for inquiry and adoption."

Alluding to the charge against the Roman Catholics of refusing to acknowledge the same obedience to their Sovereign which he receives from all his other subjects, Lord Grenville said,—

"The charge is wholly groundless. They recognise, as you do, in the civil government of their country, all temporal power and authority. *If more security be necessary, let it be exacted.* It was intended, at the period to which I have so often referred, to submit to Parliament, in lieu of the Oath of Supremacy, framed, as we all know, for the purpose of exclusion, a new form of oath, calculated to unite, not to divide the people. That oath would have contained an *explicit pledge of support to the established constitution, and the most express disclaimer that could be devised of any interference with his majesty's legitimate and undoubted authority.* Whatever words may be most effectual for this purpose, let them be adopted; *provide the fullest security that jealousy itself can dictate, for that which we are all equally anxious to defend*; and let it then be seen, whether the (Roman) Catholics of Ireland are reluctant to concur in that declaration."

A very strong sensation was excited in favour of the Roman Catholics, by indications of this supposed spirit of conciliation and good-will; but that feeling was short-lived; and a just, strong, and durable reaction was excited in the minds of almost every Protestant, when it was found, not only that the Irish Roman Catholic hierarchy disclaimed the declaration of their agent, but that also he himself, a Vicar Apostolic, the most distinguished diocesan, nay, the most

prominent individual of his communion in England, not only retracted all that he had himself said and written in favour of the measure, but also declared before the world, "that he would rather lose the last drop of his blood, than be instrumental to a non-Catholic king obtaining any power or influence over any part of his Church!"

In consequence of this practical specimen of the mode of keeping faith with heretics, Lord Grenville, in his celebrated letter to Lord Fingal in 1810, reminded his lordship, "that with the extension of civil rights to Roman Catholics must be combined, *if tranquillity and union be the object, extensive and complicated arrangements*; that all due provision must be made for the inviolable maintenance of the civil and religious establishments of this United Kingdom; that a readiness to accede to such arrangements would be the surest indication of those dispositions, on the part of the Roman Catholics, *without which all concession must be nugatory, and all conciliation hopeless.*" Similar language was held by Mr Canning at the time, and by every sober and enlightened advocate of the same cause; and by the English Roman Catholics themselves, in their petition to Parliament.

"This, Sir, was the epoch of the most secure and honoured state of our Protestant establishments, since the time when they were first assailed by the claims of the Roman Catholics. No statesman, on either side of either House of Parliament, ventured then to recommend the unqualified concession of those claims; or the concession of them at all, without requiring real, effectual, and adequate securities. But from this our high and palmy state, the hopes of the Protestants were soon doomed rapidly to decline. The advocates of concession, though still loud and ardent in their professions of a wish for mutual satisfaction and security, began to adopt a looser phraseology; instead of precise pledges, we now had from most of them, only vague unmeaning generalities; even the tone of just indignation against the treachery or waywardness of the Irish Roman Catholics themselves, began to give way before "candid allowances;" and we soon heard little else but lamentations over "the disappointment of a nation's hopes," with very small consideration of the causes to which that disappointment was mainly to be ascribed. In short, they were, but too apparently, preparing to slide into a

totally different line of sentiment and conduct. Still, the beginning of this most insuspicious change was not wholly unaccompanied by cheering and consolatory circumstances. In particular, Sir, we were gratified by hearing from yourself, the following wise and dignified counsel addressed to the House of Commons, on the 24th of April, 1812:—"Whenever the legislature shall make up their minds to entertain the question of Catholic concession seriously, it will be for them to couple the boon with such restrictions and qualifications, and to accompany it with such provisions, as they think necessary for our own security. Enact what you think right; and then leave to the Catholics to accept or refuse what they offer on the conditions which you annex to it. If they accept, *(which they will)* the work is done. If otherwise, you have the consolation to reflect that you have done your duty by them. Whatever may be the result, you will have nothing to reproach to yourselves. Go as far as you can with safety to the establishment. Do not exact from them terms that are unnecessary; but be rigorous in imposing such conditions as shall free you from all real, I had almost said, all imaginary danger."

In the following year an opportunity was afforded to Mr Canning of embodying the various provisions by which this great object was to be effected. Dr Phillpotts then gives a statement of the provisions contained in the bill introduced by Mr Grattan into Parliament, to remove the several disqualifications under which his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects then laboured; and to these not unimportant provisions he adds those, which, after communication with Lord Castlereagh, were added by Mr Canning himself. For these we refer to the letter:—suffice it to say, that Mr Canning boasted "he had at length arranged effectual securities, not only for the Protestant, but also for Catholic freedom."

"The measure, thus amply estimated by yourself, received the amplest commendations of all the supporters in Parliament of the Roman Catholic cause, especially of Mr Grattan and Mr Plunkett. The former declared (May 24th, 1813,) that 'he thought the clauses, containing the Securities for the Protestant Establishment, perfectly necessary for the Bill, and should vote for them as one and the same. Notwithstanding the opposition of the Catholic clergy to those clauses, (which had begun to show itself on these points,) he must say, that in doing so they were enemies to themselves, and to the Catholic community, and they must take upon themselves the

consequences.' And Mr. Plunkett, who was, I believe, for a time, intrusted by the Irish Roman Catholics with the guardianship of their interests in the Lower House, after saying that 'he had paid the greatest attention to the clauses just proposed by the Right Hon. Gentleman (yourself), and he was happy to say, that the entire of the clauses as they now stood had his most cordial approbation. He was rejoiced to see, that the Right Honourable Gentleman had succeeded so well in the accomplishment of the two great objects of the measure, security to the principles and establishments of the Protestant, and also to the free exercise of the opinion of the Catholic, at the same time that he was admitted to participate in the benefits of the constitution. It was his opinion, that those objects had been most clearly and satisfactorily accomplished by the Bill in its present state,—that such securities had been proposed as ought to satisfy even the most jealous of the Protestants, as well as the most inimical amongst the Catholics.' "

On the 26th of May 1813, before they could have known that the fate of the bill had been decided in the House of Commons, the Roman Catholic Bishops held a general meeting, in which it was unanimously resolved,—

" I.—That, having seriously examined the copy of a Bill now in progress through Parliament, we feel ourselves bound to declare, that the ecclesiastical clauses, or *Securities* therein contained, are *utterly incompatible* with the discipline of the Roman Catholic, and with the free exercise of our religion."

" II.—That without incurring the heavy guilt of *schism*, we cannot accede to such regulations; nor can we dissemble our *dismay and consternation* at the consequences which such regulations, if enforced, must necessarily produce."

" In February, 1814, a Rescript was addressed to Dr Poynter, Vicar Apostolic of the London district, by Monsignor Quarantotti, (since created a cardinal,) who was then invested with all the ecclesiastical and spiritual powers of the See of Rome, except the appointment of bishops. In this rescript, he most distinctly declared, that 'having taken the advice of the most learned prelates and divines, and having examined the letters from Dr Poynter and from Dr Troy, (Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin,) and the matter having been maturely discussed in a special congregation, it is decreed, that the Catholics may, with satisfaction and gratitude, accept and embrace the Bill which was last year presented for their emancipation.'

" So much for the alleged incompatibility of your securities with the discipline of
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the Roman Catholic Church, and with the free exercise of their religion. The highest authority in Rome pronounced the offer to merit not merely acceptance, but gratitude; nor can we seriously doubt, that if no ulterior objects had been in view, such would they have been deemed in Ireland. But this did not accord with the ambitious projects of the Irish prelates; accordingly, in order to defeat the conciliatory tendency of the rescript from Rome, recourse was had to a very different measure, a measure really incompatible with their own discipline, and in direct opposition to one of their own declared principles."

The *parish priests* of the diocese of Dublin held a meeting on the occasion, and passed resolutions to the effect that the rescript of M. Quarantotti was not obligatory; that it was at all times inexpedient to grant to an Anti-Catholic government any power, direct or indirect, with regard to the appointment and nomination of the Catholic Bishops in Ireland; and that such a power was pregnant, under present circumstances, with incalculable mischief to the cause of Catholicity in Ireland. The priests, from their altars, addressed their congregations against the Papal rescript. They exhorted their flocks to be patient, to remain tranquil under so severe a visitation; but to be prepared, if necessary, to sacrifice their lives rather than surrender the freedom of their Church to Prelate or Pope!

" You could not blind yourselves to the glaring fact, that if Parliament had passed your Bill into a law, (a Bill, according to your own statement of it, as full of liberal indulgence as was consistent with a decent regard to the safety of our Protestant institutions,) instead of tranquilizing and conciliating Ireland, it would have been the signal for deeper and more rancorous hostility. Let it not be said, that it was the refusal of Parliament to pass this Bill, which excited so much violence; on the contrary, that very refusal was caused in part by the early declared opposition of the Roman Catholics to its provisions. No, Sir, it was the dread that in another session the meagre majority which had defeated your attempt might no longer be able to prevail,—that concession would come to them burdened with conditions, which would make their ulterior objects less attainable: this it was which arrayed against you all the Roman Catholic population of Ireland. What then, I repeat, was the conduct, not only which you might have been expected to pursue,

but which you had yourself, but a few short months before, publicly prescribed to others? You had 'coupled the proposed concession with such restrictions and qualifications as you had thought necessary,' and with such only:—'if the Roman Catholics should refuse,' (and they had declared in the strongest manner that they would refuse), 'you had done your duty by them. You had gone as far as you could with safety to the establishments. You had not exacted from them terms that were unnecessary;' it remained, therefore, if you had any regard for the pledge you had given, and for the consistency of your public character, that you should 'be rigorous in insisting on those conditions which you had imposed.'—Nay, this was not left to be deduced by inference from your former language. In speaking in favour of this very Bill, you expressly declared, that 'if the boon proffered by Parliament should be contumaciously refused, you were firmly determined to take your stand against the Catholics, the same as if you had never stood forward their advocate.'

"How, Sir, did you redeem this pledge? Let the history of the last fourteen years answer the question. I will not pursue the detail through all the miserable gradation of big professions and small performances, growing every year still smaller, till at last you brought yourself not only to give your support to that insult on the common sense of the country, the Bill of 1825, but actually to declare, that in your judgment no better securities could be devised."

Now for the Bill of 1825. The securities are three; and first, the Oath.

"It contains nothing which has not been already prescribed by the Irish Act of the 13th and 14th of George III., or by that of the 33d of the same king. So far, therefore, we gain nothing. I beg pardon; we gain the exchange of *and* for *or* in two of its clauses. First,—as the law now stands, the Irish Roman Catholic 'renounces, rejects, and abjures the opinion, that princes excommunicated, may be deposed and murdered;' your new Security-Oath would have made him renounce, &c. the opinion, 'that princes excommunicated, may be deposed or murdered;' and for the microscopic vigilance, which enabled you and your fellow-labourers in this good cause to suggest such an amendment in the existing law, I trust you will receive your due meed of praise."

The clause of the old oath, declaring that the infallibility of the Pope

is not an article of the Catholic Faith, is omitted; and the clause which disclaims belief in the efficacy of the absolution of sins at the mere will of the priest, is also omitted.

"But there remains a particular, on which I must detain you with a few remarks. The last clause of the proposed oath is as follows: 'And I do solemnly swear, that I will never exercise any privileges to which I am, or may become entitled, to disturb the Protestant Religion or Protestant Government, in this kingdom.' 'To disturb the Protestant Religion' is perhaps, in itself, one of the most vague and unmeaning phrases, that could have been devised. It admits of evasion and equivocation without end. I will notice only one instance, the obvious and important distinction,—one actually taken by Dr Doyle,—between the Protestant Religion, and the Protestant Established Church. That very single-minded and ingenuous divine, under the signature of I. K. L. has instructed his readers, that to strip the Established Church in Ireland of what he conceives its ill-gotten and ill-employed possessions, would rather strengthen than impair the Protestant Religion! of course, therefore, to endeavour to accomplish this end, would be not at all inconsistent with the oath. It is true, that, according to the clause immediately preceding, they must not intend 'to subvert the present Church Establishment, for the purpose of substituting a Roman Catholic Establishment in its stead:'—but this is all; if they keep clear of the latter purpose, they may intend and labour to the utmost,—indeed, they seem invited to do so,—for the subversion of the Established Church. On this account, you, Sir, in your better days, or Mr Grattan, introduced into the Bill of 1813, the following very important improvement of this part of the present oath: 'I do solemnly swear, that I will not use any privilege, power, or influence, which I do now, or may hereafter possess, to overthrow or disturb the present Church Establishments of the United Kingdom; and that I never will, by any conspiracy, contrivance, or device whatsoever, abet others in any attempt to overthrow or disturb the same; and that I will make known to his Majesty, &c. all attempts, plots, or conspiracies, whether at home or abroad, which shall come to my knowledge, for effecting either of these purposes.'

"A similar caution was observed in that part of Mr Plunkett's Bill of 1821, which prescribed the oath to be taken by

the Roman Catholic Clergy;—they were to swear, that they would have 'no correspondence or communication with Rome for the purpose of directly or indirectly disturbing the Protestant Government, or the Protestant Established Church of Great Britain and Ireland.' Why, Sir, were these valuable precedents abandoned on this last occasion? Why was it, that you reverted to the old, and avowedly defective, phraseology of the existing oath?—Why, but because the whole proceeding was regulated according to the views and wishes of the Roman Catholics themselves,—of the very persons, against whose apprehended hostility new checks and safeguards were to be devised. Mr O'Connell wrote to his Dublin friends, that such was the liberal wish for conciliation in England, that he himself was employed to draw the Bill! and though the dignity of our senators took fire at the intimation, the internal evidence proves most conclusively, either that Mr O'Connell said what was literally correct, or at least that he was allowed 'an effectual negative' on your deliberations. I suspect, that Dr Doyle was also of the party; for the interests of his order were too amply and warily provided for, to have been altogether the work of laymen, however liberal. In short, nothing seems to have been insisted upon, which the Roman Catholics could find any difficulty in yielding; if any objection, on their part, arose, the point itself was abandoned; and this whole process of arranging the terms of the oath, was no better, than allowing you to march out with the honours of war, and sparing you the shame of a surrender at discretion."

Let us now attend to security the second.

"But a Board of Commissioners was to be created: this would, at any rate, sound well.—And what was to be their business? They were 'to certify to his Majesty the appointment of any bishop or dean, to be hereafter appointed in the said Roman Catholic Church in Ireland!' Why, this, instead of a security, is nothing else but a new and very important concession: it is, in plain English, to give them, what the law to this hour withholds, the public and formal recognition of their rank and character of bishops.—It may, however, be said that the certificate was to conclude in these words—'And we do believe the said A. B. to be a loyal subject of his Majesty.' True: but the persons so certifying are not those who make the appointment, or necessarily know anything of the person appointed. They are bound to 'be-

lieve him,' as they are bound to believe every one, 'to be a loyal subject,' unless he has given to them actual indications of his disloyalty. Does, then, such an attestation afford to the state the slightest security worth demanding, in a case where the very foundation of the demand is a just and reasonable jealousy of the dispositions of persons appointed to stations of great and extensive influence?

"The oath prescribed by the Bill of 1813 forbade any ecclesiastic from 'concurring in or consenting to the appointment or consecration of any Roman Catholic bishop or dean, whom he did not conscientiously believe to be of unimpeachable loyalty and peaceable conduct.' Mr Plunkett's Bill of 1821 gave a similar, though somewhat weaker, assurance. Why, then, in this instance also, was the wholesome strictness of the precedents before you wilfully and studiously abandoned?

"But of whom was the Board to consist? *Solely* of the Roman Catholic bishops themselves. Such men, as those, to whose proceedings I have just now adverted, are to vouch for the loyalty of their future colleagues!"

One other security remains. To the same board of Roman Catholic Bishops, every Bull or other instrument from Rome is to be submitted, and if

"They shall not find anything in the said instrument, which shall appear to them to be in any way injurious to the safety or tranquillity of the United Kingdom, or to the Protestant Establishment in Church or State, they shall report the same to his Majesty, or to the Lord Lieutenant in Ireland; and thereupon the said instrument shall be returned to the person, &c. with an indorsement signed by the President of the Board, signifying that the same had been *duly inspected*, and reported upon."

The real practical amount of this final "security" would be another great concession; it would give to the "Bishops of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland" a legalised right to communicate, as they please, with the Pope, and to circulate, as they please, whatever mandates he may think fit, or be induced to issue.

"Really, Sir, if the dignity of your station and character did not forbid the supposition, I should imagine that you had no other purpose in recommending such provisions, than to laugh at the whole proceeding. But, no; it comes from you in very sober earnest; and the most charitable way of viewing the whole matter, is to believe, that you have so tied and

hampered yourself with this unhappy question, that you must see it disposed of at any hazard. You dare not scrutinize the particular measure devised for the purpose, whether by yourself or others. You are afraid of looking into its details, lest they should be found too absurd, or too mischievous, for even the powers of your eloquence to make them decently producible to an assembly of educated Englishmen. You, therefore, dispose of the whole of them in a lump. And the majority of the House, equally tired of the question, and equally committed upon it, with yourself, cheers you while you say that 'you will not now enter into the question of securities, further than observing, that you do not think we can have any better than those proposed.'"

Since the late change in the administration, Dr Phillpotts has addressed a Second Letter to Mr Canning examining a few leading particulars in the speeches which he has, within these few weeks, delivered in Parliament, and the first passage he selects for remark is the following, which we quote with the annotations.

"He (Mr Canning) was prepared to say, that he would not prematurely stir up the feelings of the people of England for a theoretic, though essential good. He expected the dawn of a better day, but he would not precipitate its appearance. He knew that the present darkness would (and he hoped speedily) be succeeded by a light which would illuminate the prospect; and, knowing this, he would not, for the sake of freedom of conscience, force the conscience of others.—(Cheers.) He spoke out thus plainly his intentions."

"Sir, I need not say, that I am one of those who are involved in this darkness, which you venture to predict will be so speedily dispelled. Our number is, at present, very large, and it is our pride, our boast, the theme of our grateful, heartfelt acknowledgment, that our Sovereign himself has been pleased expressly and solemnly to place himself at our head. With a firmness and a determination worthy of the illustrious stock from which he is descended, with the frankness and manly candour becoming the King of a free people, with due veneration for that pure faith, of which he is the hereditary and the sworn defender, he has been pleased to allay every uncomfortable surmise, which the selection of you as his chief minister, must otherwise have caused. He has voluntarily announced to the most exalted members of our hierarchy, for the information of their brethren, and through

them, of the people at large, that he is unalterably attached to the religion of his fathers,—that he sees and will repel the danger which must follow the removal of those safeguards, with which the wisdom of our ancestors (a phrase of which I am not yet ashamed) has fenced and protected our Protestant Church,—and that the Oath which he took at his coronation, has bound him for ever to reject every specious pretence of political expediency, which may be urged to divert him from his purpose. I repeat, that this assurance, so solemnly given, far more than counterbalances any apprehension, which the apparent triumph of the cause of liberalism in several recent appointments would otherwise excite."

Dr Phillpotts expresses himself justly gratified by the manner in which Mr Canning accommodates himself to this new state of things, and augurs from it the happiest results to the public tranquillity. Mr Canning now characterizes the object itself at which he has long been aiming as merely "a theoretic though essential good!" What is the meaning of these words, let no man attempt to divine. *E converso*, that is now but a theoretic evil, it seems, which Mr Canning has so often exerted his splendid powers of eloquence to describe as the greatest practical evil that could afflict the land! That which was "persecution" two years ago, and oppression two months ago, is now, that Mr Canning is Prime Minister, only a theoretic evil which may well wait his convenience to cure! On the 7th of March he supported, with all possible sincerity and zeal, the motion of Sir Francis Burdett:—"That this House is impressed with the necessity of taking into immediate consideration the laws inflicting penalties on his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects, with the view of removing them." Or e'er the shoes were old which he wore, when then "on his legs," he declares "that he will not stir up the feelings of the people of England for a theoretic, though essential good!"—From the rejection of Sir Francis Burdett's motion, he felt it his duty, on the 7th of March, to warn the House, that "consequences must be expected to follow, which words were not adequate to express." Now, he has discovered, and promulgated the discovery, that the proposition it contained, may, with perfect justice, and

with perfect security—and, above all, with perfect convenience, be suffered to remain defunct *ad Græcas calendas!* On the 7th of March he exclaims—“God grant us time for considering this question! for I cannot get rid of the impression which was avowed by me on the last occasion on which this question was before the House,—that the longer its settlement is deferred, the more danger will such delay involve!” Now that impression has been melted away—by what influence we know not—and delay, instead of being pregnant with danger is enshrouded with hope, and when the weeks and months are complete, will be safely delivered of great joy. On the 7th of March he says, fearfully, “I trust that the failure of this measure, if it fail, will be received by those who will be sufferers by that event with tranquil resignation, rather than in any unseemly manner. GOD GRANT IT MAY BE SO!” To other Tuesday his pious fears and prayers are thrown aside, and he coolly says,

“I look alone for the progress of the Catholic Cause to the good sense and good feeling of the people of both countries (*hear, hear*). And that progress can only be retarded by any inconsiderate effort to provoke opinion among one class, or stir it with the opposite, at the risk of a convulsion in one or the other part of the United Kingdom (*hear, hear*). I freely avow, I am not prepared to precipitate convulsion in either; therefore I will not raise hopes that might be marred, nor hold out too sanguine expectations, without seeing a moral prospect of their being realised.”—“Much, then, as I value carrying this measure for the tranquillity of Ireland,—and I estimate it at a very high rate,—I will not provoke, even for that purpose, the sort of passive resistance, which might, I fear, be aroused in this country (*hear, hear*);—against that feeling I confess I am not prepared to run.”—“Let me, then, hear no more of the accusation, that I mean to press this question sternly upon the feelings of Englishmen. If I were asked, whether I think their prejudices upon this point have slept?—I would say, I believe it is a sleep from which, if prematurely aroused, they might be awake with gigantic strength.”

“Though I cannot,” says Dr Phillpotts, “but think this language infinitely wiser, and more becoming an English Statesman, than the violent, and (pardon me when I say it) almost inflammatory language and sentiments in which you indulged on the two

immediately preceding discussions, yet I own it excites my admiration.

But there is matter of even higher moment than all this in Dr Phillpotts' Second Letter, and he has done a service of unspeakable worth to his country, in the enlightened view he has not feared, in spite of the arrogant, and worse than arrogant language that has been uttered from high places, to take and express of the Coronation Oath. In the debate of the 6th of March, the member for the City of Dublin gave as a reason for requiring further securities against the Roman Catholics than merely an oath, “that the Constitution was not satisfied with that security, even in the case of the King; that, considering the restraint imposed by the Coronation Oath, which bound him to maintain the Protestant Established Church, further cautions were taken to secure his observance of this prime duty.” On the following night, Mr Canning remarked on this—“that the Honourable Gentleman was new to the House, otherwise he would have known that the day of the Coronation Oath was gone by.” He liked, he said, to go to high places for high arguments, and would have pleasure in setting the Honourable Gentleman's mind entirely at ease, by reading an extract from the speech of Lord Liverpool, in 1825. Lord Liverpool had said,

“He could not consider the Coronation Oath as any obstacle to the civil and political disabilities of the (Roman) Catholics. The oath was an oath to protect the Established Church and Clergy of the Realm. The removal of the disabilities might possibly affect that Church, but it could only do so consequentially. Many wise and good men were of opinion, that it would strengthen the church; and if Parliament presented a Bill to the King for his acceptance, grounded upon this assumption, he did not see how the King could be advised to consider it as at variance with the obligations of the oath he had taken.”

“I hope,” continued Mr Canning, “that at least one bugbear is disposed of, and that we shall hear no more of the Coronation Oath.” Now, greatly as the opinion of Lord Liverpool is to be respected on this, and on all other subjects, for there are few more enlightened minds in the country than his was (alas! that we should have to say *was*,) we cannot agree with Mr Canning in thinking that his opinion must necessarily be considered decisive. The new

ture of an oath is to be judged of by all men, each for himself, and according to his own conscience; nor will Lord Liverpool's interpretation of it be adopted, merely because it is his, unless, at the same time, the reasons of his interpretation are convincing to the understandings of those who have endeavoured for themselves, and by the light that is within or without them, to ascertain its import and its sanction. Many most enlightened minds have their doubts on the subject still. Many have no doubts at all, but firmly believe that Lord Liverpool's interpretation is indefensible and erroneous; and few, notwithstanding this bold assertion of Mr Canning, look on the Coronation Oath as a bugbear—or a bugbear so very easily disposed of and dispatched by a single and summary sentence. There are thousands, and tens of thousands, who regard it as sacred and inviolable; and so has it been, and is now, regarded by Those whom it most nearly concerned and concerns, and who, so far from having shown any wish to be freed from its sanction, have avowed their holiest conviction that by them it must be maintained unbroken to the death. Of that number was George the Third—as good a King as ever sat on the throne of England, and whose memory will be for ever green in the souls of his subjects, while honour and faith continue to be the guardian and tutelary deities of the land. Rather than have violated his Coronation Oath, according to his own sense of its meaning, George the Third would have laid down his neck on the block. The Duke of York would have done the same; nor in that long-protracted and heart-sinking misery, which in his dying days he more than heroically endured—for he bore them all as a Christian should—did his mind waver in its allegiance to what it deemed a sacred trust, but it adhered, humbly but firmly, to the same convictions that in the hour of health and hope he had declared to all the people. We know, too, in what light this Coronation Oath is looked on by him now on the throne. “Among the numerous incidents of the few eventful weeks,” says Dr Phillpotts to Mr Canning, “which have elapsed since that debate, certainly not the least momentous is the revived importance which the Coronation Oath has been

made to assume, even in your estimation. That oath is no longer a mere ‘bugbear’ to you—its day,’ as you have recently felt and acknowledged, is very far indeed from having ‘gone by.’” It is not necessary to tell our readers what is the meaning of the following passage, but they will know that it refers not to our present King:—

“Not that I give credit to every sinister rumour, which the malice or folly of the age may delight to spread. If there be, in any quarter, a conscientious conviction that concession to the Roman Catholics, or any other measure, is consistent with the perfect security of the Established Church, I honour the firmness which would act on that conviction. But I will not believe on light grounds, that a Personage of the most exalted rank can ever permit himself to indulge in coarse abuse of the Governors of our Church, or indecent threats of his future hostility to their order. I will not believe that any prince of the royal line of Brunswick, so long the bulwark of the Protestant faith, can be a recreant to the most sacred principles of his fathers. I will not believe that a son of George the Third, a brother of George the Fourth, and of Frederic Duke of York, can have forgotten what is the first and highest distinction of his illustrious House—can set at naught the examples both of the dead and living—can be insensible to the honest pride of aspiring to some portion of the glory of those whom, in common with all, and more than all, he must be accustomed to reverence and honour.”

But let it be understood distinctly, what Lord Liverpool's opinions really were regarding the Coronation Oath; and this we may learn from the following admirable passage in Dr Phillpotts' Second Letter:—

“The opinion of the revered nobleman whose words have just been cited, was evidently founded on the terms of the Coronation Oath, as prescribed by 1 Will and Mary, c. 6. That this oath has by a subsequent statute received some important additions, I shall have occasion to show presently. Meanwhile, it cannot escape observation, that the noble Lord's judgment on the question includes one very important condition. The oath, it is true, creates no *absolute* and *specific* prohibition of the partial, or entire, removal of the disabilities under which the Roman Catholics now lie. It protects the Established Church and Clergy, but it ought not to be contended, that every measure is thereby forbidden, which may be fraught with contingent and consequential mischief to them, provided that such mischief be bona fide foreseen and *unap* pretended by him who

takes the oath. In the instance of the proposed measure, 'many wise and good men,' says Lord Liverpool, 'are of opinion, that it would strengthen the Church; and if Parliament presented a Bill to the King, grounded upon this assumption, I do not see how the King could be advised to consider it as at variance with the obligations of the oath which he had taken.' From this opinion, so guarded, it is not probable that many persons would be found to dissent. The advisers of the Crown, whatever might be their own opinions of the probable consequences of such a Bill, if Parliament presented it as a measure of security for the Church, (or even, it might be added, as free from all danger to the Church,) would not, perhaps, be justified in advising the exercise of the royal negative, on the ground of the Bill's being at variance with the Coronation Oath.

"But this, as I am sure you, Sir, cannot but perceive, leaves the most important consideration in the case wholly untouched. *The Oath taken by the King, is a purely personal act; it is an act between himself and God.* To apply to it our little, convenient, political, or legal fictions, to talk of 'the omnipotence of Parliament,' as enabling it to annul, or dispense with, the Oath of the Sovereign,—to speak gravely of 'a Keeper of the King's Conscience,'—to say, that as 'the King can do no wrong,' as all his questionable acts must be regarded as the acts of his ministers, therefore they must direct him in such a case as this,—would be more foolish, even than it would be presumptuous. He might, and probably he would, communicate with those persons—whether his political ministers, or others—on whose counsel he places most reliance, in an affair of so great spiritual and conscientious moment to him; but it would be the grossest insult to the Monarch, it would be degrading him from the rank of a moral being, to suppose that he would regard the advice of such counsellors, be they who they may, as acquitting him of the awful responsibility of acting in such a case on the deliberate determination of his own conscience. Every Sovereign, duly impressed with the solemn nature of the obligation of his oath, (as, thank God, our own gracious Sovereign has evidently proved himself to be,) would feel that that oath bound him,—as he values the favour of God, and the promise of that 'Crown immortal,' before which his earthly diadem fades into a worthless toy, to decide for himself, whether the Bill, offered to his acceptance, do indeed contain provisions at variance with one of the great and expressed objects of his Oath, with 'the maintenance, to the utmost of his power, of the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed Religion established by law.' The minister who should dare to tell his

Sovereign, that he is exempt from this duty, that he may act on the conscience of his Parliament, or of his Privy Council, instead of his own, in such a case—I will go further, and will say, that the minister who should dare to treat the Coronation Oath, in the presence of his Sovereign, with half the levity with which you have thought it not unbecoming to treat it in your place in Parliament,—would bring on himself a responsibility, which no honest man would incur for all that Kings and Parliaments can give or take away."

Lord Liverpool, then, it appears, never spoke on this subject, without being duly impressed with its solemn nature. Instead of sneering at the Coronation Oath as a "bugbear"—instead of saying that its day is gone by, he, in the very passage of the speech from which Mr Canning quoted to allay the member for Dublin's fears of a bugbear, recognised its great, its enduring, its practical importance.

"He went the whole length of warning his noble auditors (honoured be his memory for the manly declaration!) that even if Parliament should pass a Bill founded on a Resolution which had been adopted by the Lower House, it became them to consider whether the King could consent to establish it by law consistently with the obligation of his Coronation Oath. The Resolution was as follows: 'That it is expedient that provision should be made by law for the maintenance of the secular Clergy of the Roman Catholics in Ireland;' and on it Lord Liverpool said, 'The (Roman) Catholic Church in Ireland professes to be a national, and not a missionary Church. The bishoprics and parishes were the same, or nearly so, as the bishoprics and parishes of the Established Church. The (Roman) Catholic Bishops claim a parity of spiritual jurisdiction with the Bishops of the Establishment,—their parish Priests claim a parity of spiritual rights and duties with the parochial Clergy of the Establishment. It was for Parliament, therefore, seriously to consider, whether the King could consent to establish by law such a Church as that now claiming to exist in Ireland, under the designation of the Irish Roman Catholic Church, consistently with the obligation—'to preserve unto the Bishops and Clergy of this realm, and to the Churches committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do, or shall, appertain unto them, or any of them.'"

But neither now does Mr Canning himself look on the Coronation Oath as a bugbear, nor does he now think "its day is gone by"—for, only a few weeks ago, he said, in the House, "When I am taunted with thwarting the views

of my Sovereign, by an honourable member, who has not feared to enter the very penetralia of the Royal breast, and probe the speculative opinions which rest there, my answer is, that *I have not, and will not violate the Royal conscience. I will venerate it in the present Sovereign, as I have done in the late King.*" Nothing can be more perfectly inconsistent and consolatory. With regard to the charge of "entering the penetralia of the Royal breast"—a very classical expression undoubtedly—the guilt of having done so cannot now be thought very great—since our Sovereign himself, who will suffer no man to violate his conscience, has of himself graciously thrown open the gates of the penetralia, and let all his subjects see, that there are engraven and guarded there, the words of his Coronation oath.

Mr Canning, then, is pledged not to violate the royal conscience. He will venerate it in the present Sovereign, as he has done in the late King. These are his words. If there be anything indefinite, anything ambiguous, in any part of his speech, all is cleared up, all becomes plain and precise in the conclusion. The measure of his promised respect and veneration for the conscience of the present Sovereign, is that which should be paid to the conscience of his royal father.

"Now, Sir, *that*—we all remember—was the most perfect and scrupulous forbearance from ever obtruding on his councils, from ever bringing forwards, or supporting in Parliament, (nay, it included the habitual and constant practice of voting against,) a question, on which he had declared himself to be unalterably, conscientiously, religiously resolved, that he would never yield. He had 'an oath in Heaven'—and you respected his awful reverence for its obligation. But not to dwell in my own feeble language on the subject, I will avail myself of your eloquent statement of the principles on which you then acted, and on which you have now promised, in the face of Parliament and of your country, that you will henceforth again act.

"While there existed in the breast of the Sovereign an insurmountable obstacle to the entertainment of this question, an obstacle, not of opinion, but of conscience, the only alternative left to a public man, who held the opinions which I profess to have holden, was, either to push those opinions into action, at all the hazard to which such a course would be liable, or, *manful-*

ly to interfere between the conscience of the Sovereign and the agitation of this question, at whatever risk of unpopularity or misconstruction. This latter was the course which I thought it my duty to adopt.' Nor is there in this determination anything for which I ought to apologize, as inconsistent with the strictest theory or ordinary practice of the constitution. By the theory of the constitution, the Sovereign is armed with the power of interposing his negative upon any measure which he conscientiously disapproves. In the practice of the constitution, this power has been actively employed as lately as in the reign of King William. Had Parliament adopted and pressed the (Roman) Catholic claims to the last stage, in the last stage, they might, and probably would, have been met by this extreme resistance. What advantage, therefore, in the trial? But what danger in the conflict! Better was it, surely, to prevent an extremity, the results of which might have been such, as those who are most interested in the question would themselves have been the foremost to deprecate.' 'The Roman Catholics of Ireland are a loyal people.' 'If concessions and relaxations in their favour had arrived at a point beyond which not the policy, but the conscience of the Monarch would not suffer him to go, they would surely have respected in him those rights of conscience which they claim for themselves.'

"Such, Sir, was the honourable and manly course which you pursued; such the principles on which it was founded. If the assertion of those principles was mingled with matter peculiar to the unhappy circumstance of our late beloved King, still the principles themselves remain the same; and for your distinct and public promise to act upon them in the case of his present Majesty, for the pledge you have thus given, not only not to press on the royal councils, but not again to support, by your voice or vote in Parliament,—nay, even to vote against,—the claims of the Roman Catholics, during the present reign, you are, I think, entitled to the thanks of every friend to the monarchy or the religion of your country."

Dr Phillpotts has said, that Lord Liverpool's view of the Coronation Oath seems to have been limited to the terms of the oath, as enjoined by 1 Wil. and Mary, c. 6; and that a very important addition was subsequently made to it. This was done by one of the most solemn acts of legislation recorded in the statute book—the Treaty of Union with Scotland.

"That Treaty (5 Ann. c. 8.) Art xxv.
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recites an Act (5 Ann. c. 5.) entitled 'An Act for securing the Church of England as by Law Established,' and declares it to be an 'essential and fundamental part of the said Articles and Union.' But the Act so solemnly recited, s. 7., declares that the 13 Eliz. c. 12. entitled 'An Act for the Ministers of the Church of England to be of sound Religion,' and the 'Act of Uniformity,' and all other Acts of Parliament now in force for the Establishment and Preservation of the Church of England, and the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government thereof, shall remain and be in full force for ever.

"And the next Section enacts, 'That every subsequent King or Queen, at his or her Coronation, shall take and subscribe an oath to maintain and preserve inviolably the said settlement of the Church of England, and the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government thereof, as by law established, within the kingdoms of England and Ireland.'

"Sir, when I read the terms in which this oath is conceived, it is to me a matter of high gratification, most certainly, but of no surprise, that a prince, alive to the most solemn of all obligations, should resolve, as our gracious Sovereign has resolved, never to concur in granting to the Roman Catholic subjects such concessions as they and their advocates in Parliament are accustomed to demand. If indeed such measures were proposed as the conscience of the Sovereign could regard as real, fair, ample security of the great objects, to the maintenance and preservation of which he is bound by oath, the case would be different; and you would then have the assurance afforded by every act of his illustrious reign, that he would rejoice in extending an equal share of civil and political rights to all his subjects. But who is prepared to offer such securities? You, Sir, have been pleased to proclaim yourself 'no Security-grinder!' You have said, in a tone of sneer and banter, which few of your hearers, and still fewer of your readers, have thought particularly appropriate to the occasion, 'the task of finding securities to satisfy these over-scrupulous gentlemen is something like the task imposed on the prophet in the Bible, who was not only to find out the interpretation, but to guess at the dream.' We all remember a person, some years ago, charged with intending to bring the Scriptures into contempt by his profane application of their language; and he procured an acquittal from the jury by adducing instances of similar irreverence (among others) from some of your juvenile productions. Are you desirous that a future Home shall be able to cite in his defence the graver authority of your addresses to Parliament, at your pre-

sent mature age, and in the character of First Minister of the Crown?"

In the debate of the 7th of March, Mr Canning said, "*If they (the opponents of the Roman Catholic claims) —if they feel danger, let them find securities. It is a little too much to suppose that we are first to guess at the danger, and then fit the security to it.*" Is it, indeed, too much to suppose so? Then hear, in support of that very supposition, Mr Canning himself, in an excellent passage in a speech delivered by him not many years ago!

"*Is it not a little extraordinary, that Protestants should be expected to be of one mind as to granting everything to the (Roman) Catholics, when such a discordance of opinion reigns among the (Roman) Catholics themselves as to the terms on which such grant would be acceptable to them? It has been argued rather whimsically, that the granting party should be prepared to offer terms to the petitioning party: but surely it is for those who seek a concession in their own favour, to propose those means of security, and those terms of arrangement, without which, it is admitted on all hands, that concession could not be rationally made.*"

In conclusion, are we justified in believing, or are we not, with Dr Phillpotts, that Mr Canning's numerous friends, who are in the habit of deferring to his authority,—and they too, that powerful and stirring party which has at length openly joined his standard,—have given to the world, if not the same direct and precise pledge, at least an implied and virtual promise to be equally forbearing with regard to the Catholic Question, with the Prime Minister? Are the Whigs willing to purchase to the country the other great benefits which they anticipate from the liberal nature of the Premier's principles—and his readiness to accommodate his measures to the "enlightened spirit of the age," at the cost of the sacrifice of their Roman Catholic clients? Mr Canning has recognised for himself, *not only the duty of abstaining from all official interference in their favour, but also of observing the most perfect inaction on the occasion.* If he does not do that, what else can he do, but employ the power of the Crown, its influence and its patronage, in furtherance of a cause to which the conscience of his

Royal Master is directly and unalterably opposed? That is, however, a supposition incompatible with the belief of his being an honest man. At the same time, Dr Philpotts well remarks, that some rather awkward indications of a different expectation, have been exhibited by at least one of the principal supporters of the New Ministry.

"An honourable Baronet, long known and respected for the uncompromising sincerity of his nature, has spoken of 'a departure from the present course of policy in respect to Ireland, as the *sine qua non* of his support;' and though on entering into an explanation of that rather formidable phrase, he disclaimed all 'reference to any present vote on the subject of the Roman Catholic claims,' he yet expressly stated, that 'it had been a *sine qua non* with him—as he believed it was with others—in any new arrangement of Government, that such a course should be taken as would be likely to afford hope and restore tranquillity to Ireland.' Now, when we recollect that the same honourable Baronet has repeatedly said, that nothing short of the full concession to the Roman Catholics is the adequate object of their hope; or can give the smallest prospect of their future contentment, it is, I apprehend, quite plain, that he considers himself to have received assurances from the new Government,—in return for the promise of his support,—that some more effectual and decisive course will be pursued than is indicated by your suggestion of the great moral efficacy which the bare name of a '*Canning Administration*,' 'without any official interference,' I repeat, nay, 'with the most perfect inaction,' must have in tranquilizing the Roman Catholics on the one hand, and subduing the prejudices of the Protestants on the other.

"True it also is, that certain negotiations are known to have been carrying on with the leader of the Irish Roman Catholics, which do not seem quite in accordance with the undeniable claims which your promise has given us on you and your friends, both new and old. It has been stated on very high authority, that 'all is settled with the Irish,' a most pregnant intimation;—And within these two days, it has been avowed by a Whig nobleman, of great consideration with his party, and very highly connected both in England and in Ireland,—(if the fact be denied, I shall not be backward in mentioning his name, and the place, and the time, at which he made the avowal),—

that 'he had been in correspondence with Mr O'Connell, on the subject of the postponement of the (Roman) Catholic question, and that Mr O'Connell was perfectly satisfied with the explanation his Lordship had given him, and with the reasons for postponing that question to another session.'"

At an aggregate meeting of the Roman Catholics in Dublin, called by special requisition, a few weeks ago, Mr Hugh O'Coner said, "that they had met at an important crisis, and under circumstances which gave them a hope of a promise that the amelioration of Ireland was at hand; and, consequently, that the interests of the Roman Catholics would be attended to." And what said Mr Shiel? "MR CANNING AND HIS FRIENDS WILL NOT RELINQUISH THEIR DETERMINATION, THE MOMENT THEY HAVE ACQUIRED THE POWER, TO DO US JUSTICE. I have no distrust in them; and with respect to the measure which we ought to adopt, I will say but one word, namely, that we ought not to press our petition, but act in such a way as not to harass and embarrass the men who are surrounded with difficulties; and who must be allowed time to mature their good intentions towards our cause." These words were uttered on the very day that Mr Canning gave his solemn pledge to the House of Commons, "not to violate the conscience of the King, to reverence it as he revered the conscience of his father." There is, what Mr Canning would call, a marvellous coincidence in all this with the *sine qua non* of Sir Francis Burdett; and "altogether," says Dr Philpotts fearlessly, "it is quite clear, either that there has been a most important and most widely extended misapprehension on this main subject of discussion between yourself, and the great party which has recently joined you, —or that there has been a most unexampled degree of duplicity and perfidy in some quarter or another." If so, who are the Dupes? Mr Canning? The Whigs? Their former or present Colleagues? The Roman Catholics of Ireland? The Protestants of England? Or the King?

The people of Britain are watching all the events as they befall—and their voice will be heard, not in vain, in defence of the Protestant Constitution of Church and State.

THE REIGNING VICE.*

We always like to know an author's name before we either laud or libel him; for we have been the very foremost to glory in a principle of conduct as critics, which no other literary guardian of the age has ever had the courage to confess, however universally it is acted on, namely, private and personal partiality or antipathy to the various men, women, and children whom we kill with kindness or contempt—immortalise to fame or consign to oblivion. What good Christian could conduct a periodical work on any other system? An Editor may forgive his enemies; and let it be known to one and all of them, that we now publicly do so, even although we should consider it to be our bounden duty to sentence some of them to the tread-mill, others to Van Diemen's Land, others to simple death, others to death with subsequent dissection—and now and then, one to be hung in chains. Forgiveness is one of the most beautiful of all the Virtues—we perfectly worship her—She is the Saint at whose shrine we meekly bow, singing our morning and evening orisons. But, except by ourselves, her character is much misunderstood. True, that she is dewy and dove-eyed; but notwithstanding all that, she is not the simpleton simpletons imagine her to be; but in her hand she bears a scourge—a celestial cat-o'-nine-tails,—with which she flogs ere she forgets the sinner, and often bestows on him a blessing, which, unless he be a monster of ingratitude, he remembers to the last hour of his life.

Now we have had, for three years past, nine literary gentlemen, equally selected from the sister-kingdoms, liberally salaried in London, to send us regularly down all the gossip they hear about the proceedings of the press in that populous village. But they have turned their offices into sinecures, so that we absolutely know no more, here in Edinburgh, about Life in London, than if we dined daily at the round table in John-o'-Groat's House. As all books are now anonymous, it is almost out of our

power to be personal, for we know not the name of almost a single one of the many late delinquents, except from Rumour, who is one of the most rascally reporters of the Times. He pays no regard either to age or sex, and thinks nothing of attributing the anas of the most anile to people perfectly puerile; while it is no unusual thing for him to convert a chaste elderly Methodistical maiden, with a drop at her nose, who would not, for all the world, yield a kiss but to the family minister, into an outrageous Irishman, with a "neck as bad as the neck of a buffalo." In this predicament, what can we do? We look about us for advice, but there is none to give it, in the dearth of all information; and thus is the reading public defrauded of many a choice piece of personality,—many a direct and indirect attack on private character, which, were the Cimmerian gloom of our ignorance dispelled, we should be but too proud and happy to provide and perpetrate.

We call this a poor way of backing one's friends—and hope, therefore, that this hint will not be lost on our promising but unperforming metropolitan contributors. We do not like to strike them off our list, or yet to put them on half pay; for although cottons are looking up, we are told, in Manchester and Blackburn, and stocks are steady, nevertheless, crown octavos are looking down, and twelvemos never so much as lift their eyes from the ground. Dailies are very dull—Weeklies flatter than we ever remember them—and for Monthlies, there is no sale. We speak from the last quotations. In this state of the literary market, we have determined to keep on all the old hands,—so that we have the prayers of many wives and small families of children, the only return Maga the Bountiful desires for all her charities.

For example, here is a Satirical Poem, published by our friends Longman and Co., of very considerable merit indeed; but we have not the slightest idea who wrote it; and are therefore confoundedly puzzled to determine whether we

* *The Reigning Vice*, a Satirical Poem, in Four Books. London. Longman, Rees, &c. 1827.

should send it into limbo or into light. Had we any ground of suspicion to stand on, that it was written by a person we dislike, or that dislikes us, we surely need not say how pleasant it would be to tear it pagemeal, and fling it in the author's face. Could we but be assured that it is the production of one we esteem, and who praises us and ours to the skies, how much pleasanter still to reward his desert and discrimination, by wreathing round his forehead a laurel crown! We must, therefore, knowing nothing of this matter, be exceedingly cautious how we commit ourselves, and word our critique after the model of a leading article in the *Courier*, when the worthy editor is afraid either to praise or blame; but attempts steering a sort of neutral course, with a countenance full of circumspection and intelligence.

Before opening this little volume at all, we kept ruminating over the title on its back—"The Reigning Vice;" nor among the many reigning vices, could we, for our souls, pitch upon any single one of the Holy Alliance, better deserving of the proud distinction, "The," than the rest of his holy brethren. We considered courts, cabinets, cottages, and all their evil doings; but so many devils showed their horns, that we could not lay our hand on Satan, and say, "Thou art the man." Any one Vice of them all seemed worthy of Reigning, even were he soon to be deposed. Some we saw anxious to mount the throne, were it even but for a single day, that they might know what it was to be a king. Others lusted for the Purple, but they also feared; and preferred taking the situation—not now vacant, however—of Monster behind the Throne. Some appeared willing to rally round the Throne—a batch of peers. Others, out of humility—the worst of prides—would fain relinquish all claims to the Imperial Seat, although, by infernal right, theirs; and, huddled together in a corner, sat a few gloomy and grizzled Vices, that had once worn the diadem, but had resigned. Were the monarchy, instead of being hereditary—which we have been told it is—elective, among so many highly-endowed candidates and competitors, on what fortunate Vice could seer prophesy the election would fall—conferred, too, as the crown must be, by so many million voters, each party outrageous for the success of his

own familiar? Heaven and earth, what bribery and corruption!

We confess that our disappointment was great, when, on reading a few pages of this very able performance, we discovered that the Reigning Vice now on the Throne, is—a no more dignified personage than worldly-minded Self-Love, alias, Selfishness. We had no notion he had been so ambitious, having met him, almost daily, ever since we can remember anything, in a private station; where, although not an open favourite with anybody, he was yet more than tolerated, and had the run of the best society. He certainly, in exterior, is far from being "every inch a king." He has much more the air of an American Consul or President, or something of that sort, than the Reigning Vice of Britain. He holds his sceptre pretty much in what we should suppose would be the style of Joseph Hume, if he were the Reigning Vice; and his countenance has too much calculation about it to grace a court. We should have no desire to be Lord Chancellor to such a King, or to have the keeping of his conscience. We should not trust him in the choice of his Ministers; and we fear he would prefer exercising his prerogative to keeping his coronation-oath.

Confound the trammels that we have imposed on ourselves in this article, by binding ourselves to the word "reigning." So let us break them in pieces small, and flinging them from us, be free to expatiate, after our use and wont, over the fair fields of trope and figure, with little or no regard either to consistency or decorum of period, passage, or paragraph. There is nothing like a mixed style. He who adopts it need never be at a loss—and whenever one image gets sulky and restive, stopping all at once in the middle of an uphill sentence—why, you have nothing to do but unyoke him, and in with fresh figures into the shafts or trams, who pull the vehicle over the knawe without flinching, and settle along the level beyond, like a gig drawn by the famous American trotting mare, to the astonishment of man, beast, and Cockney. The worst thing about this clever writer is, that he is too serious by far—too solemn. He proes in a preface. Pope's Essay on Man, he tells us, is a very indifferent poem indeed—and that the principle, "whatever is, is right," is

Perfectly impious. Oh, dear! that is an old story. We read it at school, in Crouzas (is this the stupid Frenchman's name?) and Warburton, the younger Racine, we think, and many dismal divines. There can be no doubt whatever, that Pope was entirely out in that doctrine. Many, many things in this world are wrong—too numerous, indeed, now to mention. But what then? Is not any one page of the Essay on Man, nevertheless, worth, and more than worth, the whole of this clever volume, containing, preface, notes and all, one hundred and eighty-two pages? We say not this contemptuously; for so far from being an object of our contempt, our author really stands so high in our estimation, that were he to know what we think of him, he would become one of the vainest men on earth—cut three-fourths of his old acquaintances—stand for a county—in due time expect a peerage—and perhaps even send articles to Blackwood. But we say it, in pity to poor Pope, who gets such kicks and cuffs from all versifiers, especially if their moral satire be in hexameters, that he will soon not have a leg to stand on, will be, like ourselves, a cripple—and be forced to hobble on a crutch. Perhaps a fellow-feeling with his infirmities makes us somewhat too sensitive on such attacks, as our admirable and amiable friend, Mr Bowles, may be of opinion—yet, on the whole, we cannot help thinking we are in the right; and that our guardian care of Alexander Pope's reputation, wholly disinterested as it is, may be repaid us in kind, by some champion yet unborn, who, letting the dunces that moulder against our memory snivel themselves asleep, will take up the cudgels to defend us against any man of talent, led by obliquity of mental vision to suppose that he sees something capable of conviction or correction in the Life and Writings of poor, old, dear, dead buried, but never to be forgotten, Christopher North.

Would to Heaven we could get this article once fairly to begin—then we should have no fears of its rolling on along the paragraphs, at eight pages an hour, landing us at No. 18, Piccadilly-place, just in time to take our place at the head of the table at a *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. Well, then, the

article shall begin, and be hanged to it. Here it goes!

The author of this Satire having discovered that selfishness is the reigning vice, appears to have lost no time in laying his very useful discovery before the public.

"My aim, then, in the following Poem, is rather to point out a moral disease than a moral sanity; and, having established the prevalence of the former, to consider what means of recovery are in our power. It struck me that there must be some one great cause of the disorders manifest in the world; just as, when a complicated machine goes wrong, we look for the derangement of some important wheel, which either must harmoniously impel the whole, or entangle the whole in confusion.

"Where shall this moral momentum be found except in Self-love, the acknowledged 'moving principle' of sentient beings? Yet long as it has been acknowledged such, in a loose and general way, the precise manner in which it acts upon the mind has never been examined or described: nay, the subject seems to have been left involved in a hazy state of uncertainty, more flattering to human vanity than to human reason.

"That a subject of such consequence should so long remain unhandled, may be adduced to prove the energy of the very impulse, the mention of which has been so studiously avoided. How can such a nicety be explained, except by supposing that the empire of Self-love was considered a theme too delicate to be more than just touched upon, and that there is an inherent unwillingness in mankind (inensibly and unavowedly influencing them) to be convinced that all our actions, except such as are performed from the express motive of love to God, have Self-love at the bottom? Thus the great truth sleeps in venerable sanctity, and

'Men are what they name not to themselves,

And trust not to each other.'

"Having once laid hold of the right key, I found that it corresponded so precisely to all the intricate wands of human nature, that the more the mechanism of the one, and the conformation of the other, were mutually

considered, the more conspicuously did their exact and reciprocal adaptation appear. Many phenomena, both of thought and action, hitherto unexplained, were, to my apprehension, accounted for, and many curious enigmas satisfactorily solved."

The pomposity of all this is inimitable. Our author must be a Doctor of Divinity, and a rural Dean at the least, if not a Medical Practitioner in the West of England, a district distinguished from the remotest times by the solemn stupidity of its physicians. Only look on him, standing like Huffy White, who knew how to open the strong boxes in all the banks in Britain, with the right key in his hand, "corresponding precisely to all the intricate wards of human nature!" He has forgot, unfortunately, to provide himself with a strong pin to pick out all the miscellaneous dust and dirt that have got down the throat of this wonderful and magical key, and completely choked it. No, my good sir, it will not do to whistle into its mouth, with a view of cleaning its windpipe. "The intricate wards of human nature" hold themselves safe, and grin in your face. You must send for a Smith,—Adam, perhaps, who will have Sympathy for you,—to pick all those locks, otherwise the treasures of knowledge, which you hoped were about to become all your own, will remain snug in their respective drawers. Above all, yonder huge iron safe, that has, in its day, come hot but hearty out of the ruins of three burned banks, lowers at you standing like a lout with an enormous and feckless key in your hand, with a black and sullen scorn. No; it won't do. There is no use in trying to clear out the obstruction with the point of your pen-knife. Just put the key back again into your pocket,—which, by the by, order your Girzy to turn outside in, to get rid of the "moolens," (See Dr Jamieson.)—and leave us to say "Open, Sesame," to that chest at our leisure. One word from us will make the lid fly up like a leaf, while you stand by with your finger in your mouth, wondering, and of your wonder finding no end,—since "having, 'as you thought,' once laid hold of the right key, you found it corresponded so precisely to all the intricate wards of human nature, that the more the mechanism of the one, and the con-

formation of the other, were mutually considered, the more conspicuously did their exact and reciprocal adaptation appear!" Fling your key, good sir, into the mouth of the Thames; for the blood in the old gentleman's veins is at present rather stagnant, and he will be greatly the better of some steel medicine.

"The first part only of the result of my inquiries, consisting of Four Books, is now offered to the public. In them my object is to prove, *first*, that self-love is universal; *secondly*, that it is (in our world) disordered." Pray, of how many Parts, allow us most anxiously to inquire, do you imagine that the result of your inquiries may come ultimately to consist? And how many Books, may we tremblingly beseech you to hint in prophecy, each part may in itself contain? For mercy's sake, remember the Excursion. That self-love is universal, you have proved beyond all controversy; nor is your demonstration that "in our world it is disordered," less complete. Henceforth these are two great and conspicuous truths in moral science. Heretofore they were once in an age, perhaps, seen glimmering through mist—now, they are as beacons kindled on the blue hill-top, and visible to all the nations. Think not of any farther results of your inquiries; but sit down contentedly among the immortal benefactors of your kind. Posterity, depend upon it, will do you justice; for, blind and base as we now are, posterity will be endowed with every virtue under the sun,—with wisdom to know merit, and generosity to reward it. We would not give a few grave and solemn words of well-meditated commendation from the hallowed lips of Posterity, for all the din brayed from the gaping mouth of the present Times; of which, be it of senseless censure, or still more senseless praise, we and Wordsworth have long been sick. The Present! between the Past and the Future, how like a fawning publican he looks! The Past—the good Old Past—with both legs in the grave, but with a 'countenance that will be long remembered by all who ever saw it smiling at board, or weeping over bier! The Future—a noble figure—with his face up to heaven, and his feet spurning the very earth on which they tread, bright though it be with

an ethereal flusk of flowers, and the light of a sun that as yet knows not setting, but flames on the forehead of the morning sky. But the Present—we are surprised how he can hold up his head—for what a pitiful pignny is between two such tall fellows as WAS and WILL BE, who, nevertheless, are not what they seem—the one being a ghost, and the other a wraith—both shadows!

We always read the notes to a poem before the poem itself; for men's acquirements peep out in notes; and the acquirements of our author are but moderate. As for example:—

Book I.

Note iv. page 17, line 18.

Or in a Sydney, or a Moore Carew.

Algernon Sydney, who opposed arbitrary power, and was beheaded on Tower-hill, Oct. 7th, 1683. Bamfylde Moore Carew, the celebrated King of the Beggars.

Note v. page 18, line 15.

*Wretched myself, I learn to succour woe.
Haud ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.*

VIRGIL. *ÆNEID.*

Book II.

Note iii. page 39, line 12.

"Ah no! ah no! I counted them!" he cries.

The anecdote here versified, was related to me as a fact.

Book III.

Note ii. page 93, line 12.

He gives—his father six feet under ground.

I am sorry to say that I use the very words of a young man of rank and fashion.

Note iii. page 96, line 10.

Or hear them lip, "The neckcloth makes the man!"

I heard this in sober earnest.

Note vi. page 101, line 17.

"Quit hope for ever, ye who enter here!"

"Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate!"

DANTE L'*INFERNO.*

Note xvi. page 124, line 12.

*See pens perpetual as the strains they write.
Ruby pens.*

Book IV.

Note iv. page 144, line 20.

Cæsar, Tiberius, Trajan, all in one.

Cæsar in arms, Tiberius in policy, Trajan in works of peace.

Note v.

Like asps and toads, afraid to breathe her air.

It is said no venomous reptile will live in Ireland.

Note viii. page 161, line 10.

Five righteous, fifty thousand prostitutes!

I only give the census of these unhappy beings, taken two years ago. Of course, it would be now increased.

Note ix. page 164, line 18.

Compose the sad chimera of our home.

Chimera was one of the fabled monsters of antiquity, described as having three heads,—that of a lion, a goat, and a dragon, and as continually vomiting flames.

Note x. page 170, line 2.

The hapless Iphigenia of a name!

I am aware that the penultimate of Iphigenia is accounted long; but Dryden has consecrated the false quantity in his Cymon and Iphigenia.

Was there ever such miserable drivelling, and conceited coxcombry! Is no credit to be given to the Reading Public, for the most superficial acquaintance with the most ordinary common-places? The old lady's range of reading is not, perhaps, very extensive; but she has heard of Algernon Sydney and Bamfylde Moore Carew. But for his notes, our satirist might have passed for a scholar, for his text is sometimes even more than respectable—vigorous, sweeping, and acute, not unlike a scythe in the grasp of a Cumberland mower. But his notes are small talk indeed, and within the bounds of a man-milliner's apprentice!

Let not the author think that we are not going to praise him; but we praise people after a fashion of our own. We slobber no man's muse. After eleven pages of shallow and muddy metaphysics, near the top of page 12, he brightens up and writes with elegance and spirit. Self-love, he says, is an illusive atmosphere between creation and the human mind; and he illustrates that assertion even finely.

"Lo, the same object, shall ten thousand reach,
Tinged with the temper, rank, pursuits of each.

Behold yon silver planet of the night,
How, with the soul, it varies to the sight!

'Tis love's own beacon to the love-sick maid;

To clowns, a lamp to light them home to bed;

Soft queen of shadows, to the limner's gaze;

To farmers, pledge of bright or stormy days;

To bards, the gem of night's resplendent robe;

To sage astronomer, a spotted globe;
To the pleased child, a cheese or fire-
balloon;
To some, the moon, and nothing but the
moon."

He then shows how "association
casts her rainbow hues" over the cus-
toms of different nations, and all their
tastes. Pleasure, too, is under the
power of the same principle. Here is
a very pointed paragraph:—

"What's pleasure? Cries a debtor,
'To be free!'
Thinks Casta, 'Scandal, and a dish of
tea.'
'Tis here a pipe; 'tis there a knife and
fork;
A dog; a gun; a bit of floating cork;
To track a rein-deer through the polar
snow;
To chew a drug; to spare, to eat a fox;
A fireside friend; a visit to the Hells;
A dance at Almack's, or at Bagniggs
Wells;
On spotted cards eternally to look;
Or gaze on wisdom's or on nature's
book."

One likes to read lines like these—
and on reading them, one wishes they
knew the author, and would be happy
to sweeten for him a jug of hot toddy.
Nor is the succeeding passage about
knowledge less meritorious:—

"See knowledge, too, in various ba-
lance weigh'd,
Seem but to each the knowledge of his
trade.
The God of Dance hurl'd thrones be-
neath his feet;
Wit jeers at science, science frowns on
wit.
Hume hears a Handel's tuneful toils with
scorn;
Mallebranche much marvels why a Pope
was born;
And mercers pity, as the worst of woes,
A Newton's ignorance of calicoes."

He then bids "all ranks attend,"
and undertakes to show how, accord-
ing to each individual's idiosyncrasy,
he gives his own definition of a Plea-
sant Man. Here too he is lively
enough,—and in page 19, we shall,
now that we are in good humour, call
him even brilliant:—

"In this, Self-love is universal shown,
Our interest deepens in what's *er's* our
own

Stocks, these exempt from fortune's
blind control,
Stand at eternal omnium in the soul.
Can Stowe's bright realms efface our
flowery plot,
Or Blenheim's glories dim our woodlark
cot?
Our own achievements of hand, head, or
heart,
Eclipse a Scipio's deeds, a Chastrey's
art.
Can Titian's tints your rapt attention
call,
When your own canvass glares upon the
wall?
Can Milton's pomp detain your fancy
long,
When your own lyre has just squeak'd
out a song?
The brain parturient cackles o'er its
birth,
And tells its triumph to the headless
earth.
Hence infant wonders swell the parent's
pride,
Wonders of dulness to the world beside.
With reverent hands, the babe, ye nurses,
rock,
Millionth avatar of the mighty Locke.
Wit, genius, wisdom, why so rare below,
When thus in cradles and on tombs ye
glow?
Between two worlds your glories melt
away,
And 'fade into the light of common
day.'"

He then attempts various sketches
of generic character, and is occasion-
ally successful. His Kit-Kat of Inte-
ger—a person who prides himself on
his honesty and independence, and
conceives himself justified, by the
possession of such extraordinary vir-
tues, in being a monster of insolence
and rudeness, is a good likeness. We
know the villain, and shall not be at
all surprised to see his execution in
the newspapers. True, that at pre-
sent his income is just "six hundred
pounds a-year,"—but we believe there
is a flaw in his title-deeds, and a tenth-
cousin, now a blacksmith in Porta-
mouth, is sure of getting the property.
With his independence, on which In-
teger's honesty has hitherto been built,
that honesty will be reduced—Integer
will commit forgery—and Integer will
be hanged. We, who are, as we said in
an early part of this article, of a for-
giving disposition, will consider this even
as ample amends for all the overbear-
ing brutalities of which he was guilty

in the days of his better principles.—and bedew his Last Speech and Dying Words with a tear. The Integrity that is supported by pride, stumbles when Pride gets a fall. The two go to the ground together, and on rising to shake themselves clean of the mire, why, they are mutually astonished to see themselves transmogrified, the one into Roguery, and the other into Shame,—and off they go, linked arm-in-arm, through lanes and alleys, all leading directly or circuitously, either to the Treadmill, the Penitentiary, or the front of the Horsemonger.

“ *Er’s in the best, who war with wild Self-will,*

How oft some vanity betrays it still !
How good is Clericus, ah, how refined !
His ruling passion’s to reform mankind.
Two easy things can cool him in a trice—
Not to take his, or give him your advice.”

These are but feeble lines, but the observation is just. You are not entitled to expect that any of the laity will take advice from any one member of their own body ; for it is universally understood, that no advice shall be permitted in good lay society. The prig that proffers it is forthwith cut ; but Clericus never opens his mouth professionally, but to give advice, and advice, too, about the health of your soul, whose constitution may have suffered greatly in a warm climate, and be completely broken down. The mere bodily physician only gives his advice when it is asked ; and that is not frequent, because of the fee. His advice, too, is generally not difficult to swallow, either in the shape of draught or pill ; you make an ugly face, and gulp it down, leaving it to work of itself ; and people in ordinary health seldom require more than four doses a-year, one at the commencement of each of the seasons. But Clericus is at you publicly, tooth and nail, twice every Sunday—besides thanksgiving and fast-days—and privately, on week-days, when he comes to exhort or dine. His advice comprehends all the duties which the head of a house can possibly overtake or pursue ; and it is usually administered with a most authoritative aspect, as if the salvation of your soul depended on each daily dose. It matters not what may be the age of Clericus, his talents, or knowledge of this world, or the world to come—you must

be mute and mum while he proclaims your duty ; and if you do not follow it, why, there is no mincing the matter—you must be damned. Now, all this is very well, at least it is tolerably so, and perhaps there would be danger and evil in attempting to change the system. But might it not be modified ? At all events, what right, human or divine, has the said Clericus to draw himself up, till several cubits are added to his stature, and to frown like a Gorgon or Saracen’s Head, at the very first gentle, hesitating advance on your part towards offering him a little spiritual or temporal advice in return ? But only try that, and—Heaven defend us !—what a bristle ! While you have not scrupled to stand for hours open-mouthed, that he might pour advice of all sorts down your throat, and have made him one of your best legs in token of your gratitude, he keeps his teeth fast, as if seized with lock-jaw, the instant you approach with your little vial of wrath, to administer purgation to his sins. The turning of the tables he cannot abide ; so he ups with his shovel-hat, and, in a huff, away off the premises !

It is well known, that we are attached by the strongest ligatures to our establishments in Church and State ; and in the strength and warmth of that attachment do we now speak. Far be it from us to throw dirt in that quarter, or indeed in any other ; but what we now aim at in these hurried remarks, is to throw light on human nature. Clergymen are not a whit worse than soldiers : Talk of fighting in presence of one of the Waterloo medallists, and he eyes you as if he thought you not only a ninny, but a poltroon. Had you been at Mont St Jean, there is no reason to believe that you would have conducted the retreat of your company with less alacrity than himself, nor would you have yielded to his brother hero on the right, who keeps moulding his mustachios, and adjusting the bauble, too, dangling at his button-hole, in the circumspection of a British officer, if it had been your fate, on that glorious day, to guard, along with him, the baggage-wagon, in the rear, within the faint echo of Wellington’s and Napoleon’s united thunder, almost as alarming as that of Mr Canning and Mr Brougham.

What have we got here ? We must put on our spectacles, for we cannot

believe the naked eye. A picture of ourselves! Had we known this, confound us if we had been so lavish of our praise. A very little thing would make us re-write this article into a cutting-up. Who sees not Christopher North in Amitor?

"O amiable Amitor! for thee
Smiles the snug literary coterie.
For thee the Album all its treasures
spreads,
For thee green tea its dewy fragrance
sheds;
For thee soft hands the softer footstool
bear,
And urge the honours of the easy chair.
Unver'd by wife or mistress, girl or boy,
Thy world is paradise, thy life is joy.
Thy motto still, 'Slide softly, softly slide!'
Where others sink, thou gracefully canst
glide:
Tedious discussion never beat thy brow,
Thy only answer is an easy bow;
Above all envy, enmity, or strife,
Thou wavest the disagreeables of life.
Let others fix their love on friends or
pelf,
Thy safer way's to fix it on thyself.
Riches have wings, our friends we may
survive,
But thou thine idol never canst outlive,
Twined with thy heart-strings, breathing
in thy breath,
Born at thy birth, and dying at thy death.
Yet who thy winning influence can resist,
Refined and inoffensive egotist?
We own the charm, although its aim we
see,
And yield the love, we never win from
thee."

Well, though not flattering—it might have been worse. We have seen uglier likenesses of ourselves, ere now, in various portrait-galleries—and must be contented. The truth is, that our likeness is very difficult to be taken, and is indeed beyond the power of Brush. Our face is not regularly handsome—it never was so—yet we are not an absolute Abellino neither, addicted as we have often most ignorantly been alleged to be, to assassination of private character. We cannot charge our memory, at this blessed hour, with having assassinated, or been actively privy to the assassination of any one single private character, though to a few public ones we have certainly given deadly thrusts, but never—no never—in the back, or over the shoulder,—(we did not mur-

der Begbie.)—always without one exception, front to front with our enemy, have we struck him like a man in the heart. Drowning a Cockney in the Serpentine or the New-River, cannot be called assassination, with any scholar-like regard to etymology. Against ducking old women in ponds, we have ever set our face, even when we knew them to be wicked witches,—and though a few petulant and blackguard boys have more than once roared out "murder" upon us, in order to collect a crowd, it was but a "clour," on top or bottom with our crutch, whose sovereign virtue cured them into respectable citizens as they grew up, so that some of them afterwards have written us pretty letters of congratulation, in the maturity of manhood, when Magistrates or Mayors, with gold chains, instead of hempen cords, round their necks, and on their heads, instead of night-caps, cocked-hat.

Our author, we suspect, from the following passage, evidently written *con amore*, is himself not a little of an epicure. Indeed, who loves not the good things of this transitory life?

"Small wit the fav'ring million can
ensure,
Who dares to call Apicius epicure?
Oh, who, like him, the snipe, the teal
can carve,
And, while his neighbours eat, in patience
starve?
Then of each bird how well he knows
the best!
'This leg, allow me, sir; this wing, this
breast.'
Meantime the choicest part he drops
below,
Skill'd when to hide the morsel, when
to show.
All forks employ'd, 'Well, who'd have
thought?' he cries,
'(Dear madam, take it, pray!) you know
my eyes.'
With well-bred art from plate to plate
'tis past,
And calmly laid upon his own at last.
But, ah! what pangs belie his quivering
smile,
If some odd glutton should detect the
guile,
Pounce on the bit, in ill-dissembled glee,
With, 'I'm not nice; nay, this will do
for me!'"

Then follow some spirited sketches—we forget of what—when the author

unfortunately gets historical; visits France and Spain; goes unaccountably to Circassia; then babbles of the Tigris; then, with a noble defiance of geography and hydrography, makes, if we mistake not, the tour of Italy—crosses the Atlantic—from what port setting sail, it is in vain to conjecture; and then gives us a bird's-eye view of the habitable globe in general, exclaiming like a philosopher,

“ Ah, how his fortitude would shine, if drest
in Roman toga or in Grecian vest!
From clime to clime, th' eternal features strike,
Still so dissimilar, yet so alike;
Base in the Brahmin, fierce in the Burmese,
And finally grave in the Chinese.”

Unhappy from home, he returns, in Book Third, to England, and spouts away very fluently about the contrast between modern and ancient times—of education as the principal cause of English depravation—of literature, and the drama; “the debased state of which,” he declares to be the infallible sign of our “breaking hopes, and deadly ruin.” “Her sickly theatre concludes her Fate!” There is a rare touch of Cockneyism for you! Yet our author is not, on the whole, a Cockney, and that accounts for our evident partiality to him, and for the audatory style of our article. It is a matter of the most perfect indifference to the well-being of all the world, whether the managers of Covent Garden and Drury Lane get up the tragedies of Shakspeare, or the farces of Foote—whether the pit, boxes, and galleries weep over Desdemona, or laugh at Paul Pry. Horses may dance hornpipes—dogs be rewarded on the boards, for saving men's lives, with silver collars, by a deputation from the Humane Society—sentimental tears may enact *peux chevaliers en comédie larmoyante*—monkeys may mouth the character of presidents of mechanical institutions—and parrots play the parts of patriots haranguing in Palace-Yard—all this may show that the drama is at a very low ebb—that the theatre is sickly—and such satirists as our friend of this afternoon may dip their pens in gall, spleen, sweat, blood, and tears, predicting the decline and fall of the British empire;

yet the stocks shall rise—exchequer bills be at a premium—Colonel French shall carry into execution his plan of the London quay, and Mr Brougham open his eyes all at once to the propriety of granting hundreds of thousands of pounds of paper-money for the Palaces of Princes. Free trade shall spread wealth over the whole land, from Spitalfields to Lerwick—and seven million naked red-hot Catholic Irishmen be admitted into full enjoyment of all the blessings of this our Protestant constitution in Church and State. The fate of a great nation foreboded by a sickly theatre! What have the summer and winter houses to do with a nation? Cannot poor players fret and fume, and strut their hour upon a stage, without endangering the state? Does the prosperity of this country depend upon Kean, or Liston, or Grimaldi, or Madam Vestris, or Mrs Gibbs, or Miss Foote? Here our worthy friend brays like an ass, and startles us with the unsuspected length of his ears. But this comes of having a free-ticket. He shows more sense when howling against the Hells. The following passage has been indited fresh from the perusal of Juvenal—perhaps in Gifford's translation—for our satirist seems not much of a classical scholar—but he has read either the original or the translation to some purpose—and we cordially commend the boldness and vigour of this picture:—

“ Through gas-lit streets, where the
pale harlot strays,
And plucks each passing Joseph by the
stays;
Where men of frolic, reeling home to-
bed,
Break now a lamp, and now a watchman's
head;
Where London's morning midnight broods
o'er all,
And silence is but broken by a brawl;
We glide secure, till to a door we come,
Whence, ever-issuing, sounds a hive-like
hum.
Conceal'd from common eyes, to ours
made clear,
Graved o'er the portal, these sad words
appear—
‘Quit hope for ever, ye who enter here!’
Now with some guest, unseen, we slip
along,
A vast saloon receives the scatter'd throng.
Gems, feathers, ribands, gold, and rich
array,

Compose the dazzling scene. Yet, is it
guy?
Though sun-like lamps the painted walls
illumine,
The very brilliance hath an air of gloom.
A haunting mystery lowers o'er all the
place,
The frown of sin, the shadow of disgrace.
All seem to act a festival of shame,
Some hellish rite,—a deed without a
name.
Nor dance inspires, nor music breathes
around,
Creeps o'er the room a vague, unjoyous
sound;
A low dull murmur, that by fits breaks
out
In frantic laughter, or a quick wild shout:
In whispers bestial joys are bought and
sold,
And gamesters mutter o'er their heaps of
gold.
Unsocial groups in converse lurk apart,
Here glow the sharper's, there the wan-
ton's mart.
See bloated harlots, liberal of their charms,
Bare their full bosoms and exuberant arms
Fair to the eye, and to the fancy fresh,
So many pounds of marketable flesh.
Where blooms the brightest, lo! without
a quail,
Some feeble wretch stands paddling with
her palm;
Prone to the joy, yet haggling for the
price,
With youth's hot sin, and age's avarice.
Then off they glide beneath the distant
gleam,
Like horrid phantoms in a feverish dream.
Explore the throng! Behold gay Plea-
sure's train,
Faces of demons, with the forms of men.
Here Malice grins, Lust rolls his eye-balls
there,
Terrible Triumph, impotent Despair.
Here shadowy Joy and real Anguish reign,
Radiant Disease, bold Fear, and laughing
Pain.
Infamous Fame, proud Ruin, smiling
Rage,
Indigent Wealth, aged Youth, and youth-
ful Age."

We shall not weaken the impression
of this picture, drawn and coloured
from life, and on the spot, by any
additional daubing of our own.

In the fourth and last Book (and
we must positively have no more of
them), the author undertakes to show
how the powerful and successful part
of mankind, when under the evil in-
fluence of Self-love, must be the curse
and scourge of the weaker. The dis-

asters thus brought on nations are
first discussed. As long, he remarks in
his abstract, as a country imparts to
other countries her arts and her mer-
chandise, and joins with them to de-
fend their common rights against en-
croaching powers, so long she pros-
pers; but, striving to aggrandize
herself alone, she inevitably falls.
Rome is adduced, as an example, both
in her Imperial and Papal power of
sway. Without expressing our entire
acquiescence with their political econo-
my and their politics, or indeed pre-
tending to understand what may be
meant "by a country imparting to
other countries her arts and her mer-
chandise," a thing not to be prevented,
it gives us pleasure to say, that our sa-
tirist has written some vigorous, and
even fine lines on this part of his sub-
ject. As for example:—

"Shall great example point the moral
home?
Men, patriots, despots! turn your eyes
on Rome!
Strong was her glorious childhood; bold
and sage,
With well-knit sinews, rose her riper age.
Quite unencumber'd with superfluous
store,
Each took what nature needed, and no
more;
No private treasures swell'd from sire to
son,
But coarse dictators till'd the fields they
won.
Long Rome retain'd her founder's cot of
straw,
It fell, and with it fell each simple law.
As guilty thoughts prepare the soul for
sin,
Ere sank her strength, corruption mined
within.
Herself a slave, to all the yoke she bears,
The tyrant of mankind as Caesar here.
Her eagle grasp compels the subject orb
Her aim, her craft, her glory, to absorb.
Through lust, through sloth, the ruling
passion grows,
And faint in Claudius, fierce in Nero
glows.
Swell high the clamour! Raise the exult-
ing lay!
The costly triumph winds along the way!
O senseless people! these are honours
due
Not for a conquest o'er your foes, but you.
They, bound in limbs, their subject lot be-
mean,
While, chain'd in soul, ye celebrate your
own.
Repletion fills the apoplectic state,

& Adrian taught, and Probus strove too late.
 min she towers, by holy zeal restored,
 and binds the crozier to the Cæsar's sword.
 and as of old to conquer, and control,
 she claims a bolder empire o'er the soul.
 tions adore; kings own her sovereign sway,
 and vanquish'd victors tremble and obey.
 it chains, if once too tightly drawn they be,
 break of themselves, and set the captives free.
 now vainly o'er the world her thunders pass,
 she his, whose coursers shake the bridge of brass;
 none in the dust she grovels, twice o'er-thrown,
 and heaven insulted vindicates its own."

Immediately after this there is a sort falling off about the grievances of our Ireland. He says to Britain—

When Guilt's deep groans resound
 creation's knell,
 when Ireland's name shall crush thee
 down to hell."

Two such lines as these are bad enough to crush the perpetrator of them, not, perhaps, down to the place into which Britain is finally to sink, but, at the very least, to Purgatory. He goes on, heedless of his doom, thus:—

Spaniels may crouch, roused lions never spare,
 rebellion is the virtue of despair.
 When Ireland tells her tales of wasted life,
 the merciless musket, and the desperate knife;
 then, Britain, tremble with a murderer's fears;
 kneel, kneel for grace! These crimes are thine, not hers!"

This passage we have since heard turned into prose in the House of Commons, by the Prime Minister, or Sir Francis Burdett, or Mr Brougham, we really forget which—and it is not say too much to admire its frantic boldness. For our own parts, we beg leave indignantly to disclaim any participation in the burning of the Sheas. We are merely an individual or atom of Great Britain; but Great Britain without us, and others, could not exist, except in the capacity of

chalk cliffs, who are prevented by physical necessity from being moral agents; and, therefore, we and others, each according to the supposed quantum of his guilt, must suffer the pains and penalties denounced against her as the perpetrator of that enormity. God forbid that we should deny our country—but we may deny her guilt, or loudly vociferate our own innocence, which accordingly we now do with all our lungs; and once more swear, that Christopher North was not present at the burning of the Sheas, nor was in any way privy, accessory, or instrumental, to the kindling of that bloody incrimination.

From the wrongs of Erin the transition is easy to those of Greece; and here the author had a better theme for declamation and poetry. We by no means intimate our opinion that Greece is half such a fine country as Ireland—God forbid it ever should be; or that the Clephts of the mountains of Pindus, if Clephts inhabit there, are for a moment to be compared with the Carders or Peep-o'-day boys of the mountains of Tipperary—if that be a murderous and a mountainous county. We would not give General Holt, or Captain Rook, for all the Greek chiefs in a slump. But all that we do mean to say is, that Greece is Greece, although "living Greece no more;" and that no man ought to write verses about her, unless he can read Homer, Æschylus, and Pindar. Now, we bet a barrel of oysters to a mug of muscels, that our friend, clever as he is, cannot construe a chorus of the Perseus or the Agamemnon. What classical scholar, with the word Greece in his mouth or ears, could have stopped suddenly short in an indignant strain, and given vent to such a calculation as this?—

"If generous ardour fail, let interest call:
 Let all repel the ill that threatens all!
 Dare realms repose, when tyrants trample
 laws?"

The cause of freedom is a common cause.
 As erst the North, from her mysterious lairs,

Pour'd the fierce myriads of her wolves
 and bears,

A cloud of locusts from the South shall sweep,

Bark the soft vineyards, and the corn-
 fields reap.

The living storm rolls gathering on its way,

And rushes o'er her narrow slip of sea.
Behold the turban throng our streets and
homes,
The crescent sparkle on Britannia's
domes!
Her sons die martyrs, or their God for-
sake,
Crouch to the lash, or writhe around the
stake;
Her wives and daughters, into harams
thrust,
Shake the base fires of Asiatic lust;
While Greece, half rescued as her tyrants
range,
O'er her false friends exulting hails re-
venge."

Great Britain invaded by the Turks!
That beats cock-fighting.

Having leapt, in his fine frenzy,
from Ireland to the Morea, he bounces
from the Morea to the Leeward and
Windward West India Islands, and
thus denounces slavery and the slave
trade:—

"Make angels weep, reverse God's prime
decree,
To spice a pudding, or to sweeten tea!"

These are two very safe and sound-
ing lines from an anonymous writer.
But let him give his name, profession,
and place of abode, both street and
number of the house; and he will
prove, we lay our life on it, as spicy a
gentleman as ever put spoon to pud-
ding. He is, perhaps, at this very mo-
ment, drawing up his fifth cup of su-
per-sweetened bohea, like a thirsty
horse with his nose in a pail of meal
and water. Three enormous lumps of
the finest loaf sugar in each basin!—
Yes, the Cannibal is absolutely quaf-
fing human blood.

We have all along had a shrewd
suspicion that our satirist never was
at College! He is neither an Oxonian
nor a Cantab—and we doubt his ever
becoming even a Lecturer in the Uni-
versity of London. Hear him—hear
him—hear—hear—hear!

"Pierce we the grove of Academe; at
least
They teach, if nothing else, the art to
feast.
How high their rulers prize that art, we
know,
Since, by its aid, their noblest thoughts
they show:
Celestial ardour for their country's good,
Or to a founder their deep gratitude,
High zeal for church, fond loyalty to
state;

One hieroglyphic does for all—they eat!
Behold the nursing fathers of the land,
The red gill swelling o'er the snow-white
band,
Profane the hall, where pictured men
frown,
And the spare martyr on their joy look
down!
See them with revels celebrate the birth
Of him who came in poverty to earth!
The day of Christ, the temperate, the
pure,
Calls forth from far each heavy epicure,
To cast in shade redoubted heathen tale
Of peacocks' brains, or tongues of night-
ingales.
Through the long rows, from head to
hand convey'd,
Dish follows dish, and cates to cates suc-
ceed;
Each sauce, the languid palate to pro-
voke,
And all is grease and gravy, noise and
smoke.
As courses change, each hails the new
repast
With all the eager energy of fast.
See with what gravity of greedy care
The Senior ponders o'er the bill of fare!
'Bring me the haunch!' at length he aw-
ful cries,
Adjusts his sleeves, rolls round his hun-
gry eyes,
Twirls high the twinkling instruments of
fate,
Gives the deep gash, and, zealous, loads
his plate.
Just muttering, as he swings the dish
below,
'All who dine here must help themselves,
you know.'
If tiresome query a reply compels,
He grunts his hasty monosyllables.
This sacred truth alone his studies teach,
'The mouth was made for better things
than speech.'
Why linger here? From Learning's re-
gion fly!
Go, wretch, and revel in thy kindred sty!
'Our feasts,' you answer, 'yield the
butcher bread;'
Yes, and the doctor;—but is Famine fed?
Repletion's overplus is real waste;
What's gain'd? That you procure the
joys of taste,
Living, a few more inches in the girth;
Dying, a larger legacy for earth.
How human ills would sink, did all com-
bine
To learn life's hardest lesson—to resign!
Thy proudest court, O Selfishness, is
seen
Round the rich cushion of the college
Dean.

While drain thy hairs the fatness of the
 soil,
 ingenious nothingness is all their toil.
 What lend their works society to aid?
 A few more fools than Nature ever made.
 Smile, hated Rome! Grave anti-papists
 these,
 Let boast their synods and indulgences;
 a name good protestants, sad monks in
 life,
 Mock the lone priest, yet never take a
 wife.
 What difference, say, if cruel loss of bread,
 Or the pope's bull, forbid the marriage
 bed?
 Lost to each tie that this dark world en-
 dears,
 The sigh that pleases, and the smile that
 cheers,
 Each joys they know, as limpets on a rock,
 In exalted uses of a barber's block.
 They eat, and drink, and sleep in solemn
 train,
 Then rise to eat, and drink, and sleep
 again.
 So, in a narrow vase, the stifed shoots
 Mar the fresh foliage with a mass of
 roots."

These are not bad lines; but we re-
 peat it, the writer has never had an
 Alma Mater. Or stay—haply he was
 plucked! No man ever abused Oxford
 or Cambridge, but in one of the Three
 Predicaments. Either his education
 finished at Christ's-Hospital—Or from
 being refused a certificate in the
 schools, he has become a married man,
 without having been a Bachelor—Or
 with some abilities, he has unsucces-
 sfully stood for a Fellowship. This is
 what we mean by standing in one of
 the Three Predicaments. It is such
 persons alone that aspire to write
 down the Universities. Of the three
 classes of Predicamentists, the fiercest
 are the Plucked. No wonder—for
 they libel with the very quills extract-
 ed from their own opinions by the
 fingers of merciless Public Examiners,
 —and no animal bites so madly as a
 roose in pain.

The good living in Colleges is always
 a bone for such worthies to pick; and,
 thank Heaven, it is good living. "Do
 you think," said Dr Johnson, "do
 you think, sir, that all the good things
 in the world were made for Block-
 heads?" Why, a man in the Second
 Predicament would grudge brown
 bread and ditch-water to the scholar

that plucked him. He would fain
 poison the whole High-Table. He
 loathes the thought of his own former
 feeding—fouler far, when a servitor or
 sizer, than that of a senior fellow,—
 and tries, in vain rage, to transfer the
 sin of his own ignorance to the glut-
 tony of his Tutor. But because he
 was plucked for stupidity, in whose
 system of logic is that a sufficient
 reason for starving a whole Founda-
 tion? He sees everything discoloured,
 and more than doubled in mag-
 nitude. "The red gill swelling o'er
 the snow-white band," (a fair line
 enough,) is, to the optic of the un-
 plucked, a face with a fine complex-
 ion—rather oval than otherwise, and
 beaming with benignity and erudi-
 tion. Then, the calm, cool, composed
 cloisters—the venerable—the glorious
 groves of Magdalene—or Mertoun—
 or Christ-Church—he would fain see
 them withered, Temple and Tower all
 gone to dust—for no other reason but
 because he was a Blockhead.

Such is our critique on the "Reign-
 ing Vice." To the author we have
 been far from complimentary. But
 one good office we have done him—
 we have quoted as many of his best
 passages as we could find room for,
 and but one bad one. We shall be
 happy to find that the public impres-
 sion is, that we have not done him
 justice. We have made him put his
 best foot foremost, and address the
 world in his most forcible style. We
 have hinted at, but not exposed his
 weaknesses—fully allowed, if we have
 not sufficiently lauded, his abilities.
 If he be—what we are more and more
 disposed to believe—the longer we
 look at his volume—an honest, wor-
 thy, clever, spirited, and good-hu-
 moured fellow, with rather too obvi-
 ous a partiality to himself, and a lean-
 ing towards the pedantic and philoso-
 phical—we think he will take our
 strictures in good part, and seek to
 shame our judgement by a still better
 composition—while, if he be a ———.
 But we must not accuse any man of
 being anything that is bad, on a mere
 hypothesis—so conclude with express-
 ing our conviction, that he is not only
 "considerable shakes" of a satirist,
 but an excellent son, a kind brother,
 a faithful husband, and an affectionate
 father.

Noctes Ambrosianae.

No. XXXIII.

ΕΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΒΟΡΙΩ ΚΥΑΙΚΩΝ ΙΕΡΤΝΙΕΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΑΒΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΑΑΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

Σ.

PHOC. ap. Ath.

[This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
" NOT TO LET THE JUG FACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIFFLE ;
" BUT EASILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."
An excellent rule of the hearty old cook 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]

C. N. ap. Amb.

SCENE I.—Porch of Bushanan Lodge.—Time Evening.

MRS GENTLE—MISS GENTLE—NORTH—SHEPHERD—COLONEL CERIL
THORNTON—TICKLER.

SHEPHERD.

I just ca' this perfec' Paradise. Oh ! Mem ! but that's the mateest knitting
ever blessed the e'en o' meae. Is't for a veil to your dochter's bonny face ?
I'm glad it's no ower deep, me that it winna hide it a'thegither—for sure among
sie a party o' freens as this, the young leddy 'll fergie me for sayin' at ance,
that there's na a mair beautifu' crotur in a' Scotland.

MRS GENTLE.

See, Mr Hogg, how you have made poor Mary hang down her head—but
you Rects—

SHEPHERD.

Breathes and has our beings in love, and delight in the fair and innocent
things o' this creation. Fergie me, Miss Gentle, for bringing the blush to
your breo—like sunlight on snaw—for I'm but a simple shepherd, and whiles
says things I sudna say, out o' the very fulness of my heart.

MRS GENTLE.

Mary, fetch my smaller shuttle from the parlour—it is lying, I believe, on
one of the cushions of the yellow sofa. [Miss GENTLE retires.

SHEPHERD.

Oh ! Mem ! that my ain dochter may grew up, under the blessing o' God,
sie a flower ! I've often heard tell o' you and her—and o' Mr North's freen-
ship o' said for her father—

NORTH.

Hallo—James—there's a wasp running along your shoulder in the direction
of your ear.

SHEPHERD.

A wasp—say ye ? Whilk shouther ? Ding't aff, some o' ye. Wull nae
o' ye either speak or stir ? Whilk shouther I say ? Confoun' ye, Tickler—
ye great heigh neerdewee, wunna ye say whilk shouther ? Is't aff ?

TICKLER.

Off ? No, James, that it is'nt. How it is pricking along, like an armed
knight, up the creases of your neckcloth. Left chin—Shepherd.

MRS GENTLE.

Allow me, Mr Hogg, to remove the unwelcome visitor. (MRS GENTLE
rises and scares the wasp with her handkerchief.)

SHEPHERD.

That's like a ledgy as you are. There's nae kindness like kindness frae the haun o' a woman.

TICKLER.

He was within an inch o' your ear, Hogg, and had made good his entrance, but for the entanglement of the dusty whisker.

SHEPHERD.

That's no a word, sir, to speak afore a ledgy. It's coorse. But you're wrang again, sir, for the wasp cudna' hae made gude his entrance by that avenue, for my left lug's stuffed wi' cotton.

NORTH.

How happens it, my dear James, that on coming to town, you are never without a cold? That country will kill you—we shall be losing you, James, some day, of a brain-fever.

SHEPHERD.

A vera proper death for a poet. But it's just your ain vile, vapoury, thick, dull, yellow, brown, dead, drizzling, damned (beg your pardon, Mem) easterly harr o' Embro', that gies me the rheumatics. In the kintra I think naething o' daunderin awa' to the holms, without my bannet, or onything round my chaffs—even though it sud be raining—and the weather has nae ither effec than to gar my hair grow.

NORTH.

You must have been daundering about a good deal lately then, my dear James, for I never saw you with such a crop of hair in my life.

SHEPHERD.

It's verra weel for you that's bald, to tauk about a crap o' hair. But the mair hair a man has on his head the better, as lang's it's toosey—and no in candle-wick fashion. What say ye, Cornall, for, judging frae your ain pow, you're o' my opinion.

C. CYRIL THORNTON.

I see, Mr Hogg, that we both patronize Macassar.

SHEPHERD.

What? Macassar ile? Deevil a drap o't ever wat my weeg—nor never call—it's stinkin stuff—as are a' the iles—and gies an unwholesome and unnatural greasy glimmer to ane's hair, just like sae muckle creesh.

C. CYRIL THORNTON.

'Pen my honour, my dear Mr Hogg, I never suspected you of a wig.

SHEPHERD.

Hoots, man, I was metaphorical. It's a weeg o' nature's weavin'. (*Re-enter Miss GENTLE with a small ivory shuttle in her hand.*) Come awa—come awa—mem—here's an empty seat near me. (*Miss GENTLE sits down beside the SHEPHERD.*) And I'll no praise your beauty ony mair, for I ken that maidens dinna like blushing, bonny as it makes them—but dinna think it was ony flattery—for gif it was the last word I was ever to speak in this warld, it was God's truth, but no the half o' the truth, and when ye gaed ben the house, I cudna help saying to your Leddy Mother, hoo happy and mair than happy would I be had I sic a dochter.

NORTH.

Would you like, James, that Miss Gentle should give us a few tunes on the piano?

SHEPHERD.

Na, sir—I canna say that I should. Just let the young ledgy sit still. Yet I'm just desperate fond o' music, Miss Gentle—and nae doubt, nae doubt, but thae wee, white, slender fingers, when they touch the spinnet, would wauken the notes, just as the rays o' licht wauken the flowers.

MRS GENTLE.

My daughter has just had a dozen finishing lessons from Miss Yaniewics—and I assure you does no discredit to her teacher.

SHEPHERD.

I'll answer for her, that she dinna do discredit to ony leevin' soul on the face o' this earth—

NORTH.

You play the piano yourself a little, Jaunes, if I remember?

SHEPHERD.

I used to do sae—but I'll defy the fingers o' ony man breathin' to hae twa touches—ane for bane, and the tither for thairm. The piawno and the fiddle are no compawtible. You've had some lessons, Mem, I think your motha was saying, frae Miss Yaniewicz?

MISS GENTLE.

Yes, sir.

SHEPHERD.

My dear young ledly—I wush you wouldna gie sic short answers—for you needna be feard o' onybody tiring o' that voice. Yet I dinna ken—for at times, after a' the ither birds hae been busy in the woods, amaisht unheard by me as I lay in my plaid on a knowe, and singin' as they aye do, bonnily, bonnily—my heart has gien a sudden stoun' o' uncommunicable delicht, just to hear but twa laigh, sweet, half-mournfu' notes o' the lintwhite in the broom, as if the sweet bird was afraid to hear its ain voice, yet couldna help sae expressin' its happiness in that o' rejoicein' nature. But tell me, Mrs Gentle, is that a white lace veil?

MRS GENTLE.

It is, Mr Hogg—but can you guess for whom? Mary shall work such another for yourself, if you be successful.

SHEPHERD.

Me wi' a white lace veil on! My buck-teeth, as that impudent chiel Tickler ca's them, would cut a fearsome figure through a white lace veil.

MRS GENTLE.

I see you cannot guess for whom, Mr Hogg—so I must tell you—it is for Mr North.

SHEPHERD.

Haw, haw, haw!

MRS GENTLE (*with dignity*).

I really envy you your high spirits, sir—it is a Midge-veil for Mr North, sir.

SHEPHERD.

I ask your forgiveness, my dear madam—I ken lauchin's unco vulgar—but I canna aye help it—a Midge-veil for Mr North!

MRS GENTLE.

You see it's little more than half-finished—but if Mr North will permit me to show you how well it becomes him——

(*Mrs Gentle rises, and drops the midge-veil over Mr North's head and face.*)

SHEPHERD.

Weel, sic a contrivance! Much as I hae suffered in my day under midges, I never had genius for that discovery or invention! Mr North, sir, wull you let me tak the midge-veil intil my ain haun'? I'll neither tear nor runkle't.

TICKLER.

Don't intrust anything so perishable into such paws, North—are you mad?

SHEPHERD.

That's gayen insultin'—but O man, I only pity ye. Something's been gaun wrang at hame, and you're no yoursel'. Let me see—this is the time for changing servants, and his kyuck 'll be leavin' him——

MRS GENTLE.

Take the veil from my hand, Mr Hogg.

SHEPHERD.

Thank you, Mem—everything you say, every step you tak, your sittin' down, and your risin' up's a' sae like a ledly. There, mem, hing't on my thoomb. Noo, let's see hoo't 'll look on anither kind o' head a'thegither.—(*Drops it with the utmost delicacy and tenderness over the auburn ringlets of* MISS GENTLE.)—There! You hae a' o' ye seen a White Lily bending to the morning sunlight, no through weakness or because its stalk is bruised or broken, but because it is the nature o' the flower sae ever to incline, when meekly haudin' up its head to heaven—you hae a' o' ye seen a White Lily, I say, wi' a veil o' dew-drops let down on its sweet-scented hair by the invisible hauns o'

the whispering dawn—dewdrap after dewdrap melting away, till the day has at last left on its lustre but a reviving freshness—and the Flower, whom we poets call the Fair-and-well-Beloved, breathes and brightens afore our een but in its ain virgin innocence;—sic and siclike is the lady noo in presence—and may never heavier pressure be on her forehead than this airy veil, or that ane motionless and diamond-dropt, that, among the singing o' birds, and the murmuring o' streams, and the glintin o' lights, and the sailing o' shadows, fa's down on her silken smood, unfelt by the ringlets it embraces, when, in the sweet hour of prime, she gangs out a' by hersel' into the tender calm, and gazes in delighted wonder on the woods and the waters and the mountains, a' giving glory for anither day o' time to their almighty Maker!

MRS GENTLE.

Mr Hogg, Mr North requested me to take charge of the making of his primrose-wine this season, and I used the freedom of setting aside a dozen bottles for your good lady at Altrive.

SHEPHERD.

Did ye doe sae indeed, Mem? I'm sure that was being maist kind and thoctifu'. I never kent, wad you believe me, till Mr North sent me out your letter last spring, gien' instructions hoo to pu' and preserve them unfaded, that wine could be made o' primroses. Ony gift frae the like o' ane like you, Mem, wull be maist acceptable; and nane but prime favourites sall ever pree't, and them only leddies that kens hoo to value the mistress; but for my ain pairt, you'll pardon me for sayin't, but, as sure's death, I'll no like it.

NORTH.

Will you try a glass of it now, James?

SHEPHERD.

I'm easy. But Miss Gentle 'll pree't. Primrose-wine is just fit for stoocan lips. My dear lassie—na, that's being ower familiar—my lovely leddy, wull I ca' Peter to bring a bottle?

MISS GENTLE.

It is, I think, sir, the pleasantest of all our home-made wines, and I shall be glad to drink a glass of it with you, Mr Hogg.

SHEPHERD.

Peter—Peter—Peter—Pate—I say, Pate!—is the man deaf? But I'll gang and tell him mysell. Is the kitchen to the right or the left haun? I forgot, he'll be in his ain bit neuk o' a batler's pantry.

TICKLER.

Heavens! Hogg, you have roared the thrush out of its nest.

SHEPHERD.

Is there a mavis's nest among the honey-suckles?

MISS GENTLE.

In the Virgin's Bower, sir.

SHEPHERD.

Virgin's Bower, indeed—thou maist innocent o' God's creturs! But ha'st young anes, or is she only sittin'? (*Enter Peter.*) Peter, my braw man, Mr North is ordering you to bring but a bottle o' Primrose wine. (*Exit Peter.*) Wae me, Mr North, but I think Peter's lookin' auld-like.

NORTH.

Like master like man.

C. CYRIL THORNTON.

Nay, nay, sir—I see little or no change on you since I sold out, and that, as you know, was the year in which the allied armies were in Paris.

SHEPHERD.

Weel—I declare, Cornwall, that I'm glad to hear your voice again—for, as far as I ken you on ower short an acquaintance—I wush it had been langer—but plenty o' life let us howp is yet afore us—you hae but only ae fault—and that's no a common ane—you dinna speak half aneuch as muckle's your freens could desire—half aneuch did I say—na, no a fourth pairt—but put a pen intil your haun, and you ding the best o' us. O man! but your Memoirs o' your Youth and Manhood's maist interestin'. I'm no speaking as a critic, and hate phrasin' onybody—but you's no a whit inferior, as a whole, to my ain "Perils."

C. CYRIL THORNTON.

Allow me to assure you, Mr Hegg, that I am fully sensible both of the value and the delicacy of the compliment. Many faults in style and composition your practised and gifted eye could not fail to detect, or I ought rather, in all humility to say, many such faults must have forced themselves upon it; but I know well, at the same time, that the genius which delights the whole world by its own creations, is ever indulgent to the cradities of an ordinary mind, inheriting but feeble powers from nature, and those, as you know, little indebted to art, during an active life that afforded but too few opportunities for their cultivation.

SHEPHERD.

Feeble poo'rs! Ma faith, Corrnall, there's nae symptoms o' feeble poo'rs yonner—you're a strong-thinkin', strong-feelin', strong-writin', strong-actin', and let me add, notwithstanding the want o' that airn that's missin', strong-lookin' man as is in a' his Majesty's dominions—either in the ceevil or military department—and the cleverest fallow in a' Britain might be proud to father you three vollumms. Phrasin's no my fawte—it lies rather the ither way. They're just perfectly capital—and what I never saw afore in a' my born days, and never howp to see again, as sure as echt, the thred vollumms a' the best o' the three,—the story, instead o' dwining awa' intil a consumption, as is the case wi' maist lang stories that are seen gain backwards and forrith, no hemmin' what to do wi' themselfs, and losin' their gate, as sane as it gets dark,—grows stouter and baulder, and mair confident in itself as it proceeds,

Verace aquecxit youndo,

will at last it seems up a' its hall poo'rs for a satisfactory catastrophe, and gangs aff victoriously into the land o' Finis in a sown' like distant thrunner, or, to make use o' a martial simile, sin' I'm speakin' to a sodger, like that o' a discharge o' the great guns o' artillery roaring thanks to the welkin for twa great simultaneous victories baith by sea and land, on ane and the same day.

NORTH.

James, allow me in the name of Colonel Thornton, to return you his very best thanks for your speech.

SHEPHERD.

Aye—aye—Mr North—my man—ye need na, after that, sir, try to review it in Blackwood; or gin you do, hae the grace to avow that I gied ye the germ o' the article, and sen' out to Altrive in a letter the twenty guineas a-sheet.

NORTH.

It shall be done—James.

SHEPHERD.

Or rather suppose—to save yourself the trouble o' writin', which I ken you detest, and me the postage—you just tak out your red-turkey the noo, and fling me ower a twenty-pun Bank post bill—and, for the sake o' auld lang syne, you may keep the shillin's to yourself.

NORTH.

The evening is beginning to get rather cold—and I feel the air, from the draught of that door, in that painful creek of my neck—

SHEPHERD.

That's a' a flam. Ye hae nae crick o' your neck. O sir, you're growin' unce hard—just a verra Joseph Hume. Speak o' sillar, that's to say, o' the payin' o't awa', and you're as deaf's a nit; but be there but a whusper o' payin't intil your haun', and you're as gleg o' hearin' as a mowdiewarp. Is na that true?

NORTH.

Too true—James—I feel that I am the victim of a disease—and of a disease, too, my Shepherd, that can only be cured by death—old-age—we septagenarians are all misers.

SHEPHERD.

O struggle against it, sir! As you love me—struggle against it! Dinna let your imagination settle on the stocks. Pass the shuddin' doors o' the Royal Bank wi' your een shut—sayin' a prayer.—Dear me!—dear me! what's the

maister wi' Mrs Gentle? Greetin' I declare, and wipin' her een wi' Mr North's ain Bandana!—What for are ye greetin', Mrs Gentle? Hae ye gotten a sudden pain in your head? If aye, ye had better gang up stairs, and lie doon.

MRS GENTLE (*in tears, and with a faint sob*).

Mr Hogg—you know not that man's—that noble—generous—glorious man's heart. But for him, what, where, how might I now have been—and my poor orphan daughter there at your side? Orphan I may well call her—for when her brave father, the General, fell—

SHEPHERD.

There's nae punishment ower severe to inflick on me, Mem. But may I never stirr aff this firm, if I was no a' in jeest—but there's naething mair dangerous than ill-timed daffin'—I weel ken that—and this is no the first time I hae wounded folk's feelin's wi' nae mair thocht or intention o' doin' aye than—this angel at my side. Tell your mother, my sweet Miss Gentle, no to be angry or sorry any langer—for his heart, for a' my silly nonsense, lies open afore me, and it's fertile wi' the growth o' a' the virtues, Faith, Hope, and Charity—especially the last, which is, in good truth, but as name for a' the Three.

MRS GENTLE (*Peter entering with tea-tray*).

Mr Hogg, do you prefer black or green tea?

SHEPHERD.

Yes—yes—Mem—black and green tea. But I'm tankin' nonsense. Green—Mem—green—mak' it strong—and I'll drink five cups that I may lie awauk a' night, and repent bringin' the saut tear into your ee by my waur than stupid nonsense about our benefactor.

MISS GENTLE.

Peter, take care of the kettle.

SHEPHERD.

You're ower kind, Miss Gentle, to bid Peter tak care o' the kettle on my account. There's my legs stretched out, that the strop may hiss out its boilin' het steam on my shins, by way o' penance for my ain. I'll no draw a worsted thread through a single ane o' a' the blisters.

MISS GENTLE.

What a beautiful colour, Mr Hogg! One might think that the primroses had melted, and that this is the dew.

SHEPHERD (*drinking and bowing to Miss Gentle*).

Ma sentiment—"May we have in our arms whom we love in our hearts." You wudna like, I ken, just to pronounce thae words after me, but you'll no refuse the feelin'. It's no innocence like yours that fears a bit leaf floatin' on the glass pledged to love and friendship.

TICKLER.

You have not told us, my dear Hogg, how the country is looking this late spring.

SHEPHERD.

Green as a camelion could desire. The second snaw storm gied a' things a drawback as they were hastenin' on into spring; but it had cleared the air, which immediately grew caller—and mair than caller—fu' at times o' a simmer heat, and the change within the week afore last was like that o' mawgie.

MISS GENTLE.

I fear that second snaw storm, sir, must have been fatal to many of the lambs, for, being unlooked for at such a season, the shepherds, perhaps, had not time to bring them from the hill.

SHEPHERD.

It's like you, Mem, to be sorry for the bit lambs. But you'll be happy to hear, baith for their sakes and that o' the farmers, the butchers too, and gentle families in by here in Embro' and the sooburbs, that there wasna five scores starved or smooered in the twa hail parishes o' Ettrick and Yarrow.

NORTH.

And the fruit trees, James?

SHEPHERD.

The jergonelle on Eldenhope's barn-en' is sic a sight wi' blossoms as I never saw. Our ain auld cherry tree that ye thried upon me was dead, might hae been seen miles aff in its glory; and, to be sure, when you stood close till't, it

was like a standard tree o' pearlins and diamonds, brichtning the knowe, and makin' the tawry and tawted sheep that happened to be lyin' sneath it, look as if they had naething to do near sic a glorious and superearthly vision. A' things else I aye think, baith animate and inanimate, even the bonniest among them, get eclipsed into an obscure and common-day-like appearance, whan stannin' aside a great fruit tree in full blossom. But it's only then that they're glorious—at least in this cleemat—for though ripe cherries are just excessive refreshin' the neist morn after toddy, and the delicious sappiness o' the jergonelle wull no bear disputin', on the tree baith fruits hae but a mean appearance; the aneround and poutin' like a kind o' lip I never had ony great fancy tae, and the tither lang, daft-lookin' things like taps and peeries, as indeed in a sense they are; and although multitudinous, yet not in their numbers sublime, for you ken weel aneuch that the servants hae taken on wagers on the maitter, and that, exceptin' them that's plucked stownways, you will ken to a nicety how many dizzens turns out to be in the hale Tot.

MISS GENTLE.

I have never lived one single spring in the country, Mr Hogg, since I was a mere child; but I remember how much more beautiful I used to think it than any other season of the year. All things were so full of gladness and hope; and day after day, the very earth itself, as it grew greener and greener, seemed also to grow happier and more happy.

SHEPHERD.

God bless your dear soul for thinking sae, and God bless these blicht een for seein' it was sae; and God bless your red lips for speakin' o' the spring wi' breath and soun' as sweet and as musical as that o' it's ain blooming bras and murmuring waters.

MISS GENTLE.

I am told that late Springs are generally the best for the country, and that thought and that feeling must make them also the most beautiful, Mr Hogg.

SHEPHERD.

You speak like yersel', Mem. The maist beautiful o' a' Springs, my dear Mem, is, whan early on in the season the weather has been mild and warm, wi' fleen' shoors, and mony glintin' hoors o' sunshine, and whan there comes, a' on a sudden, a ratherly sherp frost, but no sae sherp either as to nip—only to retaird the genial strife o' the poors o' Natur, a' anxious to get burstin' out into leafy life. The verra instant that that week or fortnicht o' a' things observable to ee or mind's ee staunin' still is ower, and the wast wind again begins to waver awa' the cluds into shapes like wee bit shielins and huts, and shiftn' aiblins at sunset to another airt—say the south, bigs them up roan' and aboon his disk, into towers, and temples, and cathedrals,—then I say, a' at ance, the trees unfauld themselves like a banner, or as you micht suddenly unfauld that fan—the yearth, that has been lookin' greyish and gloomyish, wi' a' the roots o' garse like mouses' nests, puts on without warnin' her green cymar, like a fairy bride gaun to be married, and hearin' the sweet jingle o' the siller bells on the mane o' the steed o' her pretty paramour—up wi' first ae lark and then anither, no fearin' to be lost in a cloud, but singin' a' the while in the verra hairt o't, and then visible again as weel as audible, speckin' the blue sky—that's the Spring, Mem, that's the Spring for me,—ae sic day—ay, ae sic hoor—ay, ae sic minnutt o' Natur's book's worth fifty vollums o' prentit prose and poetry, and micht weel require a giftit and a pious commentator. But I'm waxin' wearisome—

MISS GENTLE.

Wearisome, Mr Hogg! Pardon me for venturing to name you so, but the Ettrick Shepherd never could be wearisome to any one possessed of common—

SHEPHERD.

It'll make us a' mair than happy—me, and the mistress, and the weans, and a' our humble household, if, Mrs Gentle, you, and your dutifu' dochter, 'll come out to Yarrow wi' Mr North, his verra first visit. Say, Mem, that you'll do't. Oh! promise you'll do't, and we'll a' be happy as the twenty-second o' June is lang.

MRS GENTLE.

I promise it, Mr Hogg, most cheerfully. The Peebles Fly—

MISS GENTLE.

My mother will make proper arrangements, Mr Hogg, in good time.

SHEPHERD.

And then, indeed, there will be a Gentle Shepherdess in Yarrow.

NORTH.

A vile pun.

SHEPHERD.

Pun? Heaven be praised, I never made a pun in my life. It's no come to that o't wi' me yet. A man's mind must be sair rookit o' thochts before he begins in his dotage to play upon words. But then, I say, there will be a shepherdess in Yarrow; and the author o' Lights and Shadows, who imagines every red-kuted hizzie he meets to be a shepherdess—

MISS GENTLE.

Pardon me, sir, the Lights and Shadows are extremely beau—

SHEPHERD.

Nae mair sugar, Mem, in ma cup; the last was rather ower sweet. What was ye gawn to say, Miss Gentle? but nae matter—it's fixed that your comin' out to Altrive in the Peebles Fly, and—

MISS GENTLE. &c.

The Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life—

SHEPHERD.

I agree with you. They certainly are. Nobody admires the author's genius mair than I do; but—What the deevil's become o' Mr Tickler? I never missed him till this moment.

NORTH.

Yonder he is, James, rolling down the hill all his length with my garden-er's children! happy as any imp among them—and worrying them in play, like an old tiger acting the amiable and paternal with his cubs, whom at another hour he would not care to devour.

SHEPHERD.

Look at him, wi' his heels up i' the air, just like a horse rollin' i' the garae ou bein' let out o' the harness! I wish he mayna murder some o' the weans in his unwieldy gambols.

NORTH.

'Tis the veriest great boy, Colonel Thornton! Yet as soon as he has got rid of the urchins, you will see him come stalking up the gravel walk, with his hands behind his back, and his face as grave as a monk's in a cloister, till, flinging himself into a chair, with a long sigh he will exclaim against the vanities of this weary world, and like the melancholy Jacques himself, moralize on that calf yonder—which by the way has pulled up the peg, and set off at a scamper over my beds of tulips. Mr Tickler—hallo—will you have the goodness, now that you are on your legs, to tell the children to look after that young son of a cow—

TICKLER (*running up out of breath*).

He has quite the look of a Puma—see how he handles his tail, and kicks up his heels like a D'Egville. Jem—Tommy—Bauldy, my boys,—the calf—the calf—the hunt's up—halloo, my lads—halloo!

(*Off they all set.*)

SHEPHERD.

Faish, I've enouch o' rinnin' after calves at hame. Here I'm on a holiday, and I'll sit still. What's a Puma, Mr North? I never heard tell o' a beast wi' that name before. Is it outlandish or indigenous?

NORTH.

The Puma, James, is the Cougar of Buffon—the American Lion; and you will see a drawing of the animal by Lizars in the first number of James Wilson's beautiful Illustrations of Zoology; or the animal itself in a cage in the College. Your friend Captain Lord Napier brought it home in the Diamond Frigate, and presented it to Professor Jameson.

SHEPHERD.

Are nane o' the bars o' the cage lowse, think ye? For wild beasts are no safe in colleges; and it would cause a sair stramash gin it got out o't, and entered the Divinity Hall.

NORTH.

It is at present of a very gentle disposition; and as a proof of its unwillingness to break the peace, Mr Wilson mentions, that while in London it made its escape into the street during the night, but allowed itself to be taken up by a watchman, without offering even a show of resistance.

MISS GENTLE.

Its motions, even in its narrow cage, are wildly graceful; and when let out to range about a large room, it manifests all the elegant playfulness of the cat, without any of its alleged treachery. Mr James Wilson was so good as to take me to see it, and told me, from Cuvier's History of the Animal Kingdom, a striking story of one of its wild brethren in the woods.

SHEPHERD.

Wull ye hae the goodness to tell us the story, my bonnie dear? Anything in the way o' a story maun interest anent a Puma—a Couguar o' Buffum—and an American Lion.

MISS GENTLE.

Two Hunters went out in quest of game on the Katagill Mountains, each armed with a gun, and accompanied by a dog. Shortly after separating, one heard the other fire, and, agreeable to a compact, hastened to his comrade. After searching for him for some time without effect, he found his dog dead and dreadfully torn. His eyes were then suddenly directed, by the growl of a Puma, to the large branch of a tree where he saw the animal couching on the body of a man, and directing his eyes towards himself, apparently hesitating whether to make an attack, or relinquish its prey and take to flight. The Hunter discharged his piece and wounded the animal mortally, when both it and the dead body of the man fell to the ground together from the tree. The surviving dog then flew at the prostrate beast, but a single blow from its paw laid the dog dead by its side. In this state of things, finding that his comrade was dead, and that there was still danger in approaching the wounded animal, the man prudently retired, and with all haste brought several persons to the spot. The unfortunate Hunter, the Puma, and both the dogs, were all lying dead together.

SHEPHERD.

Thank ye, Mem—a very bonnie forenoon's sport indeed. Oh! but ye tell a story weel; and I'm thinkin' you'll be unca fond o' Natural History and Zoology, and the like——

MISS GENTLE.

I lay claim to but very slight and superficial knowledge on any subject, sir; but it is with great interest that I study the habits and instincts of animals; and this anecdote. I copied into my common-place book out of Mr Griffith's translation of Cuvier, so that I daresay the most of the very words have remained in my memory.

SHEPHERD.

And Mr James Wilson, the great Naturalist, author o' Illustrations o' Zoology, tyuk you wi' him into a room where a Puma was gambollin' out o' his cage—did he?

MISS GENTLE.

He did so, sir; but——

SHEPHERD.

Nae buts, my dear Mem. I sall gie him his dixies for sic a rash ac' the first time I dine wi' him out yonner at Woodville. He may endanger his ain life wi' Pumas, or Crocodiles, or Crakens, or ony ither carnivorous cannibals, but he sha'na tak' young laddies in wi' him intil their dens.

MISS GENTLE.

We did not go into the cage, Mr Hogg——

SHEPHERD.

Did na ye? Yet I've seen sic things dune. By payin' a sixpence, you was allooted to gang into the Lion's den at Wommell's; and it was no easy matter to believe my een, when I rubbit them and saw, first ae nursery-maid, and then anither, gang in wi' their maisters' and mistresses' bairns in their arms—the Lion a' the while lickin' his paws, and seemin' rather dour and dissatisfied wi' the intrusion. Suppose he had eaten a wean, what could the slut hae pou-

sibly said for hersel' when she tyuk hame only Maggy and Mary, and no puir wee Tam, who had only been charged sixpence for seein' his last Show?—But I'll no press the argument ony furdur. You'll maybe hae read my Shepherd's Calendar in the Magazine, Mem?

MISS GENTLE (*hesitating.*)

I have, I believe, sir, read all of it that relates to the habits and instincts of animals.

SHEPHERD.

And a' the rest too, I see; but I'll no press the point. My pen sometimes rins awa' wi' me, and—

MRS GENTLE.

Mary often reads the Queen's Wake, Mr Hogg; and can, indeed, say Kilmeny, and some of the other Tales, by heart.

SHEPHERD.

Oh! but it would make me a proud and a happy man to hear her recet only as mony as a dizzen lines.

MRS GENTLE (*nodding to her daughter.*)

Mary!

MISS GENTLE.

"Bonny Kilmeny's gane up the glen,
But it isna to meet Duneira's men."

[*The Calf gallops by in an exhausted state, tail-on-end,—with TICKLER, and JEM, TOMMY, and BALDY, the gardener's children, in full cry. The recitation of Kilmeny is interrupted.*]

SHEPHERD.

I canna lauch at that—I canna lauch at that; and yet I dinna ken either—yonner's Tickler a' his length, haudin' fast by the tail, and the calf—it's a desperate strong beast for sae young a ane, and a quey too—harlin' him through the shrubbery. Haw! haw! haw! haw!—O, Cornall! but I'm surprised no to hear you lauchin'—for my sides is like to split.

C. CYRIL THORNTON.

It is a somewhat singular part of my idiosyncrasy, Mr Hogg, that I never feel the slightest impulse to laugh aloud. But I can assure you, that I have derived from the view—holla the most intense excitation of the midriff. I never was more amused in my life; and you had, within my very soul, a silent accompaniment to your guffaw.

NORTH.

These, Cyril, are not the indolent gardens of Epicurus. You see we indulge occasionally in active, even violent exercises.

C. CYRIL THORNTON.

There is true wisdom, Mr North, in that extraordinary man's mind. It has given me much pleasure to think that Mr Tickler should have remembered my name—for I never had the honour of being in his company but once—when I was at the University of Glasgow, in the house of my poor old Grand-uncle, Mr Spreull. Mr Tickler had carried some important mercantile case through your law-courts here for Mr Spreull, and greatly gratified the old gentleman by coming west without ceremony to take pot-luck. It was with no little difficulty that we got through dinner, for I remember Girzy was so utterly confounded by his tout-ensemble, his stature, his tie—for he sported one in those days—his gestures, his gesticulations, his jokes, his waggery and his wit, all of a kind new to the West, that she stood for many minutes with the tureen of hotch-potch supported against her breast, and all her grey goggles fascinated as by a serpent, till poor old Mr Spreull cursed her in his sternest style to set it down on the table, that he might ask a blessing.

[*TICKLER, JEM, TOMMY, and BALDY recross the front of the Porch in triumph with the captive Calf, and disappear in the rear of the premises.*]

SHEPHERD.

He'll be laid up for a week noo, on account o' this afternoon's stravagin' without his hat, and a' this rowin' ower braes wi' weans, and a' this gallopin' and calf-huntin'. He'll be a' black and blue the morn's mornin', and sae stiff that he'll no be able to rise.

NORTH.

If you please, my dear Cyril, here comes Peter with the green wax-taper, as you say, James,

"Like ae single wee starnie that shines its lane!"

[PETER removes the tea-tray, and puts down the taper.

SHEPHERD.

Preserve me, Mr North, you and the Cornall's no gaun to yoke to the cigars in the Porch among leddies?

C. CYRIL THORNTON.

Do not, I request you, Mr Hogg, give way to needless distress on account of the fair ladies. These my cigars are from the Havannah; their peculiar fragrance will scarcely be distinguished in the evening air, among the other sweet scents floating from the flower-garden. At Cadiz, where I resided several weeks, after the battle of Barossa, I could not but at first admire the Spanish ladies as they delicately lipped the cigar, and all the while murmured in my ear their sweet unintelligible Castilian speech.

SHEPHERD.

Cadiz is no in Castille?

C. CYRIL THORNTON.

I'm sorry for it, sir, but I cannot help it. Miss Gentle—a cigar?

MISS GENTLE,

I knew not how to light it.

SHEPHERD.

Gie me't, and I'll licht it for you at the pint o' the Cornall's.

MISS GENTLE, (*tripping across to Mr North.*)

I will light it at my own dear father's.

NORTH.

Kiss my forehead, child.

(MISS GENTLE does so, lights the cigar at Mr North's, and returns to her seat beside the Shepherd.)

MRS GENTLE.

Mary, we must bid Mr North and his friends good night. You know we are engaged at ten,

"And you bright star has risen to warn us home."

SHEPHERD.

What's the hurry? what's the hurry? But I see you're gaun, sae I needna try to keep you. I like friens that stays to the verra last moment they can, without hinting a word, and then glides awa' in the gloamin' towards their ain hames. The Cornall 'll bide with Mr North, but I'll——

MRS GENTLE.

There is a door, Mr Hogg, in the boundary wall, between Buchanan Lodge and Trinity, and we can pay our visits without going round by the road. Instead of a mile of dust, we have thus not above five hundred yards of green-sward. Farewell.

NORTH.

Farewell.

SHEPHERD.

Faur ye weell, faur ye weell—God bless you baith—faur ye weell—noo be sure no to forget your promise to bring Miss Mary out wi' ye to Ettrick.

MISS GENTLE, (*smiling.*)

In the Peebles Fly.

SHEPHERD.

Na, your father, as ye ca'd him, when ye gied his auld wrinkled forehead a kiss, 'll bring you to the Forest in his ain cotch and four. Faur ye weel—God bless you baith—faur ye weel.

C. CYRIL THORNTON.

Ladies, I wish you good evening. Mrs Gentle, the dew's are falling; allow me to throw my fur cloak over you and Miss Gentle; it is an ancient affair, but of the true Merino.—You flatter me by accepting it.

(Covers Mother and Daughter with his military cloak, and they vanish.)

NORTH.

Now, James, a single jug of toddy.

SHEPHERD.

What, each?

NORTH.

Each. There comes Tickler as grave's a judge—make no allusion to the chase. (*TICKLER rejoins the party*). But it is chilly, so let us go into the parlour. I see Peter has had the sense to light the candles—and there he goes with a pan of charcoal.

SCENE II.—*The Pitt Parlour*.—NORTH—COLONEL CYRIL THORNTON—SHEPHERD—TICKLER.

TICKLER.

The Bowl! The Bowl! The Bowl!

SHEPHERD.

The Jug! The Jug! The Jug!

TICKLER.

The bonny blue gold-rimmed Bowl, deep as Compensation-Pond, needing not all night any replenishment, and ebbing down so imperceptibly, that the cheated soul sees not the increasing line of dry shore!

SHEPHERD.

The beautiful brown silver-lipped Jug, profound as a well, yet oft-times during the short night demanding replenishment, and ebbing so obviously, that every soul that kens what he's about at all, soon sees that there's no aboon either twa glasses lying like cauld dregs at the bottom!

TICKLER.

The Sun-like Bowl!

SHEPHERD.

The Star-like Jug!

TICKLER.

That fixed in the centre of the System—

SHEPHERD.

That revolving round the circumference o' the System—

TICKLER.

Sheds light and heat.

SHEPHERD.

Sheds light and heat.

NORTH.

Benignant provision made for *mortalia ægra*,

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove.

How do you vote, Colonel?

C. CYRIL THORNTON.

Why, in the very unsettled state of the Government, I am free to confess, that I am unwilling to give any pledge to my sole constituent, the Country, which my conscience afterwards might not suffer me to redeem.

SHEPHERD.

I dinna understand that equivocation, or tergiversation, as it is ca'd, at a' Wull you answer me ae single question?

C. CYRIL THORNTON.

Mr Hogg, short as our friendship has been—and I hope I may call the right honourable Shepherd my friend—

SHEPHERD.

You may do that—you may do that—rax ower your arm, and shake hands across the table. Wull ye answer me ae single question?

C. CYRIL THORNTON, (*addressing himself to MR NORTH.*)

Short, air, as—

SHEPHERD.

That's really ower provoking, Mr Cornall Cyril Thornton, Esquire,—Bowl or Jug?

C. CYRIL THORNTON.

Both.

SHEPHERD.

Ay, that's answerin' like a man as you are, every inch o' you—but what for roar sac loud? We're no a' deaf at this side o' the house.

C. CYRIL THORNTON.

Were it not that the name is ugly and ominous, I should propose a coalition of parties, on the basis of mutual concession.

SHEPHERD.

No need o' concessions—confound concessions—Whig and Tory may meet ane anither at the half-way house, and sit down to a Conciliation dinner—but as sune as the strong drink operates, the fause friends 'll begin to glower first suspiciously, and then savagely, at ane anither—the cowards 'll egg on the crouse to fecht—they wi' glib tongues in their heads 'll keep gabblin' about principles and consistency—they'll no be lang o' ca'in' ane anither names a' throughhither, renegade, apostate, ratical, yultra, and everything else that's infamous and fearsome—till feenally there's a battle-royal, a clourin' o' heads and a beatin' o' bottoms; while the bars and benches are flecin' up and down, and nae man, sic is the colleshangy, rippet, and stramash, can be sure whether he's knocked down or no by a new frien' or an auld enemy, fairly by the clenched fist, or by some sharp instrument, treacherously concealed within the palm of the hand—till the hale kintra-side, being scandalized at sic nefarious behaviour, rise up like ae man, and kickin' the heterogeneous mass o' inconsistent combatants out o' doors, pu' down, out o' verra rage, the half-way-house itsel, alias the Conciliation, alias the Accommodation tavern, no leaving sac muckle as a single stane to tell where the clay-bigin' stood.

[*The sliding doors run into the wall, and TICKLER enters with the Punch-Bowl, christened "Leviathan"—PETER close behind with the "Baltic" Jug.*

C. CYRIL THORNTON.

The transition from a Youth of cold Glasgow Punch, to a Manhood of Edinburgh hot Toddy, has in it something pleasant and mournful to the soul.

SHEPHERD.

Let's finish the Jug first—and, Peter, my man, if you would just rug that green-cloth aff the wee circular table in the window, and cover up the mouth o' the Bowl wi't, I wad be muckle obliged to you. It'll keep in the steam. That's it—it just fits. The circumferences o' the twa are just equal to ane anither.

NORTH.

Take the hips from me. THE KING!

OMNES. (*Stantes.*)

Hip—hip—hip—hurra—hurra—hurra—Hip—hip—hip—hurra—hurra—hurra—Hip—hip—hip—hurra—hurra—hurra!!!

TICKLER.

Suppose that in room of these glasses, that seem very fragile in the stalk, we substitute tumblers?

C. CYRIL THORNTON.

I, for one, shall not make any "factious opposition" to that motion.

SHEPHERD.

Nor me neither; but let it be coonted a bumper, gif the toddy reaches up to the heather-sprig.

NORTH.

If ever I accept a seat in the Cabinet, it must be accompanied with Place.

TICKLER.

On no other condition will I accede or adhere to any Administration.

SHEPHERD.

Do you think, sirs, that Mr Canning should hae tel't his freens that Brumm had made him an overture o' the Whigs?

NORTH.

How can you ask the question, James? Certainly.

TICKLER.

Unquestionably.

C. CYRIL THORNTON.

No doubt he ought, Mr Hogg.

SHEPHERD.

Weel then—ought he to try to carry the Catholic Question?

OMNES.

Yes.

SHEPHERD.

Wull he try?

OMNES.

Cannot say.

SHEPHERD.

But wull the King and country let him?

OMNES.

No.

SHEPHERD.

What must he do then?

OMNES.

Go out.

NORTH.

Nothing, my dear James, as you well know, ever prospered long, even in this wicked world, but plain-dealing. Public and private morality are not to the outward eye the same—for the colouring is different. But essentially they are one—and every attempt made to separate them recoils on the head of the schemers, and strikes them all to the earth.

TICKLER.

All the speechification of all the most eloquent men in England will be as ineffectual to prove that the two great parties in the State are virtually the same, as the drivel of a slaving idiot, to convince you or me that black is white, by holding up in his hands a black crow and a white dove, and muttering with a loud laugh, that he found them both sitting in one nest.

C. CYRIL THORNTON.

I profess myself, as one of the old Whigs, hostile to the present arrangement. Some conversation passed between my Lord Grey and myself, about a month ago, and I am proud to think that his Lordship so far honoured the humble individual who now addresses you, as to embody some of his opinions and sentiments in his late admirable speech in the Upper House.

NORTH.

One noble Lord declares he will support the Ministry, because it is to be guided by the principles of Lord Liverpool—and another noble Lord, equally sapient, and above suspicion, declares he will do so, because it is not. Between these two views of the subject are some score of shadings, those immediately adjacent to each other pretty much alike; but compare those about the middle with each extreme point, and you will observe that it is a bright administration, constructed, not so much on rainbow, as on patch-work principles. We defy you to tell the pattern. Here a graceful and elegant person—buttoned to the chin—with one hand in his breast, just above his heart—and the other outstretched in oratorical action. Here an honest old woman, leaning on her staff, and contrite for her factious resignation, returning to retake her mite out of the Treasury. Here England's Pride, and Westminster's Glory, the terror of the borough-mongers, and friend to Parliaments accompanying the green earth but on one revolution round the sun, supporting on his shoulders a member lineally descended from the architect who contracted to build the Temple of Solomon, and twice convicted of bribery and corruption in an attempt, nefarious by any means, to effect a lodgment in St Stephen's Chapel for seven solar years. There a mild Whig, of middle age, ranging through his Majesty's Woods and Forests. Here a keen old *citra-ultra* Whig-Tory leering out of a glass-window in the character of Mat-o'-the-Mint. There one who erst frowned terrible as Satan (I look down at his feet, but see no, &c.)

"Like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved,"

converted into Raphael, "the affable Archangel," but soon to be made to resume his native shape at the touch of some Ithuriel's spear. Here a rabble rout of Radicals, with axes and pitch-smeared fire-brands under their cloaks,

waiting the word to hew and burn. While on the very edge, and at one corner of the patch-work—instead of in the centre—stands a Throne some few degrees declined—and sitting there the Shadow of one who the likeness of a kingly crown hath on—and who, with a countenance more in sorrow than in anger, waves a reluctant, but not a lasting farewell to six faithful servants—one holding in his hand the Balance of Justice, true and steady, even to a grain of dust—and another the sword of Victory, with the hilt fixed, but not fastened to the scabbard.

SHEPHERD.

What, in the name o' Satan and a' his Saunts, can be the riddle-me-ree o' that allegory? The toddy surely canna hae ta'en the head o' him already—for we ha'na drank half a dizen o' thae rather-aneath-the-middle-sized tumblers. Mr North, you talked at tea-time o' me deesin' o' a brain siver—but I'm fearin' it's flown to your ain head, and that you're forced to be obedient, whether you wull or no, to a species o' ravin'.

TICKLER (*sings*.)

Let's all get fou together,
Together, together,
Let's all get fou together,
Ye ho, ye ho, ye ho!
See how it run's down his gizzard,
His gizzard, his gizzard,
See how it runs down his gizzard,
Ye ho, ye ho, ye ho!

OMNES.

Encore—encore—encore!

TICKLER.

No—I never do the same thing over again, now, on the same night. Encoring should be coughed down by general expectoration.

C. CYRIL THORNTON.

I often feel for that nightingale, Miss Paton, who, after seeming to pour out in thick delicious warble, nay, rather in a stream of sound, bold, bright, beautiful, and free, her very soul—is forced, fair Christian though she be, to curtsy to the Heathen Gods, and laying her white hand upbraidingly on her bosom, to recal it from its flight, and let it die once more in heavenly harmonies, that they may re-thunder from their high abodes.

NORTH.

We have a sister of Miss Paton's here, Cyril—Miss Eliza Paton, a charming creature—in years quite a school-girl, but in face and figure a lovely woman—who is every day singing more and more like an angel. Miss I. Paton, too, occasionally sojourns with us in Edinburgh—and I have heard no such profound and pathetic contralto as hers since the era of the glorious Grassini.

C. CYRIL THORNTON.

A family of genius.

NORTH.

They are so indeed—and it is hereditary on both sides of the house. For the father is a man of original talents, and the mother quite a delight—of the most mild and modest demeanour—prudent, sensible, and affectionate—and had her voice not mysteriously failed in her youth, I know not but she would have been the finest singer of them all.

SHEPHERD.

I never thocht muckle o' the Piawno till I heard Miss Yaniwicz. What fingering is yon! Like a shower o' dancing sunbeams! What's in general ca'd execution 's a desperate clatter o' keys. But that young leddy makes the ivory silver-sweet as the musical glasses, or it craashes to her hauns like the pealing organ in a cathedral.

TICKLER.

I fear, Colonel, since you lost your arm, that you are no longer a sportsman.

C. CYRIL THORNTON.

I have given up shooting, although Joe Manton constructed a light piece for me, with which I generally contrived to hit and miss time about; but I am a devout disciple of Izaak, and was grievously disappointed on my arrival t'other

day in Kelso, to find another occupier in Walton-hall; but my friend Mr Alexander Ballantyne, and I, proceed to Peebles on the 1st of June, to decide our bet of a rump and dozen, he with the spinning minnow, and I with Phin's delight.

SHEPHERD.

Watty Ritchie 'll beat you baith with the May-flee, if it be on, or ony length aneath the stanes.

NORTH.

You will be all sorry to hear that our worthy friend Watty is laid up with a bad rheumatism, and can no longer fish the Megget-water and the lochs, and return to Peebles in the same day.

SHEPHERD.

That's what a' your waders comes to at last. Had it no been, Mr North, for your plowterin' in a' the rivers and lochs o' Scotland, baith sawt water and fresh, like a Newfoundland dog, or rather a seal or an otter, you need na had that crutch aneath your oxters. Cornall Cyril, saw ye him ever a-fishin'?

C. CYRIL THORNTON.

Never but once, for want of better ground, in the Crinan Canal, out of a coal-barge, for braises, when I was a red-gowned student at Glasgow.

SHEPHERD.

Oh! but you should hae seen him in Loch-Owe, or the Spey. In he used to gang, out, out, and ever sae far out frae the pint o' a promontory, sinkin' aye furder and furder doon, first to the waistband o' his breeks, then up to the middle button o' his waistcoat, then to the verra breast, then to the oxters, then to the neck, and then to the verra chin o' him, sae that you wunner'd how he could fling the flee, till last o' a' he would plump richt out o' sight, till the Highlander on Ben Cruachan thoct him droon'd; but he wasna born to be drooned—no he, indeed—sae he taks to the soomin', and stricks awa' wi' ae arm, like yoursel, sir—for the tither had haud o' the rod—and, cou'd ye believ't, though it's as true as Scriptur, fishin' a' the time, that no a moment o' the cloudy day might be lost; etties at an island a quarter o' a mile aff, wi' trees, and an old ruin o' a religious house, wherein beads used to be coonted, and wafers eaten, and mass muttered hundreds o' years ago; and gettin' footin' on the yellow sand or the green sward, he but gies himsel a shake, and ere the sun looks out o' the clud, has hyuckt a four-pounder, whom in four minutes, (for it's a multiplying pirl the cretur uses,) he lands gasping through the giant gills, and glitterin' wi' a thousan' spots, streaks, and stars, on the shore. That's a pictur o' North's fishin' in days o' yore. But look at him noo—only look at him noo—wi' that auld-farrant face o' his, no unlike a pike's, crunkled up in his chair, his chin no that unwillin' to tak a rest on his collar-bane—the hauns o' him a' covered wi' chalk-stanes—his legs like winnle-straes—and his knees but knobbs, sae that he canna cross the room, far less soom ower Loch-Owe, without a crutch; and wunna you join wi' me, Cornall Cyril, in haudin' up baith your hauns—I aux your pardon, in haudin' up your richt haun—and, comparin' the past wi' the present, exclaim, amaisit sobbin', and in tears, "Vanity o' vanities! all is vanity!"

NORTH, (*suddenly hitting the Shepherd over the scone with his crutch.*)
Take that, blasphemers!

SHEPHERD, (*clawing his paw.*)

"Man of age, thou amitest sore!"

C. CYRIL THORNTON.

Mr Hogg, North excels at the crutch-exercise.

SHEPHERD.

Put your finger, Cornall, on here—did you ever fin' sic a big clour risen in sae wee a time?

C. CYRIL THORNTON.

Never. Mr North with his crutch, had he lived in the Sylvan Age of Robbery, would have been a match for the best of the merry Outlaws of Sherwood. Little John would have sung small, and Robin Hood fancied him no more than he did the Pinder of Wakefield.

SHEPHERD.

That's what's ca'd at Buchanan Lodge cracking a practical joke, Cornall.

I mean get Peter to bring me some brown paper steep'd in vinegar, or the clour 'll be like a horn. I scarcely think, even already, that my hat would stay on. O sir, but you're desperate cruel.

NORTH.

Not I, my dear James. I knew I had a man to deal with; the tenth part of such a touch would have killed a Cockney.

SHEPHERD.

The table's unco coggly; and if a body happens to fill their tumbler to the brim, the toddy fa's ower, and jaups it a', makin' the mahogany nasty sticky.

NORTH.

One of the feet is too short; but it is a difficult thing to get a book exactly of the right size to steady it. Tom Dibdin is making the attempt now—but without any benefit.

TICKLER.

Boaden?

NORTH.

Too heavy. Peter uses him instead of the lead for the front door.

TICKLER.

Shall we try Reynolds?

NORTH.

Too light.

TICKLER.

Old O'Keefe?

NORTH.

He would do better, but is now too much battered.

TICKLER.

The Margravine of Anspach?

NORTH.

I am using her at present for the door of my bed-room, to keep it from flying to in this hot weather; and when the nights are cool, I take the old lady into bed with me, sliding her, when I get sleepy, under the bolster.

SHEPHERD.

That's a bonny way o' usin' so mony o' Mr Coburn's byucks. For my sin part, I like just excessively to read the lives o' play-actors and play-actresses, and everything in ony way connected with the stage.

TICKLER.

So do I, Hogg. There's Cibber, a delightful book. You are carried back by a single little unimportant fact to the Augustan age—such as Cibber's mentioning that the person sitting next him in the pit was—Mr Addison!

NORTH.

Reynolds is the liveliest of those modern Theatrical Autobiographers, and tells well some good stories. Dibdin is less so—but he seems to be, notwithstanding, a clever man, with his talents at all times at his finger ends; and what is better, an amiable and an honest man. I like Tom Dibdin both on his own and his father's account. I never saw Tom, but his father I knew well; and although my friend Allan Cunningham and I differ in opinion on that point, he was, take good, bad, and indifferent together, the best sea-song writer that ever was chanted below or between decks of the British Navy.

SHEPHERD.

What a bow-wowin'g's that, thinks ony o' you, out-by?

NORTH.

Bronte baying at some blackguards on the outer side of the gate.

SHEPHERD.

Oh! sir, I've heard tell o' your new Newfoundland dowg, and would like to see him. May I ring for Peter to lowse him frae his cheen, and bring him ben for me to look at?

(Rings the bell.—Peter receives his instructions.)

NORTH.

Bronte's mother, James, is a respectable female who now lives in Claremont Crescent; his father, who served his time in the navy, and was on board Admiral Otway's ship when he hoisted his flag in her on the Leith Station, is now re-

sident, I believe, at Portobello. The couple have never had any serious quarrel; but, for reasons best known to themselves, choose to live apart. Brontë is at present the last of all his race—the heir-apparent of his parents' virtues—his four brothers and three sisters having all unfortunately perished at sea.

SHEPHERD.

Did ye ever see anything grow so fast as a Newfoundland whelp? There's a manifest difference on them between breakfast and denner, and denner and seoper; and they keep growin' a' nicht lang.

NORTH.

Brontë promises to stand three feet without his shoes—

SHEPHERD.

I hear him comin'—yowf-yowfin' as he spangs along. I wush he maysna coup that weak-ham'd bodie, Peter.

(Door opens, and BRONTË bounces in.)

C. CYRIL THORNTON.

A noble animal, indeed, and the very image of a dog that saved a drummer of ours, who chose to hop overboard, through fear of a flogging, in the Bay of Biscay.

NORTH.

What do you think of him, James?

SHEPHERD.

Think o' him? I canna think o' him—it's aneuch to see him—what'n a sa-gacious countenance! look at him lauchin' as he observes the empty punch-bowl. His back's preceesely on a line wi' the edge o' the table. And oh! but he's bonnily marked, a white ring roun' the neck o' him, a white breast, white paws, a white tip o' the tail, and a' the rest black as nicht. O man, but you're toowsy! His legs, Mr North, canna be thinner than my arm, and what houghs, hips, and theeghs! I'm leanin' a' my hale waight upon his back, and his spine bends nae mair than about the same as Captain Brown's chain-pier at Newhaven, when a hundred folk are wauking along't, to gang on board the steam-boat. His neck, too, 's like a bill's—if he was turnin' o' a sudden at speed, a whap o' his tail would break a man's leg. Fecht! I'se warrant him fecht, either wi' ane o' his ain specie, or wi' cattle wi' cloven feet, or wi' the Lions Nero or Wallace o' Wummel's Menagerie, or wi' the Lord o' Creation, Man—by himsel' Man! How he would rug them down—down, or soot, or stirks, or lions, or rubbers! He could kill a man, I verily believe, without ever bitin' him—just by doonin' him wi' the waight o' his body and his paws, and then lying on the tap o' him, growlin', to throttle and dewotr him if he mugged. He would do grandly for the Monks o' St Bernard to save travellers frae the snaw. Edwin Landseer maan come doon to Scotland, for ane's errand, just to pennt his pictur, that future ages may ken that in the reign o' George the Fourth, and durin' the Quer Whig-and-Tory Administration, there was such a dowg.

NORTH.

I knew, James, that he was a dog efter your own heart.

SHEPHERD.

O, sir! dinna let onybody teach him tricks—sic as runnin' back for a glove, or standin' on his hurdies, or leppin' out-ower a stick, or scappin' bread frae aff his nose, or ringin' the bell, or pickin' out the letters o' the alphabet, like ane o' the working classes at a Mechanic Institution,—leave a' tricks o' that sort to Spaniels, and Poodles, and Puggies, (I mean nae reflection on the Peebles Puggie withouten the tail, nor yet Mr Thomas Grieve's Peero,) but respect the soul that maun be in that noble, that glorious flame; and if you maan chain him, let him understand that sic restraint is no incompatible wi' liberty, and as for his kennel, I would hae it isolated, and a perch ower the door, even a miniature imitation o' the perch o' Buchanan Lodge.

NORTH.

James, we shall bring him with us—along with the Gentles—to Altrive.

SHEPHERD.

Proud wud I be to see him there, sir, and gran' soomin' wad he get in St Mary's Loch, and the Loch o' the Lewes, and Loch Skene. But—there's just as objection—as objection—sir—I dinna see how I can get ower't.

NORTH.

The children, James? Why, he is as gentle as a new-dropt lamb.

SHEPHERD.

Na, na—it's no the weans—for Jamie and his sisters would ride on his back—he could easy carry threeple—to Yarrow Kirk on the Sabbath. But—but he would fecht with—The Bonassus.

NORTH.

The Bonassus! What mean ye, Shepherd?

SHEPHERD.

I bocht the Bonassus frae the man that had him in a show; and Bronte and him wad be for fechtin' a duel, and baith o' them would be murdered, for neither Bronte nor the Bonassus would say, "Hold enough."

NORTH.

Of all the extraordinary freaks, my dear Bard, that ever your poetical imagination was guilty of, next to writing the *Perils of Women*, your purchase of the Bonassus seems to me the most miraculous.

SHEPHERD.

I wanted to get a breed aff him wi' a maist extraordinary cow, that's half-blood to the loch-and-river kine by the bill's side—and I have nae doubt but that they wull be gran' milkers, and, if fattened, wull rin fifty stone a-quarter. But Bronte maunna come out to Altrive, sir, till the Bonassus is dead.

NORTH.

But is the monster manageable, James? Is there no danger of his rebelling against his master? Then, suppose he were to break through, or bound over the stone-wall and attack me, as I kept hobbling about the green braes, my doom would be sealed. I have stood many a tussle in my day, as you know and have heard, James; but I am not now, single-handed, a match for the Bonassus.

SHEPHERD.

The stane-wa's about my farm are rather rickly; but he never tries to break them down as lang's the kye's wi' him,—nor do I think he has ony notion o' his ain strength. It's just as weel for, wi' yon head and shouthers, he could ding down a house.

C. CYRIL THORNTON.

How the deuce, Mr Hogg, did you get him from Edinburgh to Altrive? To look at him, he seemed an animal that would neither lead nor drive.

SHEPHERD.

I bought him, sir, at Selkirk, waggon and a', and druv him hame mysel. The late owner tawked big aboot his fury and fairceness—and aiblins he was fairce in his keepin'; as weel he might be, fed on twa bushels o' ingens—unnions that is—per deeam—but as sune as I had him at Mount Benger, I backet the waggon a wee down hill, flang open the end door, and out, like a debtor frae five years' confinement, lap the Bonassus—

TICKLER.

Was you on the top of the waggon, James?

SHEPHERD.

No—that thecht had occurred to me,—but I was munted,—and the powney's vera fleet, showin' bluid,—and aff I set at the gallop—

TICKLER.

With the Bonassus after you?—

SHEPHERD.

Whisht, man, whisht. The poor beast was scarcely able to staun! He had forgotten the use of his legs! Sae I went up to him on futt, withouten fear, and patted him a' ower. Sair frights some o' the folk frae Megget-water got, on first coming on him unawares,—and I'm tellt that there's a bairn owerby about the side of Moffat-Water—it's a callant—whose mither swarfed at the Bonassus, when she was near the doon-lying, that has a fearsome likeness till him in the face; but noo he's weel kent, and, I may say, liked and respectit through a' the Forest, as a peaceable and industrious member o' society.

NORTH.

I dread, my dear James, that, independent of the Bonassus, it will not

be possible for me to be up with you before autumn. I believe that I must make a trip to London in—

SHEPHERD.

Ay, ay,—the truth's out noo. The rumour in the Forest was, that you had been sent for by the King a month sin' syne, but wadna gang,—and that a sheriff's offisher had been dispatched in a chaise-and-four frae Lunnun, to bring you up by the cuff o' the neck, and gin you made ony resistance at the Lodge, to present his pistol.

NORTH.

There are certain secrets, my dearest James, the developement of which, perhaps, lies beyond even the privileges of friendship. With you I have no reserve—but when Majesty—

SHEPHERD.

Lays its commands on a loyal subject, you was gaun to say, he maun obey. That's no my doctrine. It's slavish-like. You did perfectly richt, sir; the hail Forest swore you did perfectly richt in refusin' to stir a futt frae your ain fireside in a free kintra, like the auld kingdom o' Scotland. Had the King been leevin' at Holyrood, it micht hae been different; but for a man o' your years to be hauled through the snaw—

NORTH.

I insiat that this sort of conversation, sir, stop—and that what has been now said—most unwarrantably, remember, James—go no farther. Do not think, my dear Shepherd, that all that passes within the penetralia of the Royal breast, finds an echo in the rumours of the Forest. “But something too much of this.”

SHEPHERD.

Weel—weel, sir—weel, weel. But dinna look sae desperate angry. I canna thole to see a frown on your face, it works sic a dreadful, I had maist said, diabolical, change on the hale expression o' the faytures. O smile, sir! if ye please—do, Mr North, sir, my dear friend, do just gie ae bit blink o' a smile at the corner o' your ee or mouth—ay, that 'll do, Christopher—that 'll do—O man, Kit, but you was fairce the noo just at naething ava, as folks generally is when they are at their faircest, for then their rampaging passion meets wi' nae impediment, and keeps feed, feed, feedin' on itself, and its ain heart.

NORTH.

For his Majesty King George the Fourth, James, would I lay down my life. A better—a nobler King—never sat on the British throne.

SHEPHERD.

Deevil the ane. I-dinna like the thoct o' deecin', but gin it cam to that, and that my life could save his life, the thoct would be like the sound o' a trumpet, and when I fell I shoud

“Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of Fame!”

NORTH.

Scotland was delighted with the Thane's elevation.

SHEPHERD.

What! Lord Fife's? She had reason to be sae; for there's no a nobler ane amang a' her nobles.

NORTH.

Not one.

SHEPHERD.

Ae promise you maun gie me, my dear sir, before you gang to Lunnun, and that's, no to gang into the Tunnel.

NORTH.

But Brunel, James, is one of my most particular friends, and if he asks me to accompany him, I do not know how I can refuse.

SHEPHERD.

That's the head engineer? Just tell him at aince, that I hae extorted an oath, made you swear over the dregs o' a jug o' toddy and a bowl o' punch, the Baltic and the Leviathan, that nae power on earth, short o' a Pulley or a Steam-engine, shall induce or seduce you into the Tunnel.

NORTH.

I swear.

SHEPHERD.

Noo I'm easy: A Tunnel, indeed, aneath the Thames! If there's no brigs aneaw, canna they bigg mair o' them? Nae Tunnels, nor Funnels—for I kenna which you ca' them—aneath rivers for me! It's no verra pleasant passin' even under an aqueduct. But, Lord preserve us! think o' a street a' roarin' wi' passengers, and lighted wi' lamp-posts, half a mile lang, and after a' but a Tunnel!

NORTH.

Yet I hope Brunel, a man of true genius, may yet overcome all difficulties.

SHEPHERD.

Never, no never—only think o' plastering the back, or rather the bottom o' the river Thames wi' cley, to hinner the water frae seeing through the roof o' the Tunnel!

NORTH.

It does indeed seem a slight application for a hopeless disease.

SHEPHERD.

Thank God, sir, you was no in the Tunnel that day! In twal minutes fa' to the verra mouth o' the shaft! You never could hae made your escape, gran' soomer as you ance was; and what signifies soomin' when the risin' waters lean you up to the celin—or when twenty out o' a hunder Irish labourers grap hand o' your legs? There maun hae been fine helter-skelterin' that day—but naist time the Thames pays a visit to his ain Tunnel, he mayna be so slaw, nor yet so sober—but send a' the four hunder men wi' their spades, and shovels, and pick-axes, and gavelocks, and barrows, haund and herrel'd, and a' the sheds, and scaffoldin', and machinery, steam-engines and a', to destruction in ae single squash. But whisht—there's thunner!

TICKLER.

Only Mr Ambrose with the coach I ordered to be at the Lodge precisely at one.

SHEPHERD.

I'm sorry she's come. For I was just beginnin' to summon up courage to hint the possibility, if no the propriety, o' anither Bowl—or at least a Jug.

C. CYRIL THORNTON, (*rising.*)

God bless you, sir, good morning—Mr Ambrose may call it but one o'clock, if it gives him any pleasure to think that the stream of time may run counter to the Moon and Stars; but it is nearer three, and I trust the lumps are not lighted needlessly to affront the dawn. Once more—God bless you, sir. Good morning.

NORTH.

Thursday at six, Cyril—farewell.

[*Enter Mr AMBROSE to announce the coach.*]

SHEPHERD.

Good by, sir, dinna get up aff your chair. (*aside.*) Cornall, he canna rise. The coach 'll drap the Cornall at Ambrose's in Picardy, and me at the Peebles Arms, Sign o' the Sawmon, Candlemaker row,—and Mr Tickler at his ain house, Southside—and by them it 'll be about time fer't to return to the stance in George Street.

C. CYRIL THORNTON, (*opening the window-shutters at a nod from NORTH.*)

The blaze of day!

[*Coach drives from the Lodge, ribands and rod in the hand of Mr AMBROSE.*]

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